BATTLES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA AND HIS CAMPAIGN OF THE CAROLINAS 1864-5

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES

"As we go marching through Georgia."—*Refrain of Marching Song.*

THE famous march from Atlanta to the sea began on the morning of November 15th, 1864. Sherman left Atlanta in flames. His engineers had levelled to the ground the great terminus and machine-shops of the railroad, and had fired the wreck. The rebel arsenal was blown up, from which great quantities of live shells showered on the city, the heart of which was one great blaze.

His marching-out strength was close on 60,000 men all told, of whom 52,800 were infantry. Extraordinary measures had been taken to purge the army of non-combatants and men of defective physique, with the result that the whole force consisted of able-bodied, experienced soldiers, well armed, inured to long marching, and, in Sherman's own words, "well equipped and provided, as far as human foresight could, with all the essentials of life, strength, and vigorous action." Ambulances accompanied it, for the universal haleness at the start could scarcely be expected to last during a march of some 300 miles; but few sick were expected, and the ambulances were intended chiefly for the needs of wounded men. The casualties, however, turned out singularly few. From Atlanta to Savannah they were but 567, inclusive of 245 wounded and 159 missing.

For the march Sherman divided his army into two wings, the right and the left, commanded respectively by Major-Generals Howard and Slocum, both comparatively young men, but educated and experienced officers fully competent for their important positions. Howard's —the right—wing was composed of the 15th and 17th Corps, the former of which had four and the latter three divisions; the left wing, Slocum's, consisted of the 14th and 20th Corps, each containing three divisions. Sherman had cut down his artillery to 65 guns, little more than a gun per thousand men, the usual proportion being three guns per thousand. He had no general train of supplies; each corps had its own ammunition and provision train. In case of danger the commander was to have his advanced and rear brigades unencumbered by vehicles. The orders provided that the army should "forage liberally on the country" during the march, each brigade commander to organise a sufficient foraging party under discreet officers to gather in supplies, so that the waggons should always contain at least ten days' provisions. Soldiers were forbidden to trespass, but, when halted, might supply themselves with vegetables and drive in live stock found in their vicinity. Where the army was unmolested, no destruction was to be permitted; against guerillas, "bushwhackers," or actively hostile inhabitants, relentless reprisals would be put in force. The army started with about twenty days' supplies, and there was on hand a good supply of beef-cattle to be driven along on the hoof.

Sherman and his staff, riding out from Atlanta in rear of the army, crossed the ground on which was fought the bloody battle of July 22nd, and could discern the copse of wood where McPherson had fallen. "Behind us," he wrote, "lay Atlanta, smouldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in air and hanging like a pall over the wrecked city. Away off in the

distance was the rear of Howard's column, the gun-barrels glistening in the sun ; right before us the 14th Corps, marching steadily and rapidly with a cheery aspect, and a swinging pace that made light of the thousand miles between us and Richmond. A band struck up the anthem of 'John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground, but his soul goes marching on.' The men caught up the strain, and never before or since have I heard the chorus of 'Glory, glory, hallelujah!' chanted with more spirit, or in better harmony of time and place. Then we turned our horses' heads to the east, Atlanta was soon lost behind the screen of trees, and became for us a thing of the past. An unusual feeling of exhilaration seemed to pervade all hearts, even the common soldiers caught the inspiration, and many a group called out as I rode past, 'Uncle Billy, I guess Grant is waiting for us at Richmond!'" Sherman, however, kept his own counsel as to his objective : he had no purpose to march direct for Richmond, but always designed to reach the Atlantic coast first —at Savannah or Port Royal.

The troops of both wings made most of their advance along the railroad lines, which they utterly destroyed by bending the heated rails round the trunks of the nearest trees. All bridges and culverts were burned and wrecked. The negroes crowding round the general as he rode, begged for permission to follow the army to their freedom ; but they obeyed him when he told them that, although he could accept as pioneers a few of the young, active men, if they followed in swarms of young and old, feeble and helpless, the result would be to load the army down and cripple it in its great task. The message he gave spread, and Sherman believed its acceptance "saved us from the danger we would otherwise have incurred of swelling our numbers so that famine would have attended our progress." A quaint familiarity existed between Sherman and his soldiers. During a halt a soldier passed the general with a ham on his musket, a jug of molasses under his arm, and a big piece of honeycomb into which he was succulently biting, when, catching Sherman's eye, he remarked in a careless undertone to his comrade, "Forage liberally on the country"— an apt quotation from the general orders. Sherman had to smile grimly before he could assume the frown with which he reproved the soldier for foraging irregularly.

The success of the foragers was a leading feature of this march. Each brigade sent out daily a foraging party with an officer or two. The party would strike out right or left for some six miles, and then visit every plantation or farm within range. They would seize a waggon or a family carriage, and, having loaded it with bacon, corn-meal, turkeys, pigs, ducks, etc., would regain the route of march, usually in advance of their train ; when this came up, they would deliver to the brigade commissary the miscellaneous supplies they had collected. Those foragers were known during and long after the war as "Sherman's bummers." He himself owned that the "bummers" were unscrupulous rascals, and that they committed many acts of pillage and violence ; but his answer was that the old-world system of regular requisitioning was inapplicable to a region destitute of civil authorities, and that the methods of his "bummers" were simply indispensable to his success. The "bummers" had a grim humour of their own. In one foray a few chickens were captured. The lady of the house entreated that they should be spared her, asserting that the previous foraging party had consented to leave to her those few, the last of her stock. The "bummers" seemed moved by her piteous appeal, but looking at the chickens again were tempted, and with the stern observation, "The rebellion must be suppressed if it takes the last chicken in the Confederacy!" bagged the remnant. Another story may be worth quotation. In the days before the war, planters kept bloodhounds for the pursuit of fugitive slaves. Sherman's orders were that all those bloodhounds should be killed. A "bummer" picked up a poodle and was carrying it off, when its mistress besought him to spare the animal. "Madam," answered the "bummer," "our orders are stringent to kill every bloodhound found." "But this is not a bloodhound, it is a poodle puppy," pleaded the lady. "Well, madam, we cannot tell what it may grow into if we leave it behind," sagely remarked the "bummer" as he carried off the dog.

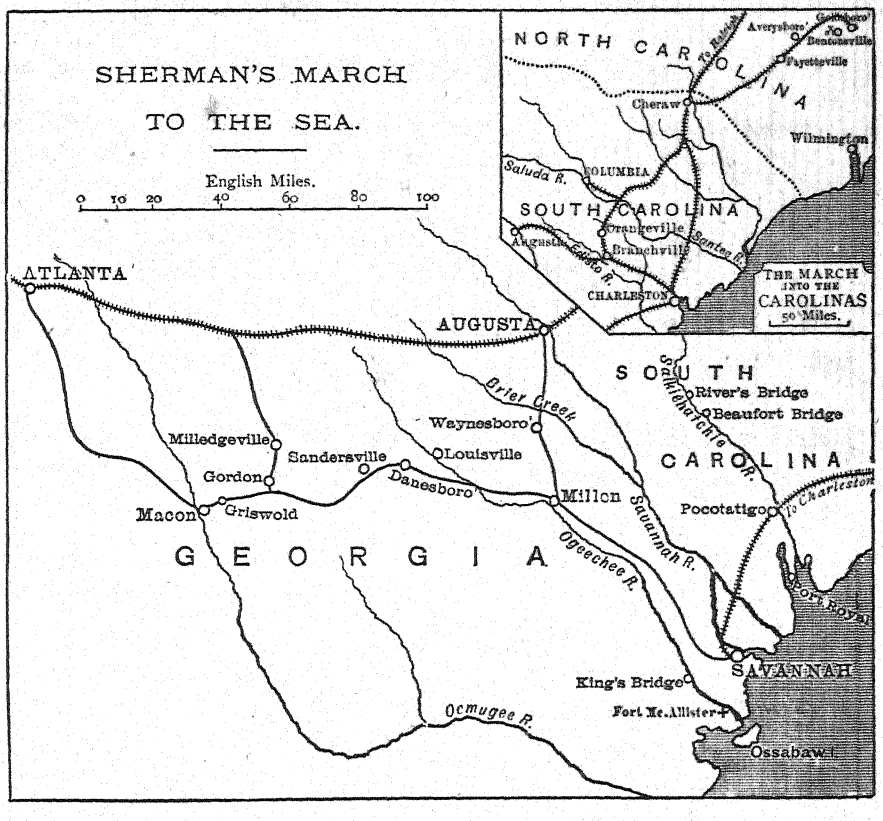
One evening on the march, Lieutenant Snelling, who was a Southerner by birth although on the staff of a Northern commander, recognised in an old negro a favourite slave of his uncle, who lived about six miles away. A brother officer asked the old man what had become of his young master. Sambo only knew that he had gone off to the wars, and supposed him killed, as a matter of course. Presently the old man gradually recognised "Massa George," whereupon he fell on his knees and thanked God his young master was alive and with the

Yankees. Snelling obtained the general's permission to pay his uncle a visit. It appeared that the uncle was not by any means cordial when he found his nephew serving with the hated Northerners. Young Snelling endured his uncle's reproaches with great philosophy, and he came back, having without permission exchanged his own worn-out horse for a fresh one from his uncle's stable, explaining that had he not made free in this way a "bummer" would have been sure to get the horse.

On the 23rd of November the whole of the left wing, with which was Sherman, became united in Milledgeville, the State capital. Intelligence came in that the right wing was about twelve miles due south at Gordon. The first stage of the journey was, therefore, complete, and absolutely successful.

There had been some fighting about Macon. Kilpatrick with his cavalry had been scouting to the front, eastward of Macon, when some hostile cavalry came out against him. Kilpatrick drove that body back into the bridgehead on the Ocmugee, which was held by Confederate infantry. Kilpatrick charged the defences and got inside the work but could not hold it, and retired on his supports at Griswold, when Walcutt's infantry brigade took position across the road eastward of Macon. A rebel division sallied out on this force, but was driven back into Macon by Spencer repeating-rifles, with which Walcutt's brigade was armed.

The people of Milledgeville had remained at home, with the exception of the governor, state officers, and legislature, who had fled in the utmost disorder—some by rail, some in carriages, and many on foot. Sherman took possession of the governor's mansion, which the previous occupant had stripped of everything except the public archives. Some of the officers of the Northern army gathered in the vacant Hall of Representatives, elected a Speaker, and constituted themselves the legislature of the State of Georgia. A proposition was made to repeal the ordinance of secession, which was carried *nem. con.* after a sprightly debate. Orders were given



Kilpatrick's cavalry had been brought to Milledgeville, and its commander had orders to press rapidly eastward to Millen, to rescue the Northern prisoners understood to be still confined there.

At Sandersville a brigade of rebel cavalry was

by Sherman for the total destruction of the arsenal and its contents, and of such public buildings as were capable of being utilised for hostile purposes. The right wing was on march toward Millen and Savannah by roads southward of the railroad, the track of which was continuously torn up and its iron destroyed. The left wing renewed the advance on the 24th, moving north of the railroad by Sandersville, Danesboro', and Louisville.

deployed before the town, only to be driven in and through it by the skirmishers of the 20th Corps. Sherman saw the rebel troopers firing stacks of fodder in the fields, and he told the leading citizens that if the enemy attempted to carry out the threat to burn the food, corn, and fodder along his route, he would execute relentless reprisals on the inhabitants. There was no more wanton destruction on the part of the rebels, for the people saw clearly that any such conduct would result in ruin to themselves.

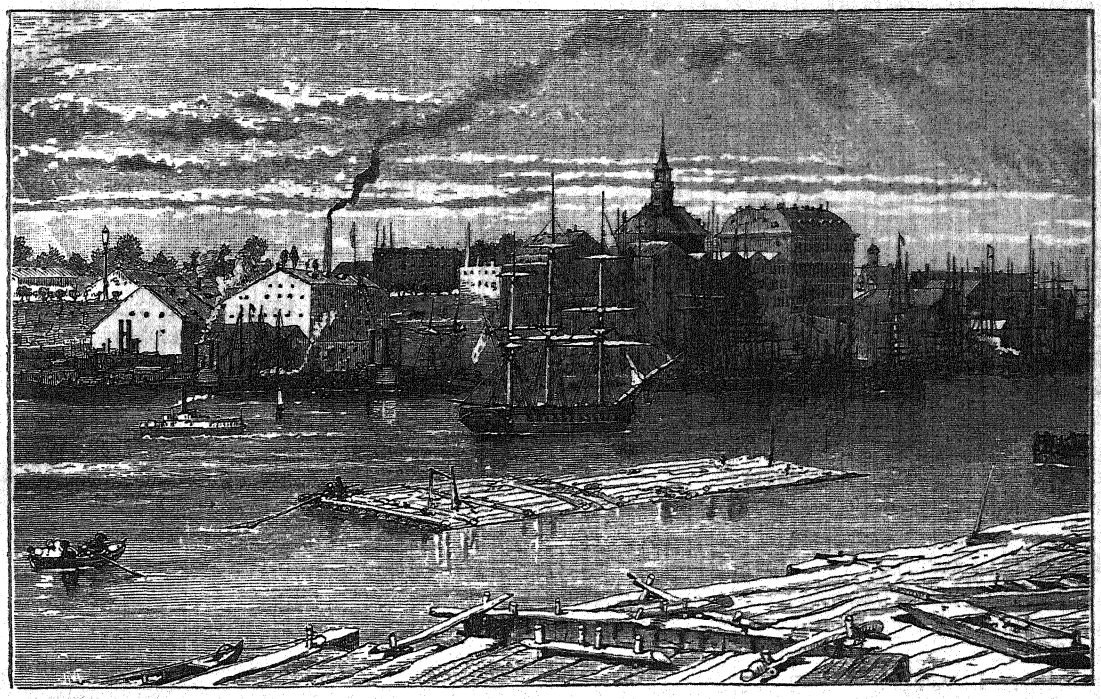
From Sandersville the 17th Corps took up the work of destroying the railroad, the 15th moving eastward by roads further south. When the left wing was heading for Louisville, north of the railroad, Kilpatrick had hurried north-east towards Waynesboro', where he had some sharp fighting with the rebel cavalry division commanded by General Wheeler. After some skirmishing, the latter was driven through Waynesboro', and beyond Brier Creek in the direction of Augusta, Kilpatrick thus doing good service in keeping up the delusion that Sherman's main army was moving toward that important town.



FEDERAL TROOPS ON THE MARCH.

On December 3rd, Sherman entered Millen with the 17th Corps. The Federal prisoners of war had been removed from the place. The

several corps were now all within a short radius of Millen, in good positions and in good condition. Two-thirds of the whole distance had been accomplished with trivial loss. The waggons were full, but towards the coast the country



SAVANNAH FROM THE RIVER.

becomes sandy and barren, and supplies would become more scarce; so Sherman determined to push on to Savannah. He was aware that the Confederate general Hardee was between him and that city with some 10,000 men, a force incapable of being very mischievous. The fine railway station and other public buildings of Millen were destroyed, and on the 4th the march was resumed by the whole army direct on Savannah, by the four main roads. So seasoned was the force that the soldiers marched their fifteen miles day after day, as if the distance was nothing.

On the 8th, Sherman found the column turned off from the main road, and went forward to ascertain the cause. He found a group of men round a young officer whose foot had been blown to pieces by a torpedo planted in the road. This, as Sherman well said, was murder, not war. The rebels had deliberately planted a succession of 8-inch shells in the road, with friction matches to explode them when trodden on. Sherman immediately ordered up a squad of rebel prisoners from the provost guard, supplied them with picks and spades, and made them march in close order along the road, to explode their own torpedoes or discover and dig them up. They begged hard for exemption, but Sherman, although not a cruel man, reiterated his order, and could hardly help laughing at the gingerly stepping of the rebel prisoners as they went forward in front of the Northern column.

On the 9th and 10th, the several corps reached the defences of Savannah, the 14th Corps touching with its left the Savannah river. To the right was first the 20th, then the 17th, and the 15th on the extreme right, thus almost completely investing the city, involving the unpleasantness, apparently, of another siege. On one of those days Sherman had a very narrow escape. He was in a cutting through which the railroad passed straight into Savannah. He could see about eight hundred yards away a rebel parapet and battery. The gunners were loading, and he warned his officers to scatter. Watching closely he saw the ball rise, and thought it wise to step aside; at the moment a negro was crossing the track very close to him. The ball, a 32lb.-shot, struck the ground, rose in its first ricochet, and caught the negro under

the right jaw, literally smashing his head into pulp. The cut was promptly deserted.

It was manifest that Savannah was well fortified and garrisoned, under the command of a competent officer, General W. J. Hardee; and Sherman resolved, in the first instance, to open communication with the Federal fleet, supposed to be waiting in Ossabaw Sound with mails, supplies, and clothing. Leaving orders with General Slocum to press the siege, he sent General Howard, with Hazen's division of the 15th Corps and a force of engineers, to King's Bridge, fourteen-and-a-half miles south-west of Savannah, with instructions to rebuild the bridge. That work was finished on the night of the 12th, and at sunrise of the 13th Hazen passed over, having orders from Sherman to march rapidly down the right bank of the Ogeechee, and without hesitation to carry Fort McAllister by storm. Sherman then rode ten miles down the left bank of the Ogeechee to a spot where there was a signal station, whence could be watched the lower river for any vessel of the blockading squadron, which daily sent a steamer up the Ogeechee as near to Fort McAllister as was safe.

Assurances by signal came from Hazen that he was making his preparations, and would soon assault. As the sun was going down, Sherman's impatience increased. There was still an hour till dusk, when a faint cloud of smoke betokened the approach of a steamboat. Soon the Union flag was visible, and attention was divided between the approaching steamer and the imminent assault of the fort. "Who are you?" was the question asked by signal from the steamer. "General Sherman," was the reply. The next question from the steamer was, "Is Fort McAllister taken?" "Not yet, but very soon," was the answer. At the very moment, Hazen's troops emerged from the encompassing woods, the lines dressed as on parade with the colours flying, the gallant force marching at a quick, steady pace. The fort was belching volleys from its big guns, the smoke of which soon enveloped Hazen's assaulting lines. There was a momentary cessation of fire; then the smoke drew away like a curtain, and the parapets were blue with the Northern soldiers, who fired their muskets in the air and shouted till the echoes rang. Fort McAllister was taken, and the news was telegraphed to the approaching gun-boat, which had been shut out by a point of timber from the thrilling spectacle.

An oyster skiff was chartered, a volunteer crew undertook to pull the boat down to the fort, and Hazen was found at supper in the planter's house. After a hurried inspection of the fort, a yawl was found and manned; Sherman and Howard went aboard, and the craft was pulled down stream regardless of warnings as to torpedoes, for Sherman was determined to board the gunboat that night at whatever risk or cost, hungry as he was for news from the outer world. At length they were aboard of the *Dandelion* tender, and surrounded by half-a-dozen naval officers. The general learned that Admiral Dahlgren was on his flagship on Wassau Sound, that General Foster, commanding the department, was near by at Hilton Head, that several ships with stores for the army were lying in Tybee Roads and Port Royal Sound, and that Grant was still besieging Petersburg, things being little altered since the departure from Atlanta.

Sherman and Howard returned to the McAllister House, and lay down on the crowded floor to snatch some sleep. Sherman was summoned presently from slumber to take boat for the ship in which was General Foster, who was lame from an old Mexican wound. By-and-by Admiral Dahlgren was found, mails arrived and were distributed as soon as possible, rations were sent to the army, and Sherman, after having made his preparations, summoned General Hardee to surrender Savannah. Sherman's letter to him was not in accordance with the amenities of civilised warfare, and he must have repented such expressions as the following:—"Should I be forced to resort to assault, or to the slower and surer process of starvation, I will then feel justified in resorting to the harshest measures, and shall make little effort to restrain my army." Hardee replied like a gentleman. In a sentence he declined to surrender, and added—"I have hitherto conducted my military operations in strict accordance with the rules of civilised warfare, and I should deeply regret the adoption of any course on your part that might force me to deviate from them in future." Hardee's refusal reached Sherman on December 18th. Savannah was found evacuated on the morning of the 21st, and was immediately taken possession of. Hardee had carried away his field-artillery and blown up his ironclads and navy yard, but had left everything else, inclusive of an immense quantity of public and private property. With his entry to Savannah on 22nd December Sherman held to have terminated the "March to the Sea." He regarded that march simply as a "shift of

base"—as the transfer of an army from its work in the interior to a point on the coast whence it could achieve other important results. In other words, he considered the march to the sea as a means to an end, and not as an essential act of war. He himself expressed his measure of the relative importance of the march to the sea, and of that from Savannah northward, by placing the former at one and the latter at ten.

The Campaign of the Carolinas.

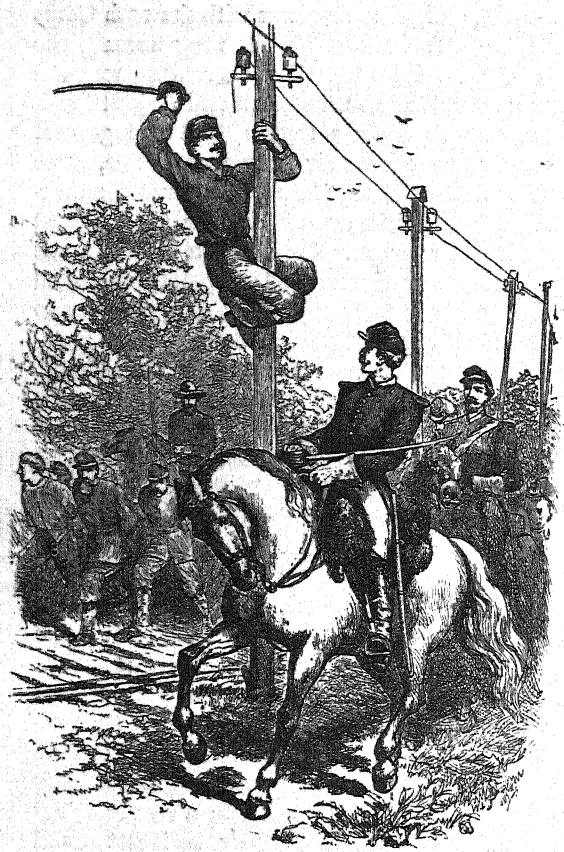
General Grant, who was Sherman's superior officer, had suggested that the latter, having established a strong base of all arms on the coast about Savannah, should bring northward by sea the mass of his seasoned and triumphant army to join the Army of the Potomac before Petersburg; but to Sherman's satisfaction, Grant subsequently, with good judgment, modified his views in favour of the strategy put forward by his great subordinate. Sherman's plan of campaign was that of a commander who was a master of the art of war. Leaving an adequate garrison in Savannah, his project was to move northward with his army resupplied, cross the Savannah river, feign against Charleston and Augusta, striking between the two and heading straight for Columbia, the capital city of South Carolina, thence advancing through North Carolina to Raleigh or Weldon. His appearance at one or other of those points would, he anticipated, force Lee to evacuate Petersburg and Richmond; and to take to the open field, throwing himself rapidly between Grant's and Sherman's armies.

During the latter half of January, 1865, Sherman's troops, about 60,000 strong, organised precisely as during the march to the sea, had been gradually taking up advanced positions northward of Savannah. The whole vicinity was more or less amphibious, the low alluvial land cut up by an infinite number of salt-water sloughs and fresh-water creeks. The Savannah river had risen in flood, which swept away Sherman's pontoon-bridge at Savannah and came near drowning one of his divisions while on the march to Pocotatigo. On February 1st Sherman's army was at that place, near the head of Port Royal inlet; his left wing, with Kilpatrick's cavalry, was still at Sister's Ferry on the Savannah river, twenty-five miles north of the city. In spite of obstructions, the general march began promptly on the day named. The right wing moved up the Salkiehatchie on its right bank, the river brimming full, and presenting a most formidable obstacle. Through the swamps bounding the river proper the heads of columns marched in water up to their shoulders, until at River's Bridge and Beaufort Bridge respectively the 15th and 17th Corps forced their way across the river in face of the rebel brigade attempting to defend the passage. The Union loss was not severe, and the enemy at once abandoned the whole line of the Salkiehatchie.

On the 5th, Sherman was with the 15th Corps at Beaufort's Bridge, his left wing abreast, the cavalry ahead of him. The army was approaching the line of the Charleston and Augusta railroad about Midway station, and the general expected to encounter severe resistance, since the disruption of that line would sever the communications of the enemy between the sea-coast and interior points. On the 7th, in the midst of a rain storm, the railroad was gained at several points with scarcely any opposition, contrary to Sherman's expectation. A droll episode is recorded in regard to this seizure of the railroad. General Howard, with the 17th Corps marching straight on Midway, when about five miles distant began to deploy the leading division so as to be ready for battle. Sitting on his horse by the roadside while the deployment was in progress, he saw a man coming down the road as hard as he could gallop, whom as he approached the general recognised as one of his own "bummers," mounted on a white horse with a rope bridle and blanket for a saddle. As he came nearer he shouted, "Hurry up, general! come along, we have gotten the railroad!" "So," remarked General Howard, "while we generals were proceeding deliberately to get ready for a serious battle, a parcel of our foragers in search of plunder, had got ahead and actually captured the South Carolina Railroad, a line of vital importance to the rebel Government."

The Union army remained strung along this railroad till the 9th, working parties being detailed to tear up the rails, burn the ties, and twist the bars. Sherman was resolved on utterly wrecking fifty miles of a line of so great consequence, partly to prevent the possibility of its restoration, partly to utilise the time until General Slocum, who had been delayed at the Savannah river, should come up. Having sufficiently damaged the railroad and effected the junction of the entire army, the general march was resumed with Columbia as its objective, the right wing following the cross railroad from

Branchville to the Santee river by way of Orangeville. Kilpatrick was sent with his cavalry to the westward, to demonstrate strongly against Aiken and thus to maintain the idea that Augusta was being threatened. But Sherman was resolute not to deviate either to the right or to the left. He would not even allow himself to be tempted to turn aside to inflict punishment on Charleston, the bitter and stubborn hotbed of rebellion. His aspiration was to



FEDERAL TROOPS DESTROYING TELEGRAPH WIRES.

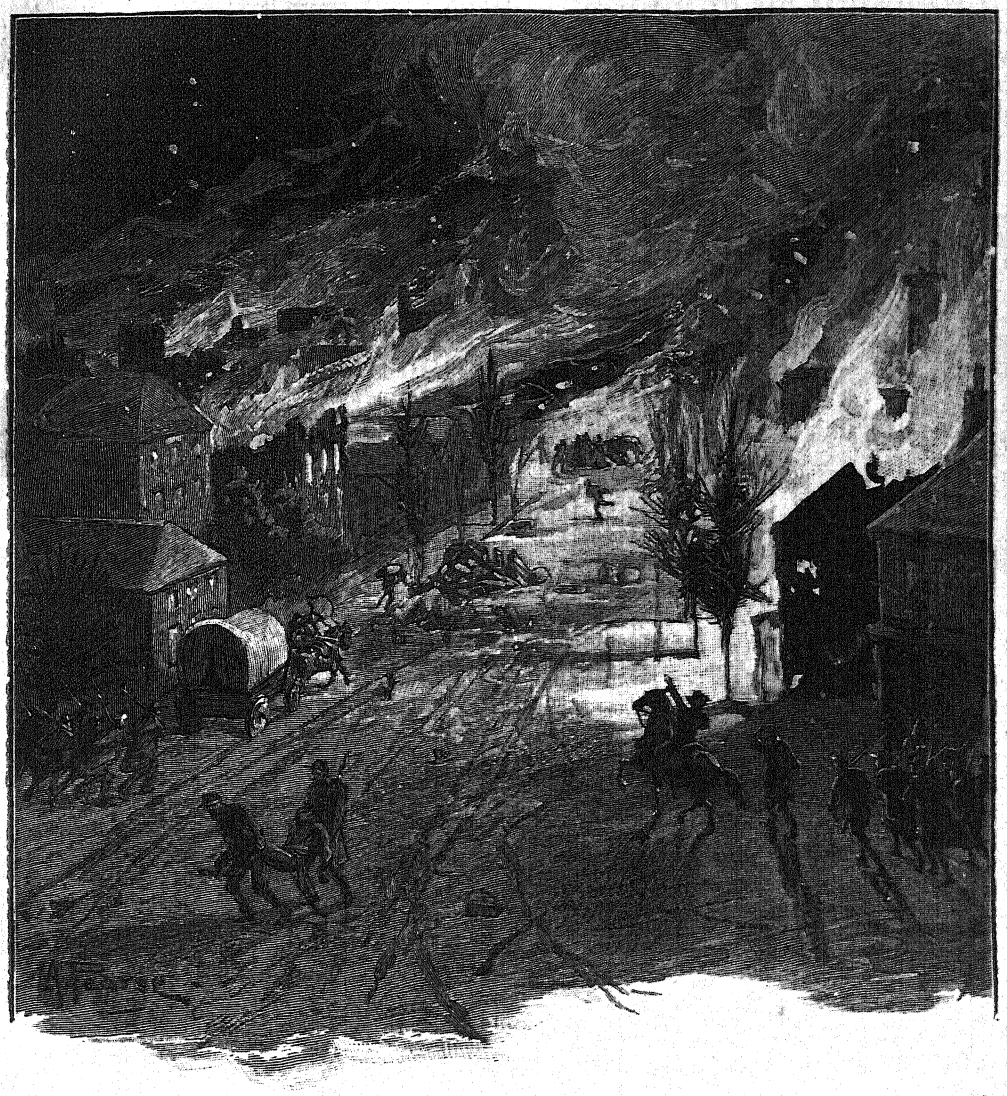
reach Columbia before any part of Wood's Confederate force—the advance of which, commanded by General Dick Taylor, was reported to be already in Augusta—should precede him in the occupation of the former city.

On the 11th the army crossed the South Edisto, and the next day the 17th Corps reached Orangeville, where the Charleston - Columbia railroad was cut and destroyed up to the Santee river. The North Edisto was crossed by pontoon bridges, and all the columns were then headed for Columbia, where it was believed that there was a great concentration of rebel forces. Later on the march, it was ascertained that the only troops in the capital were Wade Hamilton's cavalry along with General Beauregard, in a state of considerable confusion. During the night between the 16th and 17th a detachment had crossed the Saluda river close to Columbia, and next morning, while the bridge was being repaired, the Mayor of Columbia came out to surrender the city. A brigade was sent forward to occupy it, and General Sherman, with his staff and the general officers of the 15th Corps, entered Columbia just as Wade Hampton and General Beauregard rode away from it. The high wind was whirling about flakes of cotton from the burning cotton bales which were said to have been fired by the rebel cavalry before leaving the city that same morning. The railroad depôt and a large adjacent warehouse had been burnt to the ground, and piles of corn and meal in sacks were on fire. Sherman was quartered in the house of a fugitive citizen, where he was visited by a number of Northern people whom he had known in earlier days.

During the night great fires blazed in Columbia. Sherman ordered his troops to attempt to extinguish the flames, and they wrought hard; but the conflagrations nevertheless continued to increase. The high wind was spreading the flames beyond control, and the whole heavens became lurid. The air was full of sparks and of flying masses of cotton, shingles, etc., which the wind carried and started fresh fires. In the early morning the wind moderated and the fire was got under control; but the whole heart of the city, including several churches, the old State-house, and many other public and private buildings, was destroyed. One half at least of Columbia had been laid in ashes. Throughout the Confederacy it was believed, and the belief has not yet died out, that the burning of Columbia was deliberately planned and executed by Sherman. He steadfastly denied this, and the finding of the subsequent mixed commission on American and British claims was to the effect that the destruction of Columbia did not result from the action of Sherman's army. He himself directly charged the arson on Wade Hampton. During the two following days the railroads around Columbia were ruined, and the State arsenal with its contents was destroyed.

Columbia utterly ruined, Sherman's right wing marched northward to Winnsboro', where the left wing joined, and the advance was then to the north-east on Cheraw and onwards

towards Fayetteville, in North Carolina, considerable delay being encountered in bridging the Catawba and other rivers. When halted in Cheraw, newspaper intelligence gave Sherman the information that his feint to the left on Charlotte had in no way misled his antagonists; Wade Hampton's cavalry, had barely escaped across Cape Fear river, burning the bridge which Sherman had hoped to preserve. Kilpatrick had experienced some curious vicissitudes a few days previously, when holding his cavalry strung out in line for the protection of



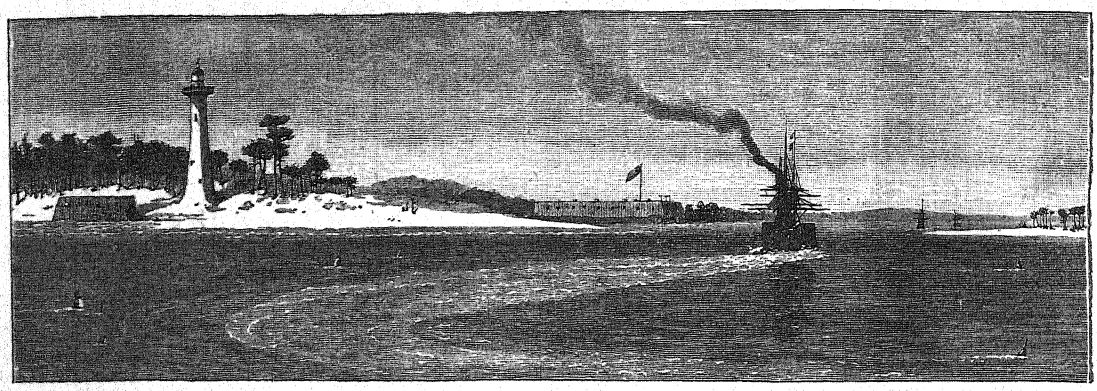
"THEY WROUGHT HARD, BUT THE CONFLAGRATIONS NEVERTHELESS CONTINUED TO INCREASE" (*p.* 8).

and he realised that he must prepare for the concentration in his front of a considerable force under General Jos. Johnston, who had been appointed to the supreme command of the Confederate forces in the Carolinas. Reaching Fayetteville on the 11th he found General Slocum in possession of that town, and all the rest of the army close at hand. He learned also that General Hardee, followed by the left flank of the army. Wade Hampton had broken through this line, capturing Kilpatrick and Spencer, his brigade commander, in a house which they were occupying for a few hours, and he held possession for a while of the camp and artillery of the brigade. Kilpatrick, however, and most of his people, had escaped into a swamp, and having re-formed and returned, put Hampton and his men to flight in their turn;

but the Confederate commander had carried off Kilpatrick's private horses and two hundred of his men as prisoners, whom he had displayed with great triumph in Fayetteville.

From Fayetteville Sherman was able to send to General Grant despatches reporting his progress and intentions; and he sent orders to General Schofield at Newbern and to General Terry at Wilmington, both places named being on the coast, to move with their effective forces straight for Goldsboro', where he expected to meet them by the 20th. On the 15th the whole army was across Cape Fear river on its march for Goldsboro'. On Sherman's extreme left were the 14th and 20th Corps with the cavalry acting in concert. Certain of being attacked on this flank, he ordered both wings to send their trains by interior roads, and each to hold four divisions ready for immediate action. Stubborn resistance was encountered from Hardee's troops of all arms, and on the 16th the Confederate commander was found in a strong position near Averysboro'. The divisions of Jackson and Ward deployed and pressed on, while a brigade made a wide circuit by the left; and the first line of the enemy was swept away, two hundred prisoners were taken, with three guns, and one hundred and eight dead Confederates were buried. Hardee withdrew and entrenched himself anew; but next morning he was gone, in full retreat towards Smithfield. In this Averysboro' combat the Federals lost twelve officers and sixty-five men killed, and four hundred and seventy-seven men wounded. The rebel wounded, numbering sixty-eight, were attended to by Sherman's surgeons, and then left in charge of a rebel officer and a few men.

From Averysboro' the left wing bent eastward towards Goldsboro'. On the 18th, Sherman had joined the right wing, to be near Generals Schofield and Terry coming up from the coast towards Goldsboro'. He had heard some casual cannonading about Slocum's head of column, but did not regard it as serious until a messenger came in hot haste with the news that Slocum near Bentonsville had run up against Johnston's army, some 36,000 strong, considerably more than the whole of Slocum's command. Sherman sent orders to Slocum to fight on the defensive, pending his own arrival with reinforcements.



MOUTH OF THE SAVANNAH.

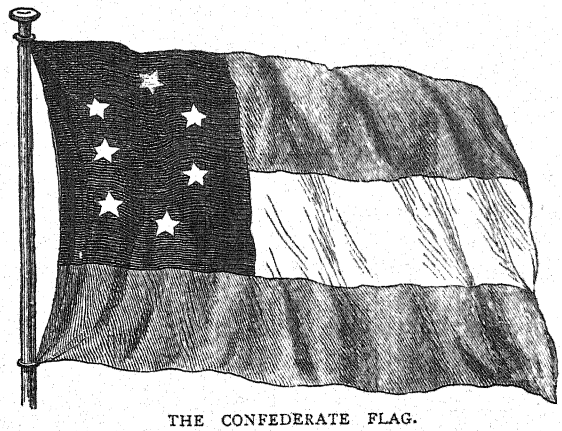
A division was hurried to Slocum's flank, and the whole of the right wing was directed on Bentonsville, whence came loud and strong the roar of battle. Johnston was not pugnacious; he stood on the defensive entrenched in the V formation. Sherman explains in his memoirs that he "did not feel disposed to invite a general battle, in ignorance of Johnston's strength"; and he simply held his troops close up to the Confederate trenches for two days. At length, on the afternoon of the 21st, General Mower could stand inaction no longer, and with his division he broke through the enemy's left flank and pushed on towards Bentonsville. Sherman arrested the gallant Mower's offensive, and recalled him; repenting later of his having done so instead of supporting Mower, with the result of bringing on a battle the issue of which must have been in his favour by reason of his vastly superior numbers. The truth probably was that now Sherman was so near the successful ending of his undertaking, he was not willing to run any risks. Be this as it may, on the morning of the 22nd, Johnston was in full retreat on Smithfield, and Sherman marched into Goldsboro'. His loss at Bentonsville was 23 officers and

1,581 men killed, wounded, and missing. He had captured 1,287 prisoners. Johnston estimated his loss at 2,343 officers and men.

At Goldsboro' on the 22nd, Sherman found Terry with two divisions and Schofield with a whole corps, and the complete junction was then and there effected of all the army as originally designed.

"Thus," wrote Sherman, with pardonable pride, "was concluded one of the longest and most important marches ever made by an organised army in a civilised country. The route traversed crossed five great navigable rivers. Three important cities, Columbia, Cheraw, and Fayetteville, had been captured and occupied; the evacuation of Charleston had been compelled, all the railroads of South Carolina had been utterly broken up, and a vast amount of supplies belonging to the enemy had been seized and used. The country traversed was for the most part in a state of nature, with innumerable swamps, the roads mere mud, nearly every mile of which had to be corderoyed. Yet we had, in midwinter, accomplished the whole journey of 425 miles in fifty days, averaging ten miles per day; and had reached Goldsboro' with the army in superb order, and the trains almost as fresh as when we had started from Atlanta."

Sherman was still at Goldsboro' with his army about him when the tidings reached him of the fall of Petersburg and Richmond on 6th April. On the 12th he was officially informed of Lee's surrender at Appomatox Court House, and the war was regarded as over. Events came quickly. On the 14th, General Johnston made proposals to Sherman for the suspension of active operations, pending the termination of the war. Sherman was on his way to meet Johnston when a cipher telegram was handed him announcing the assassination of President Lincoln. The terms arranged between the two commanders were not approved of by the authorities in Washington, and Grant was sent to Sherman's headquarters to intimate to that commander that he was to demand the surrender of Johnston's army on the terms accorded to General Lee. Johnston accepted those terms. The great Civil War was now at an end; the gallant struggle of the Confederacy was over and done with, and thenceforth there was no longer rebellion within the wide boundaries of the great American Republic.



THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

The Battles round Leipzig: October 1813. By D. H. Parry.

THE well-worn old simile of the Phœnix rising from her ashes may be applied with truth to the French army on its return from Moscow; for, before its wounds were healed, almost before its actual losses could be counted, another mighty force was called into existence, and Napoleon, once more humming "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre," set forth from Paris to lead it to fresh glories and terrible defeat.

Lützen, Wurschen, Bautzen, Dresden, were victories dearly won at the expense of enormous slaughter; but Culm, Katzbach, and Gros Beeren came as heavy blows, and Napoleon's projects seemed threatened with tragic failure.

Whilst *his* men dwindled, and the German roads were thronged with his wounded Cuirassiers in wheelbarrows, or his troopers riding on lean cows, the allied armies, on the contrary, seemed to increase. Disaffection followed. The Saxons were deserting him *en masse*. Austria and Bavaria declared against him. As the enemy drew closer round him from all points, he hazarded everything on one cast of the die, chose a bad position, suffered a crushing reverse, and fled under circumstances of almost unparalleled horror.

Leipzig was at that time a small city girdled by a crumbling wall with four large and three smaller gates, a wet ditch where mulberry trees grew plentifully, and was separated from the extensive suburbs by a fine walk or boulevard planted with lindens which had grown to giant size.

It was a great centre of learning and commerce: Fichte, Goethe, and a host of famous men had studied or taught at its university; its three annual fairs were attended by booksellers from all parts of Europe; and before Napoleon's Continental system crippled trade it had lucrative industries in gold and silver, leather, silk, wool, yarn, and Prussian blue.

Had you mounted to the summit of one of its many towers, as hundreds did during the events I am about to describe, you would have seen beneath you the narrow streets of the quaint city, and farther out the gardens, public and private, for which Leipzig was justly famed, with the villas of the wealthy merchants peeping out of groves and orchards.

Far as the eye could reach stretched a gently rolling plain, wooded here and there, in other places barren where the harvest had been gathered and the stubble fields were brown; the whole expanse dotted with villages innumerable, each with its pointed spire; the plain intersected by great highroads and winding byways.

West of the city lay a marshy tract, where the rivers Pleiss and Elster flowed sluggishly in narrow channels, and joined the Partha, which came round the northern side. This tract was a mass of tiny streams and dykes, crossed by a narrow causeway leading to Lindenau, and so to the road by Weissenfels, Erfurt, and Frankfort to the Rhine.

From the Rhine Napoleon had allowed himself to be cut off, by staying at Dresden when every hour was of the utmost consequence. There seem to have come to him towards the close of his marvellous career strange attacks of indecision which no one has satisfactorily explained, and the lingering at Dresden while the allies had drawn nearer and nearer until they had him in a net, from which he escaped but with difficulty and at great sacrifices, was one of these.

At last his various corps were ordered on Magdeburg, and on the 7th October, at seven in the morning, the emperor himself left Dresden, and quitting the Leipzig road beyond Wurzen,

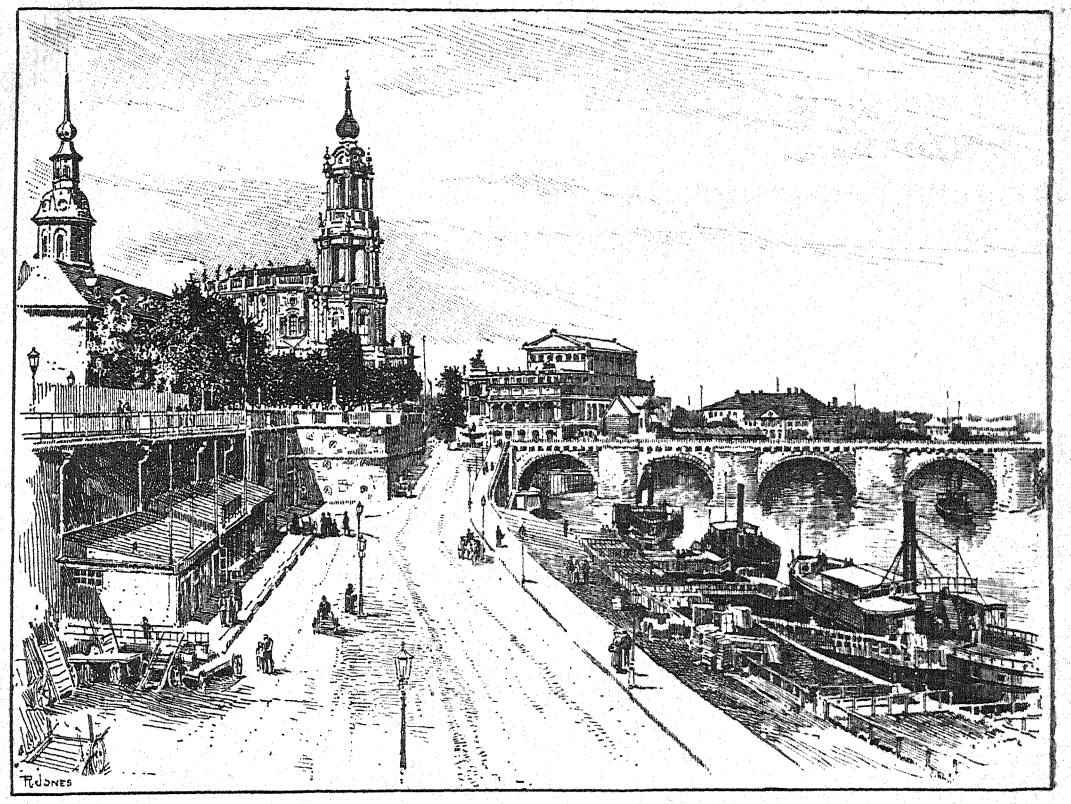
eventually reached the little moated castle of Düben on the 10th, where he stayed three days in further indecision, until he suddenly commanded a countermarch of his troops upon Leipzig, stopping himself to breakfast in a field by the roadside, at a point some fifteen miles from the city.

While there, the distant booming of cannon told him that Murat was engaged to the south of Leipzig, and at the same moment the King of Saxony came up with his Queen and a strong escort.

Napoleon had desired them to accompany him, and advancing to the carriage door, he reassured the frightened lady, who went on after a short halt with her unfortunate husband, destined to pay so dearly for his loyalty to the French cause.

The day was grey and lowering, and Murat had had several smart cavalry affairs near Borna, in one of which he narrowly escaped with his life. Returning with a single trooper, he had been hotly pursued by Lieutenant De Lippe of the 1st Neumark Dragoons, who repeatedly shouted "Stop, King!" "Stop, King!" After a galloping fight the pursuer was killed by Murat's attendant, to whom Napoleon gave the Legion of Honour, and who rode the dead man's horse next day in his capacity of equerry to the King of Naples.

Meanwhile, the columns were tramping in and taking up their positions; outside the house of Herr Vetter at Reudnitz, a picturesque village two miles from Leipzig, a chasseur of the Guard with loaded carbine showed where Napoleon had fixed his quarters. Waggons,



DRESDEN.

It was the anniversary of Iéna, and by a strange coincidence Napoleon was using the identical copy of Petri's atlas which he had consulted for the campaign that had laid Prussia at his feet in two short weeks. Now the tables were turned, and Prussia was about to have a terrible revenge.

carriages, escort, and orderly officers thronged the streets; every hour witnessed the arrival of a grenadier regiment, a corps of tirailleurs, or a rumbling battery of guns, whose grey-coated drivers forced a passage through the crowd with almost as little ceremony as the emperor's suite itself. The citizens had experienced

a foretaste of French usage since Marmont's corps came among them at the beginning of the month, but that was going to prove as nothing to the misery of the next six days.

Early on the morning of the 15th, Murat clattered up to the door of the Quartier Général, and swinging off his horse went in to hold long counsel with his brother-in-law; after which, about noon, they both rode away into the stubble and the sheep pastures to reconnoitre around Lieberwolkwitz on a hill to the French left, and Wachau village with its orchard in a hollow, which formed the French centre five miles or so from the city, paying Poniatowski's corps a visit among the gardens of Dolitz, and finally returning to Lieberwolkwitz, where one of those dramatic Napoleonic ceremonies took place usual upon the presentation of the cherished Eagle to corps that had not previously possessed it.

Three regiments of light infantry clustered round their emperor, and, turning to one with the standard brandished in his hand, he exclaimed in a piercing voice: "Soldiers of the 26th Léger, I intrust you with the French Eagle: it will be your rallying point. You swear never to abandon it but with life; you swear never to suffer an insult to France; you swear to prefer death to dishonour: you swear!"

"We swear!" came the answer; "Vive l'Empereur!" And each regiment took the oath, and meant it.

The columns had filed down to their posts in the position chosen by Murat and sanctioned by Napoleon, and the line of battle stretched in a huge semicircle south of Leipzig, three miles and a half from end to end; Victor in the centre behind Wachau with the 2nd Corps; Prince Poniatowski on the right with the 8th, on the banks of the narrow Pleiss at Mark-Kleberg and Doetlitz; Lauriston on the left, on the hill of Lieberwolkwitz with the 5th Corps; while farther away still, beyond Lauriston, was gallant Macdonald, on the Dresden road, keeping a sharp look-out for Beningsen or the Hetman Platof.

In rear of Poniatowski were Marshal Augereau's men; between Poniatowski and Victor, the cavalry of Kellerman and Milhaud; between Victor and Lauriston the cavalry of Latour-Maubourg; and, finally, when they arrived, the Imperial Guard was stationed near the village of Probsteyda, behind Victor, and in front of the ruined windmill and tobacco factory where Napoleon took his stand when the fighting had once begun.

To the west, across the causeway previously mentioned, General Bertrand held Lindenau with the 4th Corps, and covered the road to Erfurt destined to form the French line of retreat; Marshal Marmont, with the 6th Corps, lay round Lindenthal, and protected Leipzig to northward; while Ney and Reynier, with the 3rd and 7th Corps, were in full march from Eilenburg, either to support Marmont or operate to eastward of the city—in all, 182,000 men to sustain the advance and attack of more than 300,000—namely, the Allied Grand Army, or Army of Bohemia, 90,000; the Army of Silesia, under Blücher, 70,000; the Army of the North, commanded by Bernadotte, 72,000; and about 15,000 partisans, Cossacks, and light horse.

There had been heavy rains for several days preceding the 14th, the night of which was miserable; but the weather cleared on the 15th, and everything was quiet, except the continued march of troops and the loopholing of the Leipzig walls.

Suddenly, about eight in the evening, three brilliant white rockets rose into the starlit sky from the allies' headquarters at Pegau on the Elster, and these were answered a minute later by four red ones that trailed up beyond Halle—a signal which put the French on the *qui vive*.

That night Colonel Marbot, of the 23rd Chasseurs-à-cheval, lost an opportunity of changing the whole face of the campaign through no fault of his own, for, being in observation at the foot of a hill called the Kolmberg, or Swedish Redoubt, he saw several figures on the summit, outlined against the sky, and heard a conversation in French that made the blood tingle in his veins.

Stealthily drawing his regiment forward in the darkness, while the 24th crept round the other flank of the hill, a few minutes more would have sufficed to enclose the Kolmberg and capture the speakers, but one of his men accidentally fired his carbine. There was "mounting in hot haste." The figures vanished at full speed towards the allied position, and Marbot had a sharp brush with an escort of cavalry, learning afterwards, to his intense chagrin, that the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were in the group that had escaped him!

Early in the foggy dawn of the 16th October Napoleon left his quarters, attended by his

orderly officers and the escort of the Guard, and riding on to the hill of Lieberwolkwitz again, he was joined by Murat, the pair gazing long through their glasses towards the enemy's lines, where, when the fog melted into the drizzle of a cold and gloomy day, they saw several columns forming for the attack.

Huge riding-cloaks were then the fashion, and as the cavalcade left the hill muffled to the ears three signal-guns crashed out about 9 o'clock, sending their balls over the heads of the staff into the Guard and the Cuirassiers beyond, doing some damage, and commencing what is known as the battle of Wachau.

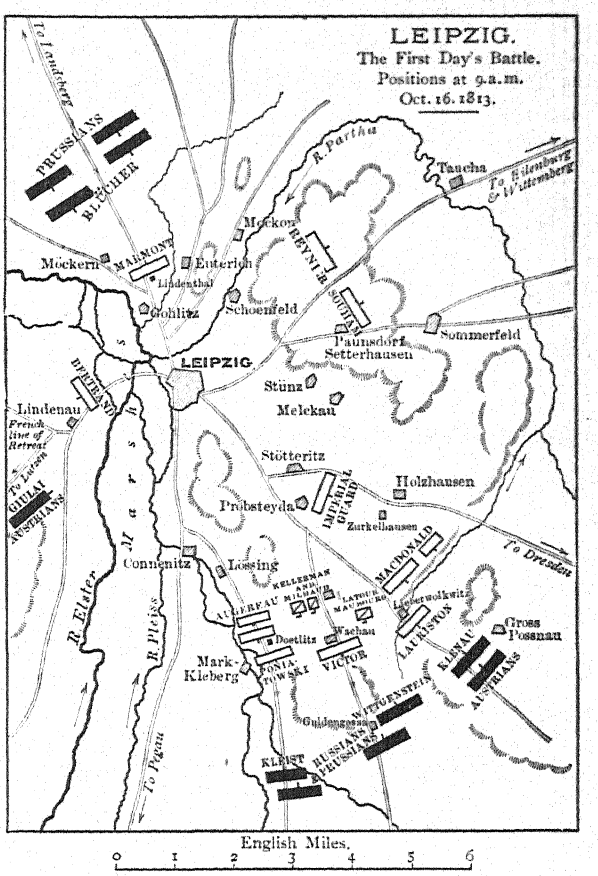
Kleist, with a mixed force of Russians and Prussians, advanced on the French right wing in the marshes of the Pleiss and took the village of Mark-Kleberg; Wittgenstein, commanding two columns, also of Russians and Prussians, was partially successful in the Wachau hollow; and the Austrian general Klenau flung his men at the hill of Lieberwolkwitz, which Napoleon regarded as the key of his position.

Ordering forward half the young Guard under Marshal Mortier, and sending for a part of Macdonald's corps, the emperor repulsed the Austrians with great loss, captured a portion of the wood of the university, and having separated Klenau from the rest of the allied army, turned his attention on his centre at Wachau, bringing up two divisions of the Guard under Oudinot to support Victor, placing his reserve artillery on the heights behind the village, and moving Milhaud's and Kellerman's cavalry to attack the Russian left.

All this while the most furious cannonade was in progress along the whole line, until, as one who was present has declared, "the earth literally trembled."

As the French horsemen gained the plain, affairs became serious for the allied centre, which was bayoneted out of Wachau by a superior force, and retired slowly, fighting all the way, leaving a thousand men dead in the stubble fields before it reached its reserves at the farm of Auenhayn; but, fortunately for Prince Eugène of Würtemberg, who commanded the retreating column, Nostitz arrived with a host of white-coated Austrian cavalry, which, after some dashing charges, drove Milhaud's and Kellerman's back, and saved the allied centre from a similar separation on the left wing to that which had already happened on the right.

Still, the allies had gained nothing but the village of Mark-Kleberg. Six desperate attacks had been repulsed by the French; and at Napoleon's command the bells of Leipzig were rung during the afternoon to celebrate a victory and



a band played gaily in the market square, where the Saxon Grenadiers stood under arms for the protection of their king.

Away beyond the rivers at Lindenau, Bertrand had stood his ground against General Giulai while the great fight waged to the south; but north of Leipzig Marshal Marmont had been less fortunate at the battle of Möckern, where Blücher took 2,000 prisoners, three guns, and forty ship's-cannon, which Marmont could not remove for want of horses.

The marshal fought hard though, in spite of the odds of three to one against him; and although he had to retire at nightfall on to the

Halle suburb, he retained Gohlitz and Möckern as advanced posts, and kept possession of Euterich.

Ney had drawn up in Marmont's rear early in the morning; but hearing the cannonade at Lieberwolkwitz before Marmont was attacked, the Duc d'Elchingen marched off towards the firing until Blücher's guns recalled him, and he is said to have lost both combats in consequence.

Returning once more to the south, one little incident deserves to be recounted, which had happened when the Kolmberg was stormed.

Napoleon, seeing the necessity of a strong charge, turned to a regiment drawn up motionless spectators, and asked which it was.

"The 22nd Light, sire."

"Impossible!" he cried. "The 22nd Light would never stand with its arms folded in presence of the enemy!"

Instantly the drums rolled the "pas de charge," the colours were waved, and, supported by Marbot's Chasseurs, they rushed forward. The sides of the Swedish redoubt became alive with blue figures and white cross belts, and the hill was taken under the eye of that leader who knew so well how to flatter the vanity of his followers, and who probably got more out of flesh and blood by a few artful sentences than any commander who ever existed, "charmed he never so wisely."



NAPOLEON I.

Between three o'clock and four, when the allied centre had been driven back, leaving its right exposed, Murat detected that weakness and prepared to swoop down with Latour-Maubourg's cavalry into the plain.

Alexander, whose station was behind the village of Gossa, tried to get his reserves up in time, but by some mischance they were jumbled together in some broken ground, leaving two regiments, the Lancers and Dragoons of the Guard, to face the rush of fifty squadrons, thundering down from the heights, the sun full on them as they came.

They were the 5th Cavalry Corps, with Murat, Latour-Maubourg, and Pajol leading — five thousand horsemen, mostly dragoons, green coated, grey breeched, high booted; white cloaks rolled *en banderole* across the square *revers*, which showed scarlet and crimson and rose, and bright yellow and dull orange; brass helmets with the whisk of horsehair about them; bearskins of the *Compagnies d'élite* bedraggled with the rain: one of those furious waves that in the early days of the Empire were wont to annihilate everything in their course, and which now tore, heedless of a storm of cannon shot, capturing twenty-six guns in the twinkling of an eye, and hustling the Russian dragoons over a brook in their rear.

A few causeways crossed the rivulet and the ground was swampy; the cavalry were splashed with mud from crest to spur, and the horses hock-deep in many cases.

The Russian lancers fell back and formed to the left, without crossing the brook; and checked in the moment of victory by the marsh into which they had floundered, the French squadrons became confused and unmanageable.

Guns were brought to bear upon them; the hussars of the Russian Guard charged in on their right rear, and they scrambled out in great disorder which degenerated into a panic and a hasty retreat, seeing which, the Emperor Alexander sent his personal escort of Cossacks under Count Orloff Denissof to take the mass on the other flank.

Back streamed the broken dragoons, nor did they halt until they reached their infantry, for they had been sent at the enemy without any supports into ground where a voltigeur would have hesitated.

Latour-Maubourg had his leg taken off at the thigh by a ball, and brave Pajol met with a terrible experience.

A shell entered the breast of his horse, burst inside, and flung the general many feet in the air, breaking his left arm and several ribs as he fell, to be rescued with great difficulty by his

aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Biot, and some staff officers.

Murat had a narrow escape ; twenty-four of the guns were retaken by the Russians, and a grand opportunity was lost, while Gossa later in the day became the scene of a fierce encounter with the light troops of the Russian Guard, who forced the French to retire, and held that place as the allied right ; their centre being then at Auenhayn, their left at Mark-Kleberg.

fallen on both sides, but the allies could afford to lose them, and the French could not.

He was hard pressed by Blücher on the north ; to southward the enemy were being strongly reinforced, and a hideous stream of wounded crawled back to the city to show how severely the Grand Army had suffered.

The corn magazine, capable of holding 2,500 men, was crammed full to overflowing, the rest lay about the streets untended, and reflected the



THE ALLIED STAFF AT LEIPZIG.

At Connenitz, between Doetlitz and Leipzig, Count Meerfeldt had crossed the Pleiss unexpectedly, but Curial, with the Chasseurs-à-pied of the Guard, came upon him, routed his battalion, and being unhorsed and wounded, the Austrian general gave up his sword to Captain Pleineselve.

Darkness fell, and as the clocks chimed six the guns ceased firing, the rattle of small-arms died away, and the French remained practically in the same position, while the front of the allies had been considerably narrowed.

Nevertheless, Napoleon had gained no real advantage : it was of little consequence that he had maintained his ground. Many men had greatest discredit on the ambulance arrangements, never adequate to the needs of any of those gory campaigns ; while out beyond the city a circle of fires and blazing villages showed where the armies bivouacked among the dead.

Sunday came, the 17th October, dark and stormy with gusts of rain ; and the allies, hearing that Beningsen and Collorado would not be up before evening, postponed the attack until the following day. But Napoleon, finding that Wintzingerode, with the advance-guard of Bernadotte's army, had worked round to the east of Leipzig and appeared at Taucha on the Partha's banks, and that the net was closing tighter, spent the hours in anxious meditation,

and made fresh plans to concentrate his forces closer round the city.

He pitched his five blue and white-striped tents in a dry fish-pond near Probsteyda that night, with the Old Guard encamped about him, and waited in vain for a reply to his negotiations, having sent General Meerfeldt, on his parole, to the allied sovereigns with certain proposals.

"They are deceived in respect to me," he had said to that officer. "I demand nothing better than to repose myself in the shade of peace, and ensure the happiness of France, as I have ensured her glory"; but the sovereigns were no longer to be hoodwinked by specious words: with time had come experience.

Down a long vista of eighty years we can now look back calmly, if with wonder, at this stirring period; feeling almost a reverence for the little figure on the white horse, as we marvel at his mighty genius, and gaze with admiration at the faded flag he kissed at Fontainebleau, or the moth-eaten *chapeau* he wore at Eylau; but set the clock back, and picture how he looked in 1813.

Napoleon had become a public nuisance in Europe: no king was safe on his throne, no people within his reach knew at what hour the tap of the drum might not sound on the high-road and a locust scourge spread over their fields and homesteads.

* * * * *

During the night Napoleon knew no sleep; Nansouty and various generals were called up to be questioned, and at 3 o'clock in the morning the four lamps of the emperor's carriage flashed outside Ney's quarters at Reudnitz—the same that Napoleon had occupied on his arrival.

After an hour of close consultation the emperor left in the rain, and walking with Murat along the swollen dykes for half an hour, again sought his tent, much absorbed.

It is also said they rode along the causeway as far as the Kuhthurm, or Cow Tower, towards Lindenau, to give Bertrand instructions to occupy Weissenfels and keep the road clear.

An alteration in the French position had been effected in the night and early morning, and now Connenitz formed the right wing under Prince Poniatowski, raised to the dignity of marshal for his gallantry the day before.

Victor had fallen back to Probsteyda; Lauriston, between that village and Stötteritz, upon which latter place Macdonald had retired; General Reynier with a brigade of Saxons occupied Mockou, and also Paunsdorf, on the Wurtzen-Dresden road; Ney was in force near Setterhausen, not far from Reudnitz, and at Schoenfeld on the Partha; while the northern suburbs of Leipzig were defended by Marmont as before. Thus, with Bertrand on the west, the city was completely surrounded, the position having one great fault, as Napoleon well knew—namely, in case of defeat all these scattered corps, miniature armies in themselves, would be forced to get away by the narrow causeway across the Pleiss and Elster.

South of Leipzig Murat was in command; east and north, Marshal Ney; the emperor himself remaining the greater part of the time on a hill behind Probsteyda, near the ruined windmill and tobacco factory, that gave him a panoramic view of the field, and round about which his guard was waiting.

By eight o'clock on the 18th, Napoleon was on the windmill hill, and a little later the allied troops were again descried on the march to attack him.

The weather had cleared and the sun was shining; the Prussians began to sing "Hail to thee in victory crowned," their bands joining in; and, from their quarters at the dismantled château of Rotha, some ten miles away, the Emperor Alexander and his suite rode into the plains at Glossa, joined by Frederick William of Prussia, who had slept at Borna, to witness the commencement of a conflict so fierce that it has been called the "Battle of the Giants" by some, and by others the "Battle of the Nations."

Three columns were in motion: 1st, Beningsen, with Bubna, Klenau, and the Prussians under Zeithen—35,000 in all, or thereabouts—was to advance by Holzhausen on Murat's left—helped, it was expected, by Bernadotte's army; 2nd, Barclay de Tolly, with Kleist's Prussians, Wittgenstein's men, and the Russian reserves—estimated at 45,000 in all—who was to aim for Wachau and the centre; and, 3rd, the Prince of Hesse-Homburg was to lead 25,000 Austrians down the marshy Pleiss against Dösen and Doetlitz, while Meerfeld's Corps, under General Lederer, went down the left bank of the same stream to renew the attempts against Connenitz which the Old Guard had baffled the day before.

At first the columns found little to oppose them: Beningsen cleared the French advanced posts out of Engelsdorf and stayed there, as Bernadotte was not yet in evidence; Zeithen carried Zurkelhausen with much spirit and took some guns, while Klenau drove Macdonald's

rearguard from Holzhausen village; but the near presence of Ney and the non-arrival of the Army of the North crippled the action of the 1st column for a time.

The 3rd column flung its white battalions on Dösen and Doetlitz, and had a hard fight among the bushes and garden walls.

Napoleon stayed for an hour on his right flank to watch the opening struggle; Hesse-Homburg was wounded, and Bianchi took command; Kellerman's Horse and old Augereau's men supported Poniatowski with some success, but the Austrians eventually took Connenitz, and there they stayed, unable to do more, and held in check by the firm front of brave Poniatowski, backed by Oudinot with some of the Guard.

All day they kept up an incessant skirmishing, and the brown batteries of Austrian artillery on the one side, and the blue batteries of the French on the other, continued to thunder and boom almost without intermission until darkness fell.

Somewhere about ten o'clock, or an hour after the battle began, Napoleon left the right flank and galloped away to Probsteyda, a circular village surrounded by villas and gardens, strongly occupied by Victor; and there he found the 2nd column of the enemy, which had passed through Wachau unmolested, preparing for the attack.

Probsteyda, and Stötteritz a mile off to the left, were the keys of the French centre, and massing Lauriston's men between the two, rather in the rear, with the bulk of the Imperial Guard on the windmill hill behind Probsteyda, Napoleon turned all his attention to that portion of the field, viewing the conflict from the ruined windmill itself.

A furious artillery duel began on both sides—a duel which was, perhaps, the most prominent feature of the Leipzig battles, for, from morn till eve the whole plain resounded with the roar of cannon, and the smoke of 1,600 pieces hung round the city, through which the watchers on the ramparts and steeples could catch hasty glimpses of surging cavalry or the progress of infantry columns rushing to engage.

Under cover of the guns three Prussian brigades flung themselves on Probsteyda, met by the fire of Victor's troops, who lined the walls and fired from the attics and windows.

Many forgotten scrimmages took place in alleys and pretty gardens; the hedges hid long lines of dead and dying who had fought with desperation in attack and defence; the people in Leipzig questioned the wounded who staggered in through the gates, "How is it going?" and it was always the same reply, "Badly enough; the enemy is very strong!"

By two o'clock Prince Augustus and General Pirch had taken half the village, but reprisal was at hand, and the emperor descended at the head of his Guard and led it with loud shouts of victory down the hill, where the bearskins thronged into the streets and hurled the Prussians out again.

French horsemen in a dense body rode round the end of the village soon after, but Grand Duke Constantine—he of the lowering brow—moved *his* troopers forward with a strong support of foot and held them in check, while smoke and flames rolled over Probsteyda, and the horsemen did not charge. Shot and shell tore backwards and forwards, until it seemed little short of miraculous that men could live; battery after battery swept the plain: the officer riding with a vital order, the drummer beating to advance or retire, the surgeon dressing a limb in the shelter of a burning farmhouse—all were hit, death was in the very air itself; yet Murat, in sable-trimmed pelisse, galloped hither and thither unhurt, and the emperor himself toré heedlessly through his troops after his usual manner; his suite sometimes riding down an unlucky *fantassin* or two who did not get out of the way fast enough.

All day they fought at Connenitz, at Probsteyda, and round about Stötteritz, without making any headway on either side; but to north and east clouds were rolling up in spite of every effort of the heroic Ney to ward them off.

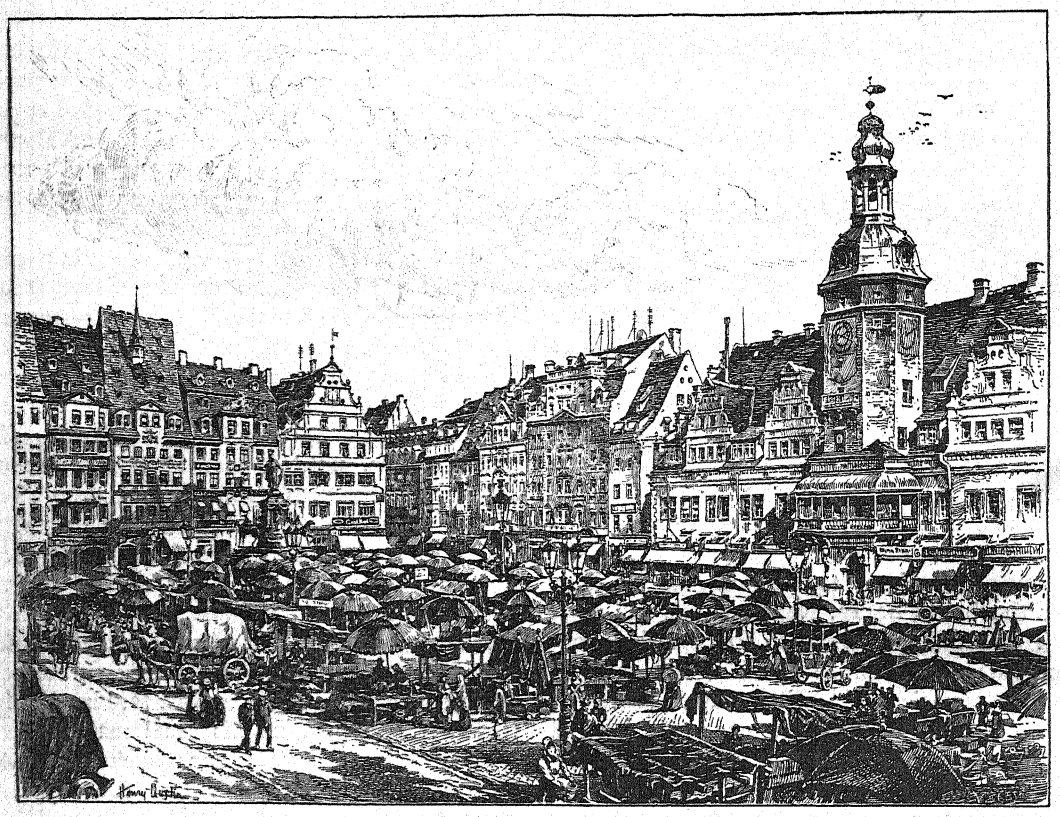
After hot skirmishing all morning on the banks of the Partha, Langeron's Russian corps crossed that river at Mockou; and about two o'clock Wintzingerode's cavalry passed it higher up and came into touch with Beningsen, whom we left waiting at Engelsdorf.

Ney accordingly concentrated his forces between Schoenfeld and Setterhausen to oppose the approach of the Army of the North, which began to appear at Taucha.

Reynier, who was under Ney, had been fighting hard for several hours with Bubna, and his difficulties were increased by the presence of the Hetman Platoff, with 6,000 roving Cossacks.

Poor Reynier was destined to meet with severe reverses on that day, and also to experience a novelty in warfare, for there trotted up about the same time a little body of horsemen

clad in smart blue jackets braided with yellow, with large semicircular crests of black bear-skin on their leather helmets. English horse artillery they might have seemed from a distance but for the long bundles of what appeared to be lance-shafts which they carried in buckets by their sides.



LEIPZIG: THE MARKET PLACE.

English they were—Captain Bogue's troop of the Experimental Rocket Brigade attached to the Swedish army; and soon there came fiery serpents into Reynier's ranks, whizzing and burning and causing great disorder.

Bogue was killed by a ball in the head, and Lieutenant Strangways took command—the same man who, as General Strangways, said gently, "Will someone kindly lift me from my horse?" when a cannon shot tore off his leg at Inkerman in 1854.

Often enough those rockets went the wrong way, and caused consternation among the troop itself; but it is certain that they astonished the French tremendously, and not long after eleven Saxon battalions, three squadrons of cavalry, and three batteries of guns stalked over from Mockou in the heat of action, and deliberately joined Bubna, leaving Reynier to his fate.

The French Cuirassiers understanding too late what was happening, charged after them, but the traitorous artillery slewed round and fired on their late comrades, the rest of the Saxon brigade marching into bivouac a league behind the allies.

This serious defection caused Napoleon to send a strong force to Reynier's assistance; but all it could do was to rescue the remnant of that general's corps, and the desertion remains a standing disgrace to Saxon honour for all time.

Twice during the morning had Ney sent to Reudnitz for a fresh horse, and again for a third in the afternoon. Several times did Langeron assault Schoenfeld without success, but at last he took it; and Bülow carrying Paunsdorf later in the evening, Ney fell back on his quarters at Reudnitz, wounded by a ball in the shoulder, Sacken having pressed Marshal Marmont hotly in the suburbs of Leipzig itself, and Blücher

having been driven out of Reudnitz by Napoleon in person.

Darkness was approaching, and with it came the rain.

The guns continued after that, and, as on the previous night, a circle of conflagration once more surrounded the city, thirteen villages and farms being in a blaze, and a multitude of bivouacs glowing wherever the eye rested.

A fire was kindled by the ruined mill, and Napoleon dismounted beside it with a heavy heart.

It was 6 o'clock, and the result of the battle was practically against him, for, though his position had been retained, the carnage had been frightful, and the allies were in perfect touch with each other along his whole front from Connenitz to Schoenfeld. He was not in a condition to renew the combat next day, and there only remained a retreat under cover of the night, for which he gave orders to Berthier, and then threw himself on a bench they had brought from a neighbouring cottage, and slept in the open air by the fire for a quarter of an hour with his arms folded, the staff standing round him silent and sorrowful.

Waking, he received a report from Generals Sorbier and Dulauloy, of the artillery, to the effect that since the actions began the French had expended no less than 250,000 cannon balls, and, including the reserve, there only remained 16,000 more, or enough for two hours' firing.

The Austrian return for the 16th and 18th is 56,000 from 320 guns alone. That of the whole allied army must have been something stupendous!

Order upon order did the baffled emperor give, directing his troops to retreat by the causeway on Lindenau, which was still held by Bertrand; and somewhere about 8 o'clock



"NAPOLEON RODE AWAY WITH A SMALL SUITE THROUGH ST. PETER'S GATE" (*p.* 22).

Napoleon rode away to Leipzig, where, finding the Thunberg crowded with wounded, he put up at the "Prussian Arms," or, as some have it, the "Hôtel de Prusse," in the horse-market, leaving his windmill at the same time that Excelmann's division startled for Lindenau, which they did not reach until 4 a.m.

The night was intensely and unusually dark. The plain was thronged with the retreating army, and so great was the confusion inside the city that whole corps had passed through before the inhabitants realised that the French were leaving them.

The baggage entered by four gates, and tried to get out through one, and that so narrow that a single carriage alone could pass it at a time. Farther on, again, the Cow Tower was only the same width, and nowhere was the road more than thirty feet from side to side, crossing three English miles of marshy meadows and five unfordable streams by small bridges until it reached Lindenau, where a larger bridge finally conveyed it to firm ground.

No sleep had Napoleon that night, nor indeed had anyone in Leipzig save those utterly worn out by the protracted struggle, for the city rang with tumult as the troops struggled through the narrow streets, often in single file where the way was blocked with waggons and guns. Mounted Grenadiers of the Old Guard, Cuirassiers muffled against the rain in white cloaks, conscripts crying from very weariness—all streaming onward, many under the windows of the hostelry itself where Napoleon, in his dressing gown and with head tied in a handkerchief, sometimes looked out on the defeated mob, which had no "Vive l'Empereur!" then.

For once the Grand Army—or, rather, its remnants—showed a provident spirit, making great efforts to guide large herds of lowing cattle through the press, in which they were not altogether successful, and only added to the confusion thereby, as we read that numbers of oxen were browsing quietly in the town ditch when the allies stormed the suburbs next day.

Officers had pleaded for the construction of other bridges over the Pleiss and the marshes, and one had been made, though by whom is not clear; but it broke down as the first battalion crossed it, and was not replaced, Berthier afterwards making his usual excuse, "The emperor had given no orders."

Napoleon's horse was waiting at 2 o'clock in the morning, but it was 9 ere he got into the saddle, and for half an hour before that the enemy's cannon had been heard beyond the Grimma suburb.

To the house where the King of Saxony was staying the emperor rode at a quick pace, and for twenty minutes he was alone with his faithful ally and the distressed queen, the king ultimately attending him to the head of the staircase when he took his departure.

Apparently irresolute what course to pursue, he threaded the crowd with some difficulty, and finally dashed by St. Thomas's Church to the gate of St. Peter, where he paused in obvious indecision.

His proposal to the allies that he should evacuate the city, and declare all the Saxon troops neutral, on condition that he should be allowed to convey his artillery and baggage to a specified point, was insulting to the intelligence of those to whom he had addressed it, and the guns he heard thundering on several sides made fitting reply. Still, he seemed loth to go, and finally rode as far as the Civic School in the direction of his quarters.

There he came under fire, and is said to have had an interview with Prince Joseph Poniatowski, nephew of the last king of Poland, and as brave a man as any in that brave age. So hotly had the prince been engaged in the various battles about Leipzig, that fifteen officers of his personal staff had been killed or wounded; he himself had been hit on the 14th and again on the 16th, and he was destined to receive two further wounds before the waters of the Elster closed over him for ever.

To him Napoleon entrusted the defence of the Borna suburb with a handful of 2,000 Polish troops, and Poniatowski's last words to the man who had made him a Marshal of France two days before were: "We are all ready to die for your Majesty!"

Lauriston, Macdonald, and Reynier likewise remained in Leipzig, and abandoning an idea he had entertained of firing the suburbs to check the enemy, Napoleon gave orders to protract the resistance from house to house, and rode away with a small suite through St. Peter's Gate, calm and inscrutable of face, but as eye-witnesses tell us, in a profuse perspiration.

"Place pour Sa Majesté!" secured no passage; the chaos of the Beresina was in progress, without the snow, though the Cossacks were close at hand; and compelled to leave the highway, the fugitive emperor plunged into a labyrinth of lanes, and had proceeded some distance *towards the enemy* before the mistake was discovered,

when, after questioning some natives closely as to whether any byway to Borna and Altenburg existed, and being answered in the negative, he at last rode through Richter's garden, and so gained the crowded causeway by the outer Ranstadt Gate.

After he had gone, the King of Saxony sent a flag of truce to the allied sovereigns, who occupied the same hill from which Napoleon had directed the battle of the 18th, entreating them to spare the city, the answer being "as far as possible," on the condition that no French should be harboured or concealed; General Toll, one of Alexander's aides-de-camp, riding back with the messenger to see the King himself.

Against the city on the south the three great divisions of the allied army began the attack in pretty much the same order as on the preceding days, the Austrians marching along the road from Connenitz, Barclay de Tolly on their right, Beningsen still farther to the right again; at last the Army of the North came into absolute action, and stormed the eastern suburbs, while Sacken's corps bombarded the city from the north across the Partha.

Poor Bernadotte has been abundantly reviled for taking part against the French; but it must be remembered that it was forced upon him, in the first instance, by Napoleon's arbitrary conduct, and that he gave strong proof of his reluctance to shed the blood of his own countrymen in arriving so late; for had he wished otherwise, the Army of the North could well have joined the rest of the allies several days before.

As a Marshal of France Bernadotte had won his spurs worthily, in spite of the jealousies of some of his comrades-in-arms and the dislike of Napoleon himself; when he had it in his power to be revenged against his old enemy, he refrained as long as honour allowed it to be possible, which cannot be said of some who owed more to the emperor than ever Bernadotte had done: that his character has stood the test of time Swedish annals show.

A nominal rear-guard of 6,000 men had been left in the city, but it is asserted by many present that there were quite 30,000 about the walls and suburbs, to say nothing of sick and wounded; for the remains of Reynier's corps were still in the place, with a host of others more or less disorganised, and under such leaders as Macdonald, Poniatowski, and Lauriston, the fiercest resistance was made, every house being loopholed in some quarters, and barricades constructed of furniture and felled trees.

The attack was in full swing at eleven, and the fighting desperate; shot crashed in from the north and east, and a few shells dropped into the streets from the direction of Halle. The Pfaffendorf farm hospital was burnt, with most of the wounded, when the Jägers got there; but in spite of their overwhelming numbers, the allies only took the city inch by inch, and the final catastrophe was even then hastened by a terrible and unforeseen accident.

When Napoleon had traversed the causeway and crossed the Elster, he ordered General Dulauloy to have the bridge undermined, and then galloping on to Lindenau mounted to the first storey of a windmill, while his officers attempted to infuse some order into the fugitives by directing them to certain points where they would find their regiments.

Dulauloy entrusted Colonel Montfort of the Engineers to form *fougasses* beneath the bridge, which were to be fired instantly on the approach of the enemy; Montfort handed over the charge of the mines to a corporal and four sappers, and everything being ready, they listened to the uproar growing louder and louder in Leipzig, and watched the stream of retreating humanity which still poured towards them over the marshes.

The bulk of the Guard and the best part of the baggage had already passed through Lindenau; regiments, squadrons, batteries, and stragglers had been going by for many hours, and but for the crash of musketry in the distance, it seemed as though the crowd then on the causeway must be the last of the Grand Army to leave the city.

Sacken, Bülow, and Bernadotte's Swedes gained a foothold about the same time; the Young Guard stood at bay in the cemetery of Grimma, sallied out, were repulsed, and died almost to a man among the graves, fighting to the bitter end—neither the first time, nor the last, that French valour has showed itself at its best in "God's acre."

The Russians carried the outer Peter's Gate, and fell with tremendous violence on the rear-guard in Reichel's garden; the Baden Jägers bolted from the inner gate without firing a shot, and afterwards turned their weapons on the defeated French.

The wild burden of the "Stürm" march rang through the streets with loud huzzas and shouts

of "Long live Frederick William!" as the Prussians entered the Grimma Gate; the Halle suburb and the northern side of the city were in the enemy's hands, in spite of Reynier and his men; but still the French maintained an heroic resistance.

The houses of Leipzig were tall, with many landings, and some of those landings have their legends even now!

But while they were fighting with a fierceness that increased as they felt the superior weight of numbers was surely if slowly overpowering them, a loud explosion boomed in their rear towards the marshes and the causeway, and a whisper followed it: "We are cut off; the bridge has been destroyed!"

The whisper became a cry—a wave of panic followed it; the gallant bands left the streets and yards and gateways, and rushing to the head of the causeway, found the rumour true!

Under the walls of the city the Elster approached very close to the Pleiss, and ran roughly parallel with it until the two rivers joined; across the Pleiss and the first narrow strip of swamp the horrified rear-guard could pass, but no farther: a gulf yawned between them and the continuation of the causeway, isolating every soul in Leipzig from their more fortunate comrades at Lindenau.

Alarmed by the low shackoes of Sacken's light infantry, who had got into the Rosenthal island close to the bridge, the corporal had fired his train and shattered the only means of escape. A panic followed, and the enemy were not slow to take advantage of the circumstance, which in a moment had transformed a resolute foe into a mob of frantic fugitives.

Napoleon sent the 23rd and 24th Chasseurs full trot towards Leipzig, where they rescued about 2,000 men, who managed to scramble through the Elster, among them Marshal Macdonald, who arrived stark-naked, and who was hastily rigged out and mounted by Colonel Marbot on his own led horse.

Lauriston, returned drowned in the bulletin was taken prisoner in full uniform, over which he had thrown an old drab great-coat; and, including those captured in the battles, 30,000 men, 22,000 sick and wounded, 250 guns, and upwards of 1,000 waggons fell into the hands of the allies.

Poniatowski's heroic end is well known. When everything was lost he drew his sabre, and with his left arm in a sling, for he had been wounded again during the morning, he exclaimed to the little band of officers and mounted men that still surrounded him: "Gentlemen, it is better to fall with honour than to surrender!" and straightway dashed into a column that interposed between him and the river.

A bullet struck him, strangely enough, through the Cross of the Legion of Honour on the breast of his gala uniform of the Polish Lancers, but he cleared the column, and leaped down the steep boarded banks into the Pleiss, where he lost his charger, and was helped out on the other side thoroughly exhausted.

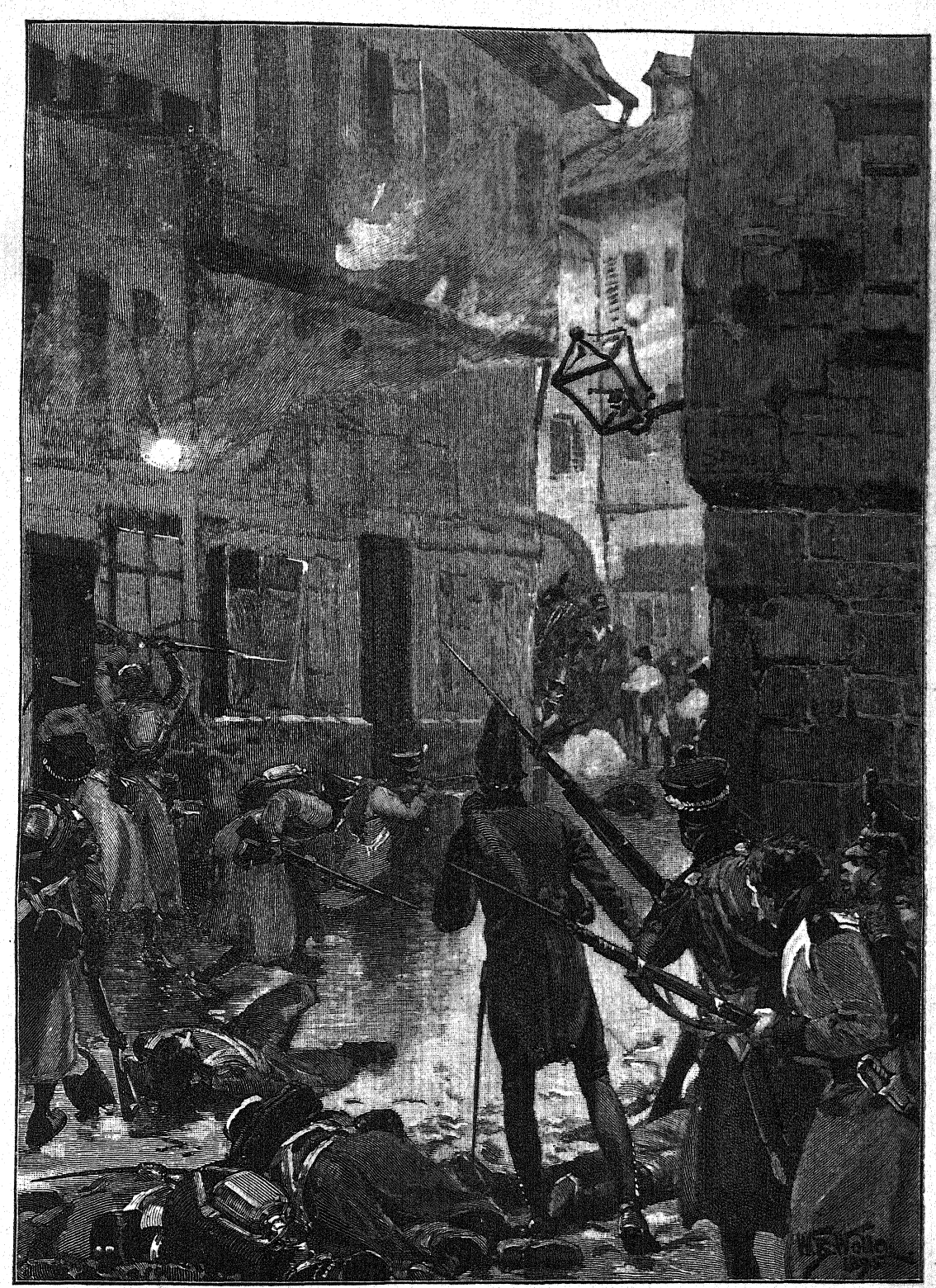
Somebody gave him a trooper's horse, and on it he managed to cross the intervening marsh and plunge into the Elster, but the animal had no strength to mount the farther bank; the mud was deep, its hind legs became entangled, and falling backwards on to the weary man, steed and rider disappeared!

Five days after, a fisherman recovered the body, still wearing the diamond-studded epaulettes, and rings on many fingers, and it was embalmed and ultimately buried in the cathedral of Warsaw, a monument being erected on the banks of the Elster by M. Reichembach, the banker, from whose garden the unfortunate prince sprang into the river, the actual spot being now covered by a handsome quay.

Colonel Montfort and the corporal were tried by court-martial, the result of which has never been made public; but the report afterwards circulated that Napoleon had ordered the premature explosion to cover his own retreat is without foundation. Charles Lever has woven a pathetic romance round it, but all the evidence goes to prove that the corporal was alone answerable, and that no *blame* in reality attached to him, as his orders were explicit, and the enemy had appeared a few yards off when he fired the mines.

* * * * *

The exact moment when the allies came into possession of the city is difficult to discover: the bridge was blown up shortly after eleven. Cathcart says he rode in with the sovereigns about twelve, but other accounts from eye-witnesses say the entry was at half-past one. If the time is uncertain, however, the attendant circumstances are clear: Alexander and the King of Prussia marched into Leipzig at the head of a brilliant column of Guard cavalry, passed the Saxon monarch on the steps of his house without notice, and eventually took up their station in the great square, where they were joined by Bernadotte, Blücher, Beningsen,



"BUT STILL THE FRENCH MAINTAINED AN HEROIC RESISTANCE" (*p.* 24).

Platoff, and later by Napoleon's father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria.

Every effort was made to prevent excesses: if the allies afterwards made loyal allegiance to Napoleon an excuse for robbing Frederick Augustus of an immense portion of his territory, they certainly took steps to ensure the safety of the citizens, and that is to their credit, whatever may be thought of their subsequent treatment of an unfortunate king whose memory is still revered in the land where he once held sway.

Leipzig had suffered terribly, and its inhabitants were starving.

At the Ränstadt Gate piles of corpses met the gaze, and the mill-dam was full of them; in Löhr's garden on the Göhlitz side, where dark groves once sheltered the nightingale, and Grecian statues stood among the greenery, the French gunners and artillery horses lay scattered about in death. In Richter's garden, through whose iron railings Napoleon had escaped, the Cuirassiers had been engaged: their steel breastplates littered the walks, and arms and feet protruded above the water.

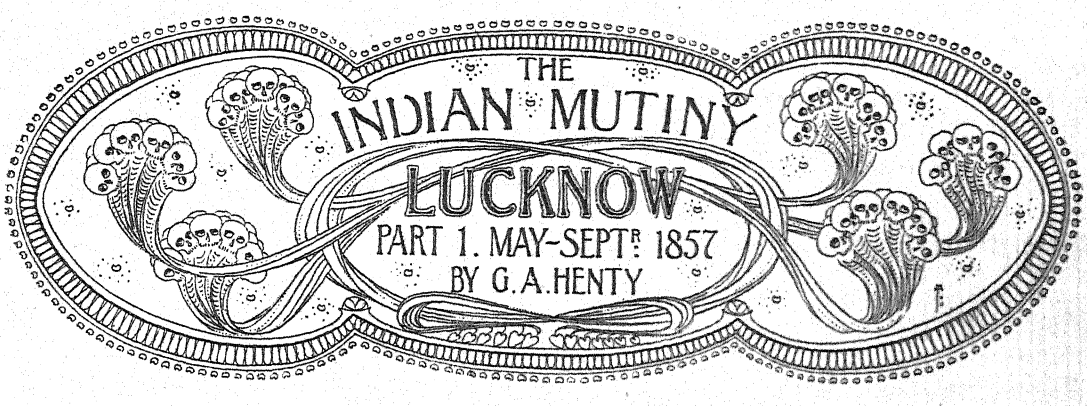
Seventeen generals are said to have been taken, and among those slain on the 18th was General Frederichs, the handsomest man in the French army.

Pursuit abated a league from the city. The French retired to Markränstadt, nine miles off, and thence continued their way towards the Rhine, severely handling the Bavarians who tried to oppose them at Hanau.

A solemn Te Deum was sung in the great square at Leipzig, all the sovereigns and their officers attending. Alexander reviewed the Swedish force and the English rocket troop, and preparations were made to follow on the track of the Grand Army; a march which, in spite of the campaign of 1814, greatest of all Napoleon's efforts, may be said to have never stopped until the allies entered Paris and drove the emperor to Elba.



MARSHAL BERNADOTTE.
(From the painting by F. Gérard.)



THOUGH the siege of Delhi was of far greater importance, both political and military, yet most people, if asked to mention the most striking event in the Indian Mutiny, would undoubtedly name the defence of Lucknow. The incidents appeal more forcibly to the imagination, and the fact that the lives of numbers of women and children were at stake, as well as those of the male defenders of the position, excites a degree of sympathy far greater than that which can be aroused by purely military operations.

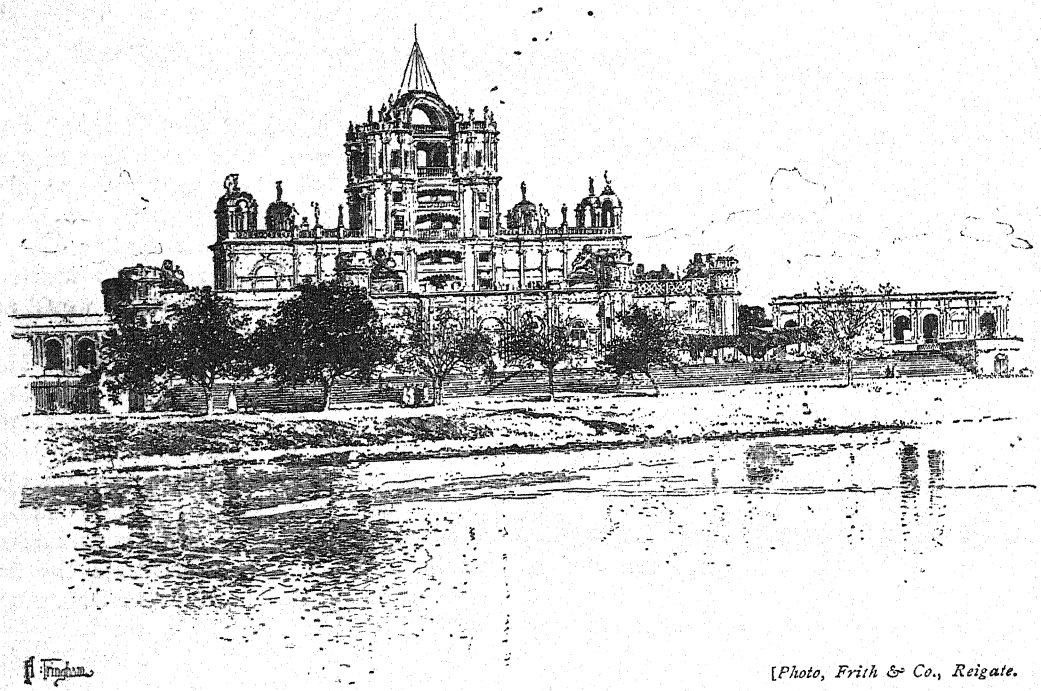
The outbreak of the mutiny in the Indian army found Lucknow ill prepared for such an event. The British force there consisted of three regiments of regular native infantry, two of Oudh irregular infantry, a regiment of native military police, a regiment of native regular cavalry, two or three of irregular cavalry, and three batteries of native artillery. To repress trouble should it arise, there was but the 32nd Regiment and a battery of European artillery.

At that time Lucknow was one of the largest towns in India, and the population was an exceedingly turbulent one. Before the annexation of Oudh, the state of that kingdom closely resembled that of England under the Plantagenets. The great landowners, like our own barons, dwelt in castles, defended by numerous guns, and maintained a strong force of armed retainers, by whose aid they waged war upon each other. Every village was surrounded by a stone wall for defence, not only against the neighbouring lords, but against other village communities. Thus, then, when a new state of things was introduced, and the zemindars were called upon to hand over their cannon and to disband their troops, a general feeling of discontent was caused. A large proportion of the guns were buried, and the disbanded soldiers, now without means of earning a livelihood, resorted to the great towns, where they were ripe for mischief should a chance present itself.

With a large population of this kind, with the fidelity of the native troops doubtful, and the certainty that the regiments which had mutinied in other parts of Oudh would make for the capital, the feeling was naturally one of great anxiety. Fortunately, in Sir Henry Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner of Oudh, the troops at Lucknow had a leader of tried ability, personally much respected by the natives, intimately acquainted with their customs and modes of thought, and possessed of firmness and determination. His first step at the commencement of the trouble was to concentrate the forces which were scattered about over a large area, so that the natives could, in case of a rising, do the least possible damage, while the white troops would be available for the defence of the residents, whose numbers were swollen by an influx from outlying stations, by many civilians, and by military officers whose troops had already broken out into mutiny.

In the beginning of May, the 7th Oudh Irregular Infantry refused the cartridges, and mutinied; but, upon the 32nd Europeans and the artillery marching on to their parade-ground, the greater portion of them fled, and the rest were disarmed. On the 13th, news was received of the mutiny and massacre at Meerut. Up to that time the Treasury and the Residency were under the guard of native troops; but on the 16th a hundred and twenty men of the 32nd, with the women and sick, and four guns of the European battery, were marched into the Residency enclosure, and next morning the rest of the regiment was also called in. The movement was at once followed by the residents in the bungalows near their former encampment also coming into the Residency. This was a large and handsome mansion of

modern construction, standing on rising ground, and surrounded by beautiful gardens. Near these were several buildings occupied by civil and military officials. The whole stood upon a sort of irregular plateau, elevated some ten or twelve feet above the surrounding ground, and when, later on, it became evident that there was a distinct danger that the place might be besieged, by the fire from the financial buildings. At the north angle was a projecting work known as Innes's garrison. At the north-west angle stood the house of Mr. Gubbins, a Commissioner. His duties had taken him much among the natives, and several well-affected men came in and were received into his house, which was very large and strongly built, and they did good



[*Photo, Frith & Co., Reigate.*

THE MARTINIÈRE.

the engineers began to fortify the position, and a low earth-bank was thrown up round the edge of the high ground, the earth being dug out from the inside so that men standing in the ditch so made could fire over.

Two batteries, one on the north, the other on the south side, were thrown up, and guns placed at various points on the bank. On the north-east the ground sloped down to the river Goomtee, and as the Residency grounds extended nearly to the water, this side was free from houses, and the guns of one of the batteries covered this face of the enclosure. On the other three sides, however, the native houses reached up to the defences, some of them closely abutting on the buildings within it. The main gateway into the enclosure was on the eastern side. It was flanked on one side by the Baily guard, while on the other stood the house of Dr. Fayrer, and the face of the wall here was covered service during the siege. On the western side stood a small square, where the Sikhs who remained faithful were quartered; next to this was the brigade mess, and adjoining it a house which throughout the siege was known as the Martinière. Here the boys, some sixty-five in number, of the Martinière College, with their masters, were quartered, the position of the college being too far away from the Residency to be defended. Next to them were the barracks of the 32nd. The largest of the buildings inside the enclosure was the Begum Kothie.

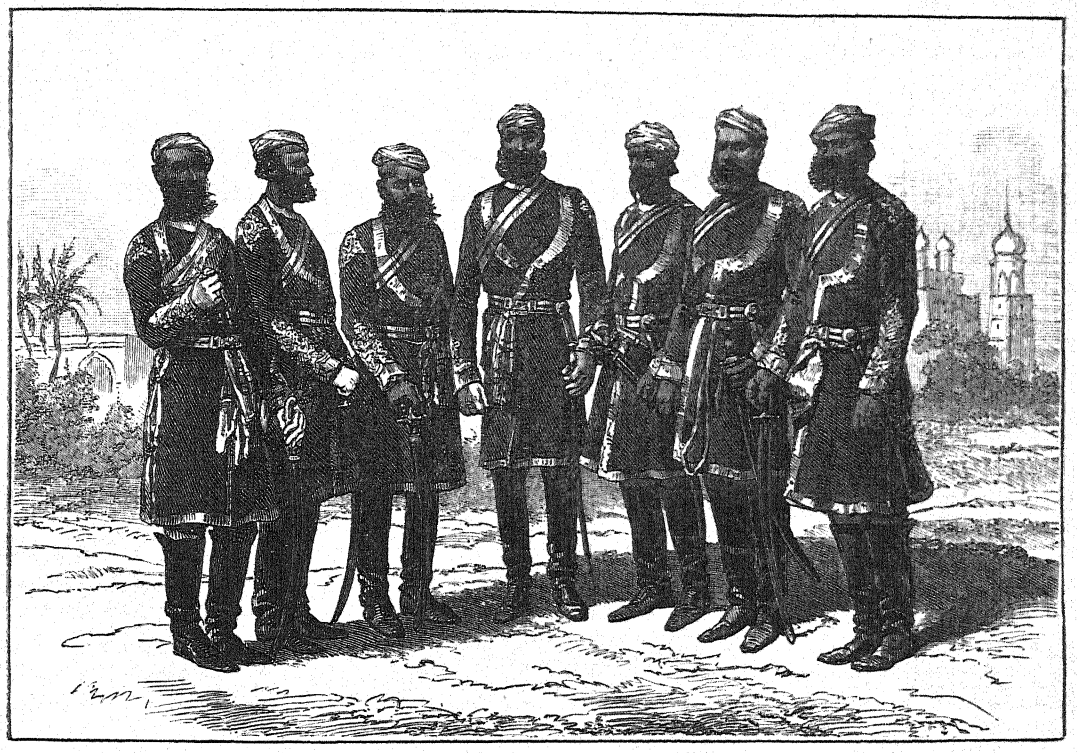
Things went on quietly until the 30th of May, when, without any previous notice, the 48th, the 13th, and the 71st Native Infantry rose. A few discharges of the guns soon sent them in headlong flight; Brigadier-General Handscomb, however, was killed, Lieutenant Grant, of the 71st, murdered by his men, and several other officers were badly wounded.

The mutineers were joined at once by a portion of the population of the town, and the bungalows outside the lines were all plundered and burned. The artillery followed the mutineers for some distance, and then returned, as the infantry were unable to keep up with them. When the three native regiments mutinied some 400 of the men had remained with their colours. These were in the course of the next few days joined by 700 or 800 others, who came back one by one.

Unfortunately, at this time Sir Henry Lawrence's health was giving way under the exertion and the great strain of responsibility, and he could not bring himself to carry out the advice of the leading military and civil officers, all of whom were in favour of the disarmament of these men, who constituted a constant source of danger and anxiety, as at any moment they might break into mutiny again, and they had, therefore, to be incessantly watched by the Europeans. He considered that such a step would be to break finally with the natives, and that it would be better to run a certain risk than to show that all confidence in the sepoys was at an end.

So long as the troops at Lucknow had remained faithful many of those in other parts of Oudh had kept quiet. Risings now took place at a number of points, notably at Seetapoor, where, as at other spots, many whites were massacred. Some, however, succeeded in escaping, and made their way to Lucknow, after going through almost miraculous adventures.

For some time the efforts of the authorities at Lucknow were directed not only to the fortification of the Residency enclosure, but to that of the Muchee Bawn, an old fortress standing on rising ground nearly a mile from the Residency. It was much dilapidated, and although it might have been defended for a considerable time, would have crumbled under an artillery fire. It had been used as a great storehouse, and there was at first some idea of moving the women and children there, and of making it the principal point of resistance. As, however, the mutiny extended all over Oudh, the news that most of the rebels were marching towards Lucknow, and the fact that there was no probability of aid from without for a long period, showed that the situation was



OFFICERS OF NATIVE CAVALRY AT THE TIME OF THE MUTINY.

much more serious than it had at first been deemed, and that it would be wiser to concentrate the whole force at one point. Some of the stores were therefore moved from the outlying fort to the Residency, but Sir Henry Lawrence could not for the present bring himself to decide finally upon its evacuation.

On the 9th of June Sir Henry's health entirely gave way, the medical adviser stating that further application to business would endanger his life. A council was formed by his authority: of this Mr. Gubbins was the president; the other members were the judicial commissioner, Mr. Ommanney, Colonel Inglis, of the 32nd Regiment, Major Banks, and Major Anderson, chief Engineer officer. The first business to be considered by this Council was a letter brought from Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore, saying that the mutineers there had been joined by Nana Sahib with his troops and guns, and urgently asking for aid. Fifty men of the 32nd Regiment had been sent off to Cawnpore in vehicles a fortnight before, and, painful as it was, it was felt that it was impossible to send further aid, as the whole of the whites were already on duty and were engaged in carrying out the works of defence and in watching the native troops. The same evening it was determined to get rid of the sepoys by offering to give them leave to return to their homes until November.

All with the exception of 350 at once accepted the offer, the greater portion of those who remained being Sikhs. Three days' rest enabled Sir Henry Lawrence to take up his work again. A corps of thirty men, belonging to a daring and adventurous tribe some thirty miles from Lucknow, was organised by Mr. Gubbins to act as messengers. These men rendered great service, passing backwards and forwards through the mutineers, carrying news and bringing back replies. On the 12th the military police, which furnished the jail guard and kept order in Lucknow, mutinied and marched off. They were pursued by seventy Sikh Horse and about fifty English volunteer cavalry, overtaken, and cut up. It was now that the greatest efforts were made to complete the fortifications. This was done partly with hired labour, but principally by the military and civilian officers who had been divided among the various houses in the enclosure, and by the natives who remained faithful. Some inner defences were now undertaken, behind which the garrison of the outer line of houses could retreat should their position be carried.

Near the redan battery on the north and on the western face a number of native buildings were demolished, but many were left from want of time and means to level them; and during the siege the greatest loss of the defenders was inflicted by the musketry fire from the windows and roofs of these houses, to which almost every point within the enclosure was exposed. The wives of the soldiers were quartered in underground rooms beneath the Residency, and the rest of the buildings were completely filled with ladies and children. The Residency banqueting-hall was used as a hospital. At the post-office were the headquarters of the engineers and artillery; the large building known as the Begum Kotee was also filled with women and children.

During the month of June the whole of the irregular cavalry, except the Sikhs, deserted, and there was a general feeling of relief in the garrison at their departure. Their places were well supplied by some eighty pensioned sepoys, who came in at Sir Henry Lawrence's order from the outlying district, and who without exception behaved well throughout the siege. The civilian clerks, many of whom had never handled a gun, were trained in musketry, and fifty men of the 32nd were converted into artillerymen. Fortunately, two hundred native cannon were discovered in an old magazine and brought in.

On the 28th of June news came of the surrender of Cawnpore and the massacre of all the male prisoners, and on the following day word was brought in that a strong force of mutineers was advancing towards Lucknow, and that their advance-guard of 500 infantry and 100 cavalry were at Chinhut, within eight miles of the town. Sir Henry Lawrence started early next morning with 11 guns, 36 European volunteer cavalry and 80 Sikhs, 300 men of the 32nd, and 220 native infantry, the remains of the regiments that had mutinied. They started too late, and the heat of the sun soon became excessive. When within 1,400 yards of Chinhut the enemy's guns opened fire, and those of the little column replied. After half an hour's artillery duel two heavy masses of the enemy appeared on each flank; the field-pieces opened on them when within a distance of 400 yards, but without checking them. The cavalry were ordered to charge, and the little body of volunteers dashed boldly at the enemy and drove back a portion of their infantry; but only

two of the Sikhs went with them—the rest fled at once. From a village on an eminence the enemy's infantry opened so heavy a fire on the 32nd that Colonel Case fell badly wounded and two of his lieutenants mortally so, and the men retired to the road.

There was now great confusion. An elephant that drew one of the guns became frightened and ran off, the spare bullocks that had been brought out stampeded, and the gun was abandoned. The water-carriers had run away: the men, suffering from intense thirst, were so exhausted that they could scarce drag themselves along. The enemy pressed upon their retreat, and a body of mutineer cavalry took post on the ground in front of them. The volunteer cavalry charged them and cleared the way, and then returning, covered the retreat, frequently making charges on the pursuing enemy. At last the Residency was reached, but the loss had been severe indeed. Captain Stevens and Captain Maclean were killed, in addition to the three officers before named, and several others were wounded; three field-guns, an 8-inch howitzer, and almost all the ammunition-waggons were lost, and 122 European soldiers were killed and 44 wounded. The enemy's force was reckoned at about 5,500 infantry, 800 cavalry, and 12 guns.

This disaster shook the faith of the native regiments still in the cantonment, and all three of them at once mutinied.

The pursuit of the enemy was stopped at the bridges across the Goomtee by the guns of the redan battery and Muchee Bawn, but they at once began to shell both these positions. Numbers of mutineers forded the river, got guns across, and occupying the houses round the Residency enclosure, opened fire that evening upon it.

The panic in the Residency when the news of the disaster reached it, and the remains of the column returned, was great. The work-people at the batteries at once took flight, most of the native servants, clerks, and orderlies also deserted, and there was a general depression even among the garrison. It was at once seen that the heavy loss that had been sustained rendered it impossible to hold the Muchee Bawn as well as the Residency, and the garrison there were ordered by signal to evacuate the place, to blow up the magazines, and to return to the Residency. Fortunately, this was accomplished without loss, the troops making their way by a circuitous route through quiet streets, and reaching the Residency unobserved by the enemy, to whom the first intimation of the movement was conveyed by the tremendous explosion of the magazines. The sudden abandonment of the unfinished works on the west and south faces of the position left these almost undefended, but Mr. Gubbins collected a number of natives, and by the promise of a cash payment seven or eight times higher than they were accustomed to receive, induced them to work at night at the bastion at the angle where his house stood.

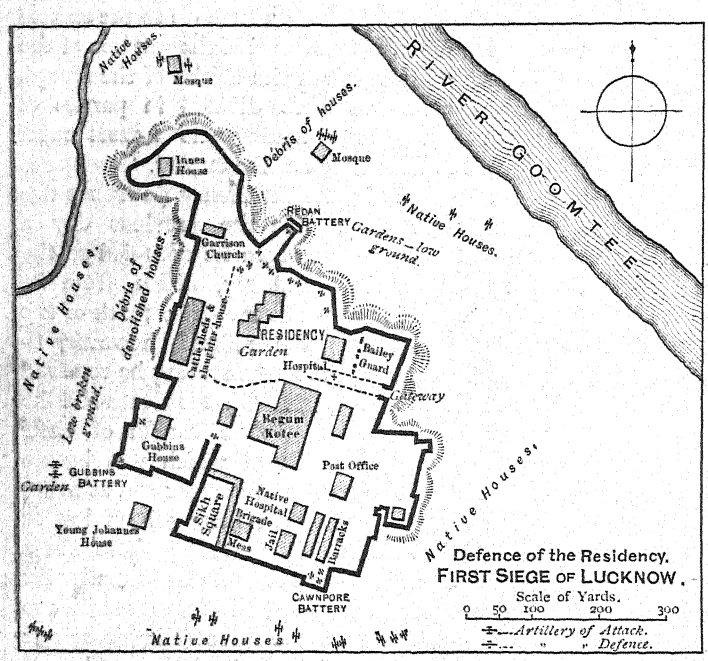
For some five hours seventy or eighty men laboured incessantly under the guidance of some officers, and at last completed the work, which, as its fire swept the approaches to the north and west sides, was of vital importance to the success of the defence. The arrival of the garrison of the Muchee Bawn restored the spirits of the troops. The new arrivals were divided in parties of fifteen and twenty among the houses most exposed to the attacks of the enemy.

On the 2nd of June Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded. On the previous day a shell had burst in the room he occupied on the first floor of the Residency, which, from its exposed position, was the favourite mark of the mutineer artillery. He refused, however, to move from it, and the next morning he received his death wound there. On his death-bed he urged on the officers to be careful of their ammunition, the stock of which was by no means large, 250 barrels of powder and as many boxes of rifle ammunition having been lost at the Muchee Bawn. Of provisions there was a large store, for during the preceding months Sir Henry Lawrence had caused large quantities to be brought in from the surrounding country; and as no relief could for a long time be looked for, it was certain that the siege must be of many weeks'—if not months'—duration.

It was some little time after the siege began before matters settled down in the Residency, for the desertion of the servants, and still more that of the men who had been hired to attend upon the bullocks and horses, disarranged everything. The principal commissariat officer had been seriously injured at Chinhut, and almost all the clerks and subordinates had fled. The able-bodied men of the garrison were all employed in strengthening the defences. Thus there was no one to water or feed the animals, and they wandered all round the enclosure. Numbers were killed by the enemy's fire, and the labour of burying the dead animals increased the work of the garrison. Almost greater trouble was caused by the plague of flies. These, attracted

by the smell of blood, swarmed in countless hosts, blackening the ground, filling the houses, and preventing the men who had been working at night from obtaining sleep ; rising in immense swarms whenever any one came near them, tainting the meat, and falling in numbers into every plate and cup.

As soon as the commissariat reorganised their arrangements, rations were issued of beef or mutton, with flour, rice, or soup. The house-work was performed by the ladies, the bakers had all deserted, and chupatties were the only food that such servants as remained were able



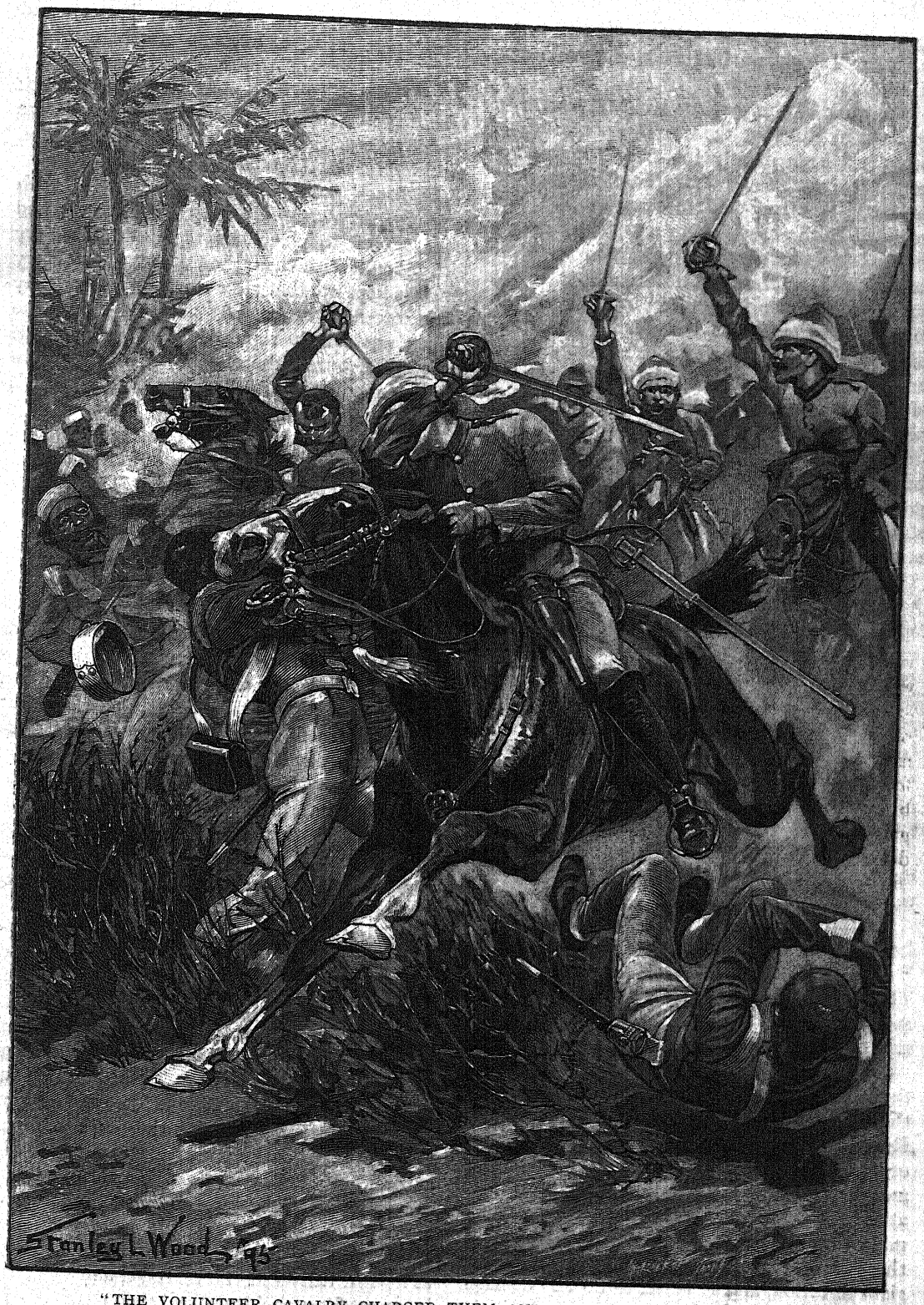
to produce. Everyone recognised now how great a mistake had been made in postponing preparations for defence, and especially the most necessary one of destroying all houses within gunshot range. Had this been done, the casualties would have been comparatively small, and all could have moved freely about the enclosure. As it was, the whole area within the walls was open to the view of the mutineers on the roofs or at the upper windows, and anyone who ventured out during the hours of daylight was made a target of. Nor was there at first much greater safety inside the houses. Every window was used as a mark by one or more of the mutineers, and their shot penetrated everywhere, until the windows were all protected by thick planks nailed across them, and by sandbags inside. This added to the safety of the inmates, but rendered the houses almost uninhabitable from the stifling heat.

At the banqueting-hall, which had been converted into a hospital, several casualties took place: patients were killed in the beds, ladies struck down while attending upon them, and the clergyman, Mr. Polehampton, was killed while carrying out his ministrations.

Early in the siege many other officers received their death wounds. Among those were Mr. Ommanney, the Judicial Commissioner, and Major Francis. On the 7th of July a sortie was made against a large building known as Johannes' house ; from the roof of this the enclosure was overlooked, and a very fatal fire kept up. It was known to be full of mutineers, and the sortie was made to ascertain whether the enemy were driving mines under the works. The sally was completely successful : the mutineers fled without any attempt at resistance, but some twenty of them were killed.

Before the end of a week the enemy had planted batteries all round, and instructed as the gunners had been by European officers, their fire was very accurate, and they adopted every precaution to protect themselves. Earthworks were thrown up across all the thoroughfares exposed to our fire. In some places the guns were mounted on inclined planks, up which they were pushed to be fired, the recoil at once running them back out of view. Sometimes they were concealed behind the corners of houses, from which they were run out to fire, being pulled back into shelter by a drag-rope.

The garrison obtained some news of what was passing without through the Sikhs. Their comrades, who had deserted, were in the habit of making their way up the barricade in front of the Sikh square after dark, and exhorting them to follow their example and to aid in the general destruction of the whites. In some cases the appeals were successful; the occasional loss of a soldier was, however, counterbalanced by the information gained in these conversations of what was going on elsewhere, what fresh



"THE VOLUNTEER CAVALRY CHARGED THEM AND CLEARED THE WAY" (*A.* 31).

regiments of mutineers had entered the town, and what Talookdars had made common cause with them.

The work of the garrison was still excessive, although by this time the commissariat arrangements had been greatly improved; it was necessary to grind the wheat for food, to bury the cattle that had died, to carry the sick and wounded to the hospitals, to repair the damages inflicted by the enemy's guns, and to move cannon and mortars to new positions. The greater part of the horses had been turned out to shift for themselves beyond the lines, and these were all appropriated by the enemy. The privation most felt by the men was the absence of tobacco. While plenty of provisions had been collected, the store of tobacco had been neglected, and in a fortnight after the siege had begun it was no longer to be had, and the men greatly felt the loss of what, under the circumstances of almost continual work in a tainted atmosphere, was almost a necessity.

Day by day the enemy closed in. All the houses near were crowded with men, who kept up a galling musketry fire, while our artillery was for the most part silent, for the enemy were known to be short of shot for their cannon, and every round shot fired was picked up and returned. After a time they succeeded in manufacturing hammered shot, of which as many as five hundred were at various times collected by the besieged. The best rifle-shots of the garrison were constantly engaged in the endeavour to keep down the musketry fire of the enemy, aiming at the loopholes that they had made in the houses.

On the 14th of July the enemy made a rush forward, and occupied a building close to the lines, known as the Younger Johannes' house. This necessitated the erection of a strong palisade along a part of the defences on the west side.

On the 20th of July the mutineers made their first serious attack. At nine o'clock in the morning the look-out on the top of the Residency reported that large bodies of men could be seen moving in different directions, and the defenders at once mustered to repel an attack. It commenced by the explosion of a mine near to the redan battery: fortunately, the rebel engineers had not driven it in the right direction, and it failed to do any damage. Directly afterwards the enemy assaulted the position on all sides, covered by a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry. The principal attacks were against the redan battery and Innes' post at the extreme northern angle. Both assaults were repulsed with very heavy loss. Large forces pushed forward to the attack within twenty-five paces of the redan, but were unable to face the heavy fire from the guns and musketry of the defenders.

At Innes' post, which was unprovided with artillery, they came close up to the wall, and endeavoured to plant the scaling-ladders they had brought with them; but so hot a musketry fire was kept up, that after repeated efforts they were forced to retire. At all other points the attack was equally repulsed. The engagement lasted until four in the afternoon, but only five of the defenders were killed, while the enemy's loss amounted to hundreds.

The result greatly cheered the garrison, and they now felt confident of their power to repulse any attack that might be made. The enemy, however, were not discouraged, for on the following day they poured out from the Younger Johannes' house and adjacent buildings into the narrow lane that separated Gubbins' enclosure from the Sikh squares. Fortunately, there was a loophole commanding this lane, and here Mr. Gubbins posted himself with two double-barrelled rifles, which were loaded for him by a native servant as fast as discharged; and for two hours his fire prevented the natives from forcing their way through the weak defences by the side of the lane. At length a mortar was brought up and shells thrown into the crowd in the lane and beyond it, and as they fled a heavy fire was poured upon them from every roof which commanded the ground. Major Banks in aiding to repel this attack lost his life.

On the following night news reached the garrison, a native scout bringing in tidings of the capture of Cawnpore and the defeat of Nana Sahib. This was satisfactory in a double sense, as not only did it prove that the British were taking the offensive, but it relieved the garrison from the fear they had entertained that Nana Sahib would bring up his whole force and his guns to aid the besiegers. After the death of Major Banks the civil authority ceased to exist in the garrison; Brigadier Inglis, who was in military command, now exercising supreme authority, as martial law prevailed in the garrison. The native messenger started on his return as soon as he had delivered the message, and succeeded in re-entering the lines on the night of the 25th July with a letter from the quartermaster-general of General Havelock's force, saying that

the troops were crossing the river and hoped to relieve the place in five or six days.

The news was most opportune: it raised the spirits of the garrison to the highest point, and was especially useful in cheering the natives, among whom desertions had become very frequent. After a day's rest the scout again went out, bearing despatches and plans of the defences and of the roads leading to them.

As the casualties caused by the fire from the houses close to the line on the west side were very heavy, a sortie was made by Brigadier Inglis through a hole dug in the wall, and some of the buildings burnt down. It was soon found that the enemy were driving a number of mines: the redan and Cawnpore batteries were threatened by these, but the gallery against the latter was driven so close to the surface that heavy rain caused it to fall in, and a shell thrown into the opening blew up the gallery. Three other mines threatened the brigade mess, the outer Sikh square, and the building known as Sago's house. Counter-shafts were sunk and mines driven to meet those of the enemy. A party broke into the gallery against the Sikh square, pursued the enemy along it, and blew up the house from which it had been driven. The mutineers now harassed the garrison greatly by throwing in shells, which had been brought them by a regiment of the Cawnpore mutineers.

Wet weather continued, but although the rain caused much discomfort to the defenders, it was beneficial to them, as it not only cooled the air, but washed away the accumulated dirt, while it filled the enemy's trenches on the lower ground and hindered their mining operations. Cholera, however, occasioned many heavy losses among the defenders, especially among the children, who, pent up in underground chambers without fresh air or suitable food, died in great numbers.

An anxious watch was kept up at the end of July, when the approach of Havelock's force was expected; but it was not until the night of the 6th of August a messenger arrived with the news that Havelock had fought two engagements with the enemy and had defeated them, but was halting until some reinforcements reached him. The monotony of the defence was varied by a few small sorties, by which some of the enemy's guns were spiked; but there were good mechanics among the mutineers, and the guns were soon rendered fit for service again.

The boys of the Martinière college rendered great service, the older lads aiding in the defence, while the rest were made useful in domestic duties and as attendants in the hospital. The Residency was now in so bad a state that most of the troops who occupied it were divided among the various houses.

On the 10th of August the enemy made another general attack, exploding a mine from Johannes' house, destroying fifty feet of the defences in front of the Martinière, and bringing down part of the wall of the house. They lost, however, so much time before following up the advantage that reinforcements from the other buildings came up in time to receive them, and speedily drove them back.

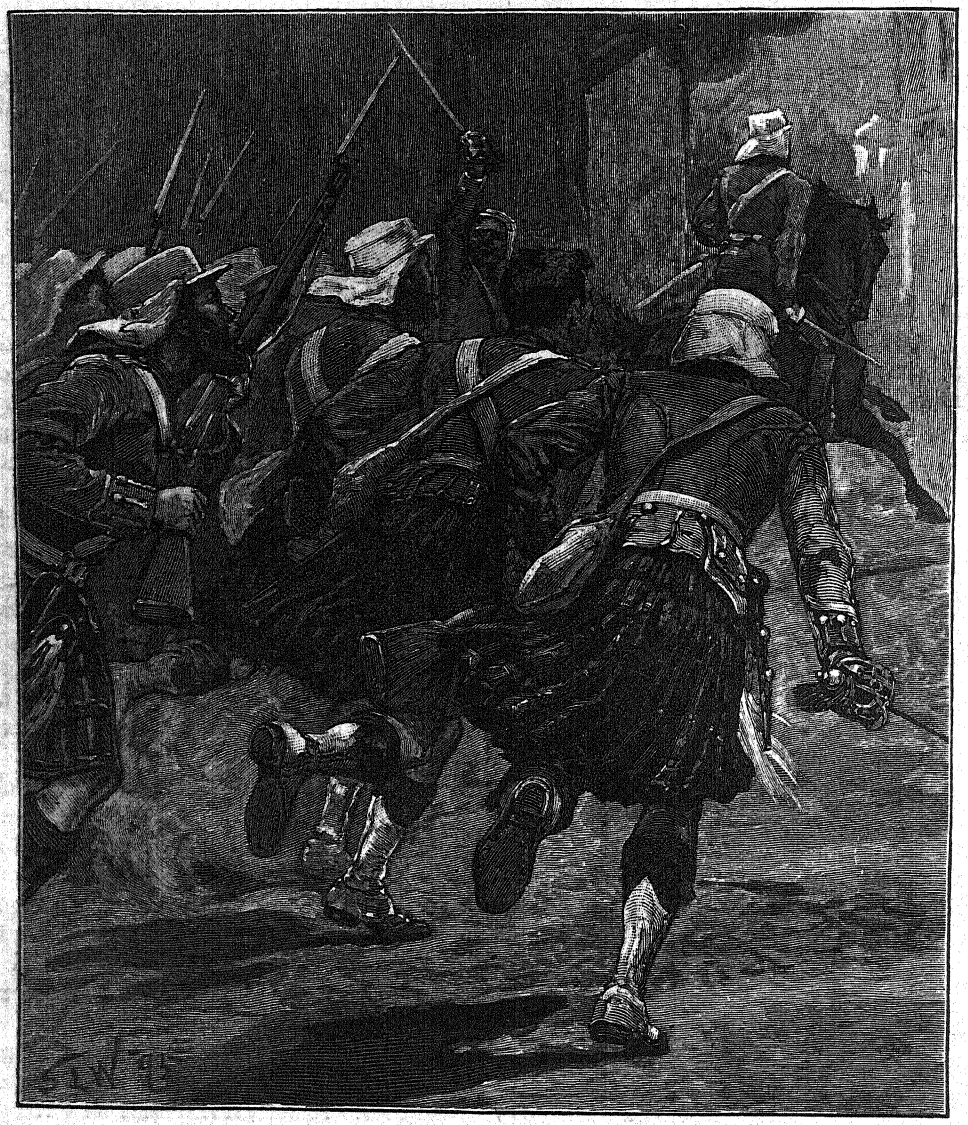
Similar attacks were made at four other points, but were everywhere defeated. On the 15th the news came that Havelock had been obliged to fall back to Cawnpore, and on the 24th a letter from Havelock himself, saying that reinforcements might reach him in the course of twenty-five days, and that as soon as they did so he would push on without any delay.

The siege now became an underground battle. The operations were incessant: one day the enemy would fire a mine and make a breach in the defences; the next, one of the houses from which they annoyed us would be blown into the air; frequently our counter-mines were run into the enemy's galleries, when the sepoys always fled, and a barrel of powder speedily destroyed their work.

Day by day the buildings in the enclosure gradually crumbled, eaten away by the rain of fire. The Residency was pierced with round shot in every direction, and became so unsafe that it was necessary to remove all the stores placed here. Other houses were in no better plight, and the women and children had to be transferred from some of them to the underground rooms of the Begum Kotee.

In the second week of September the enemy's mining work was carried on more incessantly than ever. It was evident that they recognised that, weak as the garrison must be, it was able to resist all open assaults, and that the only hope of capturing the place that had for months defied so large a force, was by blowing up some important position. Scarce a day passed without a mine being detected by our watchers, but several were exploded, doing a good deal of damage. Fortunately, in each case the gallery had not been carried quite far enough, and though very heavy charges were used, they failed in their object. On the 14th, Captain Fulton, one of the most able and energetic officers of the garrison,

who had borne the principal share in the mining operations, was killed. On the 22nd of September the trusty native who had so frequently managed to make his way through the matchlock men, crossed the river—some by the bridges and some by swimming, showing that a panic had spread through the town. The enemy besieging the Residency opened fire with every



"A FORCE OF HIGHLANDERS TURNED INTO THE MAIN STREET LEADING TO THE RESIDENCY."

enemy's lines, brought in a letter from General Outram, saying that the army had crossed the Ganges on the 19th, and would speedily relieve the place; and the next morning the sound of artillery was distinctly heard, and by the afternoon had approached to within five or six miles.

On the 25th the guns were heard early, and the sound became louder and louder. At half-past eleven numbers of the city people, carrying bundles of property, with many sepoys and gun in their batteries, as if they would leave nothing for the relieving force to find standing. At 2 o'clock the smoke of the guns could be seen rising in the suburbs, and the rattle of musketry heard; while, from the look-out, European troops and officers could be made out crossing open spaces. At 5 heavy firing broke out in the street hard by, and two minutes later a force of Highlanders and Sikhs turned into the main street leading to the Residency. Headed

by General Outram, they ran forward at a rapid pace to the Bailey-Guard gate, and amid the wild cheers of the defenders made their way into the long-beleagured enclosure, and the first siege of Lucknow was at an end.

The garrison had indeed reason to be proud of their defence. They had had every difficulty, every trial save hunger and thirst, to encounter. The odds against them were enormous. Their defences were slight: it was the brave hearts rather than the earthworks that were the bulwarks impassable by the enemy. They had opposed to them men who had been drilled in our service, led by their native officers, well supplied with powder and ammunition, and able from the housetops to keep up an incessant fire that searched every niche and corner of the defences. The heat was terrible. Sickness raged in the crowded and underground rooms. The rains were heavy and incessant. The garrison were deprived of all the comforts that are almost a necessity to Europeans, and especially to European children. They were deserted by their servants, and the few native troops who remained were a source of constant anxiety. Happily, however, though all luxuries disappeared very shortly after the siege began, there was no anxiety whatever as to food, for the supply of grain in the magazines would have been sufficient had the siege been prolonged for another six months. In addition to this, there were a number of wells in the enclosure which furnished an abundant supply of excellent water. Hunger and thirst were not among the foes with whom the garrison had to contend; but in point of endurance, of dauntless courage, and in the prolonged resistance of a weak position against enormous odds, the defence of Lucknow was one of the most gallant recorded in history.



RUINS OF THE RESIDENCY. [*Photo. Frith & Co., Reigate*

THE EUREKA STOCKADE

AUSTRALIA'S ONLY BATTLE

3. DECEMBER: 1854

BY JUSTIN CHARLES MAC CARTIE

THE history of Australia begins properly with the entrance of the "first fleet" into Botany Bay in January, 1788; and during the hundred and odd years which have passed since then it has been a record of peace, interrupted only by the brief outbreak which culminated in the fight at the Eureka Stockade in the Golden City of Ballarat. While, on the other side of the world, "events were thundering on events," while the scenes of the French Revolution were being enacted, while Jéna, Austerlitz, Trafalgar, and Waterloo were being fought, the few inhabitants of the southern continent were occupied only with struggles to subdue the wilderness, and occasional skirmishes with black fellows and bushrangers.

So it was on land; and even by "all the long wash of Australasian seas," the boom of cannon fired in anger has only once been heard, and that so long ago as 1804, when the British ship *Policy*, a whaler sailing under letters of marque, fought and captured the Dutch ship *Swift* off Sydney Heads, with 20,000 Spanish dollars which the Dutchman had on board, and towed her prize into Port Jackson, where she was condemned and sold. When, after nearly forty years of peace, Britain again took up arms, and in rapid succession engaged in the wars of the Crimea and Indian Mutiny, not a ripple caused by these struggles disturbed the even flow of Australian life, and the great American Civil War also passed away with only one incident to connect it with Australia—namely, the visit of the ubiquitous Southern cruiser *Shenadoah* to Melbourne towards the end of the war. The Soudan War of 1885 brought forth the incident of the despatch of the "Soudan contingent" from New South Wales to the seat of war in Africa, but that was an *extra*-Australian affair purely. So matters have gone peacefully on to the present day, and as the century is drawing to a close, it may reasonably be expected that the Eureka Stockade will remain Australia's only battle of the nineteenth century.

Some persons may think that it scarcely merits such a formidable title, and may regard the whole series of events of which it was the culmination, as mere diggers' disturbances; but a perusal of what follows will show that a tolerably serious condition of affairs was averted by the fight of Sunday, December 3rd, 1854.

In order to understand the events which led up to the conflict, it is necessary to know something of the history of the time. The colony of Victoria (then known as the Port Phillip District) was separated from New South Wales, and created a self-governing colony, by Imperial enactment on the 5th of August 1850. At this period the people of the colony, numbering some 75,000, were engaged almost entirely in pastoral pursuits, and the "squatters," or runholders, who were mainly drawn from the wealthy classes of England, had a preponderating influence in the affairs of the young country. When the colony was made self-governing, legislation was placed in the hands of a Governor and council, the latter consisting of thirty members, ten nominated by the Governor and twenty elected by the people; and had matters continued on the old pastoral lines, this system of government might possibly have answered for some years, though it would undoubtedly have had to be popularised as population increased. As it happened, however, a completely new and jarring condition of things arose very soon when, early in 1851, gold was discovered in the interior, and a tremendous influx of people, animated by totally different aims and ideas from those of the pastoral settlers, followed. The settlers looked askance at the gold-diggers, and it is well known that the squatters and

governing officials would willingly have kept secret the fact that the country was auriferous, and actually did so for several years. They feared that the people would be diverted from their regular employment, dreaded the influx of large numbers of adventurous men, hated to be disturbed in the occupation of the large areas of land they had acquired by the simple process of "squatting" on them, and generally disliked the idea of the existing state of things being interfered with.

In those days it was held that all minerals contained in the soil were the property of the Crown, and acting on this assumption the Government of New South Wales first, and that of Victoria subsequently, maintained that it had a right to take a toll of the earnings, or findings, of the gold-diggers, and a license fee of thirty shillings a month was imposed on each person who wished to seek for gold.

From the very first this license (or "Miner's Right," as it was called) was received with an ill grace by the diggers, and its imposition and the harsh manner in which it was enforced were the causes that led up to the Eureka conflict.

The license was in this form :—

GOLD LICENSE.

No. 185

The bearer

having paid the Sum of One Pound Ten Shillings on account of the General Revenue of the Colony, I hereby License him to mine or dig for Gold, or exercise and carry on any other trade or calling on such Crown Lands within the Colony of Victoria as shall be assigned to him for these purposes by any one duly authorised in that behalf.

This License to be in force until or during the month of , and no longer.

[Signature:

Commissioner.

and then followed the regulations to be observed by the person digging for gold or otherwise employed at the goldfields.

The license was "not transferable," and was "to be produced whenever demanded by any Commissioner, Peace Officer, or any authorised person."

Further, it was issued from the nearest police camp or station, and *could only be used within half a mile of the police station from which it was issued*—a most senseless and irritating provision.

As the license had to be produced whenever demanded, the digger, who was perhaps working up to mid-leg in mud and water, had to keep the document in his pocket, and, of course, was likely to lose it or have it destroyed by water, in which case he was liable to fine or imprisonment.

The agitation against the impost commenced very early.

Gold was discovered in Ballarat in August, 1851, and on the 10th of September a goldfields Commissioner named Doveton, accompanied by some troopers, arrived on the field, and a week or so later the issue of licenses commenced. The diggers immediately held a meeting, and sent a deputation to the Commissioner, asking that the impost be withdrawn. He received the men impatiently, and replied that he had nothing to do with the making of the law, but meant to administer it; for, said this polite officer, "if you don't pay the fee I'll —— soon make you!"

In this spirit were all the remonstrances and excuses in connection with the license fee met by the early officials, and from the first it was collected with an unnecessary harshness and display of power, which gradually caused even the most peaceable and law-abiding diggers to become exasperated. "Digger-hunting" became a favourite amusement of the officials and police cadets, who were mostly "younger sons" of English and Irish wealthy families, or ex-officers of the Imperial army, and did not possess the slightest sympathy with the independent and democratic diggers. Scarcely a day passed that numbers of men were not arrested and conveyed to the "logs" (as the camp lock-up was called), and there fined because they had mislaid, or lost, or neglected to renew, their licenses. Letters which appeared in the *Geelong Advertiser* and other papers at that time bear testimony to the vexations the diggers were subjected to, and the harsh manner in which they were treated. One writer declared that men were chained to trees for a whole night because they had not paid the license fee. Very frequently men who were not diggers at all were arrested because they could not produce a license, and "Hullo, you sir," "I say, you fellow," were the common preliminary addresses of the officials to the hunted, who, however much they might disapprove of the impost, would, without doubt, have paid it with only a little natural grumbling had its collection been conducted in a gentler spirit.

In 1853 "digger-hunting" became more general, and the troopers constantly set out from their camp in pursuit of unlicensed diggers, who, from a spirit of opposition to the impost, were now becoming more numerous. On their side the diggers kept a sharp look-out, and at

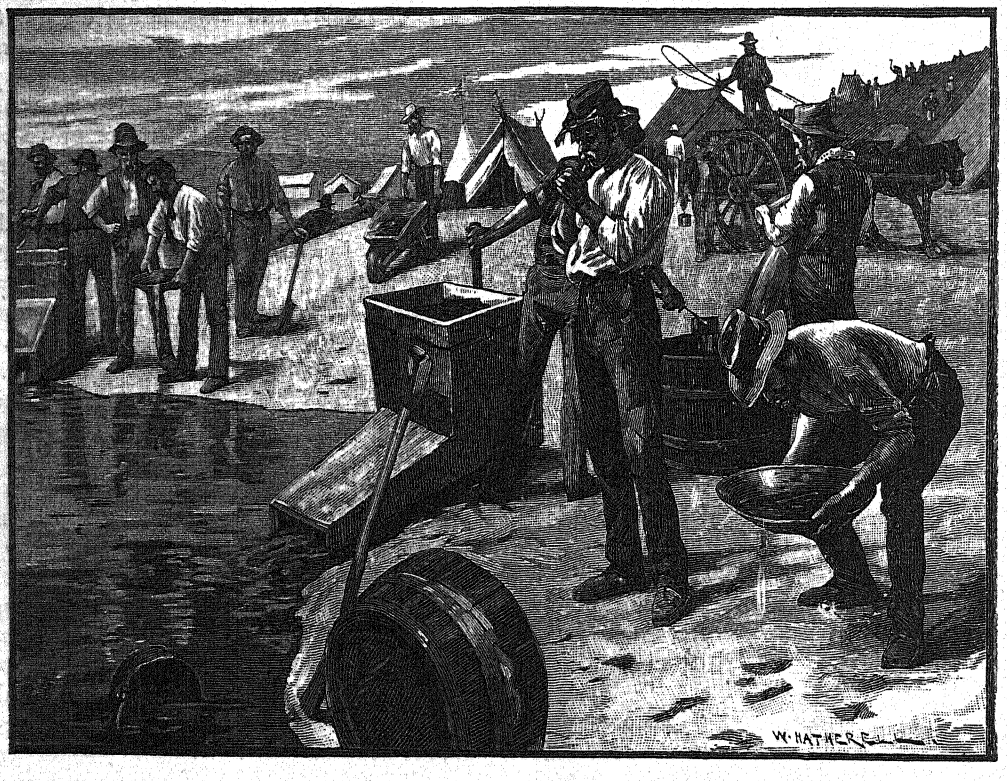
the cry of "Traps!" or "Joe, Joe!" a stampede would take place to the deep shafts, down which the unlicensed ones were lowered by their comrades, and lay secure in the bowels of the earth until the troopers had retired.

The latter did not, of course, venture down the holes when in uniform; but after a time they became skilful in the art of trapping diggers, and, disguising themselves, it is said, used to work up rows by "jumping claims," and then, when a crowd had gathered, a body of troops would swoop down on it and, effecting fifty or sixty arrests, would handcuff the men together like felons and march them off to the camp, where they would be fined or imprisoned at the pleasure of the Commissioner in charge.

An overwhelming mass of evidence goes, in fact, to show that digger-hunting was pushed to a point of exasperation that was bound to result in an outbreak of popular feeling sooner or later, especially when the fact is taken into account that the diggers were mostly men of exceptionally independent character, and numbered in their ranks many who were drawn from the highly-educated classes of Europe and America.

But the most cursory glance at the history of early Australia is sufficient to satisfy one that the military and official element greatly predominated, and there is abundant evidence to show that the British Government repeatedly ignored, or set aside, the acts of its officials and acceded to the wishes of the colonists. The British Government was, in fact, more liberal and progressive than its own officials, and to this fact may be attributed the peaceful settlement of many disputes. Had the two Governors of Victoria who were identified with the gold license disputes acted in a constitutional spirit, in accordance with later British ideas, the Eureka collision would never have taken place. They did not do so, however, but, being servants of the Crown, acted more arbitrarily than the Crown itself, and in a manner more in accord with military than civil methods.

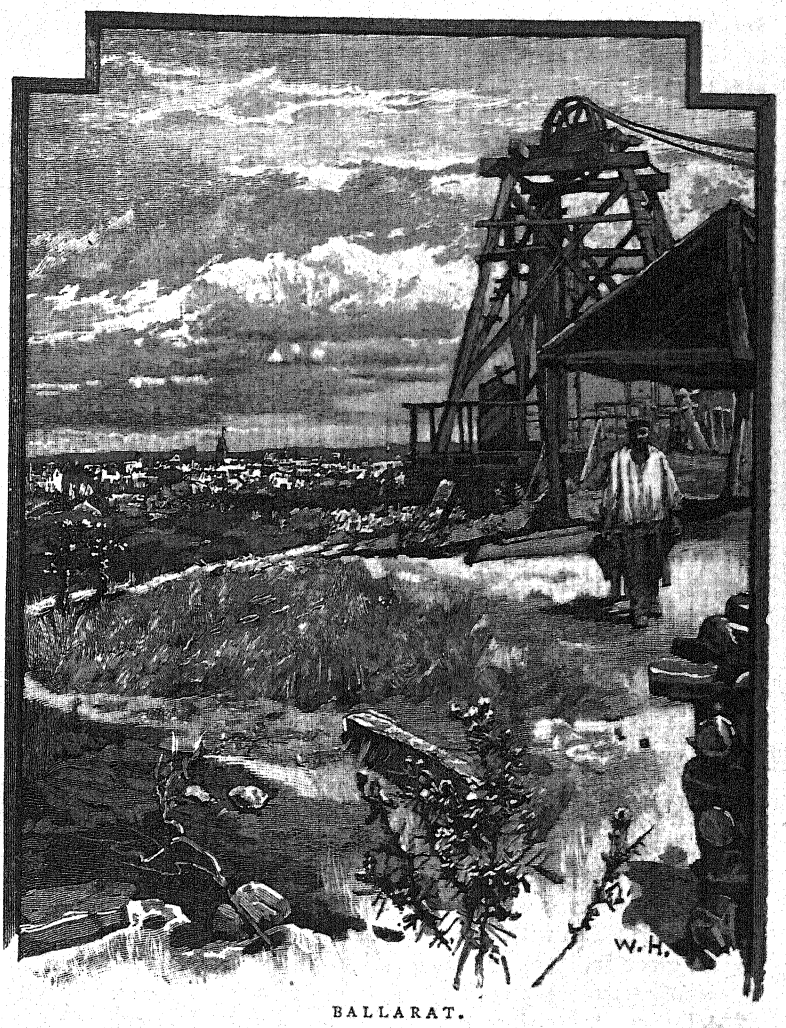
Mr. Latrobe, the first Governor of Victoria, finding it difficult to carry on the government of the country owing to gaol warders, policemen, and civil servants generally, giving up their posts and going to the diggings, took a step which further exasperated the diggers—that of raising the gold license fee to £3 per month. This he



AT THE DIGGINGS.

did in the hope of deterring the people of the colony from taking to gold-digging *en masse*, and preventing his officials from deserting their posts. The measure did not, of course, have the desired effect, and the fee was again reduced to 30s. per month; but during the period that the increase was in force the payment of the impost was eluded more than ever, and in consequence fining and imprisonment became more frequent, and popular indignation waxed warmer.

A strong agitation against the gold license commenced in Bendigo in 1853, and soon spread to the other goldfields, and reform leagues were formed in various townships; but no other spirit was evoked in the Government by these proceedings than one of resistance.



BALLARAT.

Mr. Latrobe was succeeded as Governor by Sir Charles Hotham, who arrived in the colony on June 21st, 1854, and found himself at once in a position of extreme difficulty. All who knew him agree in stating that he was a man of the highest principle, and exhibited a rigid devotion to duty which led him to attempt tasks beyond his strength, and is thought to have brought on the illness which terminated his life on December 31st, 1855.

He was, however, unfortunately something of a despot, a rigid disciplinarian, a stickler for "subordination," and he totally misunderstood the character of the people in the goldfields, whom he imagined to be of a similar class to the sailors he had commanded in the Imperial navy, or to the hinds in his native county.

No sooner had he arrived than petitions poured in, asking for a repeal of the gold license, and for representation of the goldfields' population in the legislative council (it must not be forgotten that not a single member of the council was returned by the diggers); and to these reasonable demands the Government replied in October, 1854, *by sending up orders that the searching for unlicensed diggers was to be prosecuted with more vigour than before*, and that the police were to devote at least two days a week to the business.

In consequence of these injudicious orders popular feeling began to run very high indeed in Ballarat. Armed resistance was freely talked of, and the more violent spirits began to collect arms. To-day there are persons living in Ballarat who remember the passionate fervour with which the Hibernian orator Timothy Hayes used to demand of his audiences: "Will ye fight for the cause, boys? Will ye die for the cause?" Here it may be remarked that when the time for fighting actually came, Mr. Hayes, forgetting to "die for the cause," tamely surrendered (though many of his countrymen

fought bravely), and was reproached for cowardice by his wife, who was, says the chronicler, "a much better soldier than Hayes."

At this juncture an accident hastened the crisis. A Scotch digger named Scobie was killed one night when knocking at the door of an hotel where he wanted "more drink," though he had already had more than was good for him. The landlord of the hotel—a ticket-of-leave man named Bentley—was said to have killed Scobie, whose persistent knocking annoyed him. The man was arrested, brought before a police magistrate named Dewes, and acquitted. The diggers—in particular those of Scottish extraction—demanded vengeance on Scobie's murderer, and asserted that the police magistrate was in Bentley's pay. Mass meetings were held, and the prosecution of Bentley was demanded. Tired of "the law's delays," the diggers at length, to the number of 8,000, marched to the hotel with the intention, it is said, of lynching Bentley; but he escaped on horseback, and galloped coatless and terrified to the police camp. Exasperated by his escape, the diggers smashed the windows of the hotel, and then set fire to it. In a very short time it was reduced to ashes. The police marched out, the Riot Act was read, and three men—McIntyre, Fletcher, and Westerbey—were arrested and charged with incendiarism.

These men were said to be absolutely innocent of any connection with the fire, and their arrest caused great indignation. Fearing an outburst of popular feeling, the authorities removed them to Melbourne for trial, and they were sentenced to a few months' imprisonment. On learning this, the Ballarat Reform League sent two of its members—Kennedy and Black—to Melbourne to *demand* the release of the prisoners. The delegates reached Melbourne on November 25th, and were received by the Governor, Sir Charles Hotham, who was attended by the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Foster, and the Attorney-General, Mr. Stawell.

The Governor refused to consider any "demand" (but promised future reforms), and the delegates returned fuming to Ballarat, deriding "moral force." Alarms of insurrection were now in the air, and troops were hastily despatched to Ballarat from Melbourne, while reinforcements of police, horse and foot, were marched in from other mining camps which had adopted a more pacific tone than the Golden City. On the evening of November 28th detachments of the 12th and 40th Regiments of British infantry reached Ballarat from Melbourne, and as they passed through Warrenheip Gully, within a few hundred yards of the spot where the famous stockade was erected a few days later, they were attacked by an excited mob of diggers. Several soldiers were wounded, and a drummer-boy was shot in the leg while the baggage waggons were rifled in search of arms. This was an unprovoked attack, and was deprecated by the leaders of the popular party, who knew nothing of it. All that night the committee of the League sat in council, while their followers made night hideous by the discharge of firearms and the beating of extemporised drums, etc.; and the next day, November 29th, a monster meeting was held on Bakery Hill, at which 12,000 men assembled. A platform was erected, and on a pole was hoisted the insurgent flag—"The Southern Cross"—which was blue, with the four principal stars of the great Southern constellation worked on it in silver.

The tone of this meeting was violent in the extreme. "Moral force" was denounced as "humbug"; revolutionary resolutions were passed; it was decided that no more license fees should be paid. Fires were lighted and existing licenses were burned, amidst loud cheers and the discharge of pistols and guns by the excited diggers.

Spies in plenty attended the meeting; and, being quickly informed of what had taken place there, the officials despatched messengers to Melbourne praying for reinforcements, and the police camp was strongly fortified. As if to force on a conflict, next day—November 30th—the authorities ordered a "digger-hunt" in force, and at an early hour all the police and military in the camp issued out under the direction of two Commissioners, and, forming near the camp, advanced upon the diggings as if upon a strong hostile force, with skirmishers in front and cavalry guarding the wings. The diggers retired as the troops advanced, but, collecting at various points, they pelted the soldiers with stones and also fired a few shots at them. A few diggers were arrested, and the troops then withdrew to their camp. Instantly the Southern Cross flag flew out to the breeze on Bakery Hill, and thousands of diggers rushed forth, many of them armed and ripe for violent action. Peter Lalor—one of the leaders—called for volunteers, and over five hundred men swore fealty to "the cause," stretching out their right hands and saying: "We swear by the Southern Cross to stand

truly by each other, and fight to defend our rights and liberties." Names were then taken down and the men formed into squads for drill, which was continued to a late hour. The men then fell in two abreast and marched to the Eureka plateau, "Captain" Ross, of Toronto, heading the march with the Southern Cross flag, which he had taken down from the pole. The men were armed with guns, pistols, pikes, and all sorts of weapons, down to a pick and shovel.

The position on the Eureka was taken up because it commanded the Melbourne road, along which reinforcements of military for the camp were known to be advancing; and there was some idea of attacking these, though this would have been a formidable undertaking, as they consisted of 800 men of regular line regiments, a large party of sailors from H.M.S. *Electra*, with four field-pieces; the whole supported by a strong force of cavalry.

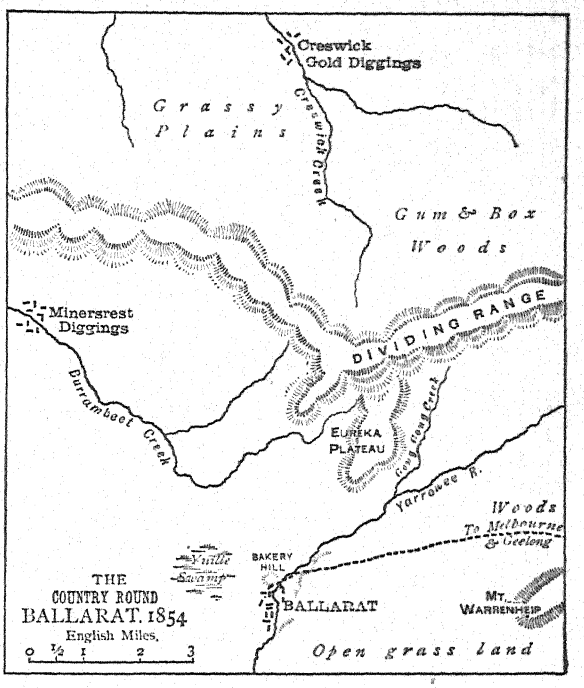
The erection of the stockade appears to have been commenced on December 1st. A square plot of ground about an acre in extent was hastily fenced with wooden slabs, which seem to have been supplemented by overturned carts and ropes. It was a place of little defensive strength, and is believed to have been formed more as a place for the insurgents to drill in than as a fortification. Inside the stockade were a few mining claims, and the place was dotted all over with the shallow holes of fossickers, and in these afterwards many men, who were using them as rifle pits, were killed.

Tents were erected within the barrier, and there was also a blacksmith's shop, in which the forging of pikes or rough lances was vigorously carried on.

The authorities at this time, and subsequently, believed that Frederick Vern was the commander-in-chief of the diggers, but the man chosen to fill that position was Peter Lalor. Lalor, who was a civil engineer by profession, was a native of Queen's County, Ireland, an electorate in which county his father at one time represented in the English House of Commons. Young Lalor arrived in Melbourne in 1852, and went first to the Ovens goldfield, but was soon attracted by the richer fields in Ballarat, and moved to the place in which he was to play so prominent a part. He was at this time about twenty-five years of age and was a good-looking, strongly-built man of about six feet in height.

He was seconded by a "Minister of War" named Alfred Black, and the proceedings of the insurgents (as they must now be called) from this time on shows that they (the leaders at all events) had no intention of fomenting a mere riot, but held ideas that went as far as revolution and a republican form of government.

This is the opinion of W. B. Withers and others most competent to judge, and the leading articles of the *Ballarat Times*, which supported the diggers at that period, openly avow republican intentions, and rave in inflated language of an "Australian Congress." A manifesto, or declaration of independence, was prepared, but was probably never issued, as the fight at the stockade a few days later scattered all revolutionary ideas to the winds.



In order to make the rising general, messengers and letters were sent to the other mining towns, praying for assistance; but, as the event proved, none was forthcoming save in one case—that of Creswick, which sent a contingent of some hundreds of men, but even they bore no part in the subsequent fight.

During December 1st and 2nd, drilling went on vigorously, and parties were sent out in all directions to search for arms and ammunition, with which the diggers were very badly

supplied. Lalor issued "orders or war" for the seizing of arms, and though payment was promised in all cases, no refusal was taken, and storekeepers and others were forced to give up any gunpowder or weapons they happened to possess.

By the evening of Saturday, December 2nd, a fair supply of weapons had been brought into the stockade, and others (pikes) forged; and as hundred of men lay around the fires preparing arms, and cooking the meat, with which they were well supplied, the place presented something of the appearance of a military camp. While these events were progressing, the authorities in Melbourne were despatching reinforcements to the field, issuing proclamations warning all persons against breaking the peace, and offering rewards for the apprehension of the ringleaders of the diggers.

Here is a reproduction of one of the Government notices:—

V. R.

Colonial Secretary's Office,
Melbourne, 8th December, 1854

£400
REWARD.

Whereas Two Persons of the Names of

LAWLOR AND BLACK,

LATE OF BALLAARAT,

Did on or about the 13th day of November last, at that place, use certain

TREASONABLE AND SEDITIOUS LANGUAGE,

And incite Men to take up Arms, with a view to make war against Our Sovereign Lady the Queen:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

That a Reward of £200 will be paid to any person or persons giving such information as may lead to the Apprehension of either of the abovenamed parties.

DESCRIPTIONS.

LAWLOR.—Height 5 ft. 11 in., age 25 hair dark brown, whiskers dark brown and shaved under the side, no moustache, long face, rather good looking and is a well-made man.

BLACK.—Height over 6 feet, straight figure, slight build, bright red hair worn in general rather long and brushed backwards, red and large whiskers meeting under the chin, blue eyes, large thin nose, ruddy complexion, and rather small mouth.

By His Excellency's Command,

WILLIAM C. HAINES.

At Ballarat sentinels were placed at all points of the police camp, the women and children sent into the storehouse for safety, and all was got ready for an attack. But none was made, so the officer in command, Captain Thomas, learning of the unprepared state of the diggers, determined to take the initiative and crush the rebellion in the bud, and to this end gave orders that the troops and police were to be in readiness to attack the Eureka Stockade at dawn on Sunday morning, December 3rd. The military leaders have been blamed for acting thus rapidly, but their duty was perfectly clear. With the imposition of the license fee which had so exasperated the diggers, or its collection, they had had nothing to do; but finding men in arms to oppose the constituted Government of the country, they had to treat these men as rebels, and suppress what was undoubtedly an insurrection.

In the stockade during Saturday and Saturday night, the diggers, though they had a password—"Vinegar Hill"—kept up but the loosest possible discipline, not dreaming of an attack; and all day and half the night outsiders passed in and out of the stockade, while large numbers of the "sworn in" men—including the Creswick contingent before-mentioned—went into the town in search of food and drink, and did not return before the fight. It is said that some, hearing a rumour of an attack by the military, deserted, and that others again, seeing the lax manner in which things were conducted, despaired of the enterprise and withdrew to their own tents and huts. Certain it is that when the blast of a military trumpet roused the sleepy defenders before daylight on the fateful morning, there were not 200 men in the stockade; but most of these, as the warning shot of a sentinel rang out and was followed by a scattered volley from those on guard, rushed to the breastwork and poured in a pretty regular fire on the line of red-coated men that could be seen approaching at a distance of 100 or 150 yards.

The attacking force, consisting of 276 military and police, replied to this fire with a volley by which five or six men were killed or wounded, and soon bullets were flying about in all directions. Orders were given to the insurgents to fire at the officers, and very soon Captain Wise, of the 40th Regiment, fell mortally wounded, and Lieutenant Paul, of the 12th, was seriously wounded.

Lalor, standing on top of a logged-up hole within the stockade, encouraged his men by word and gesture, but was presently shot in the left shoulder, and fell bleeding to the earth with a shattered arm. Almost at the same moment Ross was shot in the groin—a mortal wound; and Thonen, another insurgent leader, receiving a bullet in the mouth, fell choking with his own

blood and soon expired. An American officer of the insurgents, who had been shot in the thigh at the very outset, remained, hopping about and encouraging his men to resistance, as long as there was a chance of resisting. Vern made no stand, however, but fled from the eastward end of the stockade, and was followed by many others; but a number of pikemen still stood resolutely. With a loud cheer the military swarmed over, or



"WITH A LOUD CHEER THE MILITARY SWARMED OVER THE STOCKADE."

tore down, the stockade, and though pike met bayonet for a few minutes, the end was near. The insurgents were driven into the shallow holes, and into the tents and blacksmith's shop, and were quickly surrounded and made prisoners. The military and police are accused of bayoneting and shooting wounded and unarmed men, and of repeatedly thrusting their bayonets or swords into the bodies of those already slain; but this is, of course, denied by writers on the military side. Immediately after the assaulting force burst into the stockade a policeman named King climbed up the flagstaff and tore down the Southern Cross flag amidst the cheers of his comrades. The attacking force was made up of thirty men of the mounted 40th, under Lieutenants Hall and Jardyne; sixty-five men of the 12th Infantry Regiment, under Captain Queade and Lieutenant Paul; eighty-seven men of the 40th Regiment (infantry), under Captain Wise and Lieutenants Bowdler and Richards; seventy mounted police, under Inspectors Furnell and Langley and Lieutenant Cossack; and forty foot-police, under Sub-Inspector Carter—or 176 foot and 100 mounted men in all. This force, when extended, was able to completely surround the stockade, which was too large for the diggers to defend effectively with their inadequate supply of arms. Just before the charge took place the fire of the defenders slackened from want of ammunition, and some of their weapons afterwards picked up were found to be loaded with quartz pebbles instead of bullets. The police and military bore testimony to the courage with which the defenders fought; and had all the enrolled men been present, the attack would in all probability have been repulsed, in which case other diggers would have joined the insurgents, the movement

extended to other towns, and a very serious state of things indeed might have arisen, as the executive could scarcely have placed even 2,000 men in the field at that time.

Having secured 125 prisoners, the military and police fired the tents within the stockade—wounded men are said to have been burnt to death therein—and then returned to the camp with their prisoners.

Of this melancholy march a correspondent of the *Geelong Advertiser* writes:—"I saw a number of diggers enclosed in a sort of hollow square; many of them were wounded, the blood dripping from them as they walked. Some were walking lame, pricked on by the bayonets of the soldiers bringing up the rear. The soldiers were much excited — the troopers (police) madly so, flourishing their swords and shouting out, 'We have waked up Joe!' and others replied, "And sent Joe to sleep again!' The diggers' standard was carried in triumph to the camp, waved about in the air, then pitched from one to another, thrown down, and trampled on." This writer describes what he saw within the stockade: "I counted fifteen dead—one G——, a fine, well-educated man, and a great favourite. . . . They all lay in a small space, their faces upwards, looking like lead. Several of them were still heaving, and at every rise of their breasts the blood spouted out of their wounds or . . . just trickled away. . . . Some were bringing handkerchiefs, others bed furniture and matting, to cover up the faces. . . . A sight for a Sabbath morning I implore Heaven may never be seen again! Poor women crying for absent husbands, and children frightened into silence."



THE HON. PETER LALOR.

How many were actually killed in the fight it is difficult to determine, as accounts vary considerably. One military writer states that thirty-five were killed and many wounded on the side of the diggers, but most other accounts give a lesser number. Probably thirty killed and mortally wounded would be about correct, while probably another fifty or sixty received serious wounds. On the military side one captain and four privates were killed, and one lieutenant and many privates wounded.

When they had secured their prisoners, the military returned with carts for the dead; and that afternoon those of the diggers whose friends did not claim them were thrust into rough coffins of half-inch weather-board and buried in one large grave in the public cemetery. The soldiers who fell in the fight were buried close by, and subsequently handsome monuments were erected over both graves. The site of the Eureka Stockade is now marked by a bluestone stage or platform surmounted by a stone monolith, and having a cannon at each angle. The monument is not (or was not when the writer inspected it a few years ago) either very beautiful or very suitable, and might easily be improved.

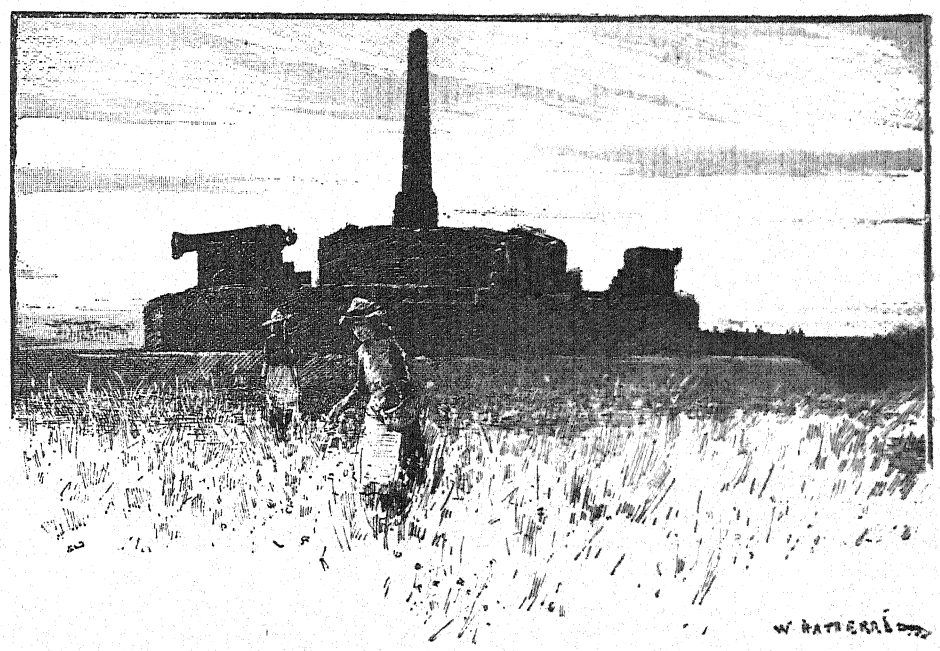
Peter Lalor, the leader of the insurgents, escaped. Three of his men managed to carry him out of the stockade and down the Eureka lead, where they concealed him in a pile of slabs, whence, when the military had retreated, he was extricated by some onlookers and his arm bound up with his own handkerchief, after which he was placed on Father Smythe's horse and carried away to a hut on the ranges, where he was attended to by friends till the night of the 4th December, when he was taken to Father Smythe's house, and his injured arm was amputated by Dr. Doyle. The story that his betrothed (whom he afterwards married) saw him standing, wounded and bleeding, before her in Geelong on the morning of the 3rd, is one that the Psychical Research Society might investigate.

With a reward of £200 offered for his apprehension, Lalor hid in various places, and at length was removed to Geelong, where he underwent several surgical operations. The Government now well knew where he was, but times had changed and he was not apprehended; and on the acquittal of the other Eureka prisoners on April 1st, 1855, he boldly appeared in public again. How he was chosen to represent Ballarat in the Legislative Council, and how he continued in political life to the day of his

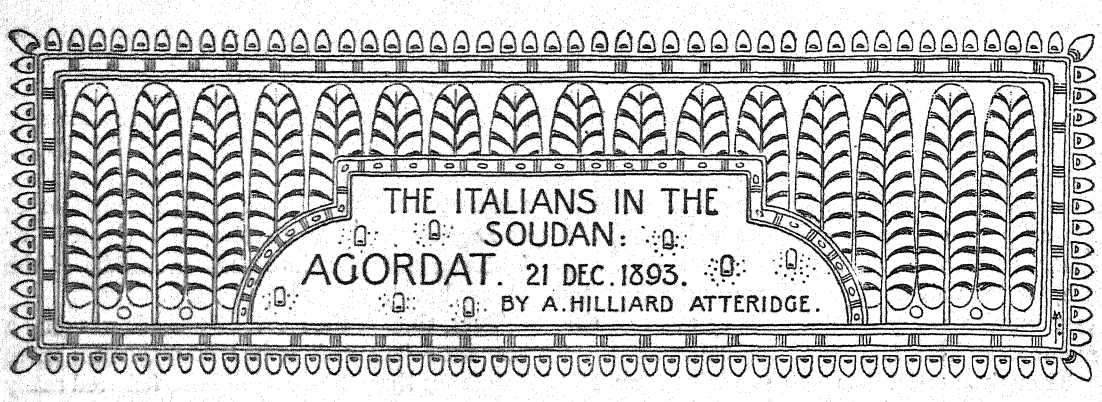
death, is well known. He held the position of Postmaster-General in one Government and of Minister of Trade and Customs in another, and was for many years Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. On resigning the last-named position owing to ill-health, he was voted £4,000 by the Assembly for "distinguished services to the State." He died at the house of his son, Dr. Lalor, at Richmond, Melbourne, on February 9th, 1889, and his funeral was attended by vast numbers of people, including most of the members of both Houses of Legislature.

Though martial law was proclaimed on the day following the Eureka fight, public opinion was not with the Government. Large meetings were held in which their policy was condemned, and the Eureka prisoners were to a man acquitted on April 1st, 1855. A commission of inquiry held to determine the causes of the outbreak declared that the diggers were forced into rebellion by bad laws, harshly enforced; the old Legislative Council was abolished by Imperial enactment, and a new Constitution providing for two Houses of Legislature, both elective, was created for Victoria; and ever since then the affairs of the colony have progressed peaceably.

Thus, though the Eureka Stockade was only a very little "battle," it had consequences more important than those which have followed many a furious struggle in which blood has flowed in rivers, and the red earth has borne testimony to the appalling ferocity of man.



MONUMENT MARKING THE SITE OF THE EUREKA STOCKADE.

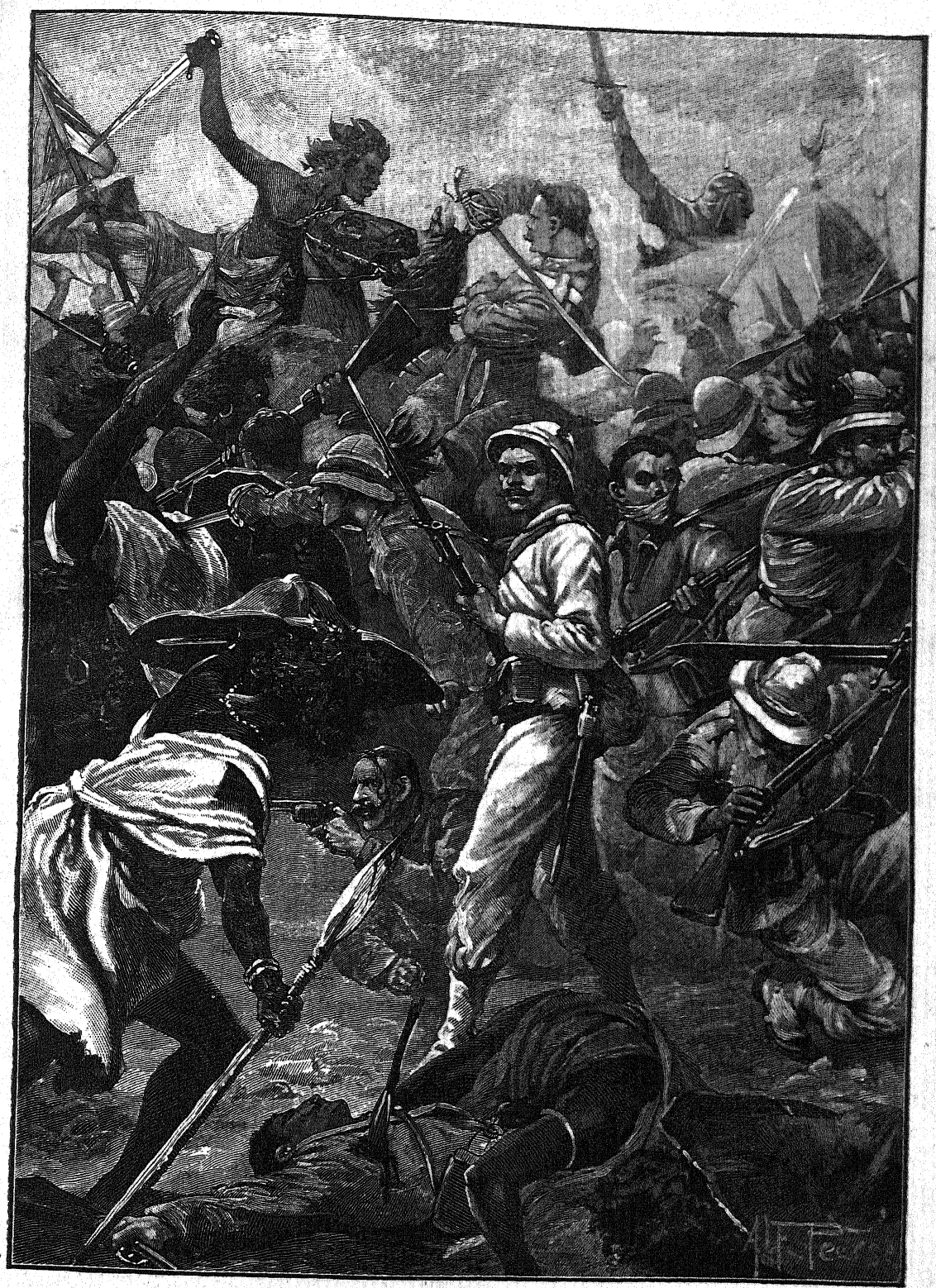


WE are all familiar with the spectacle of the self-made man who takes upon himself the *rôle* of landed proprietor, not because he has any special leaning towards country life, but because "it's the thing"—because it is expected of him.

In somewhat similar fashion, Italy had not been many years reckoned as one of the Great Powers when she began to look round for some foreign territory to annex. It would not be of any particular use to her, but it was "the thing" for Great Powers to have colonies and foreign possessions beyond the seas. It was hardly respectable to be without such luxuries. So, being forestalled by France in a plan for taking possession of Tunis, she cast about for something further afield; and while we were fighting Osman Digma and the Mahdists, and there was talk of an advance from Suakim to Berber and Dongola for the re-conquest of Khartoum, an Italian expeditionary force passed through the canal and occupied Massowah, a little further south than our post at Suakim. At the same time the Italian Government informed us that if we made a move into the interior they would be glad to help.

The move into the interior has not come yet, though this was ten years ago. But, once having got a foothold at Massowah, the Italians have gone on building up their province on the Red Sea shore, adding to it a disputed protectorate over Abyssinia and a tract of half-desert land on the Indian Ocean. Altogether, they have secured in the scramble for Africa a "sphere of influence" which makes a very good show on the map, though, like most other nations that possess spheres of influence in the Dark Continent, they have not effectively occupied the greater part of it, and they have found their landholding a costly luxury, paid for with bloodshed and much expenditure of hard cash, for which so far there is a scanty return.

Massowah stands on an island about a mile and a half in circumference, connected with the mainland by a narrow causeway nearly a mile long, another island halfway facilitating its construction. The place had, to begin with, the great advantage that, even if all the wild men of the Soudan attacked it, it was safe so long as there was a warship ready to sweep this causeway with her cannon and machine-guns. It was a good starting-point for conquests in north-eastern Africa. Southward, close at hand, rose the outer bulwarks of the Abyssinian table-land, to which narrow passes opening on the shore from Massowah to Zulla gave access. Westward, across the coast-hills and the desert, lay the old route to Kassala and the Upper Nile, busy with the passage of caravans in the days before the Mahdist revolt, but now closed by the armed raiders of the false prophet. In both directions the Italians have made steady progress during these ten years. Their vanguard now permanently hold Adigrat, well up the passes that lead into the heart of Abyssinia, and they have a garrison at Kassala. But this progress has not been made without hard fighting on both lines. Better able than a more northern race to bear the torrid heat of the Soudan summer, the Italians have shown that they are peculiarly well fitted for campaigning in these regions. They have, it is true, had their defeats—as at Dogali, where a handful of Bersaglieri holding an advanced post were cut to pieces by the overwhelming forces flung against them, but not till they had made a desperate defence and sold their lives dearly. But they have also had their victories over both the Soudanese and the Abyssinians, and they are especially proud of their victory at Agordat, on the way to Kassala, in 1893, because they claim that while the British



"A HANDFUL OF BERSAGLIERI HOLDING AN ADVANCED POST WERE CUT TO PIECES" (p. 48).

never ventured to fight the Mahdists except in square, they were able to meet and shatter the wild onset of the Soudanese in line. Without admitting that this is at all a fair statement of the case, we may grant that the fight at Agordat was a very gallant piece of work, and the story of it is well worth the telling; so I shall put it together mainly from the official despatches, supplementing them with details from other sources.

Keren, a town on the western slope of the coast range, had for some time been the advanced post of the Italians towards Kassala, when, in 1890, General Baratieri occupied Agordat, two days' journey further west towards Kassala, and at the point where the two chief routes from that city to Keren join. A fort was built at Agordat, overlooking the ravine of Khor Baka and commanding the junction of the roads. It thus became the chief outpost of the Italians towards the region held by the Mahdists, and would be the point against which any wave of invasion coming from the desert must break.

In the summer of 1893 the Mahdists had been very active. They kept on foot four armies—one at Dongola, the object of which was to threaten the frontier post held by the English and Egyptians on the Upper Nile; two other armies were operating southwards in Kordofan, towards the great lakes; while a fourth, with its headquarters at Gedaref, watched the Abyssinian and Italian frontiers. The army of Gedaref had been very quiet all the summer, and there had even been some trading along the road between Kassala and Keren. Sanguine colonists on the Italian side flattered themselves that things were settling down, and that there would soon be scope for some profitable business enterprise at Massowah. But it was only the lull before the storm.

The Emir Musaid Gaidum, who was one of the Mahdi's best fighting-men, commanded at Kassala. In all our battles in the Soudan we had found that the one great danger that had to be faced was the wild rush of Soudanese swordsmen and spearmen. The Mahdists made very little use of firearms beyond worrying our men in their bivouacs with a dropping fire through the night. But some of the chiefs had been so impressed by the fearful execution done by the rapid fire from the English infantry squares, that they were full of the idea of teaching their warriors new tactics, and getting them to rely more upon the rifle than upon cold steel. The Emir of Kassala was one of those who were most anxious to make this experiment. In his garrison he had 1,200 riflemen armed with Remington breechloaders taken from the Egyptians, and about 300 more men armed with muzzle-loaders of various patterns. The army at Gedaref possessed about 8,000 Remingtons, and there were several battalions armed with them and partly drilled after the European fashion. Besides these riflemen there were large levies of horsemen and footmen armed with sword and spear, many of the mounted men wearing complete suits of armour, plate- and chain-mail. In artillery the Mahdists were hopelessly weak. There were only two old cannon on the ruinous mud walls of Kassala, and at Gedaref there were a couple of light field-pieces. There is no doubt that if they had kept to their traditional tactics they would have been a much more formidable fighting force. But their leaders flattered themselves that they were now quite equal to European troops, and they took an early opportunity of testing their efficiency by making a raid on the borders of the Italian colony.

Early in December rumours reached the Italians that the Mahdists were preparing to move. Ahmed Ali, one of the Khalifa's most trusted chiefs, had come down from Khartoum to take command of the troops at Gedaref, and was calling all the tribesmen of the district to his standard. At first they did not pay much attention to these reports. Twelve months before, there had been a similar gathering; but the Mahdists had not ventured then to attack the frontiers, and it was conjectured that they might be really thinking of some enterprise against the Abyssinians. But the reports of coming trouble were so persistent that at last it was resolved to take some precautions. The garrison at the fort of Agordat was reinforced, and scouting parties were pushed forward towards Kassala and Gedaref. Spies were despatched to the Mahdist country. It was calculated that by these means the Italian commanders would have several days' notice of any serious advance of the Soudanese, and arrangements were made by which a considerable force could be rapidly assembled to meet them. General Arimondi, who had taken charge of the defence of the colony on this side, hoped that his plans would so work out that by the time the Mahdists had gathered in force at Kassala, which was five days' journey from Agordat, he would have camped near the fort two squadrons of cavalry, two batteries of mountain-guns, seven companies of infantry, and three of native irregulars—in all about 2,000 men. This was the force with which he hoped to stop and drive back upon the desert

10,000, or, it might be, 20,000 fanatic Soudanese and Arabs. Moreover, all the force assembled at Agordat would consist of native troops, led by Italian officers and sergeants. It was to be a triumph of European discipline and leadership over the half-savage fury of the men of the desert, the rank-and-file on both sides consisting of men of the same race, and the presence of some seventy European officers and non-commissioned officers sufficing to turn the scale against what otherwise would have been overwhelming numbers.

On Wednesday, the 13th of December, a spy came in from Kassala with the news that the Mahdist advance had been fixed for the previous day. The telegraph conveyed the warning to Massowah, and the orders already prepared for the defence of Agordat were issued. At the same time General Arimondi started from the coast to take personal command of the little army that was assembling at the fort. On the Friday news came over the wires from Agordat that the advanced scouts were in contact with the Mahdist vanguard. The invaders were said to be at least 12,000 strong. They were moving in two columns, each taking one of the two roads that met near the fort, and they had already covered half the distance between Kassala and Agordat.

But the march of the invaders was slow. In the early morning of Monday, the 18th, the scouts saw the watch-fires of the Soudanese vanguard burning dimly about Daura, some forty miles from Agordat. The scouts, native cavalry led by Italian officers, had orders to keep in touch with the Mahdists, but to avoid fighting. They were to fall back before them, harassing and delaying their advance when possible, and filling up the wells, so that the enemy would have to dig for water at every halting-place. Campaigning in the Soudan means, to a great extent, manœuvring and fighting for water; so this was the best means of retarding the march of the Soudanese and affording the garrison at Agordat time to make full preparations for giving them a warm reception.

On the Tuesday the onward march of Ahmed Ali's advanced guard had reached Kufit, a village at the junction of several valleys, twenty-three miles from the fort. The scouts had assembled at Shaglet village and wells, five miles from the enemy. Captain Carchidio, an enterprising officer who was in command, watched the Soudanese closely, waiting for an opportunity to cut in and make some prisoners, from whom he hoped to gather precise information about the force in his front. The result was some smart skirmishing late in the afternoon, the dismounted troopers on the Italian side exchanging fire with the Mahdist outposts. Carchidio noticed that the enemy showed no disposition to charge, and also had the satisfaction of reporting that their riflemen were abominably bad shots.

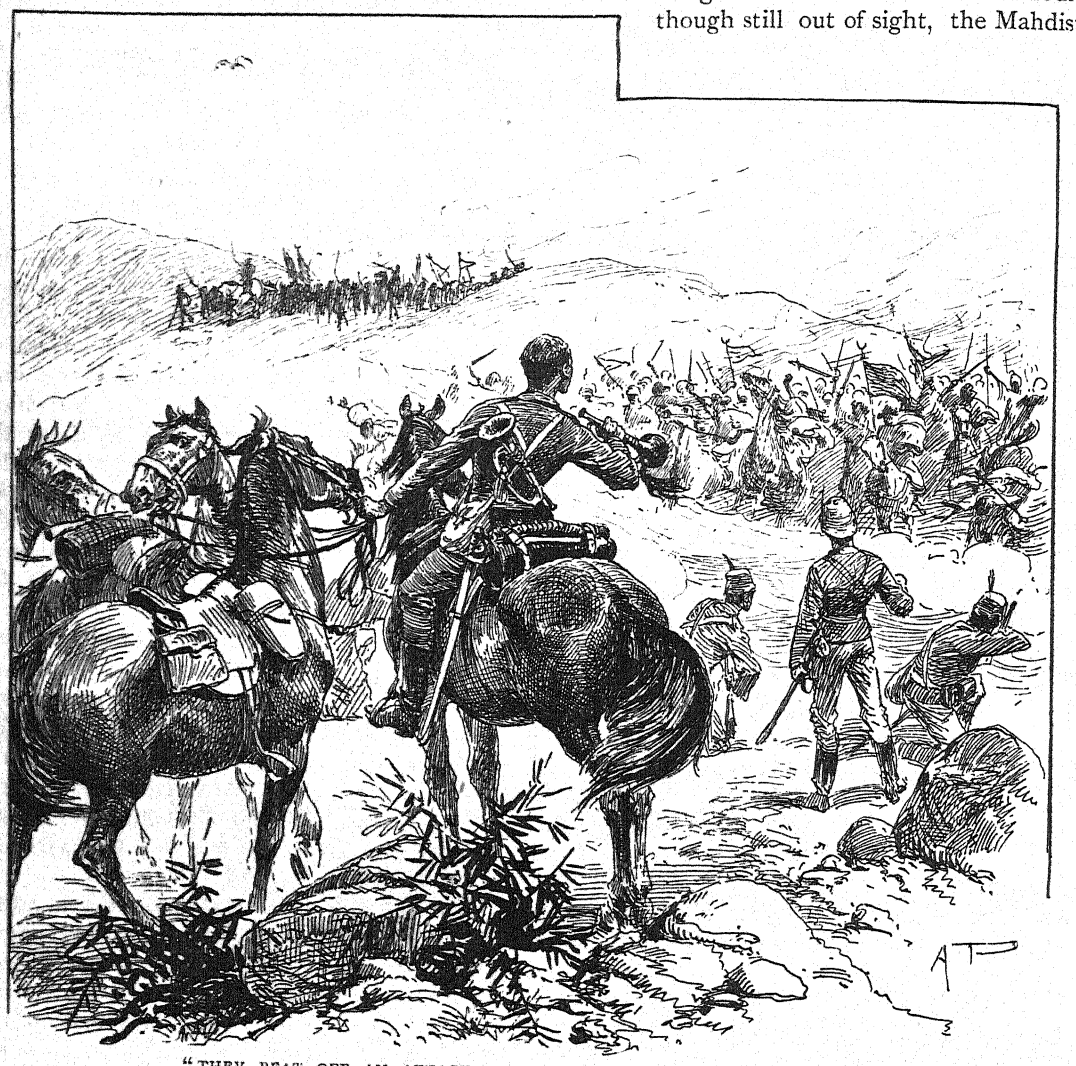
Next morning the vanguard of the emir formed in battle array, and moved slowly forward against Shaglet. A few shots were fired, and a handful of the Italian troops, who would have been cut off and overwhelmed if they had ventured to dispute the possession of the place with the invaders, retired on the wild valley where the ravine of Khor Akbermanna joins the Khor Barka, the deep rock channel, dry in summer, traversed by a stream in winter, which marks the approach to Agordat. At the wells of Ashai another squadron came to their aid from the fort, for they had sent back word that they were being forced back rapidly by the enemy's advance. Near the wells the Italian officers made a stand. With carbine fire they beat off an attack of the Dervish cavalry, and it was only when masses of infantry, led by mounted chiefs, came pouring down the wild road along the ravine that they again fell back towards Agordat.

The way in which this small body of native troops trusted their European leaders, and under their guidance kept touch with the huge mass opposed to them, retiring slowly before it day after day, was proof enough that the troops at Agordat could be relied upon to behave with steadiness in the coming conflict. Arimondi considered that his small force of cavalry had done its part, and after the skirmish of El Ashai he ordered them to join him at Agordat, and sent forward in their place a couple of hundred infantry, under Captain Catalano, to form an outpost line across the valley and keep touch with the enemy.

Catalano had orders to try to make an attack on the Mahdists' camp after sunset, breaking in upon their lines suddenly with a view to securing a few prisoners. As yet none had been captured, and Arimondi wanted them in order to get more precise information than he possessed as to the numbers and plans of his opponents. Catalano went forward and reconnoitred the enemy's position, but he had to report that it was impossible to do anything. Ahmed Ali had camped all his force in one huge zeriba—that is, a temporary enclosure made by cutting down masses of thorny plants and making them into a kind

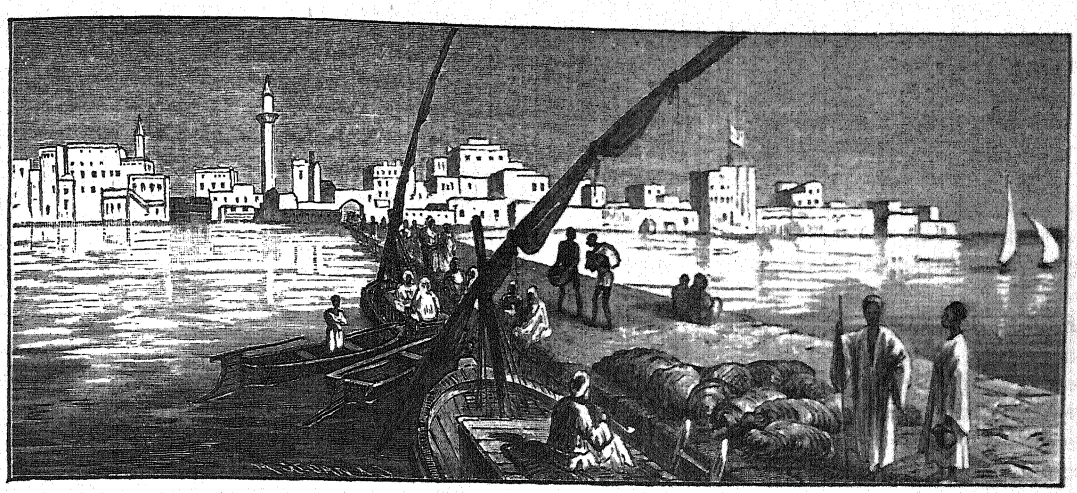
of hedge all round the camp. Behind this barrier the Mahdist sentries were ever on the alert. To surprise any prisoners was out of the question. The most Catalano could do was to keep the Dervish camp continually under observation, and towards midnight he saw and heard enough to make him feel fairly certain that Ahmed Ali was preparing to break up his bivouac and venture on a night march.

The zeriba was about five miles west of the fort, close to the edge of the Barka ravine, in which the horses had been watered before sunset. At 1.30 a.m. on Thursday, the 21st, the Mahdists, leaving their camels under a guard in the camp, poured out in a solid column, with the cavalry in front, and Catalano fell back, sending a hurried message to Agordat to say that the attack was coming before dawn. At the fort a heavy convoy of ammunition that was coming up from Keren was anxiously expected, and the question was whether the Mahdists or the camels would be the first to come in sight. At dawn there were no signs of the enemy, though the garrison was on the alert. Soon after the bright morning sunshine showed the convoy toiling along the caravan track on the north side of Khor Barka. At seven it was safe under the guns of the fort. At the same hour, though still out of sight, the Mahdist vanguard was coming down the north side of the Khor in the opposite direction. If it had moved a little more rapidly during the night it would have cut off the convoy.



"THEY BEAT OFF AN ATTACK OF THE DERVISH CAVALRY" (*p.* 51).

It was not till nine o'clock that the Mahdists



MASSOWAH.

came in sight of the fort. Then their cavalry were seen riding out of some clumps of trees about 2,000 yards north of Agordat and near the village of Ad Omar. They came on slowly, the Italian cavalry retiring before them. When they caught sight of the fort, with the Italian tricolour flying over it, they came to a standstill, evidently waiting for their main body. It was afterwards ascertained that there was riding among them an old comrade of Gordon's, the Emir Faragalla, who commanded the fort of Omdurman for him during the first part of the siege of Khartoum, and had only surrendered to the Mahdi when he had no longer any provisions for his garrison. Faragalla had often travelled on the Kassala and Keren road, and he acted as the guide of the advance against Agordat.

The pause puzzled the garrison not a little. Towards eleven o'clock they got a hint of what was happening. Till then they had been sending and receiving messages by the telegraph line which ran by Keren to Massowah. But suddenly communication stopped. The Mahdists had pushed forward under the screen of their cavalry, occupied the junction of the two valleys of Khor Barka and Khor Kar Obel to the east of the fort, thus cutting it off from the direct road to Keren. At the junction of the two gulleys they came on the telegraph line, and promptly destroyed a considerable length of it. Having thus isolated the fort they proceeded to attack it. A long and broad column of infantry, some thousands strong and chiefly armed with rifles, came out from behind the village of Ad Omar, and, moving with a slow but steady pace, advanced towards the Barka ravine, east of the fort. Till this moment there had only been a few rifle and carbine shots exchanged between the cavalry, but the fight was now to begin in earnest. A battery of four mountain-guns at the fort opened suddenly on the advancing column. The Italian officers had got the range correctly, the native gunners worked their guns smartly, and shell after shell burst fairly over the heads of the Soudanese. Yet on they came, their emirs and standard-bearers riding in the front of each battalion, many of them in glittering armour. As they neared the steep bank of the Khor they broke into a run; but it was a run forward. The long column slipped like a huge snake down one bank of the ravine and glided up the other, pushed through a belt of trees that lined its southern bank, and reappeared in a long line of battle behind the villages of Algeden and Saberdat, about a mile and a half from the fort.

So far not only had the Mahdists shown splendid pluck, but Ahmed Ali had displayed some tactical skill. He had boldly cut the Italians off from their base, and he was in a position from which a successful attack would be most disastrous to them. But he had made the mistake in crossing the Khor a little too near the fort. As his troops appeared behind the villages the shells began to drop faster among them. They fell back a little, and then halted again, sending parties of horsemen into the two villages to clear them of any supplies that might have been left there. But Ahmed Ali had no intention of trying to rush the fort. He knew better: his plan was to make the Italians come out and attack him in the open, in order to try

to drive him from their communication with Keren. If they failed, he would be able to surround and starve them out.

Arimondi had drawn up his troops along the ridge on which the fort stands, looking to the westward, the direction from which he expected the attack, and that also in which the position he held was easiest to defend. On the appearance of the Mahdists in his rear he changed his front, and now looked eastward. One company of about 200 men held the fort, together with one of the mountain-batteries. Another company held the ground between it and the Khor, ground covered with a thick growth of date palms. Two more companies were in reserve behind the fort. The irregulars and the cavalry were just south of it, where there is a drop in the line of the summit of the ridge. Where it rose again, the right of his line was formed by a battalion of infantry and another battery—2,181 men, with eight mountain-guns, formed his entire force. The Mahdists mustered 8,000 riflemen, 3,000 spearmen, and between 500 and 600 cavalry. But they had brought no cannon with them, and so had no means of replying to the long-ranging fire of the Italian mountain-batteries.

Noon came, and still the Mahdists quietly held their ground. Arimondi felt that he must act against them. What he feared most was that they would maintain themselves behind the villages till after sunset, and then rush his position in the dark. He therefore resolved to risk an attack upon them.

If he had followed the tactics adopted in our own battles in the Soudan he would have formed his men in a square, moved steadily against the Mahdist position, tempted them thus to try a headlong charge, and destroyed them with a rapid rifle-fire as they tried to close, following up the retreat of what was left of them with a cavalry charge. The chief interest of this fight at Agordat arises from the fact that Arimondi ventured to attack in line. The right wing, under Colonel Cortese, a battalion and a mountain-battery, moved upon the village of Algeden. Half a battalion from the left wing, under Major Fadda, advanced between Cortese's force and the Khor, prolonging his line and conforming to its movements. The rest of the force guarded the fort and acted as a reserve. At first the companies moved in little columns. At eight hundred yards from the enemy they deployed into line, but the front on which they moved was so extended that, even when they had formed a single-rank firing-line, they had long intervals between the companies. The battery came into action on a swell of ground behind the right of the attack.

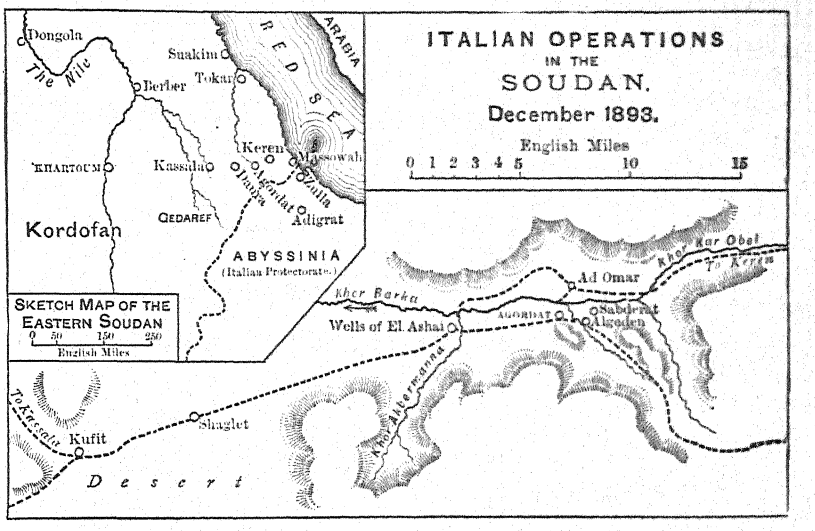
The first shots from the mountain-guns were fired at half-past twelve, the object aimed at being the village. At the same time rifle-fire began all along the Italian line. As soon as the Italian advance began there had been a loud booming of war-drums and a rattle of kettledrums all along the Mahdist line. It was the signal for them to form for battle; and instead of waiting for the attack they came forward to meet it. They had broken from line into four strong columns, each with a broad front. Their leaders rode before them, and in front of each column was a cluster of green banners. The beating of the drums, the shouts of the warriors, seemed to indicate that a wild rush like that of the Arabs in our own desert war was coming. But instead they marched forward with a long, swinging step, keeping their ranks, and as the chiefs fell back with the banners on the flanks of the columns the leading ranks opened a quick fire with their Remingtons, never stopping either to load or to fire. One column moved partly hidden among the date palms near the Khor, the three others marched straight for the Italian right. On they came wreathed in the smoke of their rifles, closing their ranks as their foremost warriors fell under the Italian fire, but never pausing for a moment. The long, thin line opposed to them could not have stood for a moment if they had once closed with it; and failing to stop them with their fire, the Italian infantry began to retire. On the right, Cortese tried to check the onset of the Soudanese by a counter-attack, but the respite thus gained was of the briefest. The infantry were driven back past the battery, and the Soudanese rushed upon the guns. The gunners fired to the last moment, finishing up with four rounds of case shot, the last round being fired at a range of something like fifty yards. Then they tried to get the guns on to the backs of the battery mules, in order to carry them off. But bullet, bayonet, and spear finished every mule in the battery, several of the gunners were killed, and finally the four guns had to be abandoned. This was at ten minutes to one—the battle having so far lasted a bare twenty minutes.

But be it said to the credit of the Italian officers and their native soldiers, there was nothing like a rout. Overweighted and forced back, the line never broke. In a watercourse to

the rear of their first position they halted, and their heavy volley-firing brought the Mahdists to a standstill for a while. Then the attack was renewed, and the line of the watercourse was abandoned; but as they crossed it the Mahdists came under the fire of the fort, and the reserve was pushed forward to help the first line of the defence. The cavalry rode down the slope towards the date-palms on the left, waiting for an opportunity to charge if no other means could be found to check the Dervish advance.

But they had suffered heavily in getting so far as the watercourse, and all the spirit of their first advance seemed to be gone. The massive columns had broken into a long, confused line of rifles and spears, and twice they tried in vain to make good their footing on the west side of the gully. If they had been supported by artillery, and if they had known better how to use their rifles, nothing could have stopped them. But they had no guns to reply to the shell-fire of the fort, and their own shooting was of the wildest. Musaid Gaidun, the Emir of Kassala, was struck down by a bullet; Faragalla, the ex-Governor of Omduman, fell dangerously wounded. Ahmed Ali, mounted on a splendid horse and clad from head to foot in an ancient suit of chain-mail, was riding in the front of the attack, a group of standard-bearers around him, encouraging by word and example his Soudanese to push on against the infidel stronghold. A group like this was certain to draw fire. One of the guns of the fort loaded with case-shot was laid for it, and the chief dropped dead amongst his standard-bearers. He had been hit full in the face with the iron base of the case-shot, several of the bullets wounding those who rode beside him. Discouraged by the fall of their leaders and their own heavy losses the Soudanese began to fall back.

Now was the time for a counter-attack, and Arimondi seized it. Every available man was pushed forward against the retiring enemy. The cavalry charged the Dervish horsemen on the left of the enemy's line, and then threatened to cut in upon their retreat to the villages. Behind them the rolling fire of the Italian infantry scattered death in their confused ranks. The guns of the outlying battery were recaptured and turned on the villages. By two o'clock the Soudanese had given up the fight and were in full retreat. They had left more than three hundred killed and wounded and some seventy banners on the battlefield. The thin line of the Italians had indeed given way before them, but it had held together, and it had resumed its advance the moment the onset of the Soudanese army was checked. What would have happened if the fort had not been



there to support Arimondi's retiring line is another question; and it is also by no means clear that the Italians would have held their ground if the Soudanese had not had so many rifles. There seems not to be the least doubt that the attack was made with much less speed and impetus than the usual Dervish charge, because the men were trying to keep up an effective fire while they marched. That fire did very little damage to the Italians, but it cost the Soudanese hundreds of their foremost warriors, because it delayed their advance and kept them the longer under the deadly fire of the well-trained infantry opposed to them.

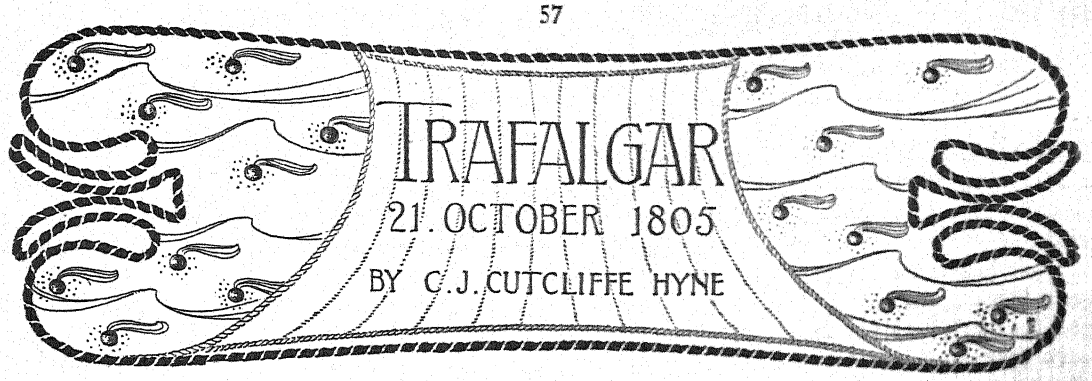
The Soudanese had an abundance of ammunition. More than a hundred cartridges were found in the pouches of some of the killed on the battlefield; but their idea of fighting with the rifle was only to fire as rapidly as possible. They had not been taught the good rule to

"Fire low and fire slow;" so that even at point-blank ranges most of their bullets flew harmlessly over the heads of the line opposed to them. Considering how hotly they had been engaged the Italians lost very few men. Three officers and seven non-commissioned officers were killed, a non-commissioned officer and two officers being wounded. Of the rank-and-file (all of them natives), 104 were killed and 121 were wounded. Thus about one-tenth of the force actually engaged was *hors de combat*. But the Soudanese loss was more than one-fourth of their total force.

The cavalry horses were tired with the heavy work they had done in scouting during the days before the battle. The soldiers generally were exhausted with their efforts and with the great heat of the day. So although Arimondi tried to pursue in the hope of cutting the Dervish army off from its retreat on Kassala and inflicting further loss upon it, he was unable to prevent the Soudanese from regaining the caravan track north of the Khor by which they had advanced. After the first five miles he lost touch of them. Some hundreds of stragglers were taken prisoners, and the cavalry picked up some more next day. But the defeated invaders were so demoralised that they never halted till they had reached Kassala. The attempt to fight the white man with his own weapons had proved an utter failure. And once more in this fight on the borderland of the Soudan the ascendancy of the European had been illustrated by the confidence with which a couple of thousand African troops had stood by their Italian officers, faced at their command an army outnumbering them sixfold, and under their guidance helped to hurl back the men of the desert in hopeless rout, although many of the warriors who thus suffered defeat had been victorious in two campaigns against native armies on the frontier of Abyssinia and in Kordofan.



"THE CHIEF DROPPED DEAD AMONGST HIS STANDARD BEARERS" (*p.* 55).



IF the electric telegraph had existed in 1805, or railways, or if there had even been roads in the great European Peninsula along which a mounted courier could make decent pace, the battle off the shoals of Cape Trafalgar might very well never have been fought, or at least have been considerably modified in its details and results. It is an historical fact that when on the 19th of October M. de Villeneuve put out from Cadiz in command of the Franco-Spanish fleet, which was fated to be so crushingly beaten, a recall from his great master, Napoleon, was hastening down the Peninsula as fast as horsemen could carry it. Admiral Rosily was to be promoted to the chief command, and the man he superseded was to return forthwith to Paris and answer a catalogue of grave charges.

De Villeneuve's chief sin was want of success, and under the first Napoleon no graver charge could have been framed against him. On the 23rd July of the same year he had fought an action with Sir Robert Calder, the commander of the blockading squadron off Ferrol, in which neither side, according to the sentiment of the time, covered itself with credit. The British with the smaller force captured two ships, and inflicted more loss than they received; but the indignant howls of his country forced the admiral to demand a court-martial, which, as it turned out, heavily censured him. They said he ought to have done far more.

The incident shows how the British prestige, bought at St. Vincent, Aboukir Bay, and countless other actions, was appreciated both in these Islands and by our then enemies on the Continent; and, in fact, Napoleon himself, though the last man to admit such a thing until it was forced upon him, forbade his sea commanders to accept action unless they had a strong surplus of force following their flag. But presuming that the allied fleet could annihilate any squadron which the British could put on the seas to meet them, he sent De Villeneuve definite instructions as to what he wanted to be done. They were to force the Straits of Gibraltar, land troops on the Neapolitan coast, sweep the Mediterranean of all British cruisers and commerce, and enter the port of Toulon to re-victual and re-fit. And it was on this errand that—anticipating his recall—Admiral de Villeneuve led out of the harbour of Cadiz the fleet of French and Spanish battleships under his supreme command.

That day was the 19th of October, 1805; but the wind drew light, and it was not till the 20th that the entire combined fleet got into the long Atlantic swell, and showed to a pair of British reconnoitring frigates no less than thirty-three sail of the line—battleships of two, three, and in one case four gundecks—besides attendant smaller craft.

The two frigates, the *Euryalus* and the *Sirius*, had a shot or so pitched at them occasionally when they pried too close; but they contrived to hang on the skirts of the allies, and to glean news which kept the bunting on a constant dance up and down from their trucks. De Villeneuve took the frigates for scouts, and scouts they were; but he did not know that they were telegraphing detailed news of his movements to the British Mediterranean fleet under the most skilful seaman of all time—Horatio, Viscount Nelson.

The Island warships lay hove-to out of sight beyond the curve of ocean, riding laboriously over the swells, with copper glancing green and gold in the sunlight. They had waited for this moment for many a weary windy month.

Looked at from the light of our after-knowledge, they were clumsy, leewardly, ungainly hulks, with square, ponderous, wake-drawing sterns, and bows like the breasts of an apple; with narrow yards which had to be reinforced by studding-sail booms before a decent spread of cloth could be shown; with massive hempen

rigging, and many a piece of uncouth gear and fitting whereof the very name is lost to us in this year of grace. They had single topsails and single topgallant sails, and each carried under her rearing bowsprit a spritsail with round holes in the leaches, set on a swaying spritsail yard.

Their bellying sides towered above the sea like great black walls, as though to make the largest possible mark for hostile shot ; and in these walls were doors, as many as a hundred to a ship, which could lift and show a grinning cannon-mouth framed in its proper porthole.

Their manning was typical of the time. There was the marine, a pipe-clayed, pig-tailed soldier, with garments about as suited to ship-board as an archbishop's would be. The 'fore-mast hand, though nine times out of ten the scouring of a press-gang from a crimp's house in some unlucky seaport town, was usually a seaman by education and a fighting-man by instinct ; and at his best the primest exponent of his two trades which the world has ever seen. He was a tough handful, the Jack of 1805, and he required an iron discipline to keep him under full command—and he got it. It was a rare day when some six or eight of him did not appear spreadeagled on the gratings which were rigged in the gangways, to receive three or four dozen caresses of the "cat," laid with zeal upon the bare back.

His officers, too, were not what we should call refined and educated men nowadays. But they were skilful in both branches of their profession ; because, without consummate seamanship, the leewardly, slow-sailing craft of that day would not keep afloat ; and in an era when the ocean breeze always smacked of battle, whoso was not an excellent fighting-man was quickly weeded from the ranks by captivity or death.

It is as well to understand these matters clearly, and then one can better appreciate that supreme outcome of the time, the British Vice-Admiral in command, who put the capstone on his glory by the sea-fight which averted the invasion of England and made the fate of the world what it is.

The fleet lay pitching clumsily over the dull green Atlantic swells, the wooden routine going on unchangeably as it had run for years before—watches, quarters, drill, meals, hammock ; and then the same might be expected to follow over again. But of a sudden a change began to take place. The scene was brightened with patches of gaudy bunting. From every mast-truck in succession there broke out strings of flags, which the signalmen, book in hand, translated into words. Phrase by phrase they read out the signals, and the officers tingled with expectancy.

"The French and Spaniards are out at last ; they outnumber us in ships and guns and men : we are on the eve of the greatest sea-fight in history."

The news hummed round the fleet, forward and aft ; but there was neither hustle nor scene. Lord Nelson's instruction to his captains had gone round days before, and they were such a masterpiece of tactics that there was nothing to add to them. They mapped out the plan of battle with all distinctness, but they did not cramp the enterprise of the inferiors. Knowing from his infinite experience that in the thick of action circumstances might well occur which called for individual judgment, the leader ended his charge thus : "In case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do very wrong if he place his ship alongside of an enemy."

The men, too, after the custom of the day, did not indulge in any morbid thought of possible death or maiming.

"They were as merry at the thought of this sanguinary fight as a mob of schoolboys set loose for an unexpected holiday, and their conversation was concerning the prize-money they would take, and the jinks and jaunts they would have ashore when they put in to port to refit."

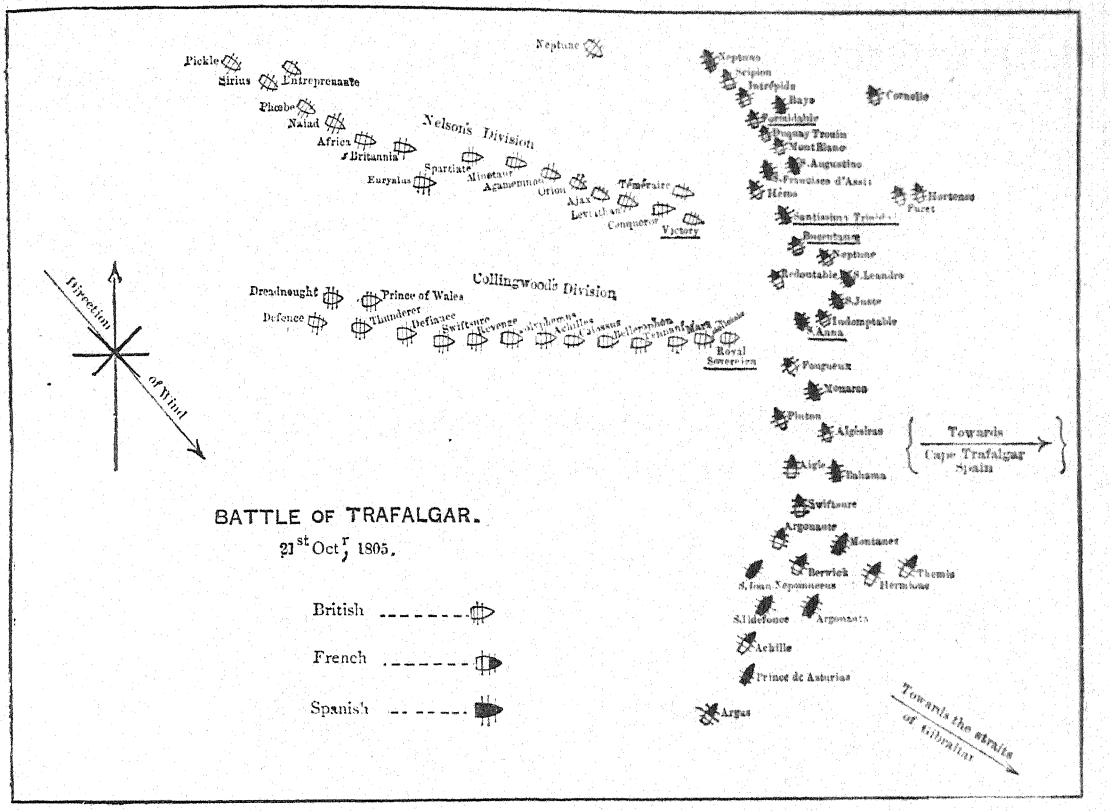
But there was more waiting yet before the battle began to burn in grim red life. The breezes were fitful, and the allies full of clumsy caution. It was not till the 21st that the fleets came together, and the British were able to force an action.

At 8.30 of that historical morning, De Villeneuve made the signal for his ships to form in close order on the port tack, thereby to bring Cadiz on his lee bow, and facilitate, if necessary, his escape into that port. The order was obeyed clumsily, and what with unskilful seamanship, light breeze, and heavy ground-swell, the resulting formation was crudely crescent-shaped, the ships clustering in knots and bunches, with great green gaps of tenantless water between them. And to this thirty-three sail of the line bore down on them in two columns from the windward twenty-seven British war-ships under every stitch of canvas that they could show, yet making a bare three knots with the catspaws that played over the swells.

The English commander-in-chief had hoisted his flag on his old 100-gun ship *Victory*, and in her led the van of the weather column. He was a little, slight, one-armed man, blind of one eye, and most shabbily dressed. The seams of his uniform frock coat were threadbare, the fabric white with sea salt, the gold lace tarnished to black, flattened rags. Amongst the folds of the left breast were four frayed, lack-lustre stars, dull caricatures of what had once been brilliant decorations. He was a most slatternly admiral.

ours. But what he said went home to the hearts of that rough, fighting crew, and a bubble of cheers rippled against his heels throughout all his progress along those narrow 'tween decks. They knew what a fight was, and they knew what a fight that little, shabby man would give them. The joy of battle was as meat and drink to them, and they licked their lips and made their noises of glee, like dogs held back on a chain. Their one wish was for close action.

Amongst the officers on the quarter-deck a



There might be little of Lord Nelson remaining, but of what there was, the quality was excellent. His solitary eye was as bright as a bird's. His brain was the most perfect sea-brain that ever schemed a tactic. In a ship's company where all were active, none were more active than he. As his vessel lunged over the Atlantic swells, nearing the enemy, he visited all the different decks, overseeing everything himself, and addressing the men at their quarters, and cautioning them not to fire a single shot without being certain that it would find a suitable resting-place.

He spoke in the rough sea-argot of his day, which differs from the more refined speech of

different topic was being discussed. They were men without a single thought for their own lives, but their reverence for Lord Nelson was idolatrous, and their fears for him heavy. It seemed to them that on his safety alone depended the success of the day; and as things were going, they knew that it must soon be desperately imperilled.

The *Victory*, both as van-ship of a column, and as bearing at her fore the flag of the commander-in-chief, would inevitably draw down upon herself all the concentrated force of the enemy's first fire, and the slaughter on her decks would be murderously heavy.

It was an awkward task to put this to the

admiral, a man notoriously careless of his own personal safety ; but when he returned from his tour of inspection, his anxious officers clustered round him, and one of them spoke the wishes of all.

Would he not allow the *Téméraire*, then close astern, to slip past him, and as van-ship take off the brunt of the first fire ?

"There, Hardy," he said, as he came back to the quarterdeck, "let the 'Temeraires' open the ball if they can—which they most assuredly can't. I think there's nothing more to be done now, is there, till we open fire ? Oh, yes ; stay a minute, though. I suppose I must give the fleet something as a final fillip. Let me see. How would this do—'Nelson expects that every man will do his duty' ?"



LORD COLLINGWOOD.
(From an Engraving by Charles Turner.)

Nelson laughed, and turned to Hardy, his flag-captain.

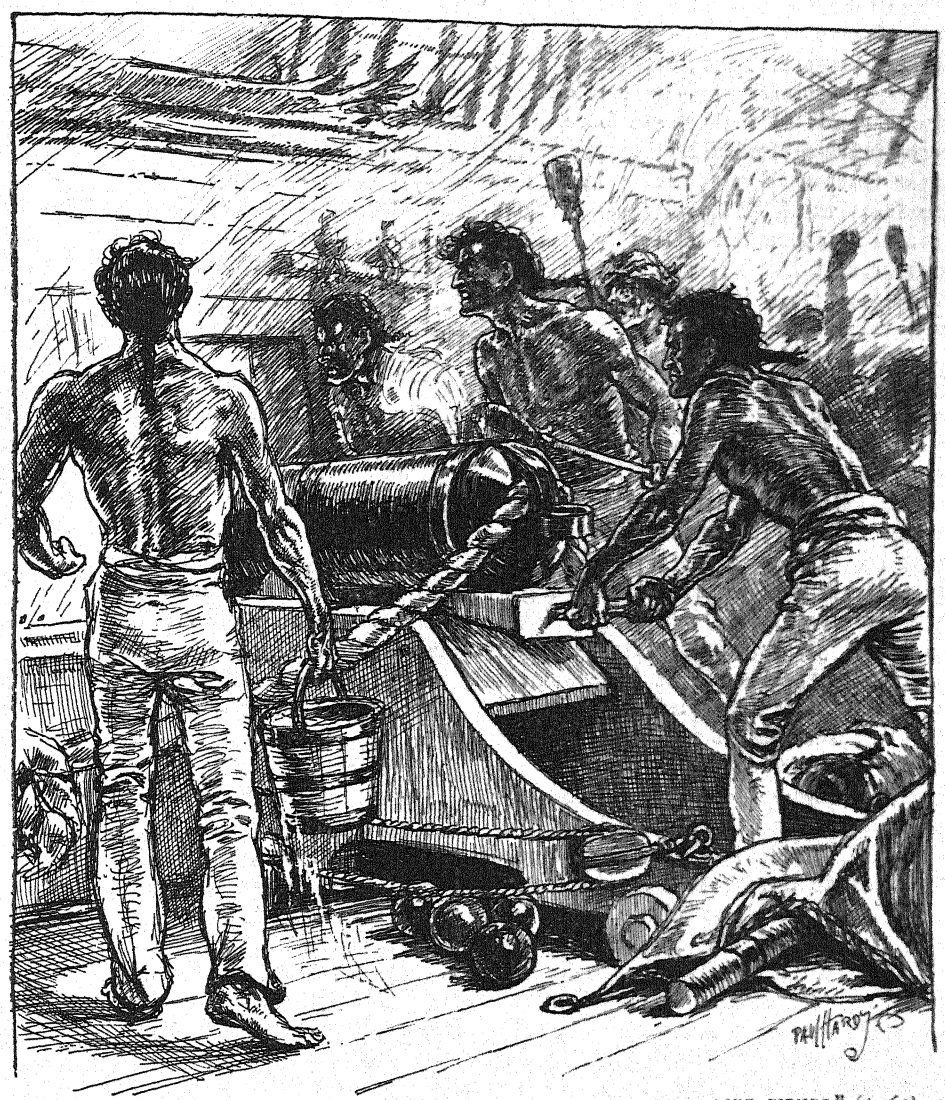
"Oh, yes," he said; "let her go ahead if she can."

Captain Hardy faced the taffrail, and hailed the *Téméraire*. His chief, still laughing, ran forward along the decks to the officers in command of the sail-trimmers, giving eager orders—a pull at a brace here, at a sheet there. The *Téméraire* might race him into action, but he would take care that the *Victory* should be first engaged.

Captain Hardy suggested that "England expects" would be better, and on Nelson rapturously consenting, the message went up flag by flag, and broke out in a dazzle of colour at the *Victory's* mizzen topgallant masthead. A hundred telescopes read the bunting, and when the message was translated to the British crews, their wild, exultant cheers spread out over the ocean's swell like the rattle of musketry.

Only one other signal was made, and that was belayed fast to the *Victory's* main truck and stayed there till it was shot away. It read: "Engage the enemy more closely." But it did not incite any special enthusiasm. It was Nelson's customary order on going into action, and was taken entirely as a matter of course. The Island seamen of that day were never chary of coming to hand-grips when they got the chance. They had entire confidence in pike and cutlass and club-butted pistol when wielded by their own lusty selves, and a superb contempt for the physical powers of Don and Frenchman, both of which matters were very serviceable to their success.

It was just before noon that the French *Fougueux* opened fire upon Vice-Admiral Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*, and, as though it had been a signal, the two admirals' flags broke out at their fore-mastheads, and the ships of both fleets hoisted their ensigns. The wind was very light, the sea oil-smoth, with a great ground-swell setting in from the westward. A glaring sun from out a cobalt sky blazed down on the freshly-painted flanks of the French and Spanish ships, and for a moment the fluttering national flags lit the scene with brilliant splashes of red and blue and white and gold. Then the grey powder-smoke filled the air in thicker volumes, and the flags and the ships themselves



"THE 'ROYAL SOVEREIGNS' STUCK TO THEIR GUNS, AND FOUGHT THEM LIKE FIENDS" (*p.* 62).

disappeared in its mist, and only the lurid crimson flashes of the guns shone out to tell that the fight had begun from every battery that had drawn into range.

To the first salute of iron and lead the *Royal Sovereign* made no response in kind. She held grimly on in silence, with her sail-trimmers working as though they were at a peace review ; but when she drew astern of the great three-decker *Santa Anna*, the gun-captains of the port batteries drew the lanyards as their pieces bore. The guns were double-shotted, and so great was the precision of their murderous, raking fire that no less than fourteen of the Spaniard's guns were disabled and four hundred of her crew either killed or wounded.

At the same time, in passing, she let fly her starboard broadside into the *Fougueux* in the endeavour to pay her the somewhat similar compliment of raking her from forward aft ; but, owing to the distance and the smoke, that discharge did but comparatively little damage.

"Ah!" said Collingwood to his flag-captain ; "they've got off this time, but we'll give them gruel later on. By Jove, Rotheram, this is a sweet place, isn't it? What would Nelson give to be here just now?"

"And," says James in his history, "by a singular coincidence Lord Nelson, the moment he saw his friend in his enviable position, exclaimed, 'See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!'"

Having in this way played the overture to the great opera which was to follow, Admiral Collingwood put his helm a-starboard, and ranged so close alongside the *Santa Anna* that their guns were nearly muzzle to muzzle. The cannonade between the two three-deckers was something terrific, but the *Royal Sovereign* soon had more than one opponent battering at her. The *Fougueux* bore up and raked her astern ; ahead the *San Leandro* wore and raked her in the other direction ; whilst upon the Island ship's starboard bow and quarter were the *San Juste* and *Indomptable*, completing the ring of fire.

Under such a murderous attack, any other crew might well have been driven below ; but the "Royal Sovereigns" stuck to their guns, and, stripped to the waist, fought them like fiends. So incessant was the fire that they frequently saw the cannon-shot clash against one another in mid-air ; and, moreover, they could congratulate themselves that the ships which ringed them in quite as often hit friend as foe.

Aware at length of this injury which they were receiving from their own fire, and observing that four more British ships were already looming through the battle mist as they bore down to the support of their leader, the four two-deckers, one by one, drew off to attend to other affairs, and the *Royal Sovereign* took up position upon her big opponent's lee bow. The British *Belleisle* threw in a broadside as she passed to the thick of the fight beyond, and then Admiral Collingwood had the Spanish admiral all to himself. Though mounting 112 guns to her opponent's 100, the *Santa Anna's* crew were beginning to learn that in the practical fighting of these guns there were other men who could beat them. Splinters flew, men were cut in half by the raining shot, and spars fell clattering down from aloft, and still the fire kept up. At the end of seventy minutes the *Santa Anna's* masts were all over the side, and still her officers would not surrender ; and it was not till 2.15 p.m. that she finally struck and was taken in possession.

The *Royal Sovereign* herself was in little better plight. Her mizzenmast she had already lost, and no sooner did she drive down a little ahead of the prize, to put herself somewhat to rights, than her mainmast went over the starboard side, tearing off two of the lower deck ports in its crashing fall. With foremast shot through in ten places, and rigging in bights and streamers, the victor was almost in as unmanageable a plight as the Spanish three-decker which she had so gallantly fought and captured.

But meanwhile, the hottest centre of the action was elsewhere. Lord Nelson had, time past, in a two-decker, shown with point how little he feared coming in contact with a Spanish first-rater, and the *Santissima Trinidad*—the towering four-decker towards which he first steered—had already known what it was to dread and flee from him. But though on Trafalgar day he directed his course first towards this old opponent, it was not with the intention of attacking her. A Spanish rear-admiral was but poor game when a French vice-admiral commanded the allied fleet, and it was Pierre Charles Jean Baptiste Sylvestre de Villeneuve whom he had marked out for his first quarry in that world-famous sea-fight.

The powder-mist was thickening down, and human eyes could not peer far through it. Although every glass on board the *Victory* was quartering the grey haze, not one could discover a ship with the French admiral's flag, and Nelson fumed with disappointment. The four-decker's

flag at the mizzen could be made out, and some signals were occasionally seen at the main of two or three other vessels; but no French ensign flew at the fore to denote an admiral's flagship. Often did the little chieftain himself, with his remaining eye, cast a puckered glance towards the Franco-Spanish line in search of that ship which he so lusted to fight and capture; and so lightly did he value personal risk that, though urged more than once on the subject, he would not suffer the hammocks to be stowed one inch higher than usual, preferring rather to risk the pelting of grape and musketry than have his view in any way obstructed.

At last the *Bucentaure* fired a shot at the *Victory*, which then, with studding-sails set on both sides, was making scarcely a knot-and-a-half through the water. The shot fell short, but others followed, and others, until at last one plunged through the belly of a sail.

A minute or so of awful silence followed, and then, as if by signal from the French admiral, the eight weathermost vessels opened upon the *Victory* such a tornado of fire as had never before been borne by one single ship, and perhaps never will be again. The wind had died away to a mere breath, and she lifted over the swells with scarcely steerage-way on her. Not a gun could be brought to bear. Her mizzen-topmast was shot away, the wheel was smashed, and the ship had to be steered by the tiller in the gun-room. A double-headed shot killed outright eight marines on the poop and wounded some others. And meanwhile the admiral and his flag-captain continued their quarter-deck promenade as though dinner required digestion and a sea-battle was the last thing in the world to trouble their thoughts.

Presently a shot smashed through the launch as she lay on the booms, and, passing between Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy, bruised the left foot of the latter, tearing the buckle from his shoe. They both instantly stopped and looked inquiringly, each supposing the other to be wounded.

"Neither touched? Lucky!" said Nelson. "We're getting it now, aren't we? But this work is too warm to last long, Hardy. We'll give it 'em back directly, and then they'll see our lads know how to hand back punishment as well as take it. By Jove, aren't the crew behaving beautifully? I've been in one or two fights in my time, but I never saw such pluck as this ship's company is showing to-day."

"They're behaving splendidly," replied Hardy. "And they'll be using themselves directly, please the Lord. But the enemy are closing up their line. Look! we can't get through without running one of them aboard."

"I can't help that," replied Nelson; "and I don't see it much matters which we tackle first. Take your choice. Go on board which you please."

By this time the *Victory* had a loss of fifty men in killed and wounded, her studding-sail booms were shot off like carrots at the iron, and her canvas was like fishing-nets; but now she began to pay back in kind what she had received. A forecastle 68-pounder carronade, loaded with a round shot and 500 musket balls was delivered through the *Bucentaure's* cabin-windows as an envoy of what was coming—to wit, a treble shotted broadside at fathom range. The effect of this terrible salute was to disable 400 men and 20 guns, and reduce the *Bucentaure* to a comparatively defenceless state. Then the British ship went on and engaged the *Neptune* and the *Redoutable*.

The *Neptune*, not liking the look of things, kept her distance; so Hardy ported his helm and laid the *Victory* alongside the *Redoutable*, where she was soon pinned by the interfouling of their gear. The French, when they saw collision inevitable, shut their lower-deck ports and fired from them no more; but whilst the ships' black flanks ground against one another to the liftings of the swell, the British fought their guns like men possessed, and dashed water after the shots lest their hoped-for prize should catch fire before she was taken.

But the *Redoutable* had by no means surrendered yet. The fire from her upper decks continued, and a still more destructive fire poured down from the brass swivels mounted in her tops. It was a ball from one of these last which has rendered the battle off Trafalgar shoals doubly memorable down through history.

As they had been doing all through the engagement, Lord Nelson and his flag-captain were continuing their parade up and down the centre of the poop-deck. With his usual disregard for personal comfort when the claims of the service came in, Nelson had caused his cabin skylight to be removed when he hoisted his flag on the *Victory*, and the gap filled in with planking. This gave an uninterrupted passage-way between the two lines of guns. They had arrived within one pace of the regular turning spot at the cabin ladder-way, when the admiral suddenly faced about. Hardy turned also, and saw his chief in the act of falling.

"You're never hit?" he cried.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy."

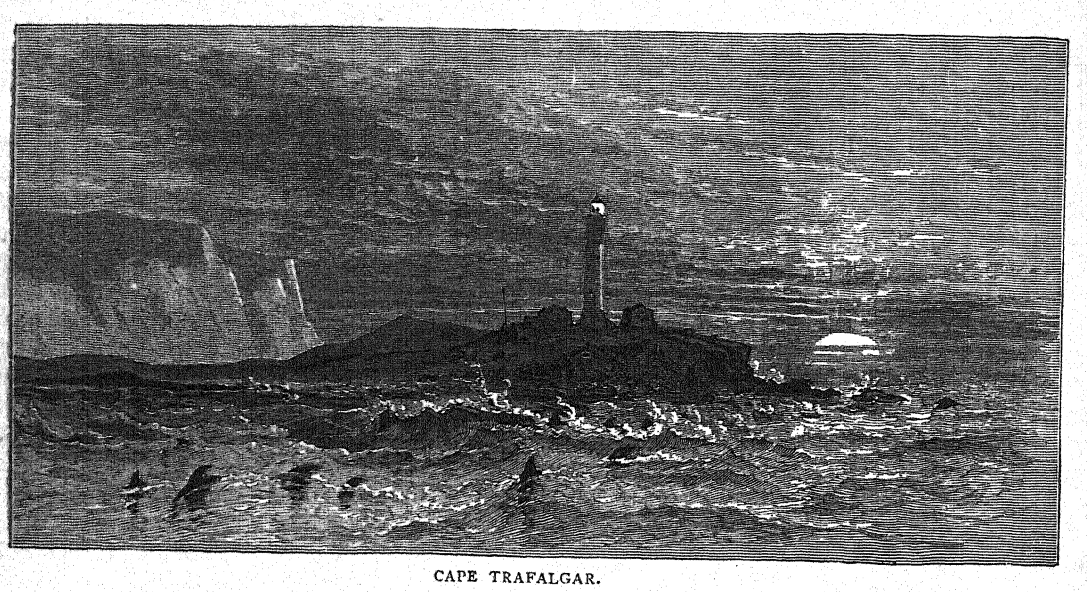
"Oh! I hope not."

"Yes," replied the admiral quietly, "my backbone is shot through."

And that, indeed, was very near the truth.

But admiral or powder-boy, in action the treatment is much the same. A marine and two seamen took the wounded man below, and the fight went on without a check. The fire from the *Redoutable's* tops as well as from her second-deck guns, which were pointed upwards, proved terribly destructive, and nearly outside the combat by repelling that gallant assault.

It was the *Redoutable's* final effort. For some time before she had been engaging the *Téméraire* on her port side, and now the British ship, getting athwart her bows, lashed her bowsprit to his gangway and raked her till she surrendered. She had only her foremast left standing, and out of a crew of 643 had 300 killed and 222 wounded, including nearly every one of her officers. But of the ships on the losing side that day, the *Redoutable* fought the best fight of all.



CAPE TRAFALGAR.

the whole of the men and officers on the *Victory's* upper deck fell killed or wounded.

The French were not slow to perceive their chance. The bellying curve of the two ships prevented their stepping from bulwark to bulwark, but they lowered their mainyard for a bridge, and across that streamed over to the assault.

"Boarders repel boarders!"

The cry was yelled through the 'tween decks by furious panting officers, and the half-naked men, filthy with gunpowder and blood, streamed up the hatchways in answer. With axe and pike, pistol and cutlass, rammer and tearing fingers, they made their onset; and though the French fought like wolves to retain a footing, the Islanders ravened at them like bulldogs so long as one remained alive upon their sacred deck planks.

Another thirty of the *Victory's* crew were put

The *Téméraire* herself had meanwhile been getting badly mauled in the rigging, and as her gaff had been shot away, her ensign had fluttered to the deck. Oberving this, the French *Fougueux*, then for the moment disengaged, and with 680 men still unhurt, fancied she saw a good opportunity for taking a prize, and bore down upon her. The *Téméraire* was quite prepared. Whilst Hervey, her captain, devoted his attention to the *Redoutable* to port, Kennedy, his first lieutenant, assembled a portion of the crew to starboard, and manned the starboard batteries. They delivered their fire at 100 yards. Crippled and confused, the *Fougueux* ran foul of the British ship and was lashed there, and then Kennedy, accompanied by two midshipmen and a couple of dozen of seamen and marines, boarded her in the port main rigging.

A madder, more reckless piece of work was, perhaps, not done in all that desperate day. The

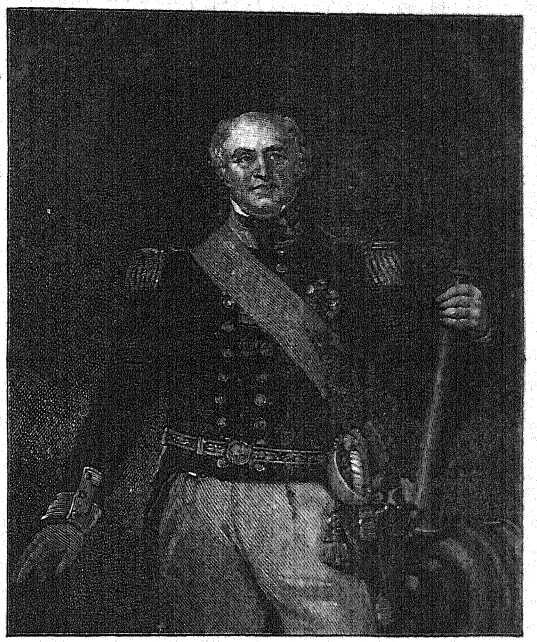


THE DEATH OF NELSON.

(By D. Maclise, R.A. By permission of the Art Union of London.)

Frenchman had quite 500 men left sound and scatheless; and yet that handful of "Temeraires," by sheer dash and insane valour, drove these before them with the bare steel, slaying many, and forcing the rest overboard or down the hatchways; so that in ten minutes the great French two-decker was entirely their own.

To look back now at the *Belleisle*. After throwing in, whilst passing, a broadside to the *Royal Sovereign's* antagonist, the *Santa Anna*, this British 74 sustained for the next twenty minutes a tremendous fire from half a dozen different ships. Her rigging was terribly cut up, and she lost sixty men. Then, whilst the wreck of her mizzenmast masked her after guns, the French *Achille* engaged her with comparative impunity, whilst the *Aigle* gave it her on the starboard side, and other ships fired into her as they passed. Later, the French *Neptune* came up, and shooting away her remaining masts by the board reduced her to a helpless hulk. It seemed as though she had to choose between strike or sink.



SIR THOMAS MASTERMAN HARDY.
(From the Picture by R. Evans.)

Her hull was almost knocked to pieces; guns were unshipped, and lay on a pulp of torn carriages and men; ports, port-timbers, channels, chain-plates, anchors, boats, spars, were all reduced to splintered wood and twisted iron; but she fired with the few guns she could use, and when the *Swiftsure* came up to her rescue she hoisted a Union Jack on a pike, and sent up a thin cheer from amongst the tangled wreckage. Her loss in men was fearfully severe; but though she was totally unmanageable, her gun-crews stood by their weapons and fired at any enemy that came within range to the very end of the action.

In the meanwhile other ships which had been left behind by failure of the wind came up into the hot *mêlée*, and began by finishing off what others had begun. The English *Neptune* poured a broadside into the *Bucentaure*, Nelson's first antagonist, and knocked away the main and mizzen masts. The *Leviathan* gave her another dose at thirty yards, smashing her stern into matchwood, and the *Conqueror* soon afterwards did the same, bringing down her one remaining stick, and with it her flag. A marine officer and five men went off in a boat to take possession, and he found that Nelson had guessed right: the *Bucentaure* was indeed the ship of the allies' commander-in-chief.

De Villeneuve and his two captains offered their swords to the marine, but he, thinking it more properly belonged to his captain to disarm officers of their rank, declined the honour of receiving them. Having secured the magazine and put the key in his pocket, and placed one of his men as sentry at each cabin door, the marine clapped the admiral and captains in his boat, and with his three remaining hands pulled away. The *Conqueror*, however, had proceeded elsewhere in chase, but at length the boat-load was picked up by the *Mars*, her sister ship. Lieutenant Hennah, however, the acting commander of the *Mars*, had no nice scruples about illustrious prisoners. He curtly ordered De Villeneuve and his friends below, and went on fighting.

The *Leviathan* meanwhile, meeting with the Spanish 74 *San Augustino*, had another set-to at a hundred-yards range. The Spaniard attempted a raking fire, but by sheer seamanship the British two-decker avoided this and poured one in herself at pistol range. Down went like a falling tree the *San Augustino's* mizzenmast, and with it her colours; and then to make certain that she should strike in fact, as she had done in accident, the *Leviathan* laid her on board. A smart and well-directed fire cleared the upper decks, and then the British third

lieutenant and a party of seamen and marines followed it up and took her without further opposition.

Scarcely had the *Leviathan* lashed this prize to herself than the *Intrépide*, a fresh ship from the allied fleet, came surging up; and after raking the *Leviathan* ahead, ranged up along her starboard side and prepared for close action. Here, however, she got more than she wanted, for the *Africa*, another late-comer of the Island fleet, dropped in to share her fire and return it with compound interest. The *Africa*, which was only a 64-gun ship, got a tremendous mauling, but she half knocked her big antagonist into her primitive staves, put two hundred of her crew *hors de combat*, and in the end forced her to strike.

Thus, one after another, of the nineteen ships composing the rear of the allies, eleven had been captured and one burnt, while seven quitted the line and ran to leeward. The burnt ship was the French 74 *Achille*, which, in passing encounters with other craft, had lost her mizzenmast, main-topmast, and foreyard, and was also on fire in her foretop. Her fire-engine had been wrecked by a gunshot, and as the flames could not be extinguished, the only alternative was to cut away the mast in its entirety, so that it might fall clear of the ship. The crew were about to do this when a furious broadside from the *Prince* cut the mast in two about its centre, and the wreck with its spouting flames fell directly upon the boats in the waist. These soon caught fire also, and the blaze bit into the wooden fabric of the ship itself and crept hungrily down to the decks below.

The *Prince*, seeing what had befallen her antagonist, ceased fire and hove-to, and then, with the *Swiftsure*, hoisted out all the boats left that would float, to save the *Achille*'s crew. It was a dangerous service, because the guns of the blazing ship fired of their own accord when the fire reached them, and the *Swiftsure*'s boats had three men killed by the shot. That the *Achille* had already suffered heavy loss may be judged from the fact that her senior surviving officer was a midshipman. He, however—poor fellow!—perished with most of his crew when the ship exploded. But to his credit be it said that the *Achille* went down with her colours flying, an untaken ship.

And now let us return for a minute and look at the British commander-in-chief. Though conscious of having been smitten by his death-wound, and being in the most excruciating agony of body, his thoughts were still for the fleet's success rather than for himself. As the three bearers were carrying him down the steep ladders to the lower deck, he observed that at least a dozen men were trying to control the jumpings of the tiller, by which the *Victory* had been steered since her wheel was shot away. He sharply bade one of those with him to get relieving tackles rigged without delay; and then another thought struck him. At any moment any of the men who were fighting the guns might recognise him; might pass the word along; and the crew, on hearing that the chief whom they so worshipped had fallen, would be damped and disheartened. In another man this might have been egotism—in Nelson it was a just recognition of the facts; and when with his one remaining hand he spread a handkerchief over his face, so that the features might not be recognised, he proved how truly he had at heart the interests of the day.

The scene in the cockpit to which the dying man was carried was a thing which we can, happily, never reproduce again in real life nowadays. Picture a small wooden den, alive with the writhings of the wounded, and cumbered with dismembered limbs; the warm, sour air thick with dust and powder-smoke; foul cockroaches shambling along the beams, and frightened rats scuttling behind the ceiling. And in the thick of it all, by the light of three miserable "purser's dips" in dull horn-windowed lanterns, which barely made darkness visible with their smoky yellow gleam, were the surgeon and his mates sweating, swearing, slashing, all splashed with horrid red, "turning out Greenwich pensioners" (as the phrase ran then) of every poor wretch who came alive into their hands. There was little conservative surgery in 1805. If a limb was wounded, off it came. There was no reducing a fracture; and—there were no anæsthetics. The surgeon was like the times, rough-and-ready; and whilst he plied saw and amputating-knife, his lusty mates pinned down the shrieking victim like an ox in the shambles.

The admiral received all the attention this poor place could give. He was laid on a spread-out hammock bed, which rested on the deck planks, stripped of his clothes, and examined by Beatty, the surgeon. The diagnosis was only too certain: there was not a vestige of hope; and his life would be hours of anguish and torment till death gave him lasting ease.

The deck beams above him buckled and creaked to the working of the guns; the deck

planks on which he rested swung to the kick of furious broadsides; and the din of the fight drowned the moanings of the maimed around him. Between the maddening spasms of torture, the battle's outcome was his sole thought during that terrible lingering in the gateway of Death. Again and again he sent anxious messages to his flag-captain, but it was not till more than an hour after the admiral had received his wound that Captain Hardy could find a moment's respite from his duties in order to visit the cockpit.

They shook hands affectionately, and Nelson said—

"Well, Hardy, how goes the battle? How goes the day with us?"

"Very well, my lord. We have got twelve or fourteen of the enemies' ships in our possession. But five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down on the *Victory*. I have therefore called two or three of our fresh ships round us, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope none of our ships have struck, Hardy?"

"No, my lord. There is small fear of that."

"Well, I am a dead man, Hardy, but I am glad of what you say. Oh, whip them now you've got 'em; whip them as they've never been whipped before."

Another fifty minutes passed before the flag-captain could come below again, but this time he was able to report that the number of captures was fourteen or fifteen.

"That's better," replied the dying man, "though I bargained for twenty. And now, anchor, Hardy—anchor."

"I suppose, my lord, that Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs?"

"Not while I live," said Nelson, raising himself on his elbow and then falling back. "No; I command here—yet. No. Do *you* anchor, Hardy."

"Then shall *we* make the signal, my lord?"

"Yes," said Nelson, "for, if I live, I'll anchor." There was a silence for a minute, broken only by the dull booming of guns, and then, in a faint voice, "I say, Hardy," whispered the admiral.

"Yes."

"Don't have my poor carcase hove overboard. Get what's left of me sent to England, if you can manage it. Good-bye, Hardy. I've done my duty, and I thank God for it."

The flag-captain could not speak. He squeezed his chieftain's hand, and left the cockpit; and ten minutes later Horatio, Viscount Nelson, stepped in rank with the world's greatest warriors who are dead.

The news was taken to the *Royal Sovereign*, and Vice-Admiral Collingwood assumed the command. Hardy carried it himself, and at the same time delivered Lord Nelson's dying request that both the fleet and prizes should come to an anchor as soon as practicable. An on-shore gale was imminent, the shoals of Cape Trafalgar were under their lee, and scarcely a ship was left fully rigged. Many, indeed, were entirely dismasted, and in tow either of the frigates or of their less-mauled fellows. But, bosom friends though they had always been, Nelson and Collingwood were diametrically opposed in their plans of proceeding. "What!" the new admiral exclaimed when he heard the message, "anchor the fleet? Why, it is the last thing I should have thought of."

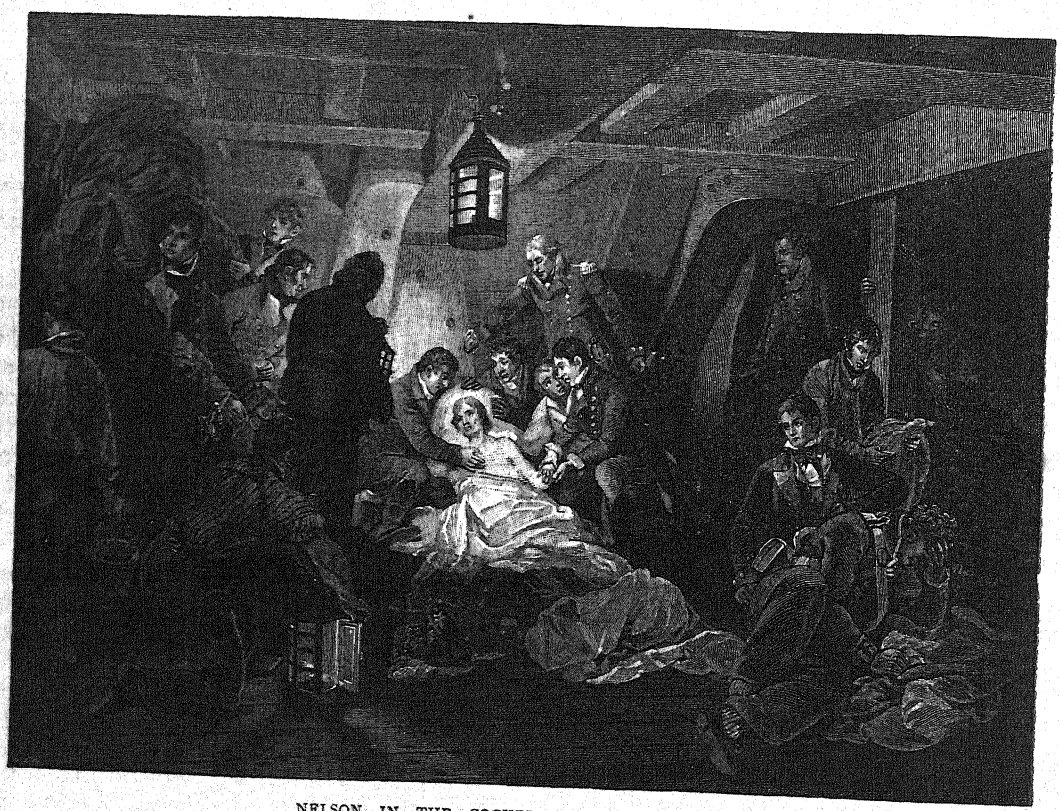
The fleet was not anchored, and the British ships and their prizes were ordered to stand out to sea. But the rising gale moaned round them as though singing a dirge for the dead, and the power of the elements was more than a match for the most superb seamanship on all the oceans. Out of eighteen prizes captured, four were retaken by the allied ships, which swooped down on their worn-out prize crews; some were driven ashore and wrecked; some foundered at sea with all hands; one was scuttled; and of the total only four were brought safely to the British naval station in Gibraltar Bay.

There have been other actions between French and British ships since 1805, but never one of any magnitude. The sea power of France and her ally was broken for good, and with it was made the first real move towards the overthrow of Napoleon. The victory was due to the prestige and genius of one man, and he died in the moment of his triumph. His death has been regretted, but who shall say that he could have gained any worldly advantage by remaining on? He died at the zenith of his fame, and he could not have added to it, because no great battle had afterwards to be fought. Had he survived, he would have had a triumphal entry into London, with honours and riches showered on him. And after that? Would his old age have been without reproach? It is open to doubt.

As it befell, he was accorded a magnificent national funeral, a niche in Westminster Abbey,

and statues all over the Islands whose safety he so gallantly preserved. His failings are forgotten; his name is a household word—*sans peur, sans reproche*.

How different a fate was that of the man who fought against him! De Villeneuve lay a prisoner in England till 1806, and then obtained his freedom. On his journey to Paris he stopped at Rennes to learn how the Emperor would receive him. On the morning of April 22nd he was found dead in bed, with six knife-wounds in his heart.



NELSON IN THE COCKPIT OF THE *VICTORY*.
(*From the Picture by A. W. Devis.*)

THE BATTLE OF BRODY
THE POLISH INSURRECTION OF 1863
BY H SUTHERLAND EDWARDS

IN England, where fortunately we have known nothing of rebellion for the last 200 years, popular risings are always attributed to tyrannical government on the part of the rulers. The Polish insurrection, however, of 1863 was due in the first instance to laxity on the part of the rulers. During the Crimean War, when the Russians had Turkey, France, England, Sardinia, and virtually Austria to contend with, the Poles did not move a hand against the Government, severe as it had always been, of the Emperor Nicholas. Alexander II., on the other hand, who ruled over Russia and over Poland when the insurrection of 1863 broke out, was a particularly mild sovereign, and though he had introduced no organic reforms into Poland, nevertheless ruled the country with moderation. The use of the Polish language in the Government offices and in the schools, without being formally permitted, was openly tolerated. Several useful institutions — some of them, such as the Agricultural Society, of a national and patriotic character — had been founded without the least opposition on the part of the Government. No recruits had been taken for the army since the peace of 1856; and meanwhile the country, without being rendered happy, was growing prosperous and rich. The number of troops maintained in Poland was exceptionally small, and under the new reign there had been no examples of political persecution.

Things were far less quiet in Russia proper, where the emancipation of the serfs had suggested to the landed proprietors that they also ought to be liberated; that they ought to be allowed some voice in the government of the country instead of being treated as the subjects of a pure despotism. Numbers of intelligent but scarcely well-informed men among the Poles looked upon the emancipation of the serfs in Russia as the removal of the keystone on which the whole political edifice rested. They saw at the same time that Italy had been set free by the Emperor of the French, and conceived a hope—not unsupported at the Tuileries—that what Napoleon III. had done for the Italians he would next do for the Poles. Russia in her disorganised condition would not (they said to themselves) be able to make any formidable resistance to the legions sent against her by the conqueror of Magenta and of Solferino. France, moreover, could without difficulty secure the support of Austria; and the makers of political programmes had already arranged that Austria should give up Galicia towards the formation of a new and enlarged kingdom of Poland, receiving in return for her lost territory the so-called Danubian provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, now known collectively as Roumania. This audacious proposition fills one at the present moment with astonishment; but the prosperous future of the two great Hospodarates, soon to be united in one principality and ultimately to be raised to the position of an independent kingdom, could not then be foreseen. France and Austria, in any intervention they might undertake on behalf of Poland, could, it was thought, count on some measure of support from England—what is called moral support, if nothing more.

Several Polish anniversaries were celebrated by patriotic demonstrations; and these manifestations of national spirit and the spirit of independence assumed at last so serious a character that the Russians forbade them, but without bringing them to an end. At last there was a collision between unresisting, unarmed Polish patriots and Russian troops. There were several victims, and the dead bodies of those who had fallen were exhibited and their photographs circulated among the indignant population of Warsaw. These tragic scenes were repeated. Meanwhile numerous arrests had been made, and soon the prisons of Warsaw were full. Troops,

moreover, had been telegraphed for, and the feeble garrison was quickly reinforced.

While repressing public manifestations the Government—on the recommendation of the Marquis Wielopolski, a genuine patriot but a hard, unsympathetic man, who was most unpopular with his fellow-countrymen — introduced reforms of considerable importance, which, however, were received not only without gratitude but with ridicule by the Poles, who regarded these concessions as the outcome merely of fear. The Emperor sent his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, to Warsaw in the character of viceroy. But the extreme party—the party of action—were opposed to all attempts at reconciliation. The Grand Duke and his Minister, the before-mentioned Marquis, were both attacked by assassins, and all possibility of quelling the agitation, which had now become formidable, seemed at an end. Wielopolski's reforms were, however, persisted in. They consisted, briefly, in the exclusion from Poland of all but Polish officials; of the institution of municipal councils and of a university at which richly-salaried chairs were offered to professors from Poland and other Slavonic countries; and, finally, of a regular system of recruitment in lieu of the arbitrary conscription or proscription which had been practised under the Emperor Nicholas.

But before introducing the new system of recruitment, Wielopolski thought it absolutely necessary to get rid of the most irreconcilable enemies of Russia by means of the old one. He knew from the reports of his agents that arms had been secretly introduced into Warsaw, and that a rising was to take place on the night of the 15th of February. He resolved to anticipate this movement, which would be fatal to all his plans for the good of his country, by seizing as recruits, and carrying off to the army, some 2,000 of the most determined of the would-be insurgents. The attempt made on the night of the 14th to execute the conscription in the old proscription style was itself the signal for the rising. The Russians, the Poles of the moderate and so-called aristocratic party, and generally those who knew nothing of the insurrectionary project, thought the next morning that the danger had passed.

But in the evening the Central National Committee—soon to become a government in itself—held a secret meeting, at which it was decided to order a general rising for the 22nd. Couriers were sent out in every direction; and in spite of the great number of persons engaged in preparing the outbreak, the secret was so well kept that on the night of the 22nd it took place simultaneously in all parts of the country. At Warsaw the soldiers were to have been surprised in the guard-houses and the barracks, and with the arms taken from them the citadel was to have been attacked. This plan of action was attended with success when tried on a small scale in some of the little country towns. But it was impossible in Warsaw, where in and about the city were some 50,000 troops. The party of action thought with regret of the time, nearly two years before, when they had first proposed to commence the insurrection, and when the Warsaw garrison numbered only 5,000.

The insurrection of 1863 was once described by a Pole as a "patriotic eruption." It broke out over the face of the whole country, and it was difficult to allay; otherwise its symptoms were not very terrible. The Russians always maintained that the movement was not spontaneous, but that it was started and maintained by the "cosmopolitan revolution," with its Polish, Hungarian, and Italian adherents. Revolutionists of all nations did, in fact, join the insurgent bands, but it was the Poles themselves who formed them. Bands of insurgents from 300 or 400 to 3,000 or 4,000 strong soon showed themselves in all parts of Russian Poland, in the so-called kingdom of Poland as formed in 1815, in Lithuania, and in the Polono-Ruthenian provinces of Volhynia, Podolia, and Kiev. In estimating the forces at the disposal of the Polish National Government it would be a mistake to count those insurgents only who at any time were actually in the field. Everyone who joined a detachment organised by the National Junta became a soldier of the Polish National Army, and had to obey orders, not only as long as his detachment remained in the field (generally only a few hours after its first collision with the enemy), but as long as the insurrection lasted. If the band to which he belonged was driven in, he had to report himself to headquarters, and so hold himself in readiness to start again for the frontier at the shortest notice. I say "for the frontier," because it was usually within easy reach of the Austrian or Prussian frontier that the engagements between the Polish insurgents and the Russian troops took place. When a detachment of insurgents sought refuge in the Polish province of Posen, its members were usually arrested by the Prussian authorities. The

officials, however, in Galicia were better disposed towards the insurgent Poles; or perhaps they wished to give a strong hint to Russia as to what they could do against her, should they ever feel called upon to furnish aid to a Polish insurrection.

The Polish Junta had organised a service of spies and executioners called National Gendarmes. It was their duty to terrify the spies on the Russan side, and to teach patriotism to Polish peasants by hanging them if they declined to join the insurrection. The Junta also employed a body of commissioners for collecting taxes and giving and receiving information of various kinds. The war-tax amounted to 10 per cent. on clear income, and was, or ought to have been, paid by everyone except the peasants, who were not allowed to pay anything to anybody, and who were so petted by both Governments that they would have been quite spoilt had they not already been beyond the possibility of spoiling. The Russians tried to make the Polish peasant fight against his ancestral master, while the Poles tried to make him fight against the Russian Government. After taking what he could get from both sides, the Polish peasant remained quietly at home, as a rule, doing no work, paying no rent, and enjoying himself after his own fashion. In no instance, however, could the Polish peasant be persuaded to do battle for the Russians; whereas in certain districts and on particular estates he really fought well for his own people.

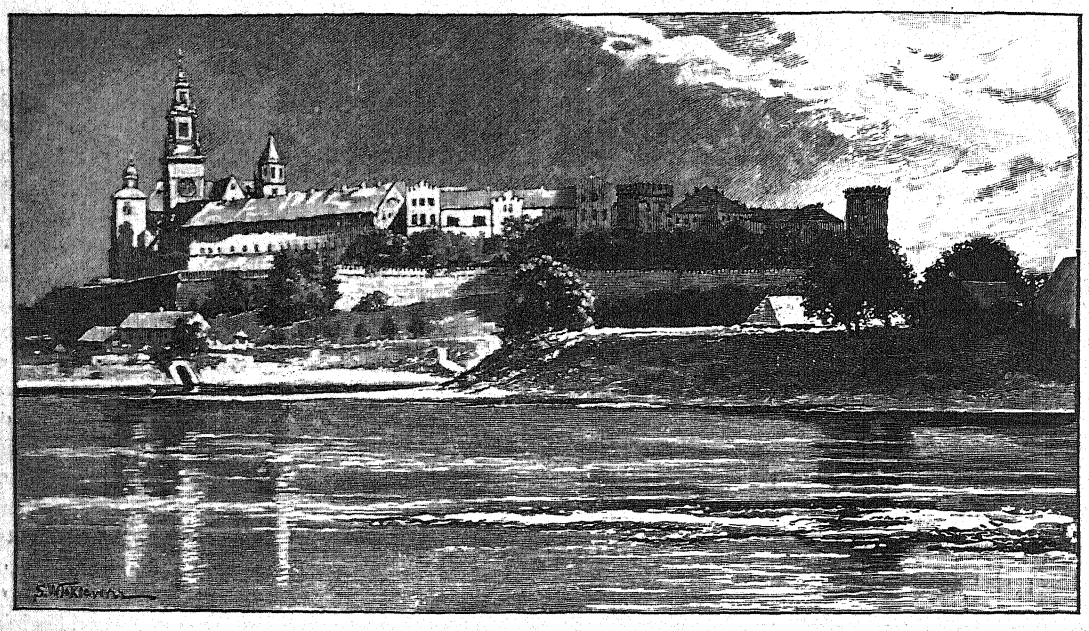
As an example of the way in which Polish insurgent expeditions were organised in 1863, I may give an account of the rise and fall of one of the most important sent from Galicia across the frontier into Russian territory. It was necessary from time to time to send forth an expedition against the Russians, if only to convince the foreign Powers that the Polish insurrection was not dead; in which case all idea of intervening on behalf of the Poles would have fallen to the ground.

The preparations made for the seven or eight hours' fighting which took place before the town of Brody and the village of Radzievilov, had occupied the Polish National Junta about four months. Some of the insurgents who were to take part in the expedition had experienced considerable trouble in getting to Cracow, and they found it still more difficult to continue their journey to Lemberg, while the general advance from Lemberg to Brody on the Russo-Volhynian frontier was made on a system of zigzag approaches, almost after the model of siege operations. Lemberg was so full of insurgents that a circus was opened for their special benefit, when scenes from Mazeppa were performed for the instruction and amusement of men who were themselves bound for the Ukraine, but who never, I may add, had the smallest chance of getting there. Every country house between Lemberg and Brody, for many miles on each side of the main road, served as a halting-place; and many proprietors had from twenty to a hundred insurgents staying in and about their houses and grounds for periods varying from three days to two months. It was not from any want of kindness on the part of their entertainers that soldiers of the National Army in concealment were sometimes put to sleep in trees. If the words "domiciliary visit" were whispered in the morning or afternoon, everyone was on the look-out for the police in the evening; and as soon as they made their appearance on the one side, the object of their search disappeared on the other. If, when the household retired to rest, the "domiciliary visit" or "revision" had not yet taken place, there was nothing left for the insurgents but to take to the wood by which every manor-house in Eastern Galicia is surrounded.

The scheme for invading Volhynia from Galicia was, in some respects, well conceived. Wysoçki, with 1,200 men, was to have marched upon Radzievilov in front, while Horodyçki and Minniewski, each with 650, attacked it on the right and left. A day or two afterwards Wiszniewski was to have entered Volhynia farther north than Minniewski, and close to the right bank of the river Bug, while Rozyçki, one of the best leaders who had yet appeared, was to have penetrated into the same province farther south than Horodyçki, and near the frontier of Podolia. Finally, another officer was to have taken a detachment of cavalry into Podolia itself; and thus from Podolia to Lublin, and along the whole line of the Galician-Volhynian frontier, the Russians would have been attacked; and though some of the detachments were sure to be destroyed, it was thought certain that others would succeed in advancing far into the interior of Volhynia, and that once there, they would either gain the active support of the peasants, or at least show themselves strong enough to ensure their respect and, to a certain extent, their assistance. The chief appointed to direct the combined movement was General Wysoçki, formerly commander of the Polish Legion in Hungary, and the title given to him by the National Junta was General Commanding in

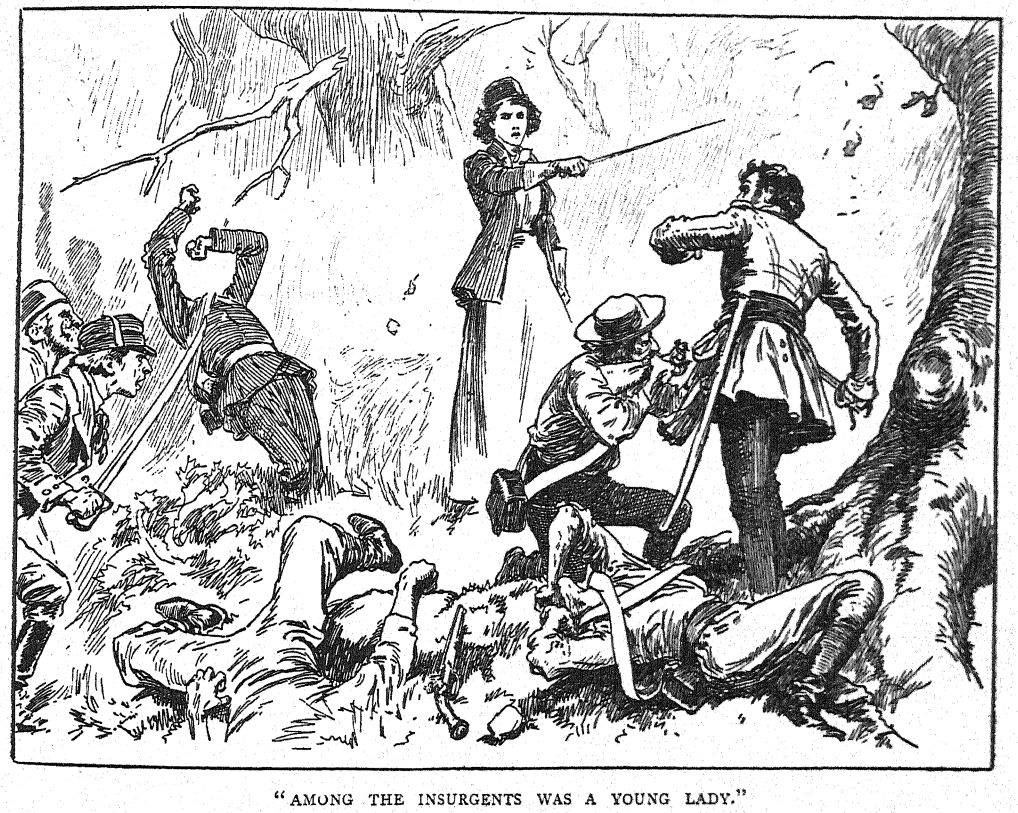
the Province of Lublin and the Ruthenian Provinces.

On the day fixed for the commencement of this important movement, in which, had all gone well, some 4,000 men would have been engaged, it was found that only two detachments—those of General Wysoçki and Colonel Horodyçki, his immediate supporter on the right—were ready to start. This unreadiness could be attributed to no want of foresight on the part of the commissaries of the expedition. Arms had been purchased and confiscated, purchased and confiscated again, for three times the number of men composing the expedition; and although many of these men were arrested and imprisoned, it turned out at the last moment that there were more insurgents than there were arms for them to carry. Fresh seizures of rifles, bayonets, and revolvers were made on the Sunday night and early Monday morning; and on Monday afternoon, when the Wysoçki and Horodyçki detachments were summoned to the wood, it was found impossible to equip for the field more than 1,500 of the former and 450 of the latter. Insurgents were staying in the houses of the rich as well as of the poor, and were treated with a sort of paternal affection everywhere. Indeed, the kindness and hospitality shown to all classes and conditions of men who called themselves insurgents was, if anything, carried to excess; for many persons received and entertained strangers on the understanding that they belonged to the Volhynian expedition, but without having any positive proof of the fact. Even Austrian officials were in some places touched by this general confidence, and when ordered to institute a "revision," would give a hint beforehand that at such an hour their arrival might be expected. Then the men would go into the woods, the horses would be taken out of the stables and sent into the fields, while the saddles and bridles were buried in the garden. I have seen packets of saddles and boxes of arms left at a house without any notification as to where they came from or whither they were to be sent. In such cases the man who took them in put them in a place of safety, and a day or two afterwards would receive a line of writing, or more generally a message by word of mouth, telling him to forward them to some house a few miles nearer the frontier. If the whole country, with the exception of the ignorant peasantry, had not formed one general association for promoting the interests of Poland, this unbounded trust from Pole to Pole would soon have led to the speedy exposure and frustration of all the national schemes. As it was, they were carried out to a certain point, and never once broke down from any bad faith, or from want of faith, on the part of those called upon to assist in executing them.



THE CASTLE, CRACOW.

The insurgents were from many different lands, but chiefly from the kingdom of Poland and from Galicia. There were a few Hungarians, a few Poles, a Frenchman who had taken part in every kind of insurrection, except an insurrection of Poles, and who told me that he had joined the expedition simply because "this page was wanting to his life." There was a Polish doctor too, himself a revolutionary *dilettante* whom I had met in previous Polish expeditions, and who interested me from the fact of his carrying not only a rifle but also a case of surgical instruments. First he shot his foe, and then, if life was not extinct, extracted the bullet from the wound, and did his best to cure him. There were two young ladies, moreover—one of them attired in a tunic and knickerbockers, the other in a grey military uniform. The latter of the two got wounded in the battle. She was shot in the ankle, and when I visited her in hospital, she showed me the bullet that had lamed her, and assured me that she would at the earliest opportunity send it back to its rightful possessors. A certain number of the insurgents were middle-aged men who belonged to what was called the "emigration"—who had emigrated, that is to say, into Poland at the close of the insurrection of 1830, and who since then had been living in Paris or in London. "The young men here are admirable," they said; "sacrificing themselves for a cause which is a very desperate one if they are never to be assisted from abroad. As for us, it does not matter. We are old fellows, and would rather die in Poland than anywhere else; and then we have not led the sort of life which attaches men to this world." One, an old soldier of the Polish army of 1830, told me that he had been for thirteen years working at a desk in an insurance office, and that he was not sorry to get a little fresh air and an opportunity of riding on horseback. Another, an officer of the same army, had been keeping a shop, and was making humorous speculations as to how in his absence the business would be carried on. A third saw his native land for the first time, and was saying what nice people the Poles were.



"AMONG THE INSURGENTS WAS A YOUNG LADY."

Among the insurgents belonging to Wysoçki's corps was a young lady, described by an eye-witness as "so timid, and so afraid of being looked upon as a wonder, that she kept herself

almost in perpetual seclusion," but so brave that on the day of battle she insisted upon being placed in the first line, and greatly distinguished herself in the action fought in the immediate neighbourhood of Brody.

Brody is the last town in Eastern Galicia as one approaches the Russo-Polish province of Volhynia, and the object of the expedition sent from Eastern Galicia into Volhynia was to raise the Volhynian peasantry. They are not of the same religion as the Poles, and they do not seem to have preserved any grateful recollections of the days when Poland was free but the peasantry in Poland enslaved. An endeavour to conciliate them had, however, been made by presenting them with so-called "golden charters," which conveyed to them in fee-simple the ownership of the land which they held, on certain conditions, as of rent-paying or payments in redemption, from the manorial proprietor.

A day or two before the entry into Volhynia I received a message at a country house where I was staying, warning me not to be unprepared if the next morning someone called for me in a carriage in order to drive me into the middle of a neighbouring wood, where I should meet some friends who would enable me to accompany Wysoçki's so-called army on its march towards Radzievilov, the first village in the Russo-Polish province of Volhynia. The person expected came at the appointed time, mentioned my name, and then, instead of taking me to the heart of the forest, drove me through a beautiful woodland country to the house of a neighbouring proprietor, where, besides the host, I found one of the chief promoters of the expedition, and two of the principal officers of the corps commanded by Horodyçki, one of Wysoçki's lieutenants. One of the officers took out a map of the country about to be entered (it was a photographic print from the private map of the Russian staff), and pointed out to me the place of assembly in the forest, the spot at which the frontier had to be crossed, and the road by which it was intended to advance upon Radzievilov. Discussions on the interminable Polish question, together with pistol-shooting, fencing, and other warlike amusements, filled up the time until dinner, after which the officers went singly to visit our first place of encampment, and came back with the alarming news that an Austrian patrol had been seen hovering about the spot where most of the arms lay buried. In the evening a "revision" or "domiciliary visit" was announced. The house was cleared of insurgents, and two very suspicious-looking cases were placed where the police were likely to find them. One was empty; the other was labelled "Vin de Bordeaux," and contained wine. All through the night messengers were continually arriving, and the first news in the morning was that the arms had been seized, that the labour of three months had been lost, and that the expedition could not start. Ultimately it was discovered that about a hundred rifles had been taken, but that there were still nearly three hundred in a place of comparative safety. The question arose as to whether it would be advisable to postpone the departure of the expedition until more arms could be procured, but it was soon decided not to risk, by further delay, the seizure of the whole stock.

At last, early on Monday afternoon, we got into a cart, built without springs for the same sort of reason for which Highlanders are said not to wear trousers, and went into the wood. Turning from the high- into a cross-road, from the cross-road into a lane, and from the lane into a private path, we came, after many windings, to a little glade, where the long grass had been crushed and flattened as if by a roller. The former presence of human beings in this sequestered spot was indicated by an old boot, which Hoby would have disavowed, and a cask containing gin—from which, as it was not yet empty, it was presumed that the insurgents could not be far distant. They were so well concealed, however, that although we had good guides (including one of the forest-keepers of the estate), it was not easy to find them. At last we burst upon a band of brothers, who were engaged in the difficult and, to them, evidently novel occupation of trying on boots. The boot so contemptuously abandoned in the first halting-place had apparently been the only one among some thirty men. The major was answering questions on all sorts of subjects from boots upwards, and was at the same time superintending a distribution of pistols, which, being larger than any pistols ever seen before or afterwards out of a pantomime, looked very terrible, and produced (as they were intended to do) a fine and healthy effect on the Ruthenian village population.

The peasants looked a good deal scared as the insurgents marched through the fields, but were soon reassured, or pretended to be, when a few words were spoken to them in kindness. Of attacking or molesting the insurgents in any way there was, of course, no thought, more particularly as the half-detachment, consisting of

200 men, looked in the moonlight, as it straggled along in double file, like a much larger force, and was pronounced by impartial spectators to be at least 1,000 strong. Two peasants, however, were overheard whispering that they had a great mind to go off and tell the Austrians. They were arrested, asked if they wanted to be hanged, and replying in the negative, were told how to avoid that fate so far as it was likely to be inflicted upon them by their Polish compatriots.

They were then put into a cart and driven along after the detachment, and were not liberated until everything had been made ready for crossing the frontier.

We marched during nearly all the first night, passing from the moonlight into the darkness of the dense woods, where nothing but glow-worms, and here and there in the insurgent column the light of a cigar, could be seen, and then again into the moonlight; until at last we came to a river or mountain stream (running down from the Carpathians), and sat down by the side of the waters and supped. It was generally believed to be one of the best suppers they had ever had (of many poor fellows it was the last); and the breakfast, to which a select number were invited, was also much admired, especially some tea-soup made in a saucepan and served out in saucepan-lids, wine-glasses, and wooden ladles.



Sketch Map to illustrate POLISH INSURRECTION of 1863.

During the halt, of which advantage was taken to eat our hurried breakfast, Horodyçki, the commander of the detachment, joined us, bringing with him 200 infantry, and from forty to fifty cavalry. The rifles, bayonets, and scythes were now disinterred, or pulled out of their hiding-places in the brushwood; and I found that this particular batch had all been concealed at about twenty paces distance from the public road running through the middle of the wood. The Austrians had not found them, because they had been hidden where the Austrians would be sure not to look for them.

As the insurgents moved away from the cottage where they had halted for tea, a plain and shrill-voiced woman came out and complained that her husband had deserted her in order to go and fight the Russians. It was impossible not to understand that he had chosen the lesser of two evils. The poor man who preferred his country to his wife and death to his home was in the cavalry, and now galloped to the front and was soon out of sight and, it may be hoped, out of hearing. The great majority of the insurgents, however—especially those in the infantry—could have had nothing to leave: they were men of the vagabond type, the dregs of the Polish towns, who had taken service in the Polish National Army because they were ready to turn their hands to any odd job, especially an exciting one, that might present itself.

The cavalry, on the other hand, was chiefly composed of sons of landed proprietors, large and small; though, with very few exceptions, the sons of the great Polish landowners did not find their way to the insurrection at all. When the family of some great Polish aristocrat was represented among the insurgents, it was usually in the person of some scapegrace scion of the house; so that if by some strange accident the national movement were attended by success (as through foreign intervention), the members of the great family might be able to say: "We also were there, or at least one of us."

The cavalry, with its well-born riders and well-bred steeds, was of very little use, except for the service of the camp and now and then for distant reconnoitring; and it was scarcely ever employed in action. Some of the new-comers, especially among the cavalry, were quite disheartened at the idea of having for comrades such riff-raff as the infantry for the most part

consisted of. An officer, noticing this, said to some of the well-to-do insurgents who had just arrived: "You have come to the camp under the impression that you would find everyone here as good as yourselves; I wish such were the case. But we must do our best, and we meanwhile it was for the Poles to hasten it. He had never expected any intervention before the spring, and meanwhile the Poles must make such efforts and prove themselves so strong that neither France nor England would refuse them a helping hand. More than this would not be



POLISH PEASANTS.

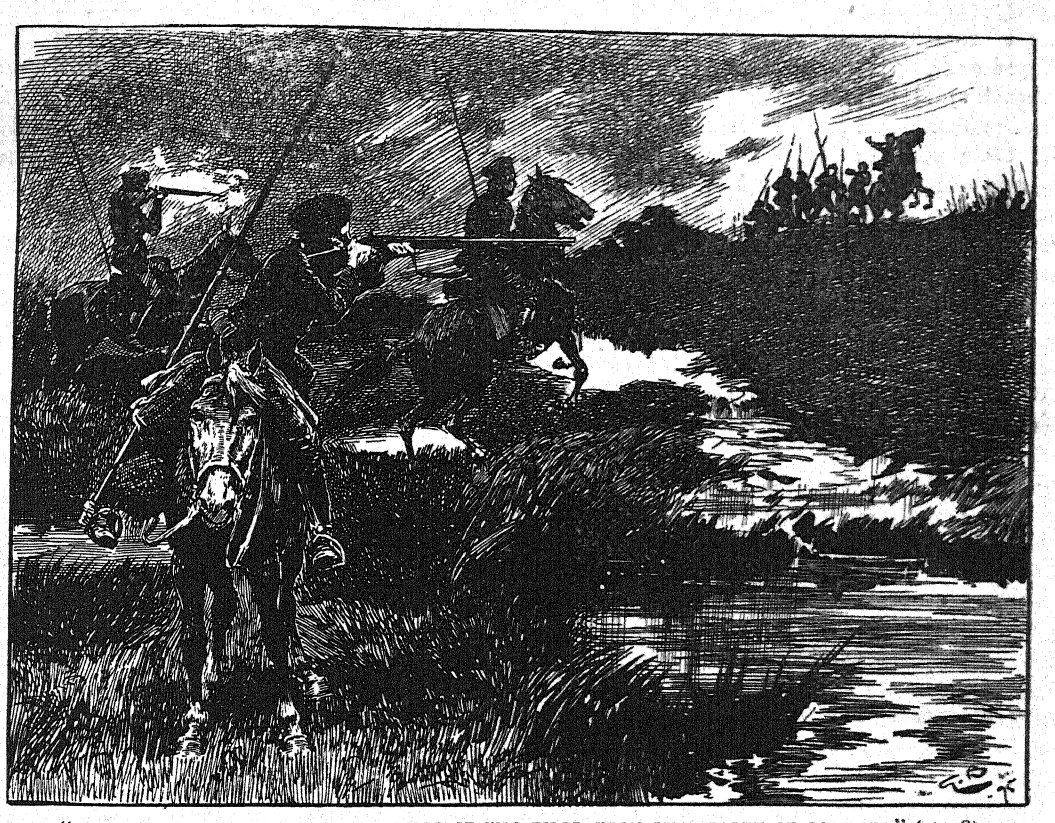
shall make soldiers of them all when we get on the other side of the frontier."

As for the officers, they were all men who had seen plenty of service in foreign armies, and who had in many cases taken part in expeditions during the insurrection actually going on. Horodyçki, already mentioned as commanding one of Wysoçki's detachments, dignified by the name of "brigade," had distinguished himself in the Hungarian War of 1848–49 by defending at the head of a battalion of the Polish Legion the bridge and passage of the canal at Temesvar against an overpowering force while the Hungarian army was effecting its retreat. Major Horodyçki lost half his battalion, but he succeeded in keeping the enemy at bay. He was a simple, straightforward man, a good deal sterner than the majority of Poles, and apparently not much given to seeing visions. He did not believe in any immediate intervention on the behalf of Poland, but felt sure that sooner or later it would come, and that necessary. Horodyçki did not seem to share the opinion of some of his countrymen as to the goodwill of the peasants towards the insurrection; at least, he turned some of the Ruthenian peasants out of the camp who had come there with the gifts of fresh butter, sheep's milk, cheese, and potted cream. He feared them *et dona ferentes*, and said, when he was asked whether their offering was not a good sign, "They are with us now we are here; they will be with our enemies when we are gone. I know them, and have sent them away." A Ruthenian priest and his wife brought something more valuable than butter and cheese. They brought their nephew. This was a proof of sympathy which could not be misunderstood, and the young man was accepted with thanks, and at the proper moment sent across the frontier. Several ladies, too, visited the camp, and so inundated the place with strawberries-and-cream that Horodyçki, fearing, no doubt, that discipline would be relaxed, and the forest of Nakwasha converted

into a Capua, gave orders that no more women should be suffered to approach.

The second officer of Horodyçki's detachment—the major commanding the infantry—was Synkiewicz, son of the historian and novelist of that name, and captain in the Italian army. Synkiewicz, without knowing his country from personal observation, had formed a romantic picture of it in his imagination, and he said that he found the Poles what he had always imagined them to be. Some of them do indeed come up to any ideal which their warmest admirers may have formed of them; and these were the men with whom Synkiewicz habitually associated. It might in other circumstances have been inspiriting, but to those who knew the truth was saddening, to see the delight with which this officer looked forward to the hour fixed for entering Volhynia; for it was certain that he must die there or come back disheartened. He would not allow that anything was wrong with his detachment. If anyone said that the arms were a little clumsy, he replied that the greatest battles of modern times had been gained with arms not nearly so good. As to the men, they were not prepossessing in appearance, but would know how to fight. As to numbers, if 500 men (of which his battalion consisted) were really determined to cut their way through an opposing force, they could do it, however large that force might be. This officer wore a Garibaldian costume, fearing that if he appeared in the uniform of the Italian regular army, and got taken prisoner, representations might be made to the Italian War Ministry, and his promotion stopped or his commission cancelled. He was told that the Russians would be sure to pick him off; but he replied that he wished to be conspicuous for the sake of his men, and that the Russians, if they aimed directly at him, would be sure not to hit him. He did them an injustice; for half an hour afterwards they sent a bullet through his long chestnut-coloured beard, just as he was endeavouring at the head of his battalion to dislodge them from Radzievilov.

The first half of Synkiewicz's detachment, consisting of an advance-guard of cavalry and two companies of infantry, had already been taken across the frontier by Captain



"AS THE REAR-GUARD LEFT THE WOOD IT WAS FIRED UPON BY A PARTY OF COSSACKS" (*p.* 78).

Tchorszewski, an officer who had served with Horodyçki in Hungary, and who was attached to the British headquarters during the Crimean War. Captain Jagninski, another of Horodyçki's companions in Hungary, took charge of the second half, and was accompanied by Synkiewicz and Horodyçki, chief of the miniature "brigade." The rear-guard of cavalry was under the direction of a Polish officer late of the Russian army. The night, which had been beautiful, like the first night of the march, until about ten o'clock, suddenly darkened just as the detachment began to cross the frontier; and the rear-guard passed into Volhynia in the midst of thunder, lightning, and such torrents of rain that, after the lapse of a minute, the dense wood afforded no protection whatever against it. The last man to leave was a Hungarian servant, who had brought nothing into the camp but an old horse with a piece of rope tied round his nose, and who galloped out on a magnificent charger, splendidly equipped, and brandishing a long sabre.

As the rear-guard left the wood it was fired upon by a party of Cossacks, and at the same time a messenger reached us from the Galician side with the news that the Austrians at Podkamin (a town about six miles distant) had found out the position of the camp. General Wysoçki, marching from the other side of Brody, was to have joined Horodyçki and taken the chief command of the combined detachments in front of Radzievilov at daybreak. But Horodyçki arrived at the place of meeting before his time, and attacked the Russians without waiting for Wysoçki, who, as a matter of fact, did not arrive until long after his time.

On entering the town of Radzievilov, Horodyçki at once engaged some 800 Russians who were drawn up in the market-place. Horodyçki had now but 300 men under his command. Of the 450 or 500 infantrymen in the wood, some forty or fifty of the most ill-conditioned had bolted on finding themselves in the presence of the Cossacks, who, as before mentioned, fired into the detachment as it was crossing the frontier. Synkiewicz sent away about an equal number as unfit for the desperate work before them. The rear-guard had been dispersed on crossing the frontier, and the rest of Horodyçki's cavalry could not be employed. Nearly all the officers of Horodyçki's detachment were killed or wounded. Horodyçki, who throughout the two days' campaign had suffered terribly from acute headache, and wore around his head a bandage constantly moistened, was cured of his complaint by a Russian bullet before he had been many minutes inside Radzievilov. Jagninski and Tchorszewski were also killed. Synkiewicz had to take refuge in a large pond or lake, where he remained for eight hours, while the peasants who had been pursuing him stood on the banks armed with scythes ready to murder him if he ventured to return to dry land. He swam unnoticed to a little island of mud, and there remained concealed amongst rushes and weeds, until he at last thought of taking off his Italian hat and sending it floating along the water. Then the peasants thought their intended victim was drowned, and went home to dinner.

When, after the dispersion and partial destruction of Horodyçki's detachment, Wysoçki's larger corps entered upon the scene, it took up its position in a wood near Radzievilov and sent out companies which fired tranquilly at their assailants from a cornfield not far distant. Of these companies some showed but little fight, while others behaved with much heroism. The officers in either case got killed. Glisczinski, one of the bravest of the brave, employed on Wysoçki's staff, was actively employed in bringing up and placing the companies until, after having had two horses shot under him, he was struck down by almost the last bullet that was fired. Domogalski, chief of Wysoçki's staff, was mortally wounded, and carried back to Brody to die.

The Battle of Brody, then, was for the Polish insurgents a total and lamentable failure. Instead of making the attack with the combination of several detachments, numbering altogether 4,500 men, they began their brief campaign with only two detachments, which attacked separately and were separately routed. This was the last military operation on anything like an important scale that the directors of the Polish insurrection of 1863 tried to carry out. It was more a political demonstration than a serious military undertaking, and even in the former character it was ineffective. There was never the least chance of the Poles being helped from abroad, unless they first showed that they were really capable of helping themselves.

THE BATTLE OF THE YALU RIVER: SEPT. 17. 1894

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

WHEN on August 1st, 1894, the Mikado's Government formally declared war against the Chinese Empire, the first impression in Europe undoubtedly was that Japan might win some successes at the outset, but would sooner or later be crushed by the mere numbers of the Chinese. But there were a few longer-sighted critics of the coming war, who pointed out that its result would depend not on the mere numbers that might ultimately be brought into the field on both sides, but on the question of the command of the sea in the first few months of the struggle. But on this point, also, the opinion of experts was more favourable to China than Japan; for the Chinese possessed at least two ironclads which were superior to anything in the Japanese navy, the heaviest ships of which were indeed only partly armoured cruisers. Both navies had had the advantage of European teaching in drill, tactics, and seamanship. It was supposed that, everything else being equal, the possession of even a few powerful ironclads would turn the scale in favour of China.

At the outset the Chinese had been unfortunate upon the sea. Fighting had begun before the actual declaration of war, the Japanese squadron of cruisers on the Corean coast having, on the 25th of July, without any warning, attacked and roughly handled the Chinese cruiser *Kwang Yih*, which escaped capture only by a precipitate flight. Later in the same day the *Naniwa Kan*, one of the Japanese cruisers, sank the Chinese transport *Kowshing*, though she was flying the British flag, and commanded by British officers. Admiral Ting, an ex-cavalry officer, who commanded the northern Chinese fleet, declared that he would take the first opportunity to avenge what was regarded in China as the treacherous attack on the two Chinese vessels. He proposed to his Government that he should at once take his fleet to Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, where the Japanese were known to be disembarking troops; and he promised that if he once got there he would destroy both the covering fleet and the transports. Such a success would have decided the war against Japan, for the invasion of Corea and Manchuria depended on the Japanese fleet being able to convoy the transports, and secure the safe landing of the troops in the first instance, and of the supplies and reinforcements they might subsequently need. But the Tsung-li-yamen at Pekin was not so confident as the admiral in the power of the fleet; and, forgetting that if it was not strong enough to attack it would hardly be strong enough to keep the Japanese at bay, it ordered Ting to act on the defensive, and not to cruise beyond the narrow seas between Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei. This was adopting a weak plan of campaign to begin with, for all naval history goes to prove that the best defence is in a vigorous offensive.

The Chinese admiral had at his disposal the following ships, making in all a formidable force :—

Ships.	Tons.	Guns. Heavy Guns.	Quick Firers.	Machine Guns.	Notes.
Yang Wei	1,350	6	...	7	
Ping Yuen	2,850	3	...	8	8-inch armour belt; 5 inches on barbette.
Chao Yung	1,350	6	...	7	
Ching Yuen... ...	2,300	5	...	16	18 knots speed.
Kwang Ping ...	1,030	...	3	8	
King Yuen	2,850	4	...	8	9½-inch armour belt; 8 inches on barbette.
Lai Yuen	2,850	4	...	8	
Chen Yuen	7,430	6	...	12	14-inch armour belt. 12-inch ditto on turret. Each carrying four 12-inch guns.
Ting Yuen	7,430	6	...	12	
Chi Yuen	2,300	5	...	16	18 knots speed.
Kwang Chia ...	1,300	7	...	8	
Tsi Yuen	2,355	3	...	10	6-inch armour on barbette.
The ships are placed in the order in which they fought at the Yalu, beginning on the right.		55	3	120	[No armour carried by ships unless noted in this column, which also notes heaviest guns and highest speeds in fleet.]

On board the flagship he had with him the German artillery officer Von Hanneken, whose official position was that of inspector of the Chinese coast defences. On board the *Chen-Yuen*, the other big ironclad, was Commander McGiffen, formerly of the United States navy. He was nominally the second in command of the ship, a Chinese officer being the titular captain of the vessel, but McGiffen was practically in charge. Some of the engineers and gunnery officers were Europeans or Americans, and all the native Chinese officers had received at least some training from European officers. The men were well drilled, and the ships were in good condition. The weak points of the fleet were the comparatively slow speed of all the ships and the deficiency of ammunition for the heavy guns—a defect only revealed by the battle.



ADMIRAL ITO.

The most careful preparations had been made in every other department. On the two ironclads coal bags were piled in a bulwark eight to ten feet thick round the barbettes to furnish additional defence, but the steel shields which had been fitted round some of the big guns were removed. The experience of the *Kwang Yih's* brief action with the Japanese cruisers had shown that these thin shields did more harm than good. They were just strong enough to burst shells that otherwise would have flown harmlessly over the heads of the gunners. The boats were also removed, with the exception of one in each ship. It was felt that they would be knocked to pieces early in the battle, and in any case no quarter was expected in case of disaster, so that the boats were not likely to be of much use. Orders were given that the decks were to be thoroughly drenched with the fire-hose before going into action, and they were also strewn with sand to prevent slipping. It would have been well if at the same time the Chinese commanders had got rid of the lacquered woodwork that ornamented the bows of several of their ships. It proved to be highly inflammable, and was the source of much trouble during the battle.

The Chinese guns were mostly heavy Krupps and Armstrongs. They had a few machine-guns, but only three of the new quick-firers. It was known that the Japanese fleet consisted chiefly of swift modern cruisers, protected chiefly by the armoured and curved deck just below the water-line, and armed with a few heavy armour-piercing guns and a large number of quick-firers, each capable of sending out a stream of heavy shells at the rate of four or five to the minute. But Admiral Ting and his European and American colleagues were nevertheless confident that if they could once come to close quarters with the Japanese, the steady fire of the Chinese guns would destroy and sink their more lightly-protected enemies.

On Thursday, August 2nd, the very day after the declaration of war, Admiral Ting sailed with his fleet from Port Arthur. His orders restricted him to the neighbouring waters, but he believed that the Japanese fleet was not far off, and that he would fall in with it, and have an opportunity of seeing what his big guns could do to make good the promises he had made to his Government. He was not only confident of success, but in a savagely truculent mood, as witness the following order which he signalled to the fleet as soon as it was well out to sea :—

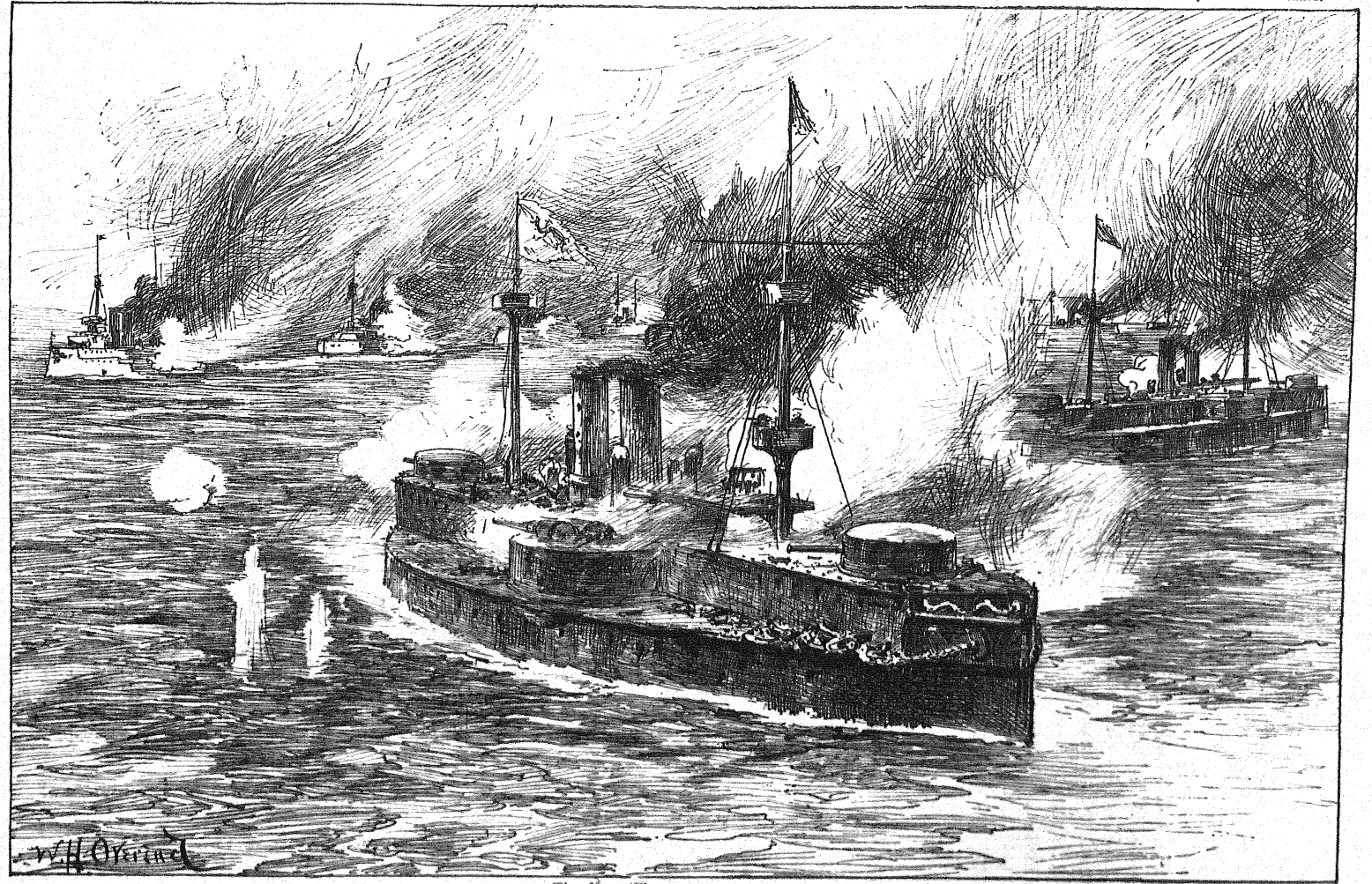
"If the enemy shows the white flag, or hoists the Chinese ensign, give no quarter, but continue firing till he is sunk."

Later in the day he signalled :

"Let each officer and man do his best for his country to-morrow. I expect to congratulate you on a victory over the enemy to-morrow afternoon."

But to-morrow afternoon came, and brought

Yoshino. Takachico. Akitsushima Naniwa Kan. Chiyoda. Hasidate.



Ting-Yuen (Flag). Chen-Yuen.

THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

no sight of the enemy. Before the end of the week Ting was back at Port Arthur, having gained nothing by his cruise but some exercise for his officers and men. Meanwhile, the Japanese fleet was protecting the disembarkation of the invading army in Corea; but it found time in the interval between two of these descents to reconnoitre Wei-hai-wei, exchanging a few shots at long range with the seaward forts. The orders sent to Admiral Ting by his Government had practically given Admiral Ito and the Japanese fleet the command of the sea at the most critical period of the war.

August passed without the Chinese fleet doing anything but lie at anchor in its fortified harbours, or cruise peacefully in waters into which the Japanese had as yet no reason to venture. Ting was indignant at the inglorious part assigned to him, and eager for an opportunity of showing how little foundation there was for the rumours which attributed the inaction of his squadron to his own want of courage and enterprise. Meanwhile, the Japanese armies were steadily overrunning Corea. The second week of September brought news of the advance on Pin-yang, and then the chief anxiety of the Chinese Government was to rapidly reinforce the army that was being assembled to dispute the passage of the Yalu River, the stream which forms the boundary between Corea and Manchuria. Admiral Ting was directed to act as convoy to the transports engaged in this work.

On Saturday, September the 15th, his fleet, consisting of 11 warships, 4 gunboats, and 6 torpedo boats, assembled at Ta-lien-wan Bay, near Port Arthur, and was there joined by 6 transports, which had on board some 4,500 troops, with 80 guns. The day was spent in completing the cargoes of the transports and coaling the fleet, and, shortly after midnight, the whole fleet of warships and transports put out to sea. On the Sunday afternoon the warships anchored just outside the mouth of the Yalu River, while the transports, escorted by some of the lighter vessels, went up the river to disembark the troops and guns near the southern end of the Chinese entrenchments.

On that same day, Sunday, September 16th, Ito, the Japanese admiral, had been engaged in precisely the same task as his Chinese rival, the place where the Japanese disembarked under cover of his fleet being nearly a hundred miles to the southward down the coast, and the troops being destined to take part in the advance against the line of the Yalu River. On the Sunday afternoon, the troops having all been landed, Ito put out to sea. The following was the force under his command :—

	Ships.	Tons.	Guns. Heavy Guns.	Guns. Quick Firers.	Guns. Machine Guns.	Notes.
Van Squadron.	Yoshino ...	4,150	...	44	...	23 knots. Swiftest ship in either fleet.
	Takachico ...	3,650	8	...	12	Sister ships. Speed, 18 knots.
	Naniwa Kan...	3,650	8	...	12	
	Akitsushima ...	3,150	1	12	10	One long 13-inch gun.
Main Squadron.	Matsushima*..	4,277	12	16	6	12-inch armour on battery. One long 13-inch gun (French) on each ship.
	Itsukushima ...	4,277	12	16	6	
	Hasidate ...	4,277	12	16	15	
	Chiyoda ...	2,450	...	24	13	4½-inch armour belt.
	Fuso	3,718	6	...	8	9-inch armour on battery; 7 on belt.
	Hiyei	2,200	9	...	...	4½-inch armour belt.
	Saikio	600	...	†	..	
	Akagi	615	1	4	6	[No armour on any ship unless noted in this column, which also notes the heaviest guns and the highest speeds in the fleet.]
			69	132	88	

* Flag ship. † Quick-firers only.

The ships were divided into two squadrons: the van squadron consisting of the cruisers *Yoshino*, *Naniwa Kan*, *Takachico*, and *Akitsushima*; and the main squadron, formed of the flagship *Matsushima*, her sister ship the *Ikitsushima*, and the *Hasidate*, *Fuso*, *Chiyoda*, *Hiyei*, and *Akagi*, and the armed transport *Saikio*.

The swiftest ship in the fleet was the *Yoshino*, a splendid cruiser, launched in 1892 at Elswick, with a speed of twenty-three knots, and an armament of 44 Armstrong quick-firers. Her four heaviest guns, 6-inch Armstrongs, were supposed to be capable of piercing ten inches of armour, and only two of the Chinese ships carried anything thicker than this. When all her guns were in action she could discharge nearly 4,000 pounds weight of shells every minute. The quick-firing gun is a weapon that is so mounted as to be swung about and levelled at the mark almost as easily as a rifle. The breech opens easily, and shell and cartridge are slipped in together, in a brass case. Then a single movement closes and locks the breech, and the marksman who does the aiming fires it by touching a trigger, all the recoil being taken up by the mountings, and the gun coming back smartly into position the moment after the discharge. The Japanese fleet bristled with these formidable weapons.

The *Akagi* and the *Saikio* were the only ships in the Japanese fleet that were entirely without protection, either in the shape of belts and partial side armour, or the curved armoured deck below the water-line. They were all

superior in speed to the Chinese; though no other ship was so fast as the *Yoshino*. Finally, as the event proved, they had the great advantage of being abundantly supplied with ammunition for their guns.

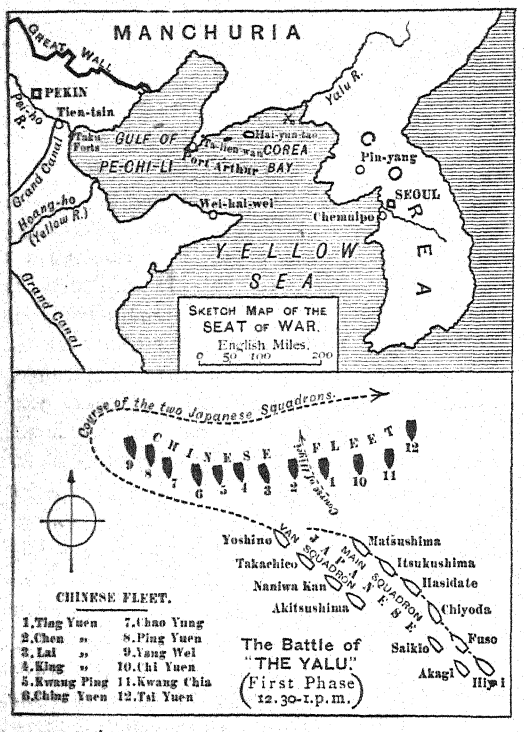
With this formidable fleet Ito steamed slowly to the north-westward during Sunday night. Early on Monday morning he was off the island of Hai-yun-tao. He had heard that Ting had been using the harbour inside the island as a rendezvous for the fleet, and his lookouts searched the channel and the bay with their telescopes; but there were only a few fishing-boats in sight, and at seven a.m. the fleet began steaming north-eastward. It was a fine autumn morning. The sun shone brightly, and there was only just enough of a breeze to ripple the surface of the water. It must have been a grand sight to have seen the long line of warships cleaving their way through the blue waters, all bright with white paint, the chrysanthemum of Japan shining like a golden shield on every bow, and the same emblem flying in red and white from every masthead. Some miles away to port rose the rocky coast and the blue hills of Manchuria, with many an island, and here and there a little bay with its fishing villages. On the other side, the waters of the wide Corean Gulf stretched to an unbroken horizon. Towards eleven o'clock the hills at the head of the gulf were rising ahead. Ito had in his leading ship, the *Yoshino*, a cruiser that would have made a splendid scout. In any European navy she would have been steaming some miles ahead of her colleagues with, perhaps, another quick ship between her and the fleet to pass on her signals. But Ito seems to have done no scouting, but to have kept his ships in single line ahead, with a small interval between the van and the main squadron. At half-past eleven smoke was seen far away on the starboard bow, the bearing being east-north-east. It appeared to come from a number of steamers in line, on the horizon. The course was altered and the speed increased. Ito believed that he had the Chinese fleet in front of him. And he was right. The smoke was that of Ting's ironclads and cruisers anchored in line, with steam up, outside the mouth of the Yalu.

On Monday morning the Chinese crews had been exercised at their guns, and a little before noon, while the cooks were busy getting dinner ready, the lookout men at several of the mastheads began to call out that they saw the smoke of a large fleet away on the horizon to the south-west. Admiral Ting was as eager for the fight as his opponents. At once he signalled to his fleet to weigh anchor, and a few minutes later ran up the signal to clear for action.

The same signal was made by Admiral Ito half-an-hour later, as his ships came in sight of the Chinese line of battle. The actual moment was five minutes past noon, but it was not until three-quarters of an hour later that the fleets had closed sufficiently near for the actual fight to begin at long range. This three-quarters of an hour was a time of anxious, eager expectation for both Chinese and Japanese. Commander McGiffen of the *Chen Yuen* has given a striking description of the scene when "the deadly space" between the two fleets was narrowing, and all were watching for the flash and smoke of the first gun:—"The twenty-two ships," he says, "trim and fresh-looking in their paint and their bright new bunting, and gay with fluttering signal-flags, presented such a holiday aspect that one found difficulty in realising that they were not there simply for a friendly meeting. But, looking closer on the *Chen Yuen*, one could see beneath this gaiety much that was sinister. Dark-skinned men, with queues tightly coiled round their heads, and with arms bared to the elbow, clustered along the decks in groups at the guns, waiting impatiently to kill or be killed. Sand was sprinkled along the decks, and more was kept handy against the time when they might become slippery. In the superstructures, and down out of sight in the bowels of the ship, were men at the shell whips and ammunition hoists and in the torpedo room. Here and there a man lay flat on the deck, with a charge of powder—fifty pounds or more—in his arms, waiting to spring up and pass it on when it should be wanted. The nerves of the men below deck were in extreme tension. On deck one could see the approaching enemy, but below nothing was known, save that any moment might begin the action, and bring in a shell through the side. Once the battle had begun they were all right; but at first the strain was intense. The fleets closed on each other rapidly. My crew was silent. The sub-lieutenant in the military foretop was taking sextant angles and announcing the range, and exhibiting an appropriate small signal-flag. As each range was called, the men at the guns would lower the sight-bars, each gun captain, lanyard in hand, keeping his gun trained on the enemy. Through the ventilators could be heard the beats of the steam

pumps; for all the lines of hose were joined up and spouting water, so that, in case of fire, no time need be lost. '6,000 metres!'—'5,800!'—''600!'—''500!'—'5,400!' The crisis was rapidly approaching. Every man's nerves were in a state of tension, which was greatly relieved as a huge cloud of white smoke, belching from the *Ting Yuen's* starboard barbette, opened the ball."

The shot fell a little ahead of the *Yoshino*, throwing up a tall column of white water.



Admiral Ito, in his official report, notes that this first shot was fired at ten minutes to one. The range, as noted on the *Chen Yuen*, was 5,200 yards, or a little over three and a half miles. The heavy barbette and bow guns of the *Chen Yuen* and other ships now joined in, but still the Japanese van squadron came on without replying. For five minutes the firing was all on the side of the Chinese. The space between the Japanese van and the hostile line had diminished to 3,000 yards—a little under two miles. The *Yoshino*, the leading ship, was heading for the centre of the Chinese line, but obliquely, so as to pass diagonally along the front of the Chinese right wing. At five minutes to one her powerful forward battery of quick-firers opened on the Chinese, sending out a storm of shells, most of which fell in the water just ahead of the *Ting* and *Chen Yuen*. Their first effect was to deluge the decks, barbettes, and bridges of the two ironclads with the geysers of water flung up by their impact with the waves. In a few minutes every man on deck was soaked to the skin. One by one the other ships along the Japanese line opened fire, and then, as the range still diminished, the Chinese machine-guns, Hotchkisses and Nordenfelts, added their sharp, growling reports to the deeper chorus of the heavier guns.

And now the fire began to tell on both sides. A 12-inch shell from one of the large Chinese ironclads had burst fairly on the deck of one of the cruisers in the Japanese van. The shells of the Japanese quick-firers were bursting over the decks of the Chinese ships, cutting away fittings, killing and wounding men, and already kindling fires in the woodwork. The armoured barbettes and central citadels of the *Ting Yuen* and *Chen Yuen* were especially the mark of the Japanese fire. The din of the striking and bursting projectiles was like a continual thunder, but the armour held its own. Theoretically, the Japanese guns ought to have pierced it again and again, but the actual results were confined to a number of deep dents and grooves in the massive plates. But through the unarmoured structures the shells crashed like pebbles through glass, the only effect of the metal wall being to burst the shell as it went through, filling the space within with flying fragments of steel and volumes of poisonous smoke.

For every shot from the Chinese guns there were a dozen from the Japanese. Ito's vanguard having reached the extreme right of the Chinese line, now turned to starboard, so as to come round on the other side of it. The Chinese ships were under easy steam, advancing in line at the rate of about six knots an hour; but those on the flanks did not keep their stations well, and were a little astern of the centre, hence the report at first spread that Admiral Ting had fought with his ships in a crescent. As the vanguard squadron of the Japanese came round the Chinese right and opened fire on the sterns of the ships, the main squadron was engaging their bow guns, the right wing, the weakest part of the Chinese line, being thus taken between two fires. Following the van, the main squadron, led by the *Matsushima*, now swept round the right of Ting's line, and the position of the two fleets was reversed, the Japanese being between the Chinese and the river mouth for a few moments.

It was now that a gallant act was performed

by the captain of the *Hiyei*, the weakest and smallest of the Japanese ships. She was the last ship in the long line, and had fallen so far astern that her captain felt that to attempt to get round the Chinese right would be to run the risk of being cut off from his colleagues and rammed. He took a bold course to rejoin. Turning full on to the centre of the Chinese line, his little ship rushed down the narrow lane of water between the two ironclads *Ting* and *Chen Yuen*, receiving fire from both, and losing several men. But he came safely out through the storm of fire, and resumed his place with the main squadron.

But now came the first signs of disaster for the Chinese. The first shots had hardly been fired when the ship on the extreme left of Ting's line—the *Tsi Yuen* — dropped out of her station, and was seen to be making off in the direction of Port Arthur. One of the Japanese main squadron sent a shot from her long bow-gun after the fugitive. It struck and dismounted her stern chaser. This was the only shot that struck the *Tsi Yuen*, although her captain tried to make out that he had been for a long time in the thick of the action. He was brought before a court-martial, and paid for his cowardice with his life.

The *Kwang Chia*, the next ship in the line, followed the evil example of the *Tsi Yuen*. Untouched by the Japanese fire, she steamed away for Ta-lien-wan Bay, and was wrecked the same evening on a reef at its entrance. The two ships on the extreme right of the Chinese —the *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei*—had a more honourable fate, but were almost as quickly put *hors de combat*. Both were built on the same principle. They had a 10-inch gun mounted in a barbette ahead and astern, the barbettes being connected by passages running along each side of a central deck structure. On top of this were mounted machine-guns, and outside passages were wooden cabins, oil-painted and varnished. The Japanese shells set the cabins and side passages on fire. It became impossible either to bring up ammunition for the heavy guns in the barbettes, or to work the machine-guns overhead. The two hapless cruisers, each a mass of flame and black smoke, were headed for the shore. The *Saikio* pursued them, but was scared off by two gunboats and the Chinese torpedo boats coming to the rescue from the mouth of the Yalu River. But the result of all this was that of the ten ships that had formed the Chinese line at the beginning of the battle only six remained—the *Ting Yuen* and *Chen Yuen* lying close together, the *Chi Yuen* a little to their left, and the *Lai Yuen*, *King Yuen*, and *Kwang Ping* on their right.

But the Japanese were not unscathed. The *Hiyei* was so badly damaged that she drew out



"THE SHELL BURST AMONG HER BOW GUNS" (*p.* 87).

of the fight. The *Akagi* had her mast shot away, its fall killing her captain, Commander Sakamoto; and her two officers next in rank, Lieutenants Sasaki and Sato, were severely wounded. She had to haul out of action for a while to clear her decks. The armed transport *Saikio* had soon after to drop out of line with her funnel riddled and her steam pipes damaged.

Had the Chinese been as well provided with ammunition as the Japanese, they might have done still better; but soon after the battle began it was found that they were short of shell for the big guns. Most of the projectiles used by the Chinese were only what are known as armour-piercing projectiles, or long solid shot. These could not either set the fittings of the Japanese ships on fire, or scatter death and confusion among the crews, like the heavy shells. Before long in most of the Chinese ships the gunners were all but fighting among themselves for the few shells that were available, but all the while the fiery storm from the Japanese quick-firers did not slacken for a moment. For the most part, the Chinese faced it like heroes. There were cowards here and there. They are to be found in most battles. Thus early in the fight Commander McGiffen, going below to see what was wrong with the revolving gear of one of the barbette guns, felt himself pushed back from the recess under the barbette, and heard the voice of his navigating lieutenant saying to him, "You can't hide here. There are too many of us here already"; and he saw a group of frightened men cowering in the recess. But above, in the barbette, the men were standing to their guns under a deadly fire. The gunnery lieutenant, Tsao Kai, was wounded, and passed down; but his younger brother—a mere boy—who had come on board for a holiday, stayed above in the barbette helping the men, and, wonderful to say, was the only one in the place who escaped without a wound. The captain of one of the guns had his head swept off by a shell as he took the lanyard to fire. One of his men caught the headless corpse, swung it out of the way, took the lanyard, glanced along the sights, and fired with hardly a moment's delay. Grander still was the courage of the engineers of the ill-fated *Lai Yuen*. The deck of the ship took fire. When it was extinguished, hours after the battle, the iron girders on which it was laid were all bent and twisted. But down below, in the engine-room, the engineers stuck to their posts. With hardly any light, with most of the ventilators blocked or cut off, and with the heat up to two hundred degrees, they obeyed the orders sent down by the tube from the conning-tower, which remained intact. They were fearfully scorched and burned; some were blinded; all were in the doctor's hands, and some died. But, nevertheless, down in the depths of the burning ship they did their duty just as if all were going on well.

Fire had so far been the chief enemy of the Chinese ships. But one of the few ships left on the right of the line met with a more terrible fate. The *Chi Yuen* was a handy little cruiser, and her captain, Tang, a plucky Chinese officer, daringly but imprudently tried to measure her strength with that of the far more powerful ships of the Japanese van squadron. She had received several shells as she closed with them, when, suddenly hit in the water-line by a heavy projectile, she heeled over, and then plunged, bow foremost, in the sea, both her screws whizzing in the air as she went down. Seven only of her crew were picked up clinging to wreckage. Her English chief engineer, Mr. Purvis, went down with her. Captain Tang tried to float on an oar, but was drowned by a big dog of his swimming after him and putting its forefeet on his shoulders.

The battle had now lasted far into the afternoon. Five only of Ting's original line of battle were left—the two heavy ironclads and three smaller ships. The van squadron came up on one side of the two ironclads, and the main squadron on the other, and poured in a concentrated fire, some of the Japanese ships firing their broadsides simultaneously by electricity, after training the guns, so that all bore upon a single point. Exposed to this storm of fire, the two Chinese ships lost heavily in killed and wounded; but their armour, and with it the vital parts of each ship, remained intact. Signals and signal halyards had been long since shot away, and all the signalmen killed or wounded; but the two ships conformed to each other's movements, and made a splendid fight of it. Admiral Ting had been insensible for some hours at the outset of the battle. He had stood too close to one of his own big guns on a platform above its muzzle, and had been stunned by the upward and backward concussion of the air; but he had recovered consciousness, and, though wounded by a burst shell, was bravely commanding his ship. Von Hanneken was also wounded in one of the barbettes. The ship was on fire

forward, but the hose kept the flames under. The *Chen Yuen* was almost in the same plight. Her commander, McGiffen, had had several narrow escapes. When at last the lacquered woodwork on her forecastle caught fire, and the men declined to go forward and put it out unless an officer went with them, he led the party. He was stooping down to move something on the forecastle, when a shot passed between his arms and legs, wounding both his wrists. At the same time he was struck down by an explosion near him. When he recovered from the shock he found himself in a terrible position. He was lying wounded on the forecastle, and full in front of him he saw the muzzle of one of the heavy barbette guns come sweeping round, rise, and then sink a little, as the gunners trained it on a Japanese ship, never noticing that he lay just below the line of fire. It was in vain to try to attract their attention. In another minute he would have been caught in the fiery blast. With a great effort he rolled himself over the edge of the forecastle, dropping on to some rubbish on the main deck, and hearing the roar of the gun as he fell.

A few shells were found in the *Chen Yuen's* magazine about this time, and one of these was used with deadly effect, showing what the Chinese might have done if they had been better supplied with such missiles. Admiral Ito, in his report, fixes the time at 3.26, and says that the shell which did such damage came from the *Ting Yuen;* but it seems certain that he is mistaken, and that it was her sister ship that fired it. Aimed at the *Matsushima*, Ito's flagship, it burst among her bow guns. The long 12-inch gun, mounted in the bow, was put out of gear; a smaller gun was blown from its mountings and thrown overboard; between forty and fifty men and officers strewed the deck killed and wounded; and the ship was set on fire. She drew out of the line, Ito transferring his flag to the *Hasidate*. It was with the utmost difficulty that the fire was first kept from the magazines and then put out. And all this damage was done by a single 12-inch shell. It seems, however, that there were a number of cartridges piled behind the big bow gun, and the destruction was partly due to these being fired by the exploding Chinese shell. Commander McGiffen asserts that the shell killed and wounded nearly a hundred Japanese; but this is an exaggeration. The total loss on board the *Matsushima*, from first to last, was 107 officers and men, and it is more likely that the Japanese account is true, which makes forty the butcher's bill for this successful shot. It says something for Ito's courage that his ship lost more men than any other in his fleet. But the strange chances of war are illustrated by the fact that the *Chiyoda*, which was close to the *Matsushima* throughout the battle, had not a single officer or man killed or wounded.

The battle now resolved itself into a close cannonade of the two ironclads by the main body of the Japanese fleet, whilst the rest of the ships kept up a desultory fight with the three other Chinese ships and the gunboats. The torpedo boats seem to have done nothing. Commander McGiffen says that their engines had been worn out, and their fittings shaken to pieces, by their being recklessly used as ordinary steam launches in the weeks before the battle. The torpedoes fired from the tubes of the battleships were few in number, and all missed their mark, one, at least, going harmlessly under a ship at which it was fired at a range of only fifty yards. The Japanese used no torpedoes. It is even said that, by a mistake, they sailed without a supply of these weapons. Nor was the ram used anywhere. Once or twice a Chinese ship tried to run down a Japanese, but the swifter and handier vessels of Ito's squadron easily avoided all such attacks. The Yalu fight was from first to last an artillery battle.

And the end of it came somewhat unexpectedly. The *Chen Yuen* and the *Ting Yuen* were both running short of ammunition. The latter had been hit more than four hundred times without her armour being pierced, and the former, at least as often. One of the *Chen Yuen's* heavy guns had its mountings damaged, but otherwise she was yet serviceable. Still, she had been severely battered, had lost a great part of her crew, and her slow fire must have told the Japanese that she was economising her ammunition, which was now all solid shot. But about half-past five Ito signalled to his fleet to retire. The two Chinese ironclads followed them for a couple of miles, sending an occasional shot after them; then the Japanese main squadron suddenly circled round as if to renew the action, and, towards six o'clock, there was a brisk exchange of fire at long range. When Ito again ceased fire, the *Chen Yuen* had just three projectiles left for her heavy guns. If he had kept on for a few minutes longer the two Chinese ships would have been at his mercy.

The van squadron, which had sunk with its fire the burning *Ting Yuen*, followed the main

squadron at a long interval. The ironclads could not have prevented it from sinking every one of the disabled Chinese ships if it had remained on the scene of the battle.

As the sun went down over the land to the westward, the remains of the Chinese fleet had assembled, and was slowly steaming for Port Arthur. The two ironclads led the way. Then came the *Lai Yuen*, with her deck still on fire in places, and the *Ching Yuen*, *Ping Yuen*, and *Kwang Ping*, all with decks strewed with dead, and magazines empty. Far astern the flames from the abandoned *Chao Yung* marked the scene of the battle. Even after darkness set in the Japanese cruisers were seen for some time moving on a parallel course to the eastward, their white sides reflecting the moonlight. Towards midnight they disappeared. In the morning, when the Chinese fleet approached Port Arthur, no hostile flag was in sight.

Ito's retirement has never yet been fully explained. In his report to the Mikado he wrote:—"About 5.30 p.m., seeing that the *Ting Yuen* and the *Chen Yuen* had been joined by other ships, and that my van squadron was separated by a great distance from my main force, and considering that sunset was approaching, I discontinued the action, and recalled my main squadron by signal. As the enemy's vessels proceeded on a southerly course, I assumed that they were making for Wei-hai-wei; and having reassembled the fleet, I steamed upon what I supposed to be a parallel course to that of the foe, with the intention of renewing the engagement in the morning, for I deemed that a night action might be disadvantageous, owing to the possibility of the ships becoming separated in the darkness, and to the fact that the enemy had torpedo boats in company. I lost sight, however, of the Chinese, and at daylight saw no signs of the foe."

The explanation is but a lame one. The "other ships" that joined the Chinese ironclads can only have been the gunboats from the river mouth. If Ito had held on doggedly for what was left of daylight, and used his electric search-lights to supplement the moonlight when darkness came on, he might have completed the destruction of the Chinese fleet. It looks very much as if the real reason was that both he and his officers and men were tired out with the exertion of a five-hours' battle, and unfavourably impressed by the desperate resistance that had been made by the two ironclads.

It is easy to understand how it was that at first both sides claimed the victory. As subsequent events amply proved, it was a clear gain for the Japanese, who, without losing a single ship, destroyed half the enemy's force, and so demoralised what was left of it, that no further effort was made by the Chinese to keep the seas, their ships being thenceforth only used for harbour defence. The Japanese appear to have understated the damage done to their ships, at first refusing to admit that any of them were seriously injured. If the official list of the killed and wounded issued by the Japanese Government some two months later is correct, a naval action is far from being as sanguinary an affair for the victors as it was in Nelson's days.

According to this narrative statement, while the *Matsushima* had the heavy loss of 2 officers killed and 3 wounded, and 33 men killed and 71 wounded, and the *Hiyei* lost 56 officers and men, no other ship had any serious losses. Thus the *Itsukushima* is said to have had an officer wounded, and 30 men killed and wounded; the *Hasidate*, 2 killed and 10 wounded; the *Fuso*, 14; the *Yoshino*, which led the van division, only 11; the *Saikio*, the same number; the *Akagi*, 28; the *Akitsushima*, 15; the *Takachico*, an officer and 2 men wounded; the *Naniwa Kan*, 1 man wounded; and the *Chiyoda*, not a single man or officer touched. This is a surprising result. The total loss is stated at—

	Killed.	Wounded.	Totals.
Officers	10	16	26
Men	80	188	268
	90	204	294

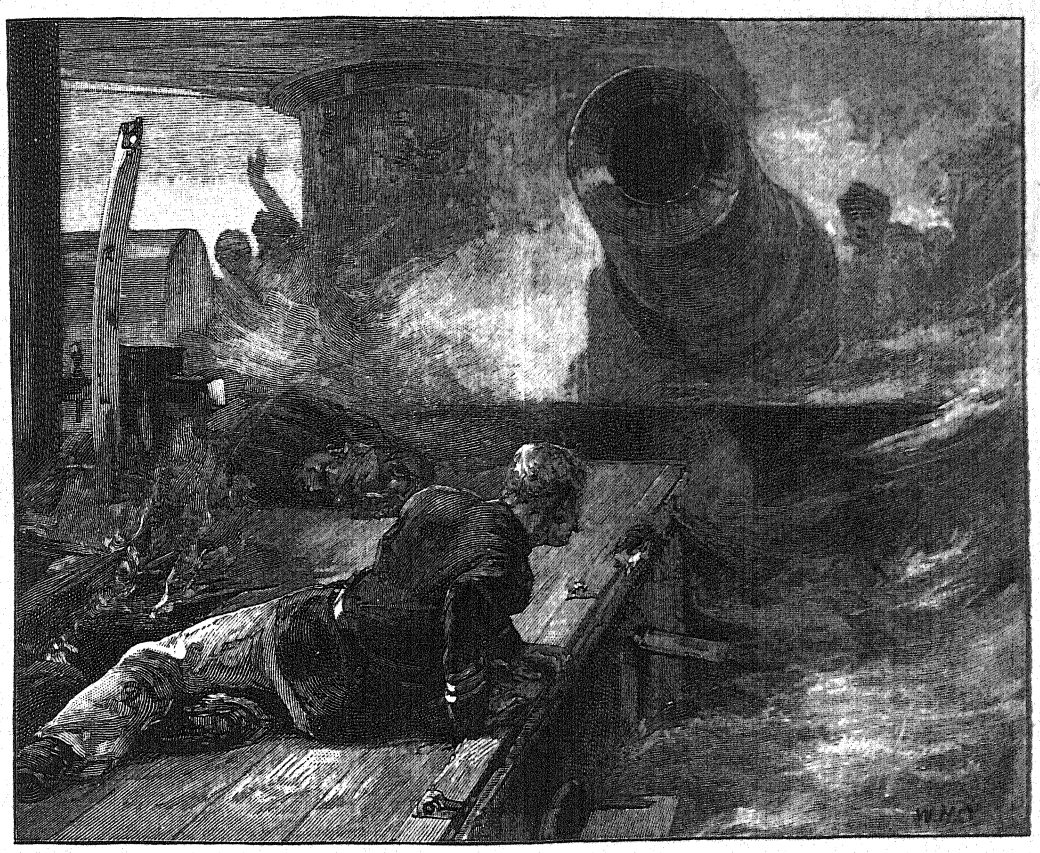
There is no precise record of the Chinese loss, but it must have far exceeded these moderate figures.

As for the lesson to be learned from the battle, before the details were known in England it was supposed that it went to prove that lightly-armoured cruisers with quick-firing guns were more than a match for battleships. But the Yalu fight had no such moral. The *Ting Yuen* and the *Chen Yuen* cannot be compared in either defensive power or gun power with modern European battleships, such as those which form the chief feature in the English and French Mediterranean fleets; yet even these inferior battleships were able to defy the attempts of the Japanese cruisers to crush them. There was a moment when the two Chinese ironclads successfully stood against eight Japanese cruisers. Had the Chinese had

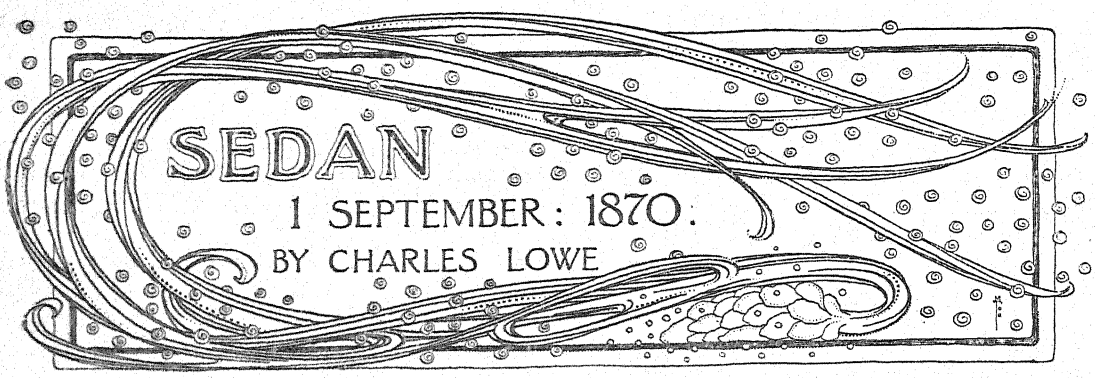
plenty of heavy shells, they would no doubt have dealt their opponents not one, but many such blows as that which nearly wrecked the *Matsushima*, and put her out of action for a while. It was the peculation and corruption in the Chinese admiralty, so far as supplies were concerned, which enabled the Japanese cruisers to make such a good fight against the Chinese battleships. If a couple of our ships of the admiral class had been in the place of the two *Yuens*, the result of the experiment would have been very different. The Yalu fight showed what the cruiser could do, but, if anything, it proved more clearly than ever the value of the battleship.

On a point of detail, it afforded a valuable lesson—namely, the danger of woodwork and other inflammable material in the deck fittings and superstructures of battleships. This has led to a good deal of minor changes in the designs of European ships. But the fact remains that the battle of the Yalu hardly represents what a fight between two European navies would be like. Probably in such a battle, though the gun would be the chief weapon, the torpedo and even the ram would count for something.

Of the tales told of strange injuries received during the fight one is worth noting. An officer of the *Chen Yuen* put his hand on an iron plate where a shot had just scored it, in order to see the result. Half the skin came off, and his hand was horribly burned; for, as the result of the blow, the plate was in a glowing heat.



"WHEN HE RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A TERRIBLE POSITION" (*p.* 87).



WAR between France and Germany had been declared on 19th July, 1870; and as early as August 2nd—so swiftly had been accomplished the work of mobilising the hosts of the Fatherland as the "Watch on the Rhine"—King William of Prussia, now in his seventieth year, took command of the united German armies at Mayence.

These armies were three in number—the First, on the right, consisting of 60,000 men, commanded by General Steinmetz; the Second, in the centre, 194,000 strong, under the "Red Prince" (Frederick Charles); and the Third, on the left, 130,000, led by the Crown Prince of Prussia. An additional 100,000 men, still at the disposal of any of these three hosts, brought up the German field-army to a figure of 484,000.

Altogether, Germany now had under arms no fewer than 1,183,389 men, with 250,373 horses! Many of these, however, had to remain behind in the Fatherland itself to man the fortresses and maintain communication with the front; while others belonged to the category of supplementary troops, or reserves, held ready to supply the gaps made in the fighting field-army of nearly half a million men, as above.

The corresponding field array of the French was considerably inferior in point of numbers (336,500), equipment, organisation, and discipline—in all respects, in fact, save that of the chassepôt rifle, which was decidedly superior to the German needle-gun. The French, too, had a large number of mitrailleuses, or machine-guns, which ground out the bullets at what they deemed would be a terribly murderous rate. But these instruments of wholesale massacre did not, in the end, come up to the French expectation of them; while, on the other hand, the Prussian field-artillery proved itself to be far superior in all respects to that of the French.

Finally, the Germans had a plan; the French had none. Profound forethought was stamped on everything the Germans did; but, on the other hand, it was stamped on scarcely one single act of their enemies. The Germans had at their head a man of design, while the corresponding director of the French was only a "Man of Destiny."

The first serious battle was fought on the 4th August at Wissemburg, when the Crown Prince fell upon the French and smote them hip and thigh, following up this victory, on the 6th, at Wörth, when he again assaulted and tumbled back the overweening hosts of MacMahon in hideous ruin, partly on Strasburg, partly on Chalons. On this same day Steinmetz, on the right, carried the Spicheren Heights with terrific carnage, and all but annihilated Frossard's Corps. It was now the turn of the "Red Prince," in the centre, to strike in; and this he did on the 16th, with glorious success, at Mars-la-Tour, when, against fivefold odds, he hung on to Marshal Bazaine's army and thwarted it in its attempt to escape from Metz. Two days later, the 18th, on very nearly the same ground, there was fought the bloodiest battle of all the war, that of Gravelotte-St. Privat—which resulted in the hurling back of Bazaine into Metz, there to be cooped up and beleaguered by Prince Frederick Charles and forced to capitulate within a couple of months.

Moltke's immediate object was now to dispose of MacMahon, who had retired on Chalons—thence either to fall back on Paris, or march by a circuitous route to the relief of Bazaine. Which course he meant to adopt the German leaders did not as yet know, though it was of life-and-death importance that they should find out with the least possible delay. Meanwhile the Crown Prince of Prussia with the Third Army continued his pursuit of MacMahon, as if

towards Chalons ; and with him co-operated the Crown Prince of Saxony at the head of a Fourth Army (of the Meuse), which had now been created out of such of the "Red Prince's" forces (First and Second Armies) as were not required for the investment of Metz.

For several days the pursuing Germans continued their rapid march to the west, but on the 25th, word reached Moltke, the real directing head of the campaign, that MacMahon in hot haste had evacuated the camp at Chalons, and marched to the north-west on Rheims, with the apparent intention of doubling back on Metz. Meanwhile, until his intention should become unmistakably plain, the German leaders did no more than give a right half-front direction to the enormous host of about 200,000 men which, on an irregular frontage of nearly fifty miles, was sweeping forward to the west, Paris-wards.

For three more days this altered movement was continued, and then "Right-half-wheel!" again resounded all along the enormous line, there being now executed by the German armies one of the grandest feats of strategical combination that had ever been performed. The German cavalry had already done wonders of scouting, but it was believed that Moltke's knowledge of the altered movements of MacMahon was now mainly derived from Paris telegrams to a London newspaper, which were promptly re-communicated, by way of Berlin, to the German head-quarters—a proof of how the revelations of the war-correspondent—whom Lord Wolseley once denounced as the "curse of modern armies"—may sometimes affect the whole course of a campaign.

Not long was it now before the heads of the German columns were within striking distance of MacMahon, who was hastening eastward to cross the Meuse in the direction of Metz ; but his movement became ever more flurried in proportion to the swiftness wherewith the Germans deployed their armies on a frontage parallel to his flank line of march. Alternately obeying his own military instincts and the political orders from Paris, MacMahon dodged and doubled in the basin of the Meuse like a breathless and bewildered hare. On the 30th August an action at Beaumont proved to the French the utter hopelessness of their attempting to pursue their Metz-ward march. As the battle of Mars-la-Tour had compelled Bazaine to relinquish his plan of reaching Verdun and to fight for his life with his back to Metz, so the victory of Beaumont proved to MacMahon that his only resource left was to abandon the attempt to reach the virgin fortress on the Moselle, and concentrate his demoralised and rabble army around the frontier stronghold of Sedan.

As Sedan had been the birthplace of one of the greatest of French marshals, Turenne, who had unrighteously seized Strasburg and the left bank of the Rhine for France, and been the scourge of Germany, it was peculiarly fitting that it should now become the scene of the battle which was to restore Alsace-Lorraine to the Fatherland, and destroy the Continental supremacy of the Gauls.

Standing on the right bank of the Meuse, in a projecting angle between Luxemburg and Belgian territory, the fortressed old town of Sedan is surrounded by meadows, gardens, cultivated fields, ravines, and wet-ditches ; while the citadel, or castle, rises on a cliff-like eminence to the south-west of the place. Away in the distance towards the Belgian frontier stretch the Ardennes—that verdant forest of Arden in which Touchstone jested and Orlando loved, but which was now to become the scene of a great tragedy—of one of the most crushing disasters that ever befell a mighty nation.

In retiring on Sedan, MacMahon had not intended to offer battle there, but simply to give his troops a short rest, of which they stood so much in need, and provide them with food and ammunition. These troops were worn out with their efforts by day and night and by continuous rain ; while their apparently aimless marching to and fro had undermined their confidence in their leaders, and a series of defeats had shaken their own self-trust. Thousands of fugitives, crying for bread, crowded round the waggons as they made their way to the little fortress which had thus so suddenly become the goal of a vast army.

On the 31st of August, after making all his strategic preparations, and taking a general survey of the situation, Moltke quietly remarked with a chuckle : "The trap is now closed, and the mouse is in it." That night headquarters were at Vendresse, a townlet about fourteen miles to the south of Sedan ; and early on the morning of the 1st of September, King William and his brilliant suite of generals, princes, and foreign officers were up and away to the hill-slope of Fresnois, which commands a view of the town and valley of Sedan as a box on the grand

tiers of an opera does that of the stage. Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon—the king's mighty men of wisdom and of valour—were also in his



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SAXONY.

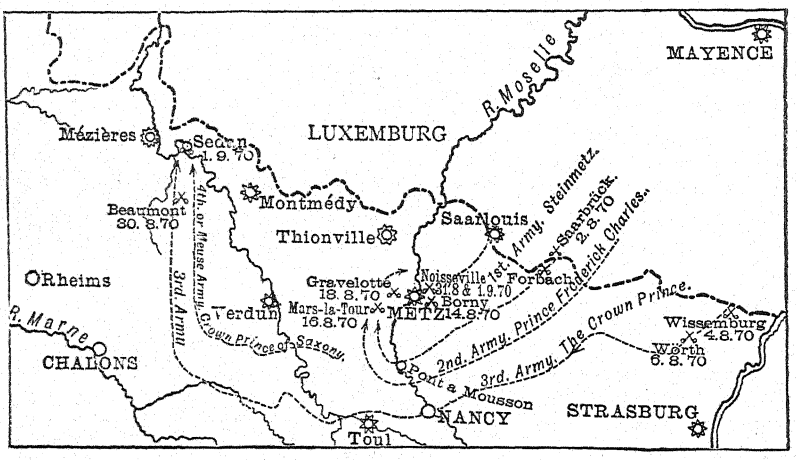
Majesty's suite. "Why," remarked a Prussian soldier on seeing this brilliant assemblage take up its position on the brow of the hill and produce its field-glasses, "why, all this is just the same as at our autumn manœuvres!"

The morning had broken in a thick fog, under cover of which the Germans had marched up to their various positions, some of the columns having moved off at midnight; and by the time King William had taken his stand on the Fresnois height, a little to the east of where his son, the Crown Prince, had similarly posted himself in order to direct the movements of the Third Army, the hot September sun had raised the curtain of the mist and disclosed the progress which had already been made by the stupendous battle drama.

This had been opened by the Bavarians, under Von der Tann, who, crossing the Meuse on pontoons, advanced to attack the village of Bazeilles, a suburb of Sedan outside the fortifications on the south-east. The Bavarians had already shelled this suburb on the previous evening so severely that pillars of flame and smoke shot up into the air during the night. In no other battle of the war was such fighting ferocity shown as in this hand-to-hand struggle for Bazeilles. For the Bavarians were met with such a stubborn resistance on the part of the French marine infantry posted there, that they were twice compelled to abandon their hold on that place by vehement counter-assaults.

The inhabitants of the village, too—women as well as men—joined in its defence by firing out of the houses and cellars on the Bavarians as they pressed onward, and by perpetrating most revolting barbarities on the wounded Germans left behind when their comrades had repeatedly to retreat. The Bavarians, on their part, were so dreadfully embittered and enraged by these things that they gave no quarter, acting with relentless rigour towards all the inhabitants found with arms in their hands or caught in the act of inflicting cruelties on the wounded.

The struggle for the village became one of mutual annihilation. House by house and street by street had to be stormed and taken by the Bavarians, and the only way of ejecting the enemy from some of these massively built and strongly garrisoned buildings was by employing pioneers to breach the walls in the rear or from the side streets and throw in lighted torches. Notwithstanding all the desperate bravery of



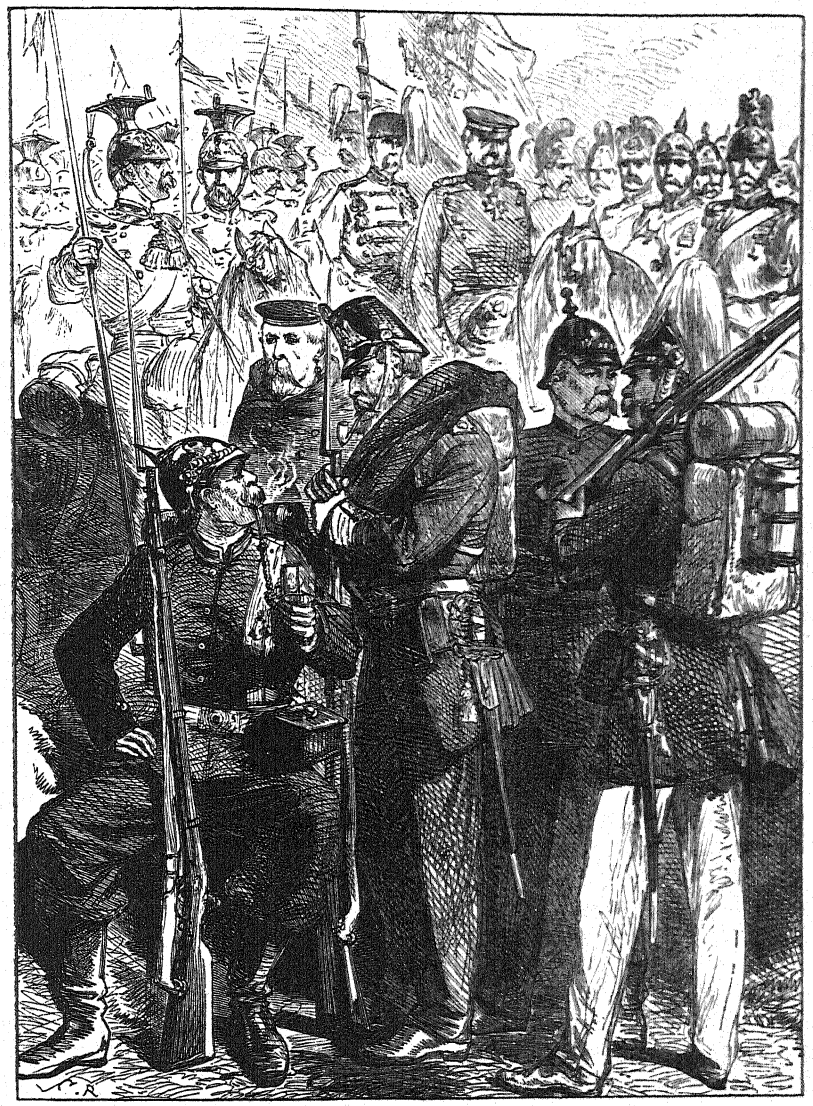
STRATEGIC MOVEMENTS PRIOR TO SEDAN.

the Bavarians, the battle fluctuated for nearly six hours in the streets of Bazeilles, fresh troops,

or freshly rallied ones, being constantly thrown by both sides into the seething fight. It was not till about 10 a.m. that the Bavarians had acquired full possession of the village itself—now reduced to mere heaps of smoking ruins; but as the combat died away in the streets it was continued with equal desperation in the adjacent gardens on the north, where the French made a fresh stand, defending their ground with the most admirable valour.

Bazeilles was certainly the scene of some of the most shocking atrocities which had been perpetrated by European soldiers since the siege and sack of Badajoz by the victorious troops of Wellington, and the storming of Lucknow by the infuriated Highlanders of Sir Colin Campbell. But it must be remembered that in all three cases the blood of the assailants had been roused to almost tiger-heat by barbarous provocation from the other side.

Simultaneously with the sanguinary struggle for Bazeilles, the battle had also been developing at other points. Advancing on the right of the Bavarians the Crown Prince of Saxony—afterwards King Albert—pushed forward towards Givonne with intent to complete the environment of the French on this side. In order to facilitate their marching, the Saxon soldiers had been ordered to lay aside their knapsacks, and by great efforts they succeeded in reaching their



GERMAN UNIFORMS, 1870.

appointed section of the ring of investment early in the day, taking the enemy completely by surprise, and hurling them back in confusion both at La Moncelle and Daigny. At the latter place the French, soon after 7 a.m., made two offensive sallies with their renowned Zouaves and dreaded Turcos belonging to the 1st Corps, but were beaten back by a crushing artillery and needle-gun fire.

For some time the scales of battle hung uncertain on this portion of the field, but reinforcements coming up to the Saxons, the latter made an impetuous push across the valley, capturing three guns and three mitrailleuses from the French after half an hour's street-fighting in the village (Daigny), which was now finally wrested from the enemy. Soon after this the Saxon right was rendered secure by the advance of the Prussian Guards, under Prince August of Würtemberg, who had made a wide detour to reach their objective, Givonne. A considerable body of French cavalry and numerous trains were seen by the Guards on the opposite side of the valley. These offered the corps artillery of the Guards an immediate target for its fire; and scarcely had the first shells fallen among the French columns when the entire mass scattered in all directions in the greatest confusion, leaving everywhere traces of a complete panic. The cavalry of the Guard was sent by a detour to the right, to bar the road to Belgium, and also establish touch with the Crown Prince's (Third) army, which had been pushed round on the German left.

At Givonne the Guards, at a great loss, stormed and captured seven guns and three mitrailleuses, whose gunners were all killed or made prisoners. Beaten out of Daigny and Givonne, the French hereabouts fled in a disorderly crowd into the woods, or fell back upon the centre, which they incommoded and discouraged by their precipitate appearance on a part of the field where they were not wanted. Shortly after, the junction between the Prussian Guards and the Crown Prince was accomplished, and the ring was now complete. Successes equal to those at Daigny and Givonne were obtained by the Germans in other directions, and the French centre began to recede, though the contest was still prolonged with desperate tenacity, the French fiercely disputing every hill-slope and point of vantage, and inflicting as well as sustaining tremendous losses.

Meanwhile the French right had been hotly engaged. A railway bridge which crosses the Meuse near Le Dancourt had been broken down by MacMahon, but in the early morning the Crown Prince had thrown some of his troops across the river on pontoons, and was thus enabled to plant his batteries on the crest of a hill which overlooks Floing and the surrounding country. The French, suddenly attacked in the rear, were more than astonished at the position in which they now found themselves; but fronting up towards their assailants with all their available strength, they maintained a prolonged resistance. Their musketry fire was poured in with such deadliness and determination that it was heard even above the deeper notes of the mitrailleuse, now playing with terrible effect on the Germans. General Sheridan said he had never heard so well-sustained and long-continued a small-arm fire.

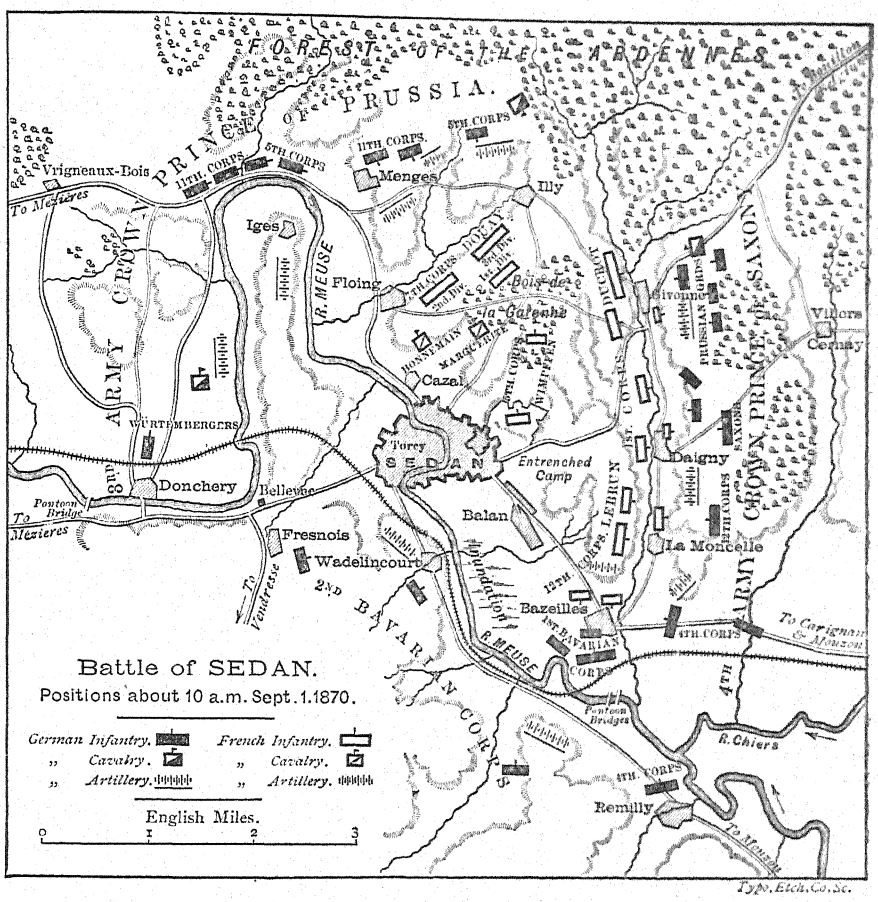
By noon, however, the Prussian battery on the slope above the broken bridge over the Meuse, above La Vilette, had silenced two French batteries near Floing, and now the enemy were compelled to retire from the position. About half-past twelve large numbers of retreating French were seen on the hill between Floing and Sedan, their ranks shelled by a Prussian battery in front of St. Menges. The Germans now advanced and seized Floing in the valley, holding it against all attempts to dislodge them; but it still remained for them to scale the heights beyond, from the entrenched slopes and vineyards of which they were exposed to a murderous fire. Here the French had all the advantages of position, and the Germans could make but little headway in spite of their repeated efforts, so that at this point the battle came to something like a standstill for nearly an hour and a half, the time being consumed in assaults and counter-assaults.

At last, on receiving reinforcements, which brought up their strength in this portion of the field to seventeen battalions, the Germans once more advanced to the attack, and the French saw that something desperate must be done if their position was to be saved. Hitherto the French cavalry had done little or nothing, but now was their chance. Emerging from the Bois de la Garenne at the head of the 4th Reserve Cavalry Division, consisting of four Scots-Grey-looking regiments of Chasseurs d'Afrique and two regiments of Lancers, General Marguerite prepared to charge down upon the Germans. But he himself was severely wounded before his imposing mass of picturesque horsemen had fairly got in motion, and then the command

devolved on General Gallifet, one of the bravest and most brilliant cavalry officers in all France—in all Europe.

Placing himself at the head of his magnificent array of horsemen, Gallifet now launched them against the seventeen battalions of the Germans. Thundering down the slope, the shining squadrons broke through the line of skirmishers,

Supported by Bonnemain's division of four Cuirassier regiments, "these attacks," wrote Moltke, "were repeated by the French again and again, and the murderous turmoil lasted for half an hour, with steadily diminishing success for the French. The infantry volleys fired at short range strewed the whole field with dead and wounded. Many fell into the



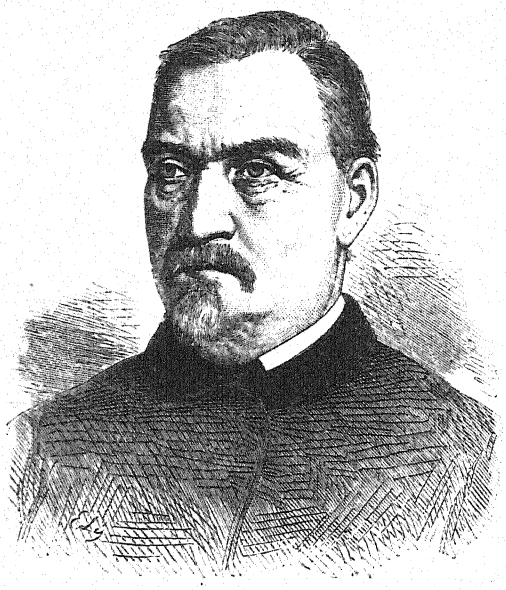
scattering them like chaff. But then, in the further pursuit of their stormful career, they were received by the deployed battalions in front and flank with such a murderous fire of musketry, supplemented by hurricanes of grape-shot from the batteries, as made them reel and roll to the ground—man and horse—in struggling, convulsive heaps. Nowhere throughout the war was the terrible pageantry of battle so picturesquely displayed as now on these sacrificial slopes of Sedan, when the finest and fairest chivalry of France was broken and shivered by bullet and bayonet as a furious wave is shattered into spray by an opposing rock.

quarries or over the steep precipices, a few may have escaped by swimming the Meuse, and scarcely more than half of these brave troops were left to return to the protection of the fortress."

The scene was well described by an eye-witness, Mr. Archibald Forbes:—"At a gallop through the ragged intervals in the confused masses of the infantry came dashing the Chasseurs d'Afrique. The squadrons halted, fronted, and then wheeled into line, at a pace and with a regularity which would have done them credit in the Champ de Mars, and did them double credit executed as was the evolution under a

warm fire. That fire, as one could tell by the dying away of the smoke-jets, ceased all of a sudden, as if the trumpets which rang out the 'Charge!' for the Chasseurs had sounded also the 'Cease firing!' for the German artillery and infantry. Not a needle-gun gave fire as the splendid horsemen crashed down the gentle slope with the velocity of an avalanche.

"I have seen not a few cavalry charges, but I never saw a finer one, whether from a spectator's or an adjutant's point of view, than this one of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. It was destined to a sudden arrestment, and that without the ceremony of the trumpets sounding the 'Halt.' The horsemen and the footmen might have seen the colour of each others' moustaches (to use Havelock's favourite phrase), when along the line of the latter there flashed out a sudden, simultaneous streak of fire. Like thunder-claps sounding over the din of a hurricane, rose the measured crash of the battery guns, and the cloud of white smoke drifted away towards the Chasseurs, enveloping them for the moment from one's sight. When it blew away, there was visible a line of bright uniforms and grey horses struggling prostrate among the potato drills, or lying still in death. Only a handful of all the gallant show of five minutes before were galloping backward up the slope, leaving tokens at intervals of their progress as they retreated. So thorough a destruction by what may be called a single volley probably the oldest soldier now alive never witnessed."



GENERAL DE WIMPFFEN.

The French had played their last card. They had endeavoured to give the tide of battle a favourable turn by sacrificing their cavalry, but in vain. The Germans now stormed and captured the heights of Floing and Cazal, and from this time the battle became little more than a mere *battue*. The French were thoroughly disheartened, and rapidly becoming an undisciplined rabble. Hundreds and thousands of them allowed themselves to be taken prisoners; ammunition-waggons were exploding in their midst, while the German artillery were ever contracting their murderous fire, and walls of bayonets closed every issue. The fugitive troopers, rushing about in search of cover, increased the frightful confusion which began to prevail throughout the circumscribed space in which the French army had been cooped up.

Still, from the German point of view, a decisive blow was imperative, so that the results of the mighty battle might be secured without a doubt. With this in view, the Prussian Guards and the Saxons from the Givonne quarter were launched against the Bois de la Garenne, which had become the last refuge of the battered and broken French; and these were soon driven back from every point, with the loss of many guns and prisoners—back on the fortress of Sedan in wild turmoil and disorganised flight.

It is to the inside of this fortress that the scene must now change, in order that we may pick up and follow what may be called the personal thread of the great battle-drama, of which we have but given the leading episodes. For it is only at this point that the battle-drama began to enter its most interesting, because most surprising phase.

Marshal MacMahon, the French commander-in-chief, had been in the saddle as early as 5 a.m. When riding along the high ground above La Moncelle he was severely wounded in the thigh by the fragment of a shell, and then he nominated Ducrot his successor in command. By 8 o'clock the latter was exercising this command, in virtue of which he had ordered a retreat westward to Mézières; but presently he was superseded by General de Wimpffen, who had but just arrived from Algeria, and who hastened to countermand the retreat on Mézières in favour of an attempt to break out in the opposite direction towards Carignan. This chaos of commanders and confusion of plans proved fatal to the distracted French, who now began to see that there was no hope for them.



"THUNDERING DOWN THE SLOPE, THE SQUADRONS BROKE THROUGH THE LINE OF SKIRMISHERS" (*p. 99*).

When riding out in the direction of the hardest fighting, Napoleon had met the wounded Marshal being brought in on a stretcher. The unfortunate Emperor mooned about the field for hours under fire, but he had no influence whatever on the conduct of the battle. He had already almost ceased to be Emperor in the eyes of his generals, and even of his soldiers. De Wimpffen sent a letter begging his imperial master "to place himself in the midst of his troops, who could be relied on to force a passage through the German lines;" but to this exhortation his Majesty vouchsafed no reply.

Eventually he returned into the town and, already showing the white feather, gave orders for the hoisting of the white flag. Up flew this white flag as a request to the Germans to suspend their infernal fire; but this signal of distress had not long fluttered aloft when it was indignantly cut down by General Faure, chief-of-staff to the wounded MacMahon, acting on his own responsibility alone. For some time longer the useless slaughter went on, and then Napoleon, who had meanwhile taken refuge in the *sous-préfecture*, made another attempt to sue for mercy.

"Why does this useless struggle go on?" he said to Lebrun, who entered the presence of his Majesty shortly before 3 p.m. "An hour ago and more I bade the white flag be displayed in order to sue for an armistice."

Lebrun explained that, in addition to the flying of the white flag, there were other formalities to be observed in such a case—the signing of a letter by the commander-in-chief, and the sending of it by an officer accompanied by a trumpeter and a flag of truce.

These things being seen to, Lebrun now repaired to where Wimpffen was rallying some troops for an assault on the Germans in Balan, near Bazeilles; and on seeing Lebrun approach with all his paraphernalia for a parley, the angry commander-in-chief shouted: "No capitulation! Drop that rag! I mean to fight on!" and forthwith he started for Balan, carrying Lebrun with him into the fray.

Meanwhile Ducrot, who had been fighting hard about the Bois de la Garenne, in the desperate attempt to retard the contraction of the German circle of fire and steel, resolved about this time to pass through Sedan and join in Wimpffen's proposed attempt to cut a way out towards Carignan. What he saw in the interior of the town may be described almost in his own words.

The streets, the open places, the gates, were blocked up by waggons, guns, and the *impedimenta* and *débris* of a routed army. Bands of soldiers without arms, without packs, were rushing about, throwing themselves into the churches or breaking into private houses. Many unfortunate men were trampled under foot. The few soldiers who still preserved a remnant of energy seemed to be expending it in accusations and curses. "We have been betrayed," they cried; "we have been sold by traitors and cowards."

Nothing could be done with such men, and Ducrot, desisting from his intention to join De Wimpffen, hastened to seek out the Emperor.

The air was all on fire; shells fell on roofs, and struck masses of masonry, which crashed down on the pavements. "I cannot understand," said the Emperor, "why the enemy continues his fire. I have ordered the white flag to be hoisted. I hope to obtain an interview with the King of Prussia, and may succeed in getting advantageous terms for the army."

While the Emperor and Ducrot were thus conversing, the German cannonade increased in deadly violence. Fires burst out; women, children, and wounded were destroyed, and the air was filled with shrieks, curses, and groans. The *sous-préfecture* itself was struck; shells were exploding every minute in the garden and courtyard.

"It is absolutely necessary to stop this firing," at last exclaimed the Emperor, in a state of pallid perturbation. "Here, write this: 'The flag of truce having been displayed, negotiations are about to be opened with the enemy. The firing must cease all along the line.' Now sign it!"

"Oh, no, sire," replied Ducrot; "I cannot sign. By what right could I do so? General Wimpffen is in chief command."

"Yes," rejoined the Emperor; "but I know not where General Wimpffen is to be found. Someone must sign!"

"Let his chief-of-staff do so," suggested Ducrot; "or General Douay."

"Yes," said the Emperor; "let the chief-of-staff sign the order."

But what became of this order is not exactly known. All that is known is, that the brave Wimpffen scorned even to open the Emperor's letter, calling upon his Majesty instead to come and help in cutting a way out; that the Emperor did not respond to this appeal; that

Wimpffen, failing in his gallant attempt on Balan for want of proper support, then retired on Sedan, and indignantly sent in his resignation to the Emperor; that then, in the presence of his Majesty, there was a scene of violent altercation between Wimpffen and Ducrot, in the course of which it was believed that blows were actually exchanged; and that finally Napoleon brought Wimpffen to understand that, having commanded during the battle, it was his duty not to desert his post in circumstances so critical.

Let the scene now again shift to the hill-top of Fresnois, where King William and his suite were viewing, as from the dress-circle of a theatre, the course of the awful battle-drama in the town and valley below. The first white flag run up by order of Napoleon had not been noticed by the Germans, and thinking thus that the French meant to fight it out to the bitter end, the King, between 4 and 5 p.m., ordered the whole available artillery to concentrate a crushing fire on Sedan, crowded as it was with fugitives and troops, so as to bring the enemy to their senses as soon as possible, no matter by what amount of carnage, while at the same time, under cover of this cannonade, a Bavarian force prepared to storm the Torcy Gate.

The batteries opened fire with fearful effect, and in a short time Sedan seemed to be in flames. This was the cannonade which had burst out during the Emperor's conversation with Ducrot, making his Majesty once more give orders for the hoisting of the white flag; and no sooner was it at length seen flying from the citadel than the German fire at once ceased, when the King despatched Colonel Bronsart von Schellendorff, of his staff, to ride down into Sedan under a flag of truce and summon the garrison to surrender.

Penetrating into the town, and asking for the commander-in-chief, this officer, to his utter astonishment, was led into the presence of Napoleon!

For the Germans had not yet the faintest idea that the Emperor was in Sedan. Just as Colonel Bronsart was starting off, General Sheridan, of the United States Army, who was attached to the royal headquarters, remarked to Bismarck that Napoleon himself would likely be one of the prizes. "Oh, no," replied the Iron Chancellor, "the old fox is too cunning to be caught in such a trap; he has doubtless slipped off to Paris."

What, then, was the surprise of all when Colonel Bronsart galloped back to the hill-slope of Fresnois with the astounding news that the Emperor himself was in the fortress, and would himself at once communicate direct with the King!

This Colonel Bronsart was a man of French extraction, being descended (like so many in Prussia) from one of those Huguenot families who had been driven into exile by the cruel despotism of Louis XIV. And now—strange Nemesis of history—to the lineal representative of a victim of this tyranny was given the satisfaction of demanding, on behalf of his royal Prussian master, the sword of the historical successor in French despotism to Louis XIV.

The effect on the field of battle, as the fact of a surrender became obvious to the troops, was most extraordinary. The opening of one of the gates of Sedan to permit the exit of the officer bearing the flag of truce gave the first impression of an approaching capitulation. This gradually gained strength until it acquired all the force of actual knowledge, and ringing cheers ran along the whole German line of battle. Shakoes, helmets, bayonets, and sabres were raised high in the air, and the vast army swayed to and fro in the excitement of an unequalled triumph. Even the dying shared in the general enthusiasm. One huge Prussian, who had been lying with his hand to his side in mortal agony, suddenly rose to his feet as he comprehended the meaning of the cries, uttered a loud "Hurrah!" waved his hands on high, and then, as the blood rushed from his wound, fell dead across a Frenchman.

On Bronsart returning to the King with his momentous message, murmured cries of "*Der Kaiser ist da!*" ran through the brilliant gathering, and then there was a moment of dumfoundered silence.

"This is, indeed, a great success," then said the King to his retinue. "And I thank thee" (turning to the Crown Prince) "that thou hast helped to achieve it."

With that the King gave his hand to his son, who kissed it; then to Moltke, who kissed it also. Lastly, he gave his hand to the Chancellor, and talked with him for some time alone.

Presently several other horsemen—some escorting-troopers—were seen ascending the hill. The chief of them was General Reille, the bearer of Napoleon's flag of truce.

Dismounting about ten paces from the King, Reille, who wore no sword and carried a cane in his hand, approached his Majesty with most

humble reverence, and presented him with a sealed letter.

All stepped back from the King, who, after saying, "But I demand, as the first condition, that the army lay down their arms," broke the seal and read :—

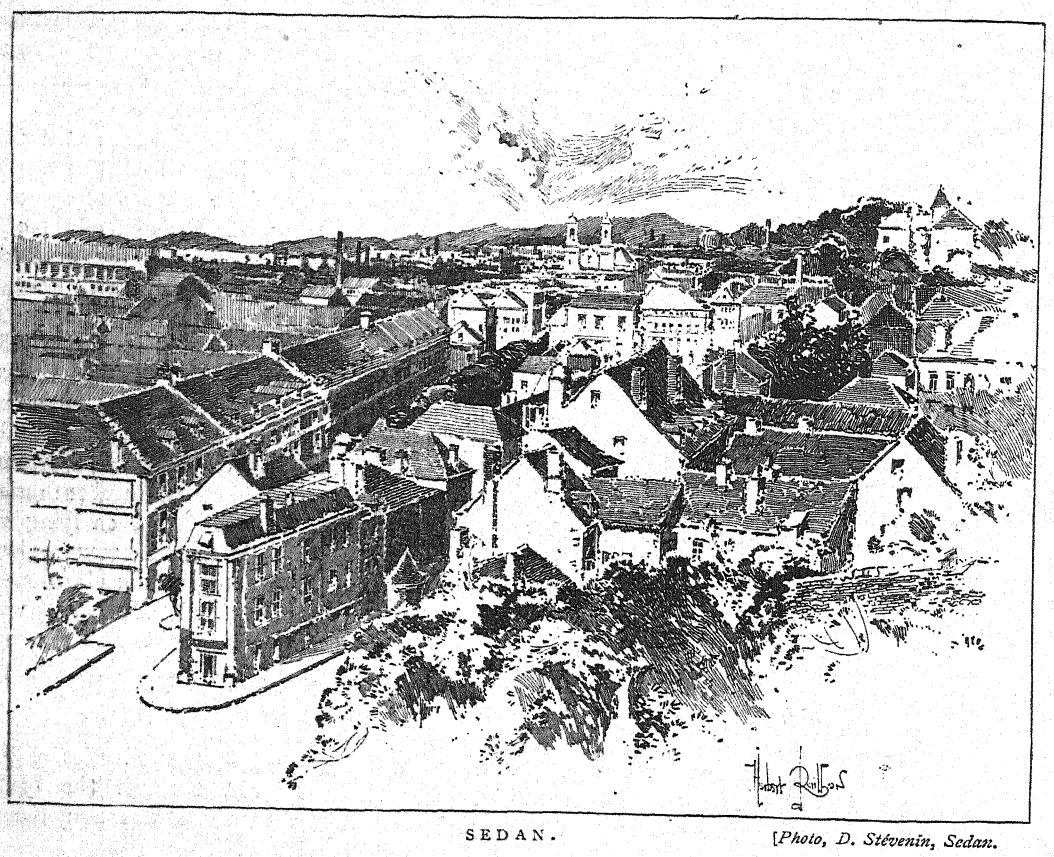
"MONSIEUR, MY BROTHER,—Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in the hands of your Majesty. I am your Majesty's good brother, "NAPOLEON.

"SEDAN, *1st September*."

In a few minutes it was ready, and his Majesty wrote it out sitting on a rush-bottomed chair, while another was held up to him by way of desk :—

"MONSIEUR, MY BROTHER,—Whilst regretting the circumstances in which we meet, I accept your Majesty's sword, and beg you to appoint one of your officers, provided with full powers, to treat for the capitulation of the army which has fought so bravely under your command. On my part I have nominated General Von Moltke for this purpose. I am your Majesty's good brother, WILLIAM.

"Before SEDAN, *1st September*, 1870."



SEDAN. [*Photo, D. Stévenin, Sedan.*

Certainly it seemed that the Emperor might have tried very much harder than he had done to die in the midst of his troops, but his own heart was his best judge in this respect.

On reading this imperial letter, the King, as well he might, was deeply moved. His first impulse, as was his pious wont, was to offer thanks to God ; and then, turning to the silent and gazing group behind him, he told them the contents of the imperial captive's letter.

The Crown Prince with Moltke and others talked a little with General Reille, whilst the King conferred with his Chancellor, who then commissioned Count Hatzfeldt to draft an answer to the Emperor's missive.

While the King was writing this answer, Bismarck held a conversation with General Reille, who represented to the Chancellor that hard conditions ought not to be imposed on an army which had fought so well.

"I shrugged my shoulders," said Bismarck.

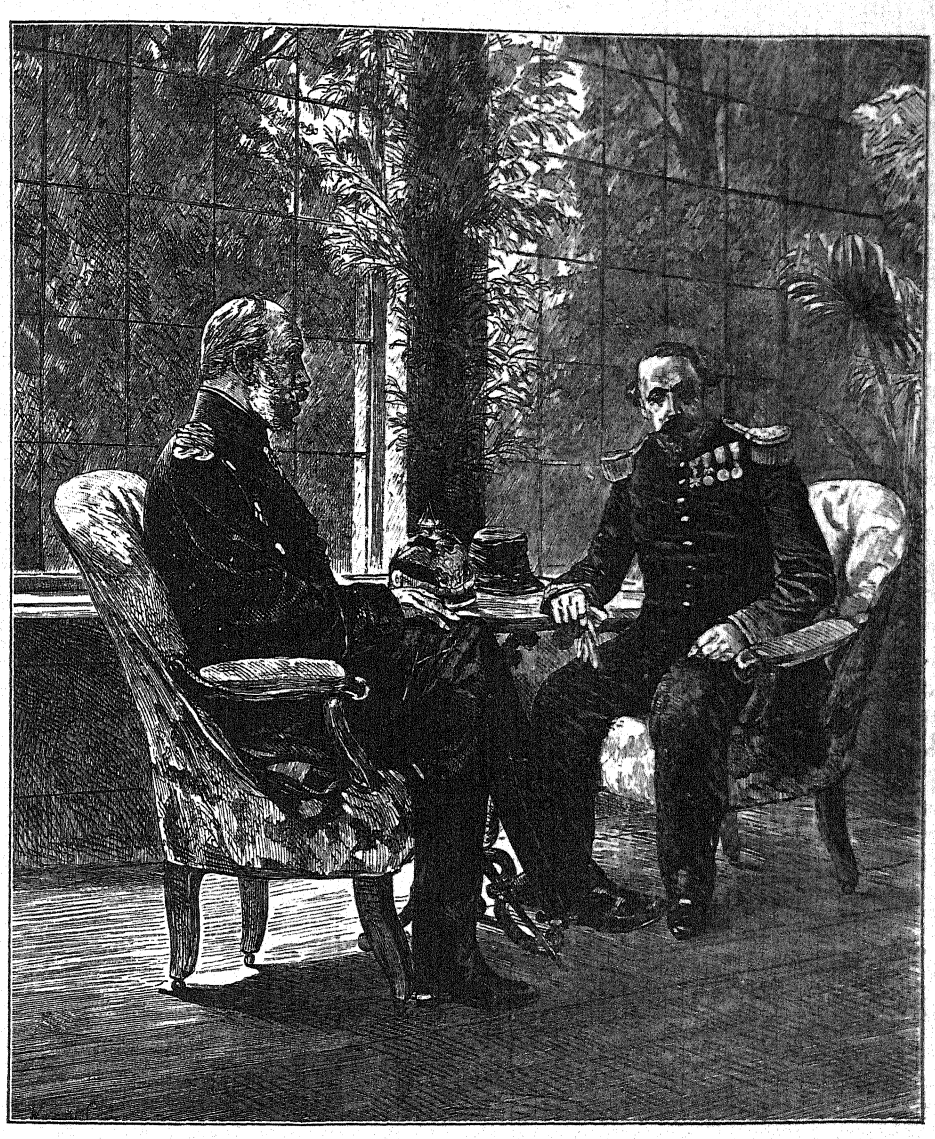
Reille rejoined that, before accepting such conditions, they would blow themselves up sky-high with the fortress.

"Do it, if you like ; *faites sauter*," replied Bismarck ; and the King's reply was now handed to the envoy of the captured Emperor.

The twilight was beginning to deepen when General Reille rode back to Sedan, but his way was lighted by the lurid gleam of the

conflagrations in and around the fortress which crimsoned the evening sky. And swift as the upshooting flames of shell-struck magazine, flew all around the circling German lines the great and glorious tidings that the Emperor with his army were prisoners of war!

loud and clear through the ethereal summer night, the deeply pious strains of "Now thank we all our God;" and then the curtain of darkness fell on one of the most tragic and momentous spectacles ever witnessed by this age of dramatic change and wonders.



MEETING OF WILLIAM AND NAPOLEON.

In marching and in fighting, the troops had performed prodigies of exertion and of valour, but their fatigues were for the time forgotten in the fierce intoxication of victory; and when the stars began to twinkle overhead, and the hill-tops around Sedan to glow with flickering watch-fires, up then arose from more than a hundred thousand grateful German throats,

"Before going to sleep," wrote Mr. Archibald Forbes—the prince, if not the father, of war-correspondents—"I took a walk round the half-obliterated ramparts which surround the once fortified town of Donchery. The scene was very fine. The whole horizon was lurid with the reflection of fire. All along the valley of the Meuse, on either side, were the

bivouacs of the German host. Two hundred thousand men lay here around their King. On the horizon glowed the flames of the burning villages, the flicker occasionally reflecting itself on a link of the placid Meuse. Over all the quiet moon waded through a sky cumbered with wind-clouds. What were the Germans doing on this their night of triumph? Celebrating their victory by wassail and riot? No. There arose from every camp one unanimous chorus of song, but not the song of ribaldry. Verily they are a great race these Germans—a masterful, fighting, praying people; surely in many respects not unlike the men whom Cromwell led. The chant that filled the night air was Luther's hymn, the glorious—

'Nun danket alle Gott,'

the 'Old Hundredth' of Germany. To hear this great martial orchestra singing this noble hymn under such circumstances was alone worth a journey to Sedan, with all its vicissitudes and difficulties."

Of the 200,000 men whom the Germans had marched up towards Sedan, only about 120,000 had taken actual part in the battle; and of these their glorious victory had entailed a loss of 460 officers and 8,500 men in killed and wounded. The French, on the other hand, had to lament the terrible loss of 17,000 killed and wounded, and 24,000 prisoners taken on the field (including 3,000 who had fled over into Belgium and been disarmed). On the part of the Germans, the Bavarians and the men of Posen had been the heaviest sufferers.

On the night of the battle King William returned to Vendresse, "being greeted," as he himself wrote, "on the road by the loud hurrahs of the advancing troops, who were singing the national hymn," and extemporising illuminations in honour of their stupendous victory; while Bismarck, with Moltke, Blumenthal, and several other staff-officers, remained behind at the village of Donchery—a mile or two from Sedan—to treat for the capitulation of the French army.

For this purpose an armistice had been concluded till four o'clock next morning. The chief French negotiators were Generals de Wimpffen and Castelnau—the former for the army, the latter for the Emperor.

Both pleaded very hard for a mitigation of Moltke's brief but comprehensive condition—unconditional surrender of Sedan and all within it. But the German strategist was as hard and unbending as adamant; and when De Wimpffen, with the burning shame of a patriot and the grief of a brave soldier convulsing his heart, talked of resuming the conflict rather than submit to such humiliating terms, Moltke merely pointed to the 500 guns that were now encircling Sedan on its ring of heights, and at the same time invited Wimpffen to send one of his officers to make a thorough inspection of the German position, so as to convince himself of the utter hopelessness of renewed resistance.

The negotiations lasted for several hours, and it was past midnight when the broken-hearted De Wimpffen and his colleagues returned to Sedan, having meanwhile achieved no other result than the prolongation of the armistice from 4 to 9 a.m. on the 2nd September, at which hour to the minute, said Moltke, the fortress would become the target of half a thousand guns unless his terms were accepted.

On returning to Sedan about 1 a.m., De Wimpffen at once went to the Emperor to make a report on the sad state of affairs, and beg his Majesty to exert his personal influence to obtain more favourable terms for the army. For this purpose Napoleon readily undertook to go to the German headquarters at 5 a.m.

Soon after he had driven out of the fortress, Wimpffen called a council of war, consisting of all the commanding generals, and put the question whether further resistance was possible. It was answered in the despairing negative by all the thirty-two generals present, save only two, Pellé and Carré de Bellemare; while even these two in the end acquiesced in the absolute necessity of accepting Moltke's terms on its being shown them that another attempt to break through the investing lines would only lead to useless slaughter. For in the course of the night the Germans had further tightened their iron grip on the fortress, and thickened the girdle of their guns. No; there was clearly nothing left for the poor, demoralised French but to yield to the inevitable, and their only chance lay in the hope that the Emperor himself would be able to procure some mollification of their terrible fate.

But the hope proved a vain one. Driving forth with several high officers from the fortress about 5 a.m., the Emperor, who was wearing white kid gloves and smoking his everlasting cigarette, sent on General Reille to Donchery in search of Bismarck; and the latter, "unwashed and unbreakfasted," was soon galloping towards Sedan to learn the wishes of his fallen Majesty.

He had not ridden far when he encountered the Emperor, sitting in an open carriage, apparently a hired one, in which were also three officers of high rank, and as many on horseback. Bismarck had his revolver in his belt, and on the Emperor catching sight of this he gave a start; but the Chancellor, saluting and dismounting, approached the Emperor with as much courtesy as if he had been at the Tuileries, and begged to know his Majesty's commands.

Napoleon replied that he wanted to see the King, but Bismarck explained that this was impossible, his Majesty being quartered fourteen miles away. Had not the King, then, appointed any place for him, the Emperor, to go to?

Bismarck knew not, but meanwhile his own quarters were at his Majesty's disposal. The Emperor accepted the offer, and began to drive slowly towards Donchery, but, hesitating on account of the possible crowd, stopped at a solitary cottage, that of a poor weaver, a few hundred paces from the Meuse bridge, and asked if he could remain there.

"I requested my cousin," said Bismarck, "to inspect the house, and he reported that, though free from wounded, it was mean and dirty. '*N'importe*,' said Napoleon, and with him I ascended a rickety, narrow staircase. In a small, one-windowed room, with a deal table and two rush-bottomed chairs, we sat alone for about an hour—a great contrast to our last meeting in the Tuileries in 1867," the year of the Paris Exhibition. "Our conversation was a difficult thing, wanting, as I did, to avoid touching on topics which could not but painfully affect the man whom God's mighty hand had cast down."

Whenever Napoleon led this conversation, as he was for ever doing, to the terribly hard terms of the capitulation, Bismarck met him with the assurance that this was a purely military question, and quite beyond his province. Moltke was the man to speak to about such things.

In the meantime efforts had been made to find better accommodation for the Emperor, and this was at last discovered in the Château Bellevue, a little further up the Meuse. Leaving Napoleon in the weaver's cottage, Bismarck hurried back to his quarters on the market-place at Donchery to array himself in his full uniform, and then, as he said, "I conducted his Majesty to Bellevue, with a squadron of Cuirassiers as escort."

At the conference which now began, the Emperor wished to have the King present, from whom he expected softness and magnanimity; but his Majesty was told that his wish in this respect could not possibly be gratified until after the capitulation had been signed.

Oh! if he could but see and plead with the King—was the anguished Emperor's constant thought; but the King took very good care, or his counsellors for him, that he should not expose himself to any personal appeal for pity until the German army had safely garnered all its splendid harvest of victory.

Meanwhile De Wimpffen had come out of Sedan with the despairing decision of the council of war, and the determination to accept Moltke's inexorable terms. But even Moltke, the least sentimental and emotional of men, could not help feeling a genuine throb of pity for the very hard fate of De Wimpffen—a man of German origin, as his name implied—on whom it thus fell to sign away the existence of an army, of which he had not been four-and-twenty hours in supreme command. Napoleon, the crowned cutthroat of the *coup d'état*, the sawdust "Man of Destiny," the intriguer, the selfish adventurer, the author of the meddling policy which had involved his country in this unparalleled calamity — this "Napoleon the Little" had richly deserved his fate. But as for De Wimpffen—no wonder that *his* misfortune even touched the adamantine heart of his German co-signatory to the capitulation.

After his interview with Napoleon, Bismarck rode to Chéhery (on the road to Vendresse), in the hope of meeting the King and informing him how things stood. On the way he was met by Moltke, who had the text of the capitulation as approved by his Majesty; and on their return to Bellevue it was signed without opposition.

By this unparalleled capitulation 83,000 men were surrendered as prisoners of war in addition to the fortress of Sedan with its 138 pieces of artillery, 420 field-guns, including 70 mitrailleuses, 6,000 horses fit for service, 66,000 stand of arms, 1,000 baggage and other waggons, an enormous quantity of military stores, and three standards. Among the prisoners yielded up were the Emperor and one of his field-marshals (MacMahon), 40 generals, and 2,825 various other officers, all of whom, by the special mercy of King William, were offered release on parole, though only 500 of them took advantage of this condition, the others being sent to Germany. By the catastrophe of Sedan, the French had lost—in killed, wounded, and prisoners—no fewer than 124,000 men at one fell swoop!

With the capitulation sealed and signed,

Bismarck and Moltke now hastened back to the King, whom they found on the heights above Donchery about noon. His Majesty ordered the important document to be read aloud to his numerous and brilliant suite, which included several German princes.

Now that an appeal *ad misericordiam* had been put out of the Emperor's power, the King, accompanied by the Crown Prince, rode down to the château of Bellevue to meet the fallen monarch. "At one o'clock," wrote his Majesty to Queen Augusta, "I and Fritz set out, accompanied by an escort of cavalry belonging to the staff. I dismounted at the château, and the Emperor came out to meet me. The visit lasted for a quarter of an hour. We were both deeply moved. I cannot describe what I felt at the interview, having seen Napoleon only three years ago at the height of his power."

And now, while the crushed and broken-hearted Emperor was left to spend his last day on the soil of France prior to his departure for the place of his detention at Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel (once, strange to say, the residence of his uncle, King Jerome of Westphalia), King William, accompanied by Moltke, Roon, Bismarck, and the rest of his paladins, started on a ride through all the positions occupied by the German armies round Sedan. For five long hours, over hill and dale, from battery to battalion, and from corps to corps, through all the various tribes of the Fatherland in arms, rode the brilliant cavalcade, greeted with triumphant music and frantic cheering wherever it went. "I cannot describe," wrote the King, "the reception given me by the troops, nor my meeting with the Guards, who have been decimated. I was deeply affected by so many proofs of love and devotion."



"KING WILLIAM STARTED ON A RIDE THROUGH ALL THE POSITIONS OCCUPIED BY THE GERMAN ARMIES."

No wonder the Germans very nearly went mad with joy. For no victory had ever been like this crowning masterpiece of Moltke's genius—so colossal, so complete, so momentous in its political results—which converted the French Empire into a Republic and the Germanic Confederation into an Empire.

SPANISH BATTLES IN MOROCCO: 1859-60
CASTILLEJOS, TETUAN, GUAD EL RAS

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

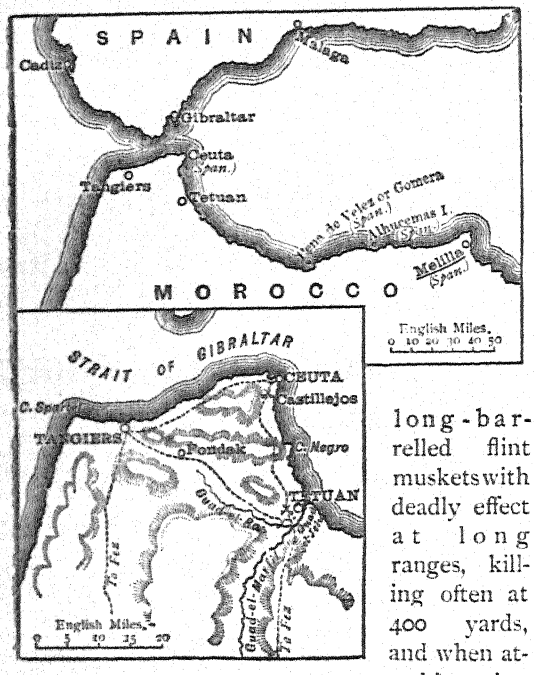
THE hero of the Spanish war with Morocco in 1859-60 was General Prim, the celebrated marshal who was afterwards known through Europe as a king-maker and politician. But he was before all a soldier, and a gallant one, ever ready to seek the foremost place in danger and venture his life upon occasion. The most marked trait in his character was his cool, calm courage; for although he could take the lead and head an attack like any subaltern, with all the fire and intrepidity of youth, it was done on profound calculation, as the best means of inspiring an enterprising, determined spirit. In one of the many sharply-contested combats in this African war he found himself with infantry alone, exposed to the attack of a considerable force of Moorish cavalry. The Spaniards in this war were weak in cavalry, the Moors, on the other hand, strong. In the present instance their horsemen were quick to discover a weak spot in the enemy's line. This was where Prim was posted, with only infantry to withstand the charge. He was nothing daunted. "Men!" he shouted, with that brief, stirring oratory for which he was famous in the field—"Men! here are cavalry coming down on us, and we have none to send against them. We will meet them and charge them with the bayonets. Form squares and let the music play!" So in solid masses, with bands and colours in their midst, the Spanish infantry marched to attack the attackers, and with such a resolute mien that the Moorish cavalry turned tail and would not wait to receive them.

Prim's had been an adventurous career. He began life as a private soldier, a volunteer in a Catalonian regiment at the time of the first Carlist war. Gaining almost immediately an officer's commission, he won rank after rank so rapidly that he was a colonel at twenty-five. The very next year (1840) he threw himself into the troubled sea of Spanish politics, was concerned in a military rising, took the losing side, and was compelled to fly to France. Three years later he returned and headed a small revolution of his own, which succeeded in overthrowing Espartero and gave Prim a title as count and the rank of major-general. Once more he joined the wrong side and suffered for his mistake; he was charged with participation in an attempt to assassinate the Spanish Prime Minister, and sentenced to imprisonment in a fortress for six years. When pardoned he travelled much in England and Italy; he went to the Crimean war as the representative of Spain, then settled in Paris, and was there leading a life of inglorious ease when the war broke out between Spain and Morocco. A born soldier, he could not bear to be left out of such stirring business; he at once sought active employment, and was appointed to the command of the Spanish reserve.

This war was the result of perpetual disagreements between the two countries. Spain was a little stimulated to it, perhaps, by her desire to extend her African possessions. She held, and still holds, a number of fortified posts on the Mediterranean shores of Morocco—Ceuta, Melilla, Alhucemas, and others. These settlements were so often harassed and attacked by the turbulent mountain-tribes that Spain indignantly demanded reparation. The Moors gave way at first; then Spain claimed more territory, which was also granted; but as one side yielded the other grew more exacting, and finally the two nations quarrelled over the lands that were to be ceded outside Ceuta. Spain at once declared war, and prepared to advance into Morocco.

It was the late autumn—a season not quite propitious to military operations. Although the summers are hot in North Africa, the winters are very inclement; heavy storms of wind and much

rain might be expected. Then the country was rugged and inhospitable—a network of hills sloping down from the Atlas mountains and intersected by rushing streams, "without roads, without population, without resources of any kind." All supplies would have to be landed on the coast and carried up with the columns, or follow as convoys under strong escort. The enemy to be encountered might be semi-barbaric, with no great knowledge of modern warfare, but they had their own peculiar and often effective tactics—clinging close to cover and using their



long-barrelled flint muskets with deadly effect at long ranges, killing often at 400 yards, and when attacking using them as clubs. These Moors were mostly fine stalwart men some six feet in height, very dirty, wretchedly clad in a white *naik*—a sort of loose, long tunic with a white hood. They were lightly equipped, active and swift of foot, knowing their mountainous country by heart, and being above all fanatics by religion—Mohammedans, the direct descendants or warlike ancestors, firmly believing, as they did, that the joys of Paradise awaited all who were slain in conflict with the infidel, they were likely to prove formidable foes. "Their stature, their wild and ferocious yells," says a writer who made this campaign, "might have been expected to have an intimidating effect upon troops the majority of whom are mere recruits." How bravely the Spanish troops faced and encountered them will presently be told.

At that time the Spaniards were but little practised in war, had had but little experience of real campaigning. Although vexed continually with civil and fratricidal contests, Spain had not met a foreign foe since the old days of the Peninsular War. But she had a well-organised, compact army, made up of good materials. The Spanish soldier is willing, hardy, patient under trials and discomfort. He can march admirably—farther and faster, it is said, than the troops of any other European nation. In their light rope-soled sandals the Spanish infantry move always at a great pace, very much like the Bersaglieri or riflemen of Italy. But in the early days of this Moorish war they failed rather in field manœuvres; they did not encounter the Moors on the best plan; they were prone to rush out and engage in small skirmishes instead of awaiting attack, when their sturdy valour would have told most effectually. Again, they were bad marksmen; good shooting was not taught or encouraged in those days, and in the coming fights the Moors suffered more from artillery than infantry fire. It was, indeed, the artillery arm that did the greatest execution in the war; the Spanish cavalry was never very fortunate, and the infantry depended mainly on their bayonets, which, however, they used with excellent effect whenever they crossed weapons with the enemy, and that was often, as we shall see.

The sudden declaration of war found Spain unprepared to take the field; and as the Moors were at home on their own ground the first honours of the campaign fell to them. They quickly assembled in great numbers, and threatened Ceuta, the Spanish prison fortress, which was to be the base of operations. A line of redoubts was hastily thrown up across the isthmus—the neck of the narrow and rocky peninsula on which Ceuta stands. This brought out at once one of the many high qualities of the Spanish soldiers—their skill in manual labour. An immense amount of work fell upon them from first to last in clearing ground, road-making, felling trees, throwing up earthworks; and their readiness, industry, and goodwill in these irksome but deeply important duties gained them high praise. In the earliest phases of the conflict it was hardly possible at first to move across the many obstacles presented by the ground immediately around Ceuta. Within a fortnight the whole surface was transformed; the brushwood was cut down, good communication established between the redoubts, and it was no longer possible for the enemy to creep up to them unperceived.

Meanwhile, in the teeth of great difficulties, of hasty and, therefore, incomplete organisation, of the inevitable use of sea transport to ferry everything—men, horses, guns, food, material of every description—across from Spain, within a month a couple of army corps, each some 10,000 strong, and the reserve, another 5,000, had been disembarked at Ceuta, and had fallen into the defensive line. A third army corps was waiting conveyance at Malaga, but its movement was greatly impeded by tempestuous weather. These three corps were commanded as follows:—the first by General Echague, the second by General Zabala, the third (still at Malaga) by General Ros de Olano, and the reserve by General Prim. The whole expeditionary army was under Marshal O'Donnell, another of the great soldier-politicians who in turn took such a prominent part in the government of Spain. O'Donnell, at this particular juncture, occupied the curious but authoritative position of Prime Minister, War Minister, and Commander-in-Chief of the army in the field. The possession of this supreme power no doubt helped him in the conduct of the campaign. It urged him, too, to the highest efforts; he knew he must achieve victory, for the first reverse would undoubtedly have been followed by his political disgrace and downfall.

November passed in desultory warfare along the line of entrenchments, during which the Spaniards held their own—no more. December, in its early days, saw no change; indeed, the situation grew somewhat worse, for the weather was always atrocious, and the rain fell incessantly, converting the ground into a quagmire, and putting the troops to the utmost discomfort. They had no protection but the small *tentes d'abri*, of the French pattern—each for three men, and each only a few feet high—and through them the wind whistled and the water poured most uncomfortably. Such shelter was no better than lying in the open; the men sickened by hundreds, while cholera, that fell scourge, descended upon the camp and committed terrible havoc. All this time, too, there were constant skirmishes and combats of a more or less sanguinary character outside the fortifications. The Moors came on continually with great demonstrations, drawing the Spaniards beyond their entrenchments to fight at a disadvantage, and with no other result than a useless waste of life.

At last, as the year ended, Marshal O'Donnell felt himself strong enough to assume the offensive. The whole expeditionary force had now landed at Ceuta; there were troops enough to hold the redoubts covering the fortress-base, and yet to leave the main body free to march inland. Tetuan, the nearest Moorish city—if it deserved so grand a title—was the first point at which O'Donnell aimed; it was thought to be fortified and strongly held, and, although not by any means the capital of Morocco—it must be remembered that the principal object of an invader was to seize the enemy's capital—still, the fall of Tetuan would be a very substantial gain and an undoubted proof of Spanish prowess. The road to Tetuan was fairly open, moreover, due account being taken of the enemy that interposed; it followed the line of the eastern coast, and the Spanish ships of war and transports could accompany the march, giving aid if needs were to the land forces by disembarking seamen and supplies.

The order to march was issued on the eve of New Year's Day, and was hailed with delight by the Spanish troops. They were sick of Ceuta and its monotonous trench duty; they hoped to leave its narrow limits and breathe a fresher, higher air.

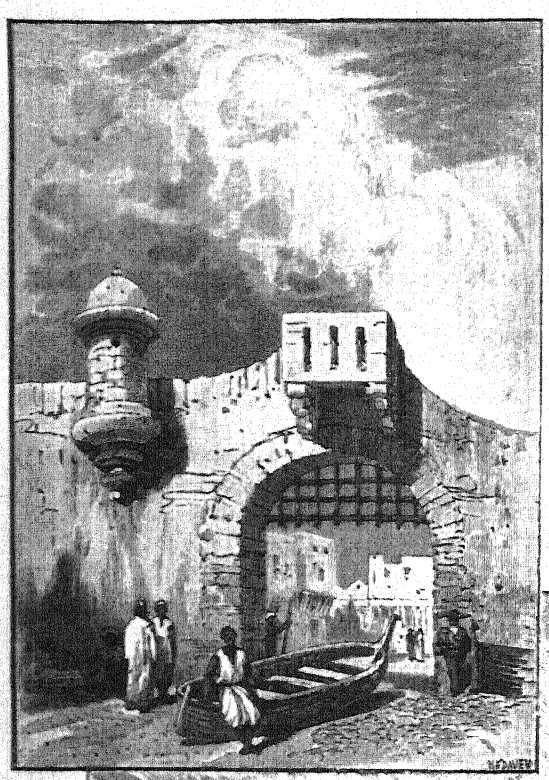
The advance was entrusted to General Prim, with the reserve division; an unusual proceeding, as the reserve generally follows in the rear. But Prim's fearless spirit, his indomitable energy and pluck, were so well known that he was naturally selected to lead the van. Zabala, with the second corps, supported Prim. The immediate head of the advance consisted of engineers, covered by cavalry and artillery, whose duty was to bridge the streams that came in the way.

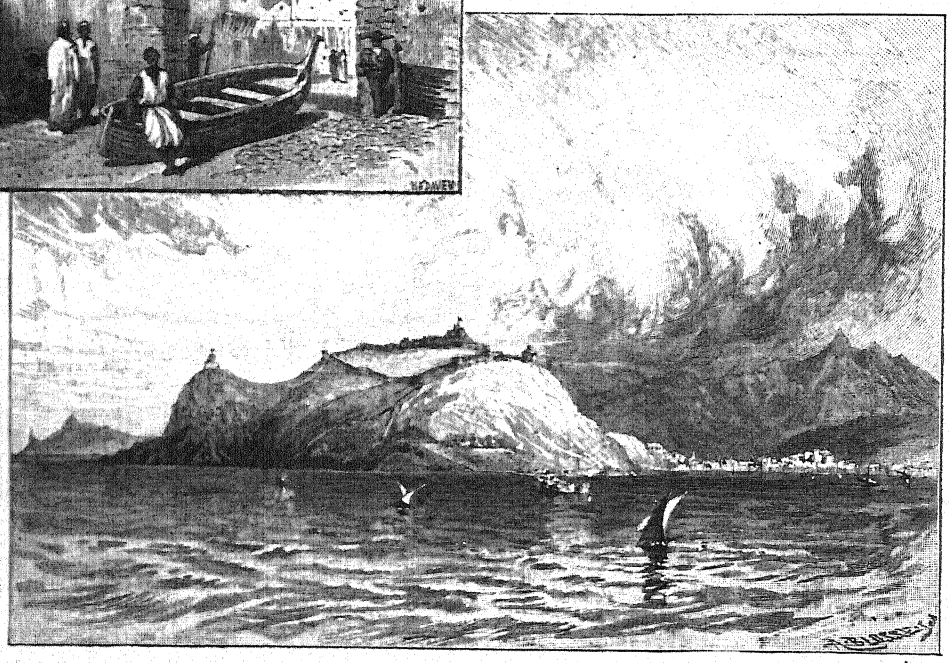
Prim's command was on the move at daylight, their tents having been struck in the dark. By eight a.m. they were in collision with the enemy. The Moors, having seen the direction of the Spanish march, pointing as it was towards Tetuan, lost no time in assembling in strength to oppose it. They were soon seen in great numbers on a ridge in front, menacing an attack on Prim; but they gave way before his firm and resolute advance, and fell back, yielding position after position, until the hills seemed cleared of them. Prim now found himself in an open valley, hemmed in with heights, and studded with the ruins of two small white houses or "castles"—*castillejos*, as the Spaniards call them, which gave the name to the action now close at hand.

Here the enemy turned to make a fresh stand. A mountain-battery had galloped up to the front boldly, and might be supposed to have pushed on too far. The Moors were disposed

to attack it, and came on brandishing their long guns, and shouting, "Dogs! Christian dogs!" till a burst of grape shot dispersed them. Then two Spanish squadrons charged. This charge, like that much more famous and more disastrous charge at Balaclava, seems to have originated also in a mistake. A French officer, who was acting as aide-de-camp to General Prim, brought them instructions to move out freely whenever they got the chance, adding, as he afterwards declared, that the Moors were "cowards" and would not face them. The epithet was unhappily misconstrued and taken to apply to the Spanish horsemen. The cavalry commander, stung to the quick, immediately strove to disprove the calumny, and gave the word to charge.

Away galloped the hussars into the very thick of the enemy, and tumbled in upon them in considerable strength on a plateau where their camp was pitched. But here, in this narrow and enclosed space, so unfavourable to the movement of horsemen, the Moors opened a fierce fire, and took them at a disadvantage. The hussars fought bravely against misfortune, but were presently compelled to retreat, after performing many acts of individual heroism. One of the most notable was that of the corporal, Pedro Mur, who, in the last stage of the struggle, when his comrades were already retreating, resolved to capture a standard he saw waving in the centre of a small group of Moors. With this rash idea he turned, left the ranks, rode back alone and at full speed, charging sword in hand at the standard-bearer. He bore down every one opposed to him, smote the Moor with the colour, killed him, seized the colour, and galloped away, unhurt, but splashed from head to foot with his enemies' blood.



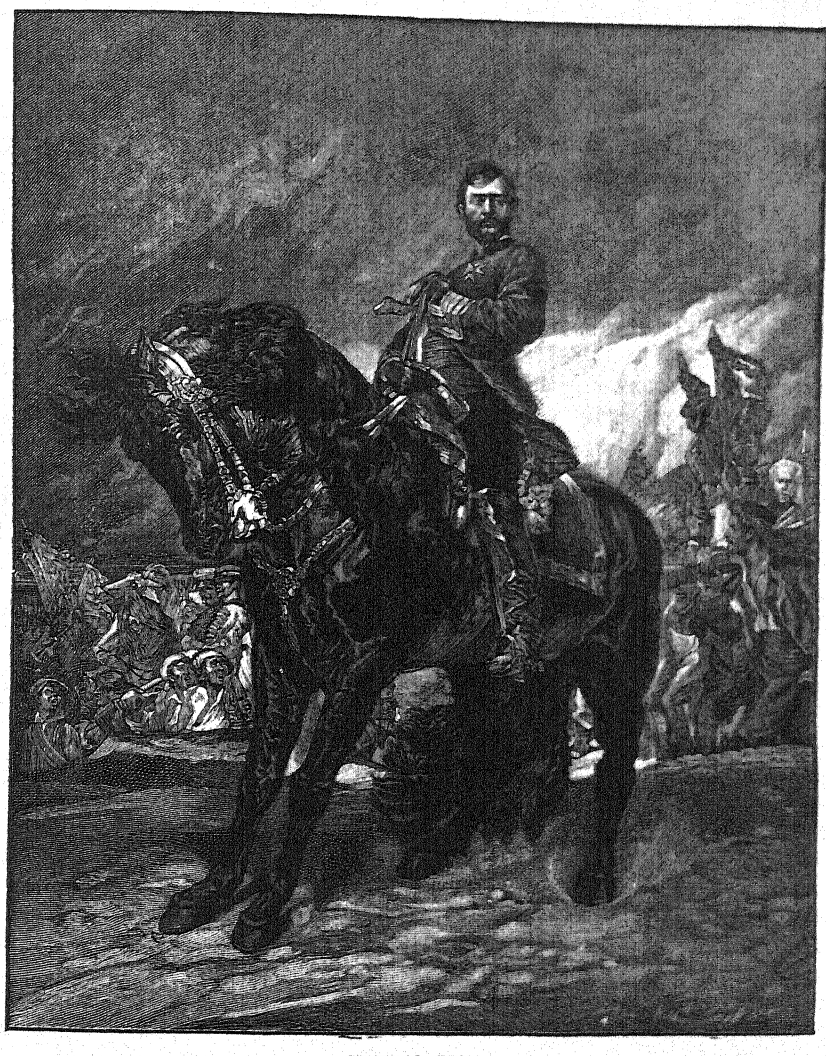


CEUTA AND ITS SEA-GATE.

Prim, it was said, should have been contented with the ground gained. But this unsuccessful charge led him to wish to renew the attack, and make a further advance. He was prudent enough

to first seek further support, which O'Donnell refused, saying he would come himself to judge of the necessity, adding that Prim had gone too far already. It would be wiser, he added, to stand fast and entrench on the ground held.

All doubts as to the proper course to pursue the latter being to cut off the Spanish retreat. The fight which followed was as fierce as it was momentous. The fire raged furiously; the smoke was so thick that the general's aides galloping to and fro were in touch of the enemy's line, yet unseen; the noise so deafening that it drowned



GENERAL PRIM.
(From the picture by Henri Regnault.)

were solved by the enemy. The Moors had been receiving reinforcements, both horse and foot, and, about one p.m., were in such strength that they were emboldened to try a fresh onslaught. Prim's force, a mere handful of four weak battalions, further reduced by the day's casualties, had been on the move since daylight, without tasting food. The men had lain down to rest and were in some danger. The Moors attacked both in front and on the flank, the direction of the bugle calls. Prim was as usual cool, self-reliant, and quite undismayed; he gave his orders quietly, although always in the thickest part of the fight, often on foot, wearing two brilliant stars on his breast, and waving his gold-headed general's cane. His example was splendid; his excellent dispositions were well calculated to make the best use of his scanty forces, for the ground he occupied was too extensive for his numbers.



A MOORISH HORSEMAN.

At the most critical moment help came in the shape of two fresh battalions, sent by O'Donnell, from the second corps, and that general himself, followed by all his staff, came galloping up like a small troop of cavalry, as though to take part in the fight. Prim had already utilised his new troops. He directed the men to lay aside their knapsacks, then, placing himself at the head of a battalion, and holding the other in support, he resolved to make a counter-attack. But first he seized one of the regimental colours, and, waving it on high, cried :—

"Soldiers! The time has come to die for the honour of our country. There is no honour in the man who will not give up his life when it is required of him."

With these words he rushed on impetuously, caring little, it seemed, whether he was followed or not. Now his horse was badly wounded and staggered, but it recovered, and, as if imitating the noble impulse of its rider, galloped on. The Spaniards, fired by Prim's example, followed unhesitatingly, and with such energy that the enemy was at length forced to give way.

Prim afterwards gave his account of the episode in a letter to a friend :—

"At this supreme moment I snatched up a colour; I spoke a few words with heartfelt emphasis. I called upon the remnant of my braves, and we rushed at the enemy. They were so close to us that the bayonet was the only weapon we could use. It is impossible to describe what followed. Moors and Spaniards mixed inextricably—bayonets crossing scimitars! But my men pressed on with loud cries of '*Viva la Reina! viva España!*' And for the last time that day we conquered again. The Moors fled, and our flag waved over a position we had carried three separate times." O'Donnell officially reported that "the enemy, having been reinforced, incessantly attacked General Prim's position about three p.m. with great desperation. But Prim, with his usual serene courage, went out to meet them. A hand-to-hand, body-to-body combat ensued, from which our battalions emerged eventually triumphant."

The immediate result of the battle of Castillejos was the opening up of the valley and of the road to Tetuan, still some five-and-twenty miles distant. The enemy had withdrawn almost entirely, and a reconnaissance was pushed on to within a few miles of the city without being disturbed by them. But O'Donnell wisely sought to make good his position, and he halted while the necessary work of levelling ground was carried on to facilitate the bringing up supplies, much hampered hitherto and impeded by the return of tempestuous weather. A more enterprising enemy might have done much damage during this delay, and afterwards when the advance was resumed, for the Spanish troops had to cross much rough country and thread many dangerous defiles. But the movement forward was steadily continued, with occasional combats—that across the heights of Cape Negro alone being of a serious character—until, upon the 17th January, the army reached and encamped upon the banks of the River Guad el Jelu, in full view of Tetuan, which glistened "snow-white on the rising ground at the extremity of the valley."

O'Donnell was now well placed for the attack of that city. His forces were well concentrated; the rear had come up with his main body, the guns also, notwithstanding the difficulties of the road and his baggage. The ships lay off the mouth of the river above-mentioned, and carried reinforcements, a fresh division ready to be disembarked when required. Still, he was circumspect; and feeling that he might be obliged to undertake a long siege, he set to work to strengthen himself by building redoubts, and collect his battering-train. The transport of the guns was hard work. As an artillery officer described it, "When we leave the sand, we ascend the mountain; when we quit the mountain, we sink into the marsh."

A fortnight or more had elapsed before these preparations were completed, and in the interval the Moors had gathered fresh strength for the defence of Tetuan. Their numbers rose to 35,000 or 40,000 men. A brother of the

Emperor was in command, and around him was a portion of the famous black Moorish mounted guard. The whole of these troops occupied an entrenched camp covering the town—a camp carefully fortified with high substantial earthworks, along the front of which lay a swampy marsh. There was water or muddy ground protecting one flank (the right), and on the other (the left) the defences rested on rising ground, with brushwood, which gave good cover to the Moorish marksmen. This position was strongly held by a garrison of nearly 30,000 men. It was armed with many batteries of guns, but the Moorish artillerymen were unskilled, and made but poor practice. Experts who saw this camp after the fight declared that, if manned by European troops, it would have proved almost impregnable.

The Spanish general soon realised that he must first crack this nut before he could get at the kernel—Tetuan. The 4th February was the day fixed for the attack.

There were two main lines of advance, right and left, and beyond the right an extension or flanking movement. The left attack was entrusted to General Prim, who was now in command of the 2nd Corps. He formed his troops in two lines, the first consisting of two brigades in echelon of battalions—one battalion behind the other, but stretching out beyond, so that the whole made a long line—with two brigades in column supporting. Between the two lines were the artillery.

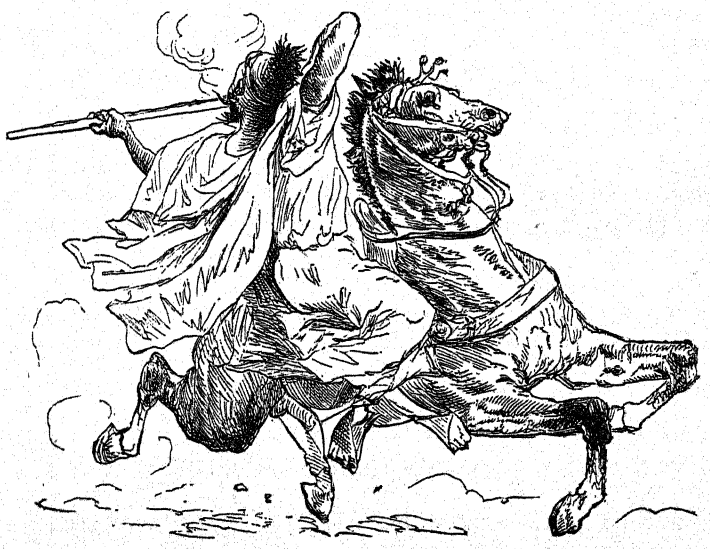
The left attack consisted of the 3rd Corps, under General Ros de Olano, and it was formed in the same order as the right.

On the extreme right General Rios, with the division that had lately landed, was to circle round the left of the encampment continually threatening that flank.

The morning of the 4th dawned thick with fog; the night had been cold with severe frost. When, about 8 a.m., the mists lifted, the surrounding mountains were seen covered to their base with snow. The advance of the two attacks was made simultaneously, and both corps fell quickly into the dispositions already described. They moved steadily forward, notwithstanding the difficulties of the marshy ground undeterred by the enemy's guns, which opened fire as soon as the Spaniards came in sight. The Spanish batteries did not attempt to reply until well within range, and then did great execution. One shell set fire to the principal Moorish magazine, which exploded, scattering death and confusion within the lines.

The worst ground the assailants found was close up under the entrenchments. Here, too, the Moorish artillery, firing grape at very short range, did great execution. Prim's men were now a good deal harassed, too, by the sharpshooters in the wood. But as they neared the works the signal was given to charge, and all went forward gallantly with loud shouts and "*Vivas!*" Of course, Prim led. On the eve of the fight he had said to some friends, "Happy the man who first enters the breach to-morrow." Now he showed that he meant what he said; for he rode straight into a battery through an embrasure (gun opening), followed by four of his staff, and cut down with his sword the two first Moors who attempted to bar his passage. When Prim's men saw their general disappear inside the works, they dashed after him, cheering; and the enemy, astounded at the daring of the five mounted assailants, gave way entirely at the charge of the rest of the column.

Prim had made good his entrance about the centre of the line of works; next him, on the right, a brother of General O'Donnell's got in with his division. On the left the 3rd Corps made good progress, but were much impeded by a morass, and, while caught there, suffered much from the enemy's fire. The left division of this left attack, however, penetrated, and the men



A MOORISH HORSEMAN.

having thrown off their knapsacks, which greatly encumbered their movements, raced forward, bayoneting the Moors wherever they found them. On the far right, meanwhile, one of Prim's divisions, lending a hand to General Rios, had driven the Moors up into the hills.

The struggle was ended. It had been costly and gallantly fought on both sides. The Spaniards had borne a heavy fire with cool endurance, and had shown great dash when the time came to charge. The Moors, for their part, had made a tenacious resistance. The artillerymen especially had stuck to their guns to the very last, although altogether overmastered. The cavalry on neither side did much.



A MOORISH SOLDIER.

Three days afterwards Tetuan — at the urgent request of many of the inhabitants — was occupied by the Spanish troops. The Moors had gone; there was not a sign of their soldiers in or near the place. On the 9th February General Prim made a reconnaissance forward in the direction of Tangier, but met no enemy. Hostilities were suspended. The only gossip was of overtures for peace. Spain had been entirely and rapidly successful; the Moors, dispersed and disheartened, were hardly expected to show fight again in the field. This impression was fully supported by the appearance of envoys in the Spanish camp, asking conditions, and negotiations began. These, as it afterwards appeared, were intended only to gain time. The Moors had not as yet abandoned hope. The resources of the empire could hardly be exhausted, even though they had lost one important town, and had been twice defeated in the field. They had still a vast territory behind and crowds of wild warriors to rally round their flag. Moreover, the terms demanded by the Spaniards were so intolerable that a proud people might well try another battle or two before yielding.

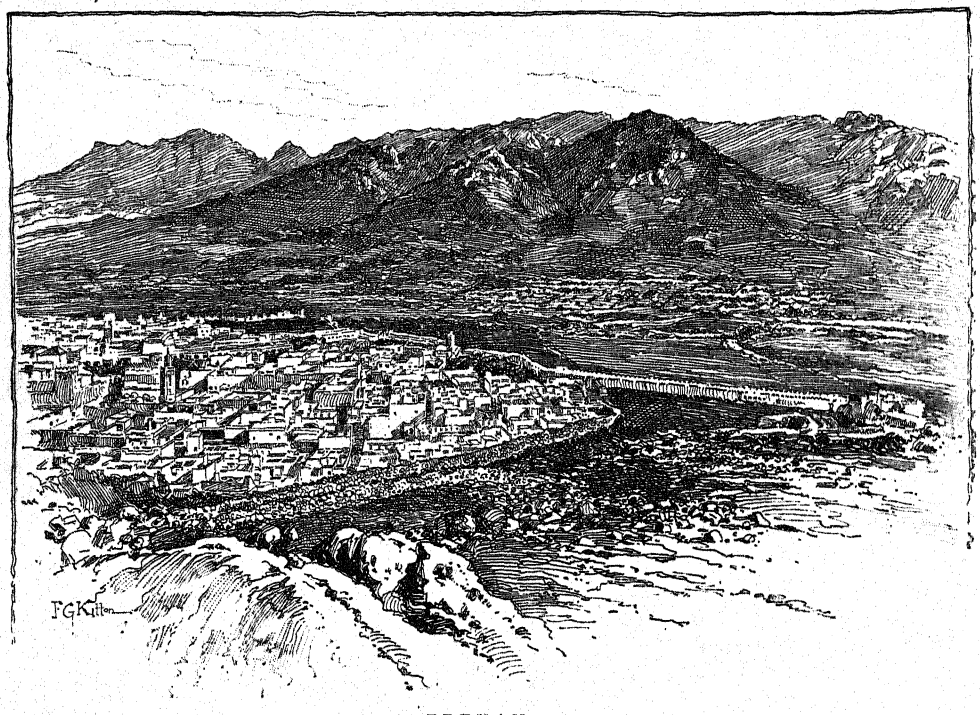
These peace negotiations dragged on for more than a month. Through the rest of the month of Febuarry, and all through the early days of March, the envoys came and went, and there were many references to Madrid and Fez. This delay was all to the advantage of the Moors, who employed it to bring up fresh and unbeaten troops, and in the collection of forage and supplies, which operations were greatly aided by the now fine dry weather. Presently it was borne in on Marshal O'Donnell, who had just been created Duke of Tetuan in reward for his victories, that he might have to do his work over again, and undertake another campaign, for the news came that the enemy had collected in great strength upon the road to Tangier. This seaport town was to have been the next goal of the invaders, should the war continue, and now the road which was hilly and easily held would be probably barred. Accordingly, on the 23rd March O'Donnell abruptly broke off negotiations, and decided to appeal once more to the sword. On that day, leaving a small garrison in Tetuan, he marched out with the rest of the army, meaning to attack the enemy wherever he might find them. The troops carried six days' rations, and were in number about 25,000 men.

The order of march was as follows:—At the head were two brigades of the 1st Corps, that which had first landed at Ceuta, and had borne the brunt of the earliest fighting. The headquarter staff immediately followed; then came



"MOORS AND SPANIARDS MIXED INEXTRICABLY" (*p.* 110).

the 2nd Corps, under Prim; the 3rd Corps was in support. All these moved in the comparatively low ground, the valley formed by a river which constantly changed its name, and which at Tetuan is known as the Guad el Jelu or Martin, and yet four miles higher up is called the Guad el Ras. It is a long, rather narrow valley stretching east and west, and bordered on either side by commanding heights, especially on the northern. O'Donnell saw the necessity of occupying the latter, and for this purpose directed General Rios, with a division of the reserve, to crown them with a movement continually outflanking and protecting the right of the main advance along the valley.



TETUAN.

(From a Photograph by Mr. Consul White, Tangier.)

The fighting began within two or three miles of Tetuan. A series of low hills crossed the valley, partly covered with brushwood, dotted with villages, and offering good defensive positions. These the Moors occupied one after the other, held stubbornly for a time, then yielded up to the determined attack of the Spaniards. The Moors were counting much on the movement of their left wing—12,000 strong—which had been sent along the heights on their left, those by which Rios was marching, and this left wing was intended to first outflank, then cut off the advancing Spaniards from Tetuan. It was, however, met and checked by Rios, although the latter, finding the country very difficult, had had to make a wider detour, circling round to his right; and it was feared for a moment that the Moors might get in between him and the main body.

By 3 p.m., however, General Rios was reaching down and in touch with the nearest Spanish troops—those of the 1st Corps. By this time, too, the Moors had drawn off, retreating across the river Guad el Ras, and had re-formed there in a very strong position opposite the Spanish left. Prim was in command here. Dashing and indomitable as ever, he at once resolved to attack. The Moors held a village on the lower slopes beyond the river, and resisted obstinately. They contested the ground, inch by inch, losing it, regaining it, losing it again. Prim had, however, occupied a wood on one flank, and under cover of the trees made fresh dispositions, before which the Moors yielded, and the village was taken. The Moors fell back, however, upon a second village higher up, and much more difficult of access. Here they again turned, again issued forth, charging Prim's people on both flanks, but without success. They were

compelled to retire sullenly, reluctantly. On no previous occasion had the Moors fought with such unhesitating courage. They were mostly new men, drawn from the wildest, most remote part of Morocco, and they had not as yet experienced the Spanish artillery fire or faced the Spanish bayonet. In the course of this fierce contest there were several instances in which bodies of Moorish infantry had boldly charged whole Spanish battalions. In one case "a mere handful of men rushed fearlessly upon the Spanish line, dying upon the bayonets, but not until some of them had actually penetrated the battalion." Wherever there was a position favourable to their irregular method of fighting the Moors stubbornly defended it, and were only driven out at the point of the bayonet. We are reminded of the reckless, indomitable courage of the Ghazis of our own Afghan wars.

Prim, having captured the two villages, moved steadily and irresistibly forward, and the movement was taken up by the whole line, until at last they were in sight of the Moorish encampment. In a twinkling the tents were struck, and the enemy, without baggage or impedimenta, had cleared off the ground. It was now about half-past four. The last shots had been fired, and the Spaniards were in occupation of the last stronghold of the Moors. This was at a point some six miles from Fondak, a great semi-barbaric caravanserai — the half-way house — between Tetuan and Tangier, and situated at the far end of a long defile which the Spanish would have to force the following day.

But there was to be no more fighting. Next day the Moors again tried negotiation. Envoys from Muley Abbas, the Emperor's brother, came in to the Spanish headquarters, and asked for an interview with Marshal O'Donnell. The Spanish commander-in-chief was not disposed to see them. He would have no more beating about the bush, he said. Either the enemy must make full submission at once, or he would press on to Tangier. "I halt here to-day"—this was his ultimatum—"to send my wounded into Tetuan, and bring up more ammunition. The day after, I march forward. At 4.30 a.m. my men will breakfast, and all will be ready. But I will wait here till 6 a.m., if your prince chooses to come in by that time." It so fell out, and the following morning Muley Abbas appeared. The conditions, which included an indemnity of four millions sterling and the surrender of a large slice of territory was settled, and the war was over.



MOORISH TYPES.



AFTER the battle of Trafalgar England had complete command of the seas, and, rightly or wrongly, her Government had adopted the policy of striking at the European Powers which were actually in arms as her enemies, or whose interests were opposed to her own, by expeditions against their distant colonies and dependencies. The power of her navy could thus be thoroughly utilised, and her army, though used in comparatively small fractions, was generally, by its quality and discipline, able to act with success against any forces which it was likely to meet. Communication with different parts of the globe then demanded such long periods of time, and was at best so very uncertain, that naval and military commanders acted frequently on a general policy which had been imparted to them rather than on specific instructions which had to be exactly carried out.

When, therefore, in June, 1806, Buenos Ayres was seized by a small force of 1,700 men under Brigadier-General Beresford and Commodore Sir Home Popham, it is very doubtful how far that enterprise was directly authorised by the king's ministers, though from documents published at Sir Home Popham's subsequent trial it may be understood that it was countenanced both by Mr. Pitt and Lord Melville. Be that as it may, Brigadier-General Beresford found himself holding this new conquest with a wholly insufficient force in the midst of a numerous hostile population, and without any strong place of arms to which he could retire if menaced by an organised attack. Aware of his precarious position, General Beresford sent an urgent appeal to the Cape for reinforcements, pending the arrival of a sufficient army from England to make good the possession of one of the greatest and most valuable Spanish provinces in South America. Even from the Cape, however, no assistance could be expected for nearly four months, and a force from England could not land before double that time had elapsed.

The American-Spaniards were not long in discovering how feasible it was for a well-conducted insurrection to overpower the invaders, and, under the command of General Liniers, a Frenchman by birth, they attacked General Beresford so vigorously that after severe fighting, in which the English losses amounted to 250 men, killed and wounded, his little army was obliged to surrender as prisoners of war. The captives included the whole of the 71st Regiment of infantry, 150 of the St. Helena corps, besides a few dragoons and artillery. The navy had been able to render little or no assistance, and Sir Home Popham was under the necessity of falling back to his cruising ground at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. The expected reinforcements from the Cape arrived about the middle of October, consisting of two squadrons of the 20th Light Dragoons, a company of artillery, the 38th and 47th Regiments of infantry, and a company of the 54th. This armament sailed up to Monte Video, hoping, by a combined attack of the land and sea forces, to get possession of that town; but this was found impracticable, and it was deemed advisable to await the additional reinforcements from England before any great operation should be undertaken. As an immediate base of operations, however, the town of Maldonado at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata was seized and occupied, and here supplies could be easily procured, and a convenient harbour for shipping was available.

The news of the capture of Buenos Ayres had excited much triumph in England, and reinforcements for General Beresford had been at once prepared. It was not till October, 1806, however, that these could be despatched, and

they did not arrive at the Rio de la Plata till January, 1807. They were placed under the command of Sir Samuel Auchmuty, and comprised the 17th Light Dragoons, the 40th and 87th Regiments of infantry, three companies of the newly-raised Rifle Corps, and some artillery. As we have seen, they were too late to save General Beresford from crushing defeat and captivity, but they found the Cape troops at Maldonado in the best condition, and fit for immediate service. These Sir Samuel Auchmuty at once embarked, and, at the head of a now formidable armament, sailed to the attack of Monte Video. Rear-Admiral Stirling, who had superseded Sir Home Popham in the naval command, protected the movement of the transports with his ships of war. A landing was effected about eight miles from Monte Video, and a brilliant action was fought with the Spaniards outside the town, in which the English were completely victorious. This action was remarkable as being the first occasion on which the Rifle Corps—afterwards the 95th, and now the Rifle Brigade—were actively employed. Their markedly gallant conduct then was an earnest of the long roll of distinguished services which the famous corps has since performed in all quarters of the world, wherever the honour of England has had to be maintained. After defeating the Spaniards in the open field Sir Samuel Auchmuty established batteries against the citadel and defences of the town, and landed heavy ship ordnance from the fleet wherewith to arm them, for no siege-train formed part of the equipment sent from England. From these batteries fire was opened, and continued for thirteen days, when a practicable breach was made. The town was summoned, and, as no reply was returned, the orders were given to storm. The defence of the Spaniards was tenacious, and their fire destructive and well-maintained; but, though they lost heavily, the columns of assault were everywhere successful in driving the enemy before them with the bayonet, and the place was taken.

After Sir Samuel Auchmuty had sailed from England, but before intelligence was received that Buenos Ayres had been retaken by the Spaniards, it was hoped by the Ministry that an expedition to the west of South America might meet with the same success as it was yet believed had attended British arms on the east coast. With a view to this object a force of 4,200 men was sent out in October, 1806, under command of Brigadier-General Robert Craufurd (afterwards the renowned leader of the Light Division in the Peninsula), accompanied by a naval squadron under Admiral Murray. The expedition was to be directed to the capture of the seaports, and the reduction of the province of Chili; and the course to be sailed, whether to the eastward by New South Wales, or to the westward by Cape Horn, was left to the discretion of Admiral Murray. It was hoped that, if Chili could be reduced, General Craufurd might communicate with Buenos Ayres, and that a complete chain of posts might be established across South America, which would then be opened up to



MARSHAL BERESFORD.
(*From the Picture by Sir W. Beechey, R.A.*)

English trade. When the news of General Beresford's disaster arrived, however, a swift sloop of war was sent after General Craufurd, with orders that he was to give up the attack on Chili, and to proceed to the Rio de la Plata, there to join the army of Sir Samuel Auchmuty. Craufurd was overtaken at the Cape, and, sailing at once, he arrived off Monte Video on the 14th June. The various corps under his command were two squadrons of 6th Dragoon Guards, the 5th, 36th, 45th, and 88th Regiments of infantry, five companies of the Rifle Corps, and two companies of artillery.

In view of the concentration of troops at the Rio de la Plata, it was determined to send out from England an officer of high rank to take command; and in an evil hour Lieutenant-General John Whitelocke was selected, who arrived at Monte Video on the 10th May with Major-General Gower as second in command, and bringing with him the 9th Light Dragoons, the 89th Regiment of Infantry, a detachment of artillery, and a number of recruits for the regiments already on the station. The total of the British force which in the middle of June was available for offensive operations amounted to more than 11,000 men, but the greater part of the cavalry and artillery were unprovided with horses. Most of the dragoons had to act as infantry, and the requirements of the guns were very insufficiently met.

Monte Video, on the north side of the great estuary of the Rio de la Plata, is nearly 150 miles from Buenos Ayres, which lies higher up the river on the south side; and in order to move the troops which were to undertake the attack of the latter town no vessels drawing above thirteen feet of water could be employed; but, as a strong garrison had to be left to secure the base of operations, it was possible, by doubling the number of men which each ship could properly carry, to find accommodation on board for all the rest of General Whitelocke's army. The embarkation was proceeded with rapidly, and the troops were brigaded in the following order:—The Light Brigade, under General Crauford, included the Rifle Corps and a battalion formed of nine light companies from the various regiments; Sir Samuel Auchmuty commanded the 5th, 38th, and 87th; General Lumley commanded the 36th, 88th, and four dismounted squadrons of the 17th Light Dragoons; and Colonel Mahon commanded the 40th, 45th, two dismounted squadrons of the Carabiniers, and four dismounted squadrons of the 9th Light Dragoons. There were also two companies of Royal Artillery. Twenty-eight guns of various calibres were embarked with an ammunition column for the conveyance of artillery and small-arm ammunition. Cavalry, acting as such, was hardly represented, only about a hundred of the 17th Light Dragoons being supplied with horses.

The first division of transports was able to get under weigh on the 17th June, but it was not till the 25th that a suitable place could be found for disembarkation. Below Buenos Ayres there extended for many miles along the bank of the estuary a broad morass, and it was necessary to select a landing-place from which a passage through this morass existed. Such a place was found at Ensenada, about thirty-two miles from Buenos Ayres, and here the landing was commenced at daylight on the 28th. General Craufurd's brigade was the first to gain the shore, followed by Sir Samuel Auchmuty's brigade, and the fiery Craufurd at once pushed forward through the morass to secure a position on firm ground. The Spaniards offered no opposition to the English troops, and under a capable commander the army might with ease have been formed and prepared for further operations. But from the outset neglect and incompetence were apparent, and neutralised at every turn the high qualities of the troops and the ability and courage of the subordinate generals. In regard to the supply of food to the army, the gravest errors were made. Rations for immediate use should, of course, have been carried by the brigades as they landed; and it had been intended that each man should have three days' food in his havresack, but no definite order had been given on the subject. Few had any provision made for them, and in default of instructions it was expected that the commissaries would meet all wants on shore. Reliance was placed also for the subsequent supply of meat on the herds of cattle which the country nourished, but it was forgotten that these half-wild animals could not easily be caught, and that they could only be brought to the butcher by men skilled in the use of the American lasso. No such men were attached to the various columns, which, with ample supply of meat constantly in view, were thus for the most part condemned to want.

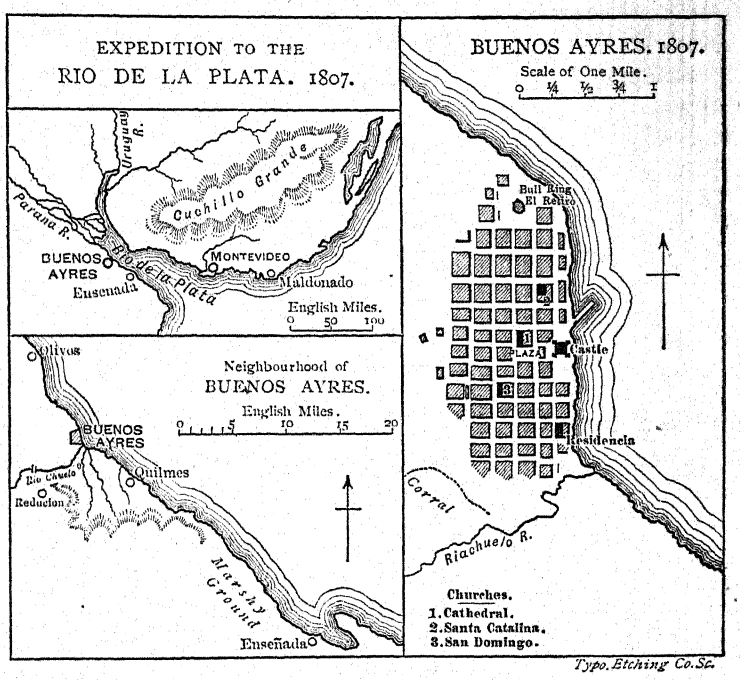
The disembarkation was completed on the 28th, but none of the troops left the shore on that day, except the brigades of Craufurd and Auchmuty. The general forward movement

began on the 29th, and there was considerable trouble in passing the morass, some of the troops having to march for three miles up to their knees in mud and water. The artillery also were much delayed, only four field-pieces being dragged through the morass by the strenuous exertions of seamen and soldiers. Of the remaining guns only eight were subsequently brought to the front; the others were either destroyed, or left at Ensenada for want of means of movement.

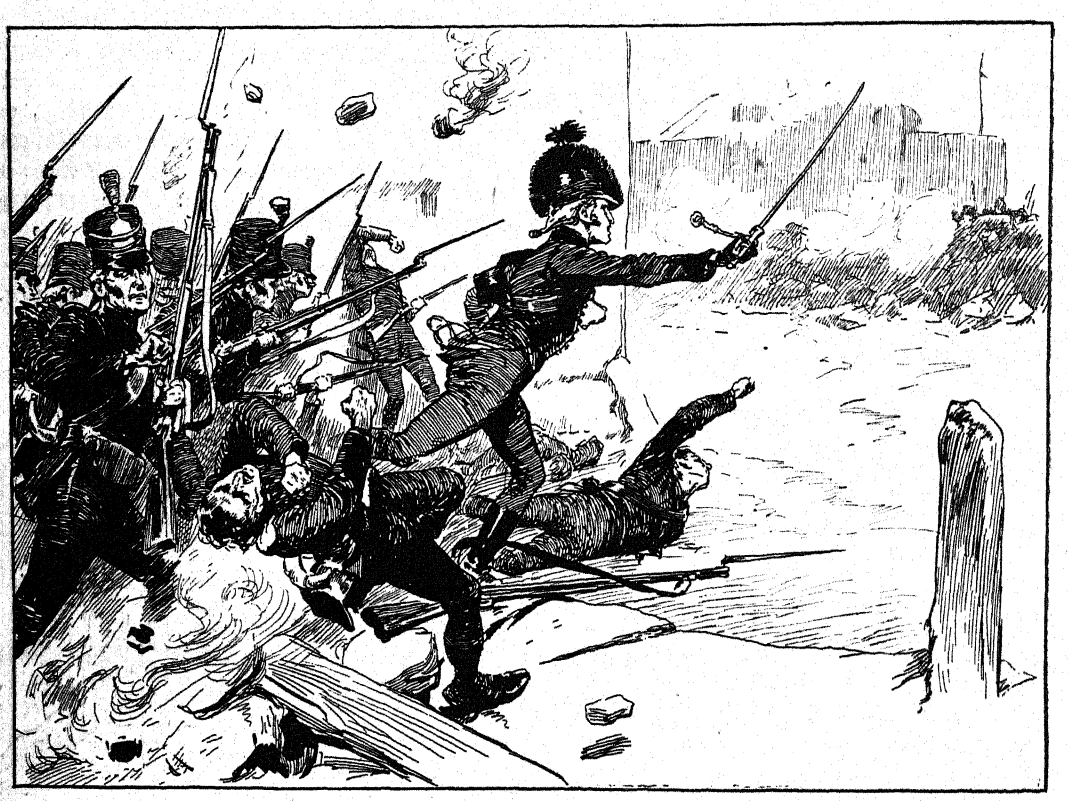
The 30th June and 1st July were days of unrelieved toil and effort. The country was cut up by streams and swampy spots, and if opposition had been offered, it would have been much aided by these features; but no enemy was seen, except some detached bands of horsemen which hovered round, ready to cut off any fatigued straggler from the English columns. Craufurd still led the way, followed by Lumley's brigade, while the main body, with General Whitelocke, brought up the rear. Some of the men suffered terribly under the broiling sun, as, having been cooped up on board ship for months, they were in no condition for marching, and, ill-supplied with food from the uncertain sources which chance threw in their way, their strength was still further reduced by hunger. So general was the fatigue that on the afternoon of the 1st the men were ordered to throw away their blankets, as it was intended to push on that day to the village of Reducion. It was considered likely that there the enemy would hold the strong position, and would have to be driven from it by force. This village—about seven miles from Buenos Ayres—was, however, occupied easily, and the advanced brigades pushed through it to some high ground two miles further. Here their eyes were gladdened by the view of the city which they had come so far to attack, and which they hoped would ere long reward them amply for all their toils and privations. General Whitelocke, with the remainder of the army, occupied Reducion, and the night was passed without serious annoyance from the enemy, though the troops suffered greatly from exposure to a prolonged thunderstorm with heavy rain.

Between Reducion and Buenos Ayres, and about two miles from the former place, flows the Chuelo, a river which is fordable at few spots, and in the month of July, after the usual rains of the season, a very formidable military obstacle. Across it there was, in 1807, only one bridge, and from the English outposts could be seen the bivouac fires of a strong force evidently guarding this passage. Information was also received that the Spaniards had there constructed strong and well-armed batteries, and had concentrated a large number of men, in the expectation that the invaders would have no choice but to attack them. General Whitelocke appears to have had no very definite plan of action in his mind, and we may gather that, rather from a reluctance to engage in the assault of a strong position than from a well-studied strategical scheme, he resolved to seek for a ford said to exist farther up the river, instead of forcing his way by the direct route across the bridge.

At sunrise on the 2nd July the English force was under arms. Craufurd's and Lumley's brigades took the advance, as before, under the command of General Gower, to be followed by the main body of the army under General



Whitelocke. Ascending the course of the Chuelo in search of a ford concerning which vague information had been received, reliance had to be placed in guides of doubtful trust-



"HAND-GRENADES, STINK-BALLS, BRICKBATS, AND OTHER MISSILES WERE HURLED FROM ABOVE" (*p.* 123).

worthiness, and there was uncertainty as to the objects of the march and the time it might be expected to require. Early in the day about 500 of the enemy's cavalry appeared, barring the road to the head of the column; but threatened in flank by the Rifles, and having received two or three rounds from the field-pieces, these quickly gave way, and were no more seen. It was not till half-past three in the afternoon that, following a scarcely distinguishable track which led to the river's bank, General Craufurd arrived at the sought-for ford, which even when found seemed to demand no ordinary hardihood to attempt its passage. At this place—the Passa Chico—the Chuelo ran thirty yards wide and four feet deep. Fortunately, the current was not rapid, and the bottom was a firm gravel. Craufurd's men, led by their impetuous general, plunged in, and, carrying the ammunition-waggon of the field-pieces shoulder high, safely effected the crossing. Lumley's brigade followed. As the men were now formed in close proximity to the yet unseen enemy, with a formidable obstacle in their rear making retreat difficult, if not impossible, anxious eyes were directed over the extensive plain that had been passed, in the expectation of seeing the main body of the army following in support under General Whitelocke. Great was the wonder, bitter the disappointment, when no distant cloud of dust, no flash of steel, showed the appearance of the troops which should have been now closing on the advanced brigades. General Whitelocke had failed to preserve the communication with Lumley and Craufurd, and when the first serious encounter with the enemy was impending, either through incompetence or a more disgraceful motive, held himself aloof from the clash of arms.

About three-quarters of a mile from the ford which had just been crossed rose a long ridge of rising ground, and towards that ridge a strong column of the enemy could be seen moving as if with the intention of taking up a position of defence. The soldier's eye of Craufurd detected

the danger which would result to the English from this movement if it was carried out, and he resolved to forestall it. General Gower gave him permission to act as he thought best, and promised to support him with Lumley's brigade. The light troops sprang forward, and the heights were quickly occupied without opposition. The enemy, confused and staggered by Craufurd's rapidity and dash, were obliged to forego their intention, and to seek another position still nearer to Buenos Ayres. The ground now became extremely intricate, covered with peach orchards and high fences; and the advanced parties of Rifles, threading their way through these obstacles, exchanged shots with the enemy's picquets, who were quickly driven in.

General Gower sent an order to Craufurd to halt; but, having his foe at last within striking distance, and confident in his judgment of the situation, that daring chief was not to be stopped on the threshold of success. Still he urged on the Light Brigade till the enclosures were passed, and the great open space of the Coral was reached, the slaughtering-place or abattoir of the town. Lumley's brigade had now been far outstripped, but General Gower himself joined Craufurd. Not a Spaniard was to be seen. The advanced parties which had covered the forward movement of the English had fallen back, the column was halted for a breathing-space, and the generals with the staff-officers pushed along the broad road leading towards the city. Suddenly from cover on the other side of the Coral burst forth a discharge of grape and round shot. The Spanish position was developed, and it was evident that the foe were here in strength, though their numbers were still hidden. There was a moment of surprise, almost of recoil, among the English, and General Gower made a suggestion to Craufurd about turning the enemy's flank. But this was no moment for a fine display of tactics, no occasion for well-regulated manœuvre. Craufurd interpreted General Gower's words by the light of his own bold spirit, and he ordered a general direct charge. Undeterred by their ignorance of the strength before them, shaking off the fatigue of a long and toilsome march, the gallant Rifles and light battalion responded gladly to the call, and, cheering as they advanced, swept forward in irresistible assault. The South American Spaniards were not the men to meet the stern line of levelled bayonets, and everywhere gave way in panic-struck flight, leaving in the hands of the victors twelve pieces of artillery, with which their position had been armed. The Light



BUENOS AYRES.

Brigade followed hard in pursuit, and, firing no shot, smote the rearmost with the *arme blanche* alone. No halt was made till the outskirts of Buenos Ayres were reached, and at the very entrance to the streets Craufurd re-formed his men, who, flushed and excited with their prompt success, had fallen into some natural disorder.

Then was the time when Buenos Ayres should have fallen. A resolute advance at the heels of its disheartened and flying defenders would, it is very certain, have crushed every attempt at opposition, and the morning of the 3rd July ought to have seen the English flag again floating proudly over the town. If General Whitelocke, with the main body of his army, had followed closely the advanced brigades, and had now been at hand, no other blow need have been struck, no other shot fired. If even General Gower had shared in a small degree the military insight and boiling courage of General Craufurd, and had boldly entered the streets with Lumley's brigade and Craufurd's light troops, the result would have been almost equally certain. But Whitelocke was still far distant, and, despite Craufurd's strongly-expressed opinion and readiness to crown the work so well commenced, General Gower resolved to do no more for the time. The advanced brigades were withdrawn to the Coral, and only picquets were left to mark the points where the tide of pursuit had been stayed, and whence the Rifles and light battalion, much against their will, had been ordered to fall back.

As the English soldiers lay upon their arms, the bivouac that night was wretched in the extreme. Overpowered with fatigue and hunger —for they had had no food for more than twelve hours—without fire or shelter, and drenched with tropical rains, believing, moreover, that if it had not been for the shortcomings of their generals they would even then be in Buenos Ayres, their cheerfulness was sustained by the hope that the entry into the town was only delayed till it could be effected by daylight on the following morning. But already the only gleam of success that was to shine upon the army in South America had died away, and nothing but disaster was left for the future.

Hopes were still entertained that General Whitelocke, with the main body of the army, must be near at hand, and would soon join the advanced brigades, and reconnoitring parties were sent out to try to establish communication with him. It was not, however, till the afternoon of the 3rd that—too late to profit by the discouragement which existed among the Spaniards on the evening of the 2nd—he made his appearance. He had not followed where the brigades of Craufurd and Lumley had led across the Chuelo by the Passa Chico; but, making a long detour of thirty miles, he had passed the river much higher up its course, and now brought in his men wearied with unnecessary toil, and, still worse, showing signs of discontent and loss of confidence.

In the morning of the 3rd General Gower sent a staff-officer into the town under a flag of truce, summoning General Liniers, commanding the Spanish forces, to surrender the place. But the panic of the previous evening had passed away and the answer returned was, "We possess sufficient strength and courage to defend our town." Closely following this answer came an attack in force upon the English picquets, who were obliged to give way until they were supported; and after a desultory action lasting nearly two hours, in which both sides suffered some loss, the Spaniards again retired into the town.

Though General Whitelocke had now his army concentrated, though every hour added to the confidence of the enemy, and though delay seriously impaired the power of his own troops, both by the material losses which it involved and by the discouragement which it inevitably brought, the English general appears to have been in a painful state of indecision or irresolution. No plan of action was undertaken, and the Spaniards were able at will to insult and press upon the picquets, acting under cover of outlying houses, and to inflict losses for which adequate retaliation was difficult, if not impossible. Like the 3rd of July, the 4th was also allowed to pass in inaction, and it was not till the 5th that any forward movement was made.

The town of Buenos Ayres was, in 1807, about two miles in length by one in breadth. Its streets were rectangular, and the greater part of the houses were lofty, well-built, with roofs surrounded by parapets about four feet high. In the centre of the town was the castle, a small and feeble work, and near it was the great square, La Plaza. The principal buildings were, at the west end, El Retiro, the amphitheatre for bull-fights, and, at the east end of the town, an extensive building called Residentia, originally intended to be a royal hospital, and the church and monastery of St. Domingo. As has been told, the Spaniards on the night of the 2nd July were in a state of the utmost terror and confusion,

prepared, if the English troops marched in, to receive them as conquerors. But the delays of Generals Whitelocke and Gower gave them time to re-collect themselves. General Liniers exerted himself energetically to restore their courage, and, well seconded by his officers and by the clergy, whose aid he had invoked, he changed the spirit of the population from a weak and pusillanimous despair to a stern and patriotic determination to defend their town to the last. Active measures for defence were taken. Trenches were cut in the principal streets, cannon were placed in position, the slaves were armed, and even the women were inspired to assist in the coming struggle by throwing grenades from the housetops on hostile troops which might march below. The total number of defenders consisted of about 9,000 regulars, militia, and volunteer corps, all in some state of discipline, and about 6,000 men, formed in irregular companies, who had taken up arms for the occasion.

It has been told that the 3rd and 4th of July were allowed to slip away without any forward action being taken by General Whitelocke. On the afternoon of the 4th, however, orders were issued for a general assault upon Buenos Ayres on the following morning. The available force was now, owing to losses and to the number of troops on various detachments, under 8,000 strong. No definite tactical plan appears to have been formed. Objective points were indeed indicated to the commanders of columns, but the mutual relation which these points, if gained, were to bear to each other for assistance and support was entirely overlooked. No arrangements were made for communication between the various portions of the force employed, or for receiving or asking for orders from the commander-in-chief. Above all, no lines of retreat were decided on in case resistance should be met too powerful to be overcome, and no reserve was kept conveniently at hand to support a success or neutralise a repulse. For the assault of a large town, held by a force of fair troops in addition to a numerous armed and fanatical population, the small army of attackers was divided into eight feeble columns, which were to enter the streets at different widely-separated points, without reasonably full instructions as to the general plan of the commander-in-chief, without cohesion as parts of one military body, and, except for a few entrenching tools, without any means of forcing the obstacles which might have been expected to be met with. On the morning of Sunday, the 5th July, the troops were under arms at four o'clock, and they hoped, at least, that they should have been let loose upon their task while darkness in some degree veiled their advance; but the sun was rising ere the signal was given to commence the attack, and the columns were put in motion.

Space does not permit that a detailed account should be given of the operations of each column. All did not encounter an equal amount of resistance, but everywhere the resistance was of the same character. Heavy fire was maintained from the roofs of the houses. Hand-grenades, stink-balls, brickbats, and other missiles were hurled from above on the English soldiers as they advanced. Breastworks, made of hide bags filled with earth, and deep ditches cut across the streets gave cover to the defence, while artillery opened a deadly discharge of grape at close range. Ever as the points were reached on which they had been directed the columns found themselves surrounded. The men through whom they had forced their way had again closed in, and they were circled by a ring of fire. On the left of the attack Sir Samuel Auchmuty, with the 87th and 38th, had bored his way, though with heavy loss, to El Retiro, and there established himself, taking a number of prisoners and three field-pieces, nor was the enemy able again to dislodge him. The 5th Infantry also penetrated to the convent of St. Catalina. The 36th made their way in the face of determined opposition as far as the beach of the Rio de la Plata, and their movement was signalised by the gallant conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Byrne, who, with fifty men, charged and took two guns, driving their defenders, 300 strong, before him. Part of the regiment then managed to join Auchmuty, and the remainder, finding no tenable position in which to establish themselves, were obliged to retire. The 88th, acting in two wings under Lieutenant-Colonel Duff and Major Vandeleur, suffered almost more heavily than any other portion of the army. They fought with the brilliant courage which has always marked the "Connaught Rangers"; but exposed, outnumbered, with no hope of assistance, and having lost 17 officers and 220 rank-and-file, they were obliged to surrender at discretion.

The greatest disaster, the most overwhelming loss, was, however, suffered at the right centre. Here was the fiery Craufurd with the Light Brigade, which had already shown such undaunted determination, such a formidable warrior

spirit. It was formed in two columns, of which the right was commanded by Craufurd himself and the left by Lieutenant-Colonel Pack, afterwards Sir Dennis Pack, the famous hero of the Peninsula. Craufurd had been ordered to make his way through the town to the Rio de la Plata, and to occupy any high buildings as near as possible to La Plaza. Two three-pounder field-pieces accompanied his brigade, and, though the victims of continuous musketry fire from the housetops, and the flanking discharge of artillery from their left front, they reached the great church of St. Domingo. By this time, besides the many losses in the main body of Craufurd's column, the officer commanding and the greater portion of the advanced guard had been laid low. It was essential to secure some cover from the withering storm of bullets, some post of vantage which might possibly be made good against the enemy, and serve as a base from which further operations might be undertaken, if the rest of the army had closed upon the city with the success which was hoped for. The door of the St. Domingo church was battered in and the building occupied. Unfortunately, its roof was sloping, and afforded no secure military position, as did the flat roofs of the surrounding houses, from which the Spaniards were still able to pour in a destructive and unceasing fire. Lieutenant-Colonel Guard, with the Grenadier company of the 45th, now joined Craufurd, and till twelve o'clock in the day there was no reason to believe that the rest of the army had not been also successful in establishing themselves close to the enemy's main position. At that hour, however, a Spanish officer with a flag of truce approached. Craufurd thought that he had come from General Liniers with an offer to capitulate. Bitter was his disappointment when the Spaniard informed him that the 88th had been taken prisoners, and summoned him to surrender. Craufurd could not believe that he had been abandoned by General Whitelocke, and still thought that if he could not be supported, at least some attempt would be made to communicate with him. He feared to compromise the whole situation of the army, and returned a peremptory refusal to General Linier's summons. As time wore on, however, it became more and more apparent that no succour was to be hoped for, and he resolved to take the first opportunity of withdrawing from the town. If a large number of the enemy could be engaged in the streets, Craufurd thought that the fire from the houses would be neutralised, as the Spaniards would be afraid of hitting their own friends. A considerable column of the enemy was now entering the street on the west side of the church, apparently intending to seize one of the English field-pieces which had been left outside the building. The Rifles were ordered to form up ready for a sally, and while they were doing so the enemy's column was gallantly attacked by Lieutenant-Colonel Guard with the Grenadiers of the 45th, and by a small party of light infantry under Major Trotter. The column gave way, but the fire from the surrounding houses was so severe that Major Trotter and about forty of the attackers were killed or wounded in two or three minutes. It was evidently impossible to retire, and there was nothing for it but to continue the defence of the church, hoping against hope for some favourable turn of events.

At half-past three there could be no longer any doubt that the attack on Buenos Ayres had failed. His men were falling fast, the enemy were bringing heavy guns into position to batter the church, and Craufurd felt that further sacrifice of life could not be of any advantage. Repugnant to his brave spirit as was the duty, he surrendered himself, with the shattered remnants of his brigade, as prisoners of war at four o'clock.

It only remains to tell how it fared with the right of the English attack on Buenos Ayres. The 45th Regiment, on the extreme right, under Lieutenant-Colonel Guard, obtained possession of Residencia, after meeting with some opposition from a body of Spaniards stationed with some artillery in an open space. The guns were soon abandoned, however, and, there being no resistance from the neighbouring houses, the extensive building was crowned with the colours of the regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Guard then, as has been seen, joined General Craufurd with his Grenadiers, and shared the fate of the Light Brigade. Major Nicholls was left in command at Residencia, and, though the Spaniards made repeated attempts to recover the building, he maintained his post by skilful defence and occasional sallies, in one of which he took four pieces of cannon. Between the 45th and the Light Brigade, the Carabiniers entered the town and penetrated some distance, but they were unable to overcome the resistance which they encountered and were forced to retire after severe loss, Captain Burrell being among the killed and Colonel Kington severely wounded.

The result of the disastrous 5th July was that the English army lost above 70 officers and 1,000

men, killed or badly wounded, and 120 officers and 1,500 men were taken prisoners. Abandoned by their chief—who took no active part in the day's operations, who gave no command, who had shown no forethought, and who failed to afford either counsel or example—the subordinate leaders and the men of the various columns had fought with a bravery and discipline worthy of the best traditions of the English army. If disgrace and shame there was, at least their honour was untainted, their valour had shown itself to be unquestionable. But, though General Whitelocke's army failed not in doing its best to accomplish a task given to them in a manner which rendered it impossible of fulfilment, they would not have been men if they had not felt acutely and expressed emphatically their mortification and disgust at the way in which they had been commanded. Craufurd himself publicly called Whitelocke a traitor, and even told his men to shoot him dead if he was seen in the battle; and Sir Samuel Auchmuty afterwards said that the soldiers of his column had so greatly lost confidence, and were speaking of their general in such terms, that he did not think they were to be relied upon for further effort under his command.

General Whitelocke put the seal to the story of his ineptitude and disgrace by making a treaty with the Spanish leaders, giving up all the advantages which had previously been gained on the Rio de la Plata, and engaging to withdraw from and deliver up the town and fortress of Monte Video. He only stipulated for an unimpeded retreat and embarkation, and that all the prisoners of war should be restored. In January, 1808, General Whitelocke was tried by court-martial at Chelsea Hospital, and was sentenced "to be cashiered, and declared totally unfit and unworthy to serve his Majesty in any military capacity whatever."



"GENERAL WHITELOCKE WAS TRIED BY COURT-MARTIAL."

So keen and widespread was the national and military feeling of indignation at the way in which the South American campaign had been conducted that, for long after that period, the common toast in canteens and public-houses was, "Success to *grey hairs*, but bad luck to *white locks!*"



THE issue of the first Sikh war (1845–46) had placed the vast territory of the Punjaub at the mercy of the British Government, and Lord Hardinge, the Governor-General of the period, might have incorporated it in the dominions of the East India Company. But he decided to avoid the last resource of annexation, and the Treaty of Lahore accorded a nominally independent sovereignty to the boy Prince Dhulip Singh. Henry Lawrence was in residence at Lahore as the British representative in the Punjaub, and the Sikh army was being reorganised and limited to a certain specific strength. Within a few months the Prime Minister, Lall Singh, was deposed, and by an arrangement settled in December, 1846, a council of regency composed of eight leading Sikh chiefs was appointed to act under the control and guidance of the British Resident, who was to exercise unlimited influence in all matters of internal administration and external policy. This arrangement was to continue for eight years, until the young Maharajah Dhulip Singh should reach his majority. The treaty conferred on the Resident unprecedented powers, and Major Henry Lawrence, an officer of the Company's artillery, became in effect the successor of Runjeet Singh.

This settlement had a specious aspect of some measure of permanency. It might have lasted longer if the state of his health had permitted Henry Lawrence to remain at his post, but it was unsound at the core ; for a valiant and turbulent race does not bow the knee submissively after a single disastrous campaign on its frontier. When in January, 1848, Henry Lawrence sailed on sick furlough from Calcutta to England in company with the retiring Governor-General, he left the Punjaub, to all appearance, in a state of unruffled peacefulness. At Lahore, Peshawur, Attock, Bunnoo, Hazara, British officers were quietly drilling Sikh and Pathan regiments, giving lessons in good government to great Sikh officials and sirdars, enforcing a rough-and-ready justice among rude tribes accustomed to obey no master whom they could not personally revere. Henry Lawrence's successor was Sir Frederick Currie, an able official, but scarcely the man to rule the Punjaub, for he was a civilian, and the position required the experience and military knowledge of a soldier.

The deceptive quietude of the Punjaub was soon to be broken. When Currie arrived at Lahore, he found Moolraj, the governor of Mooltan, who had come to offer the resignation of his position for reasons which were chiefly personal. His resignation was accepted, a new governor being appointed in his place, who set out for Mooltan accompanied by Mr. Vans Agnew, of the Bengal Civil Service, and his assistant, Lieutenant Anderson, of the Bombay army. Moolraj travelled with the escort of the new governor, to whom, on arrival at Mooltan, he formally surrendered the fort. After the ceremony Agnew and Anderson started for their camp, Moolraj riding with the two English gentlemen. At the gate of the fortress Agnew was suddenly attacked, speared through the side, and slashed by sword-cuts. At the same moment Anderson was cut down and desperately wounded. Moolraj galloped off, leaving the Englishmen to their fate. Two days later they were brutally slaughtered, their bodies cut to pieces, and their heads contumeliously thrown at the feet of Moolraj. On the morning after the assassination Moolraj placed himself at the head of the insurrection, by issuing a proclamation calling on the Sikh nation to rise and make common cause against the "Feringhees."

Tidings of the outrage and rising at Mooltan reached Lahore on April 24th. It was emphatically a time for prompt action, if an outbreak

was to be crushed which else might become a general revolt throughout the Punjaub. Sir Henry Lawrence would have marched the Lahore brigade on Mooltan without a moment's hesitation. Lord Hardinge would have ordered up troops and siege-train from Ferozepore and Bukkur, and would have invested Mooltan before Moolraj could have prepared for a long defence. True, marches could not have been made in the hot season without casualties; but, in the masterful words of Marshman, "our empire in India had been acquired and maintained, not by fair-weather campaigns, but by taking the field on every emergency and at any season." Currie, to do him justice, did order a brigade to march on Mooltan, in the belief that the place would not maintain a defence when a British force should approach it; but eventually, in great measure because of the arguments advanced by Sir Colin Campbell, who was not always enterprising, the movement from Lahore to Mooltan was countermanded; and the commander-in-chief, Lord Gough, with the concurrence of Lord Dalhousie, the new Governor-General, intimated his resolve to postpone military operations until the cold weather, when he would take the field in person.

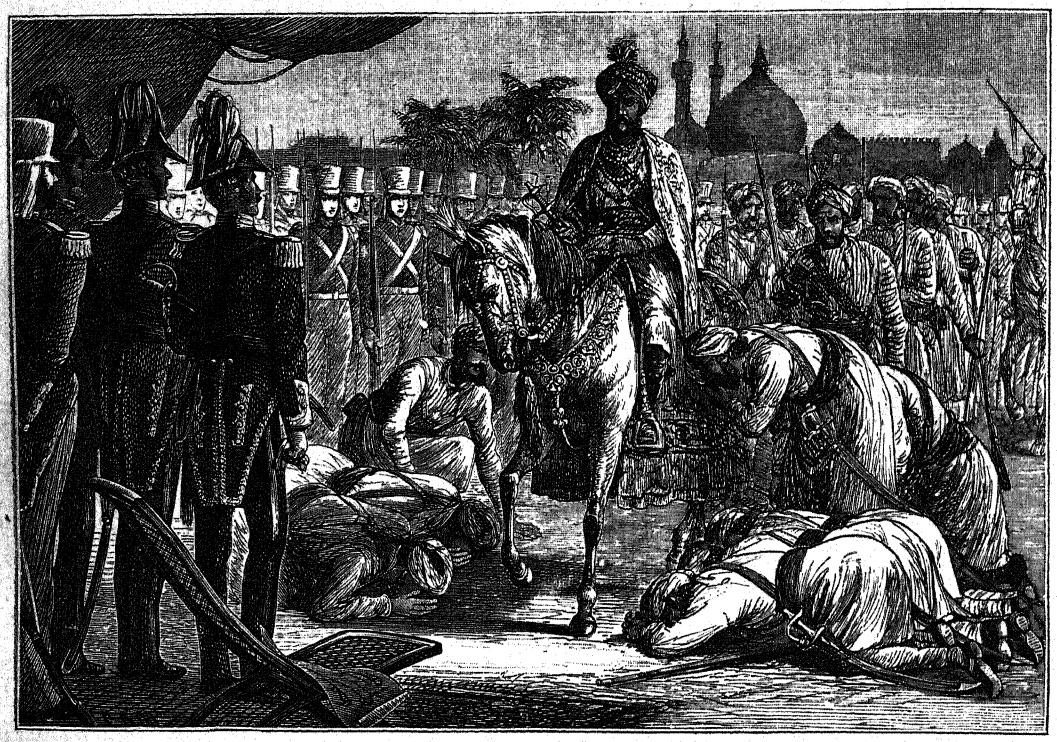
Meanwhile a casual subaltern, for whom swift marches and hard fighting in hot weather had no terrors, struck in valiantly on his own responsibility. Gathering in the wild trans-Indus district of Bunnoo some 1,500 men with a couple of guns, Lieutenant Herbert Edwardes marched towards Mooltan. Colonel Cortlandt, with 2,000 Pathans and six guns, hastened to join him; and on May 20th the united force defeated Moolraj's army, 6,000 strong. The loyal Nawab of Bhawalpore sent a strong force of his warlike Daudputras across the Sutlej to join hands with Edwardes and Cortlandt; and the junction had just been accomplished on the field of Kinairi, some twenty miles from Mooltan, when the allies were attacked by Moolraj with a force of about equal magnitude. After half a day's hard fighting the enemy fled in confusion. Edwardes and Cortlandt moved up nearer Mooltan, their force now amounting to about 15,000, and there was a moment when Moolraj seemed willing to surrender if his life were spared. But he rallied his nerves, and on July 1st he had some 12,000 men, with eleven guns, drawn out for battle on the plain of Sudusain, not far from Mooltan, face to face with Edwardes, Cortlandt, the Sheikh Imamuddin, and the brave young Lake. After a mutual cannonade of several hours, the dashing charge made by one of Cortlandt's regiments led by a gallant young Irish volunteer named Quin, settled the question against Moolraj, who rode hard at the head of his fugitive troops to find shelter in his fortress. "Now," wrote Edwardes to the Resident, "is the time to strike. I have got to the end of my tether. If you will only send a few regular regiments, with a few siege-guns and a mortar battery, we could close Moolraj's account in a fortnight, and obviate the necessity of assembling 50,000 men in October."

In tardy answer to this appeal, in the end of July a force of 7,000 men with a siege-train was ordered to converge on Mooltan from Lahore and Ferozepore, under the divisional command of General Whish. But, meanwhile, Currie had empowered the Lahore Durbar to despatch to Mooltan a Sikh force under Shere Singh. It was notorious that commander and troops were alike thoroughly disaffected; and Shere Singh actually had orders to halt fifty miles short of Mooltan, and was only allowed to join Edwardes after the victory of July 1st. By the end of August, Whish's field-force was before Mooltan, but the siege-guns were not in position until a fortnight later. Moolraj held out resolutely; and active and bloody approaches were carried on for a week, when Shere Singh and his contingent suddenly passed over to the enemy. After this defection Whish held it impracticable to continue the siege, and he retired to a position in the vicinity pending the arrival of reinforcements from the Bombay side. The siege was re-opened late in December; the city was stormed after a hard fight; and, finally, on January 22nd, 1849, Moolraj surrendered at discretion. It must be said of him that he had made a stubborn and gallant defence.

By the end of September, 1848, the local outbreak was fast swelling into a national revolt. The flame of rebellion was spreading over the Land of the Five Rivers; and by the end of October only a few brave English officers were still holding together the last shreds of British influence in the Punjaub outside of Lahore and the camp of General Whish. Moolraj and Shere Singh had quarrelled; and in the beginning of October the latter sirdar left Mooltan and marched northward in the direction of Lahore, his original force of 5,000 men strengthened at every step by the warriors of the old Khalsa army, who flocked eagerly to his standard. After threatening Lahore he moved westward to effect a junction with the Bunnoo insurgents,

who had mutinied and murdered their officers; and he finally took up a position on both sides of the river at Ramnuggur, his main body cantoned on the right bank of the river.

Lord Dalhousie had realised from the collapse of the siege of Mooltan that he had before him a serious campaign in the Punjaub. He promptly ordered the assemblage of a large force at Ferozepore, and the movement from Bombay of a smaller body to act against Mooltan. He



THE SURRENDER OF MOOLRAJ.

accepted without reserve the challenge flung at him from the collective Punjaub. "Unwarned by precedent, uninfluenced by example, the Sikh nation has called for war; and on my word, sirs, war they shall have, and with a vengeance!" were his stirring words at the farewell dinner given him by the officers of Barrackpore. By the end of September regiments were advancing from Meerut, Umballa, Sabatoo, and Jullunder towards the Sutlej or the Ravee. Before October was done the leading brigades of the army of the Punjaub had marched past Lahore across the Ravee towards the rendezvous at Shahdara. Cureton's cavalry brigade and Godby's infantry brigade were already there, and on November 12th Colin Campbell joined Cureton with two native infantry regiments, taking command of the advanced force with the temporary rank of brigadier-general. At length Lord Gough himself took the field, crossing the Ravee on the 19th at the head of his main body. His strength was respectable. Apart from the division before Mooltan and the garrison of Lahore, he had available for field-service four British and eleven native infantry regiments. He was exceptionally strong in cavalry, with three fine European regiments, five of native light cavalry, and five corps of irregular horse; and his powerful artillery consisted of sixty horse- and field-guns, eight howitzers, and ten 18-pounders.

Lord Gough was by no means a strategical genius, but he was a fighting soldier. He had served under Wellington in the Peninsula and at Waterloo with great distinction, but recklessness was one of his leading attributes. He was always eager for the fray, and the sort of fighting he most delighted in was what, in his Irish accent, he called the "could steel." The enemy, he was informed, were still about Ramnuggur, their outpost on the left bank of the Chenab; and Gough became at once in a blaze of eagerness to drive them across the river. Before daybreak of the 22nd he was on the march with



"PENNYCUICK WAS KILLED; HIS GALLANT SON, A MERE LAD, SPRANG FORWARD AND BESTRODE HIS FATHER'S BODY" (*p.* 131).

the whole of Cureton's fine cavalry, Campbell's infantry division, two field-batteries and as many troops of horse artillery; the fiery old chief riding at the head of the force. Some skirmishing occurred about the village and fort of Ramnuggur; but the Sikh detachments were already retreating across the river when the British guns opened on them a rapid and telling fire. Bent on pressing the fugitives, Lane and Warner galloped their six-pounders over the deep sand which formed a wide border to the now attenuated stream. As they fired at the runaways crowding across the ford, answering shots began to reach them from the heavier Sikh ordnance placed in battery on the further bank. By-and-by the Sikh fire became so hot that the withdrawal of the British pieces became imperative; but when the order to limber up was given, one of Lane's guns and two ammunition waggons were found to be stuck fast in the deep sand.

The order to spike and abandon the gun was unwillingly obeyed, since there seemed no alternative; and Gough disapproved of Colin Campbell's sensible suggestion that the piece should be protected until it could be withdrawn under nightfall, by placing infantry to cover it in a ravine immediately in its rear. As the gunners of the lost piece and the rest of the guns retired, Ouvry's squadron of the famous 3rd Light Dragoons drew off the enemy's attention by a daring charge into a mass of Sikhs posted near an island, within easy cover of their own guns. The enemy lost no time in sending the whole of his cavalry across the river to take possession of the stranded gun, under cover of his overwhelming artillery fire. Our cavalry was recklessly sent forward to cope with the superior hostile Horse—a folly committed, according to Campbell, under the personal superintendence of the fiery commander-in-chief. William Havelock, the gallant colonel of the 14th Light Dragoons and the brother of the more famous Henry, sought and obtained permission to cross swords with the insolent Sikh horsemen. His ardent troopers thundered behind their leader, nobly seconded by their swarthy comrades of the 3rd Bengal Cavalry. In a few minutes the Sikh Horse were broken and scattered by the headlong onset of an officer famed for his daring in the wars of the Peninsula. Had Havelock halted after this achievement all would have been well; but the approach of another body of Sikh horsemen tempted him to his destruction, and that of many of his gallant troopers. Waving his sword and shouting to his men to follow him, Havelock dashed on through the heavy sands, further yet into the mud and water, where horses floundered and men were helpless under a cruel grape and matchlock fire, supported by the keen tulwars of the Sikh light horsemen. They, indeed, were finally borne back to the river, and under cover of their own batteries; but this much of gain was dearly purchased by the loss of 90 men and 140 horses killed or wounded. Havelock himself, after a hand-to-hand combat, fell covered with wounds by the water's edge. Several other officers were killed or wounded. But the heaviest loss of that sad day was the death of the gallant Cureton, the adjutant-general of the army, who fell dead when riding forward to stay Havelock's effort to charge yet again. Renowned for brave deeds in many an action against French, Afghans, Mahrattas, and Sikhs; beloved alike by officers and men, Cureton fell close to that very regiment in which, a wild youth fleeing from his creditors, he had begun his soldiering by enlisting in it as a private trooper. His body, which Holmes, of the Irregulars, was badly wounded in trying to rescue, was buried at Ramnuggur with all the honours, in the same grave to which the corpse of Havelock was later consigned.

Lord Gough withdrew his troops beyond the reach of the Sikh batteries, and awaited the arrival of his guns and the remainder of his forces. He was well placed on the left bank of the Chenab, covering Lahore and the siege of Mooltan, and leaving Shere Singh undisturbed; while, had he preferred the offensive, a rapid stroke might have ended the business, for the Sikhs were eager enough for fighting. To gratify their desire he would have had to cross the river—to accomplish which by direct assault on the Sikh position on the opposite bank was impracticable. So Gough resolved to compel the enemy's withdrawal by a wide-turning movement with part of his force under Sir Joseph Thackwell. That officer's command consisted of Campbell's division, a cavalry brigade, and a powerful artillery—about 8,000 men. The force started on the early morning of December 1st, and after marching twenty-four miles up the left bank of the Chenab, crossed that river at noon of the 2nd. The following morning, after marching about fifteen miles down the right bank, Thackwell's command was close to the enemy in front of the village of Sadoolapore. Thackwell,

hearing of the approach of a reinforcement, rode away in search of it, refusing Campbell's request to deploy and take up a position. Campbell's reconnaissance convinced him that the enemy was near and in force; but in his own words, "My command was not in formation for troops liable to be attacked at any moment; but my orders were imperative not to deploy." As a measure of protection he occupied with an infantry company each of three villages in his front; but Thackwell on his return ordered their withdrawal, and the columns were deployed. Between the British line and the twenty pieces of cannon from which the Sikhs were heavily firing from the villages while they were threatening the British flanks with cavalry, was a smooth open space over which Thackwell desired to attack. Campbell suggested that, "as they were coming on so cockily, we should allow them to come out into the plain before we moved." The cannonade proceeded, and it seemed presently the moment for an advance; but Thackwell preferred caution, hoping, most likely, for a decisive victory on the morrow. But he was baulked, since during the night the enemy withdrew toward the Jhelum, probably without having sustained serious loss; that of the British amounted to seventy men. Thackwell's turning operation had not been brilliant, and Sadoolapore was not an affair to be very proud of; but it brought about the relinquishment by the Sikhs of their position on the right bank of the Chenab, and this enabled the main British force to cross the river. By the 5th the mass of the army was at Heylah, about midway between Ramnuggur and Chillianwallah, but the commander-in-chief and headquarters did not cross the Chenab until December 18th.

If until then Lord Gough had been trammelled by superior authority, a few days later he was set free to act on his own judgment, the result of which permission was simply absolute inaction until January, 1849. On the 11th of that month he reviewed his troops at Lassourie, and next day he was encamped at Dinghee, whence the Sikh army had fallen back into the sheltering jungle, its right resting on Mung, its left and centre on the broken ground and strong entrenchments about the village and heights of Rassoul. That was a very strong defensive position, held by more than 30,000 brave men, with a battery of sixty guns —a position which only a daring commander would have ventured to assail with an army under 14,000 strong. Among the wiser officers of Gough's staff were men who were anxious that the ground over which the enemy's position was to be approached should first be properly reconnoitred. Here is a significant passage in the memoirs of Sir Henry Durand:— "Whilst in the commander-in-chief's camp on the 11th the projected attack on the enemy's position was described to me by General Campbell. He had just been with the chief, who had spoken of attacking the Sikh position on the 13th. Campbell, seeing that his lordship had no intention of properly reconnoitring the position, was anxious on the subject, and we went into the tent of Tremenheere, the chief engineer, to discuss the matter. Campbell opened on the subject, announcing the intention to attack without any other reconnaissance than such as the moment might offer in debouching from the jungle. He advocated a second march from Dinghee, the force prepared to bivouac for the night, and that the 13th should be passed by the engineers in reconnoitring. Campbell wished Tremenheere to suggest this measure in a quiet way to Lord Gough; but he said that since the passage of the Chenab the chief was determined to take no advice, or brook any volunteered opinion, and he proposed that I should speak to John Gough (the commander-in-chief's nephew) to try to engage him to put it into Lord Gough's mind to adopt such a course." It is not certain that anything came of this improvised council of war, but there is no suggestion that up to the afternoon of the 13th, Lord Gough intended to defer the attack until the morning of the 14th.

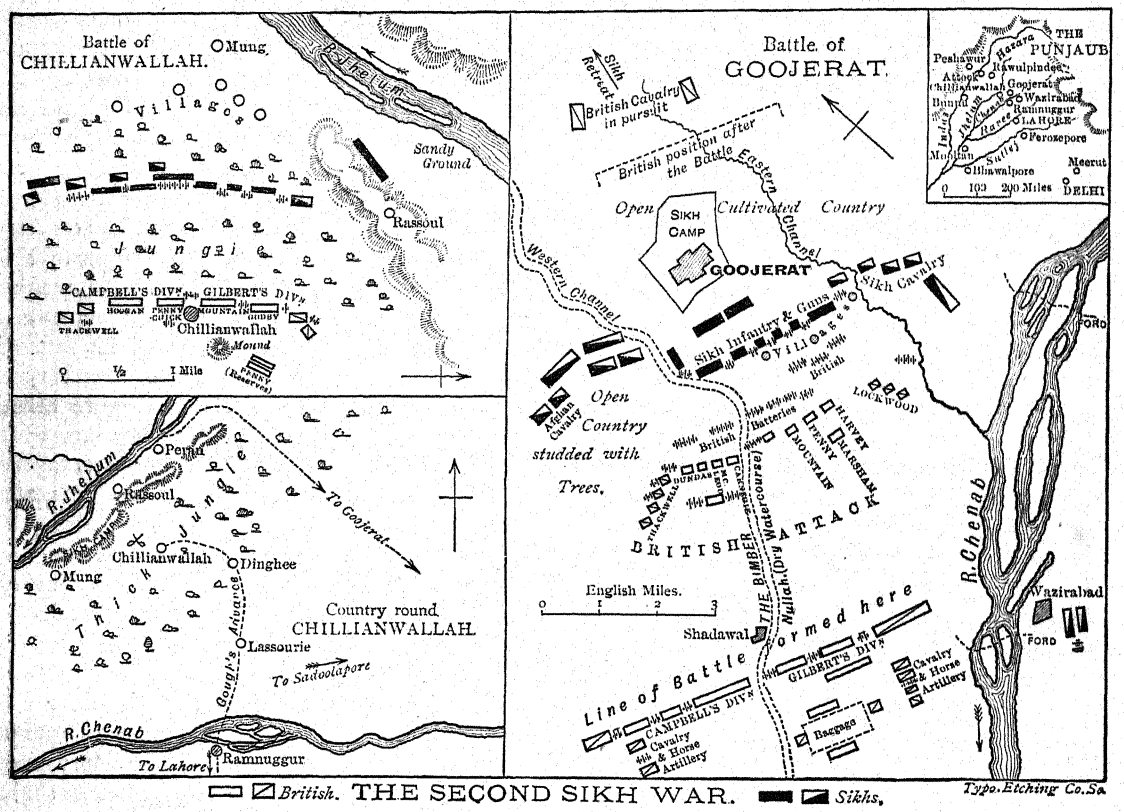
As it was, early on the 13th the army was at length on march towards the enemy. The heavy guns moved along the road leading over the Rassoul ridge to the fords of the Jhelum beyond. Gilbert's division marched on their right, Campbell's on their left, with the cavalry and light artillery on their respective flanks. The original intention was that Gilbert's (the right) division, with the greater part of the field-guns, was to advance direct on Rassoul, while Campbell's division and the heavy guns should stand fast on the left, overthrow the left of the Sikhs, and cut them off from retiring along the high road towards the Jhelum. Their left thus turned, Gilbert and Campbell were to operate conjointly against the Sikh line, which it was hoped would be rolled back on Mung and driven to the southward. But when deserters brought in the intelligence that the enemy was forming behind the village of Chillianwallah, on the left front of the British

line of march, Gough quitted the Rassoul road, inclined to his left, and marched straight on Chillianwallah. An outpost on the mound of Chillianwallah was driven off, and from this elevated position was clearly visible the Sikh army drawn out in battle array. Its right centre, directly in front of Chillianwallah, was about two miles distant from that village, but less from the British line, which was being deployed about five hundred yards in its front. There was a gap nearly three-fourths of a mile wide between the right wing of the Sikh detachment under Utar Singh and the right flank of the main body under Shere Singh. The British line, when deployed, could do little more than oppose a front to Shere Singh's centre and right, which latter, however, it overlapped a little, so that part of Campbell's left brigade was opposite to a section of the gap between Shere Singh's right and Utar Singh's left. Between the hostile lines there intervened a belt of rather dense, low jungle—not forest, but a mixture of thorny mimosa, bushes, and wild caper.

It was near two o'clock in the afternoon of a short winter day, and the troops had been under arms since daybreak. Lord Gough, therefore, had wisely determined to defer the action until the morrow, and the camping-ground was being marked out. But the Sikh leaders knew well how prone to kindle was the temperament of the gallant old British chief. They themselves were keen for fighting, and the British commander needed little provocation to reciprocate their mood when they gave him a challenge of a few cannon-shots. Late in the day though it was, he determined on immediate attack. The heavy guns were ordered up and opened fire; but the advance of the infantry soon obliged the fire of the guns to cease. The line pressed on eagerly, its formation somewhat impaired by the density of the jungle, and met in the teeth, as it pushed forward, by the artillery fire which the enemy poured on the advancing ranks. For a while nothing was to be heard but the roar of the Sikh cannonade; but presently the sharp rattle of the musketry fire told that the conflict had begun in earnest, and that the British infantry was closing on the hostile guns. Of the two British divisions Gilbert's had the right, Campbell's the left; the latter had been the first to receive the order to advance, and was the first to become engaged. Pennycuick commanded Campbell's right brigade, consisting of the 24th Queen's and the 25th and 45th Native Infantry regiments; Hoggan's, his left brigade, was formed of the 61st Queen's and the 36th and 46th Sepoy regiments. In the interval between the two brigades moved a field-battery, and on the left of the division three guns of another. At some distance on Campbell's left were a cavalry brigade and three troops of horse artillery under Thackwell, charged to engage Utar Singh's detachment, and hinder that force from striking at Campbell in flank and in reverse. The nature of the ground prevented the divisional commander from superintending more than one brigade, and Campbell had arranged with Pennycuick that he himself should remain with the left brigade. Pennycuick's brigade experienced an adverse fate. During the advance its regiments suffered cruelly from the fire of eighteen guns directly in their front. The 24th, a fine and exceptionally strong regiment, carried the hostile batteries by storm, but encountered a deadly fire from the infantry masses on either flank of the Sikh guns. The regiment sustained dreadful losses. Pennycuick was killed; his gallant son, a mere lad, sprang forward sword in hand, and bestrode his father's body until he himself fell across it a corpse. Thirteen officers of the regiment were killed at the guns, nine were wounded; 203 men were killed and 266 wounded. The native regiments of the brigade failed to support the 24th, and musketry volleys from the Sikh infantry, followed by a rush of cavalry, completed the disorder and defeat of the ill-fated body. Already broken, it now fled, pursued with great havoc by the Sikh Horse almost to its original position at the beginning of the action.

Hoggan's brigade, the left of Campbell's division, had better fortune, thanks to Campbell's steady leading. The brigade approached the enemy posted on an open space on a slight rise. Four Sikh guns played upon it during the advance; a large body of cavalry stood directly in front of the 61st, and on the cavalry's left a large infantry mass in face of the 36th Native Infantry. Both the native regiments of the brigade gave way, but the 61st advanced in line firing steadily, a manœuvre constantly practised by Campbell, which put to flight the Sikh cavalry. The enemy pushed two guns to within twenty-five paces of the right flank of the 61st, and opened with grape. Campbell promptly wheeled to the right the two right companies of the 61st, and headed their charge on the two Sikh guns. Those were captured, and while the 61st was completing its new alignment to the right—an evolution by which

Shere Singh's right flank was effectually turned—the enemy advanced with two more guns strongly supported by infantry. Neither of the two native regiments of the brigade was up; but, wrote Campbell, "the confident bearing of the enemy and the close, steady fire of grape from their two guns made it necessary to advance, and to charge when we got within proper distance. I gave the successive commands to advance and to charge; heading the 61st immediately against the guns, and the successful



British. THE SECOND SIKH WAR. Sikhs.

Typo. Etching Co. Sa

result gave the greatest confidence to the gallant 61st." After the capture of the second two guns and the dispersal of the enemy, Campbell proceeded rolling up the enemy's line, and continued along the hostile position until he had taken thirteen guns, all of them won by the 61st at the point of the bayonet; finally meeting Mountain's brigade coming from the opposite direction.

Campbell had to fight hard for his success; which, indeed, he might not have obtained, if away on his left Thackwell had not been holding Utar Singh in check and impeding his efforts to harass Campbell's flank and rear. Brind's three troops of horse-artillery expended some 1,200 rounds in a hot duel with Utar Singh's cannon, which else would have been playing on Campbell's flank; and Unett's gallant troopers of the famed "3rd Light" crashed through Sikh infantry edging away to their left with intent to take Campbell in reverse. Thackwell did his valiant utmost until he and his command were called away to the endangered right, although he could not entirely hinder Utar Singh's people from molesting Campbell, for that commander had to endure a brief period when he found himself engaged simultaneously in front, flank, and rear; and the brigade was extricated from its entanglement only by his own alert skill, and by the indomitable staunchness of the noble 61st.

Meanwhile there had been on the right a great deal of hard fighting, accompanied with grave vicissitudes. Gilbert's right attack of infantry was opened by his left brigade—Mountain's. The 29th Queen's, advancing under a crushing fire, showed its native comrades the way into the Sikh entrenchments, routing the enemy and storming his batteries. But one of the native regiments of the brigade—the 36th Native Infantry—was shivered into fragments by repeated onsets of the Sikh cavalry. Its leader mortally wounded,

six officers killed, 316 men slain or wounded, both colours lost or captured, the wreck of the unfortunate regiment gradually rallied in rear of Gilbert's right brigade. The 30th Sepoys lost a colour, but maintained its ground alongside the 29th Queen's, two hundred of whom had gone down under the Sikh fire. Godby's brigade on the extreme right had been fighting under heavy odds. The 2nd Europeans swept forward through the jungle, with the 31st and 70th native regiments on their left. Before the levelled bayonets the Sikhs recoiled; but, suddenly surrounded on all sides by overwhelming numbers, the brigade was in imminent danger. The Sepoys formed squares, but the 2nd Europeans marched rear rank in front to grapple with their new assailants. After three hours' steady fighting Godby's soldiers had recovered their lost ground, had driven their opponents everywhere off the field, and had taken every hostile gun within their reach. And their losses were comparatively small; but for their steady front and the well-timed efforts of Dawes' gunners, it must have been much heavier.

The cavalry brigade of the right came to sad grief. Its four fine regiments, led by an effete colonel who could scarcely mount his horse, got entangled in the brushwood and masked their own guns. While halted to restore cohesion, the old brigadier was wounded by a Sikh trooper. On a sudden some caitiff gave the word: "Three's about!"—from whose lips came the dastard cry was never ascertained. As the line went about, the pace quickened into a panic gallop, the British troopers followed closely by a few hundred derisive Sikh horsemen. Crowded together in their headlong flight, the fugitive dragoons rode right through and over Christie's and Huish's batteries, disabling gunners, upsetting tumbrils, and carrying ruin and dismay far to the rear among the wounded and medical staff. Four guns fell into the hands of the enemy; Christie was cut down, with many of his gunners; young Cureton was borne to death in the hostile ranks; Ekins, of the staff, perished in a fruitless effort to rally the fugitives; and not till Lane's gunners had poured some rounds of grape into the pursuers, while a wing of the



CHARGE OF THE 3RD (KING'S OWN) LIGHT DRAGOONS, CHILLIANWALLAH.

(From the Picture by Henry Martens. By permission of Mr. A. Ackermann, Regent Street, W.)

9th Lancers once more confronted the enemy, were the Sikh horsemen daunted into a leisurely retreat.

In spite of the disasters which chequered it, the battle of Chillianwallah may be regarded as a technical victory for the British arms, since the enemy were compelled to quit the field, although they only retired into the strong position on the Rassoul heights, from which in the morning they had descended into the plain to fight. Some forty of their guns had fallen into our hands. Pursuit in the dark would have been useless and dangerous over such ground, even if Gough's soldiers had been less weary and famished than they were. The moral results of the action were dismal, and the cost of the barren struggle was a loss of 2,400 killed and wounded. At home the intelligence of this waste of blood excited feelings of alarm and indignation, and Sir Charles Napier was despatched at a few hours' notice to supersede Lord Gough in the position of commander-in-chief. Gough was proud of his costly victory. At first he would not hear of falling back ever so little for the sake of getting water and protecting his rear. "What, leave my wounded to be cut up? Never!" was his angry reply to Campbell's counsel in favour of a short retirement. But Campbell's arguments finally prevailed, and the troops fell back in the deepening darkness on Chillianwallah, carrying with them the greater proportion of their wounded.

Meanwhile, Gough's army lay passive in its encampment at Chillianwallah, within sight of the Sikh position at Rassoul, licking its wounds, and awaiting the surrender of Mooltan and the accession of strength it would receive in consequence of that event, and of the reinforcements which soon would be coming to it from Lahore and Ramnuggur. Lord Gough had succeeded in fighting the battle of Chillianwallah before old Chater Singh could join hands on the Jhelum with his son, Shere Singh; but a few days after the battle the old sirdar followed the bulk of his own troops into his son's camp. Shere Singh renewed the overtures which, two days after the action of Ramnuggur, he had made in vain. Now, as then, Lord Dalhousie declined to treat with "rebels" on belligerent terms. Chater Singh's British prisoners—George Laurence, Herbert, and Bowie, who had been sent on parole into Gough's camp—were bidden to answer the Sikh leaders that nothing short of unconditional surrender would be accepted by the governor-general. If any harm befell their English captives, on their heads would the retribution lie.

The Sikh commander more than once gave the chief of the British army an opportunity to join issue in battle; but Gough, with tardy wisdom, resisted the offered temptation, and resolved to refrain from active hostilities until his reinforcements from Mooltan should reach him. On January 26th a grand salute from the heavy guns announced the welcome tidings of the fall of Mooltan. As soon as this event became known to Shere Singh, he began a series of movements towards his left, which Gough replied to by throwing up a redoubt armed with field-pieces beyond the right of his position. On February 11th the Sikh army formed order of battle before its lines, in direct challenge to the English force, but Gough restrained himself while he chafed. Next morning the Sikhs had departed "bag and baggage" from their position on the ridge of Rassoul. After a digression towards the Puran Pass on the 13th, the whole Sikh army marched unmolested round the British flank and rear towards the Chenab at Wazirabad, its chief, with sudden boldness, seeking to cross the river and sweep down on Lahore, while as yet the English should be wondering whither he had betaken himself. But on the 14th it became apparent that his actual objective was Goojerat. Gough, slowly following to within a march of that place, effected a junction at Koonjah with the Mooltan force on the 18th and 19th, and on the 20th advanced to Shadawal, where the Sikh encampment around the town of Goojerat was within sight from the British camp. The battlefield of February 21st was the wide plain to the south of Goojerat. Shere Singh's camp lay crescent-wise in front of the town, the right flank and part of its front extending from Morarea Tibba, where the Sikh cavalry was in force, along an easterly bend of the Bimber (the western) channel, a deep but dry nullah which wound down towards Shadawal, thence across the plain behind the three villages of Kulra, which were occupied by infantry, to its extreme left at the village of Malka Wallah, on the left bank of the eastern channel—a deep, narrow stream flowing into the Chenab.

It was a cool, bright winter morning when the British army advanced against this extended front in columns of brigade at deploying distance over a fair expanse of level country green with young corn. Gough was now in command of 23,000 men with ninety guns, of which

eighteen were heavy siege-pieces. The old chief, radiant with the assurance of battle and the prospect of victory, led his right and right centre against the centre of his enemy. The heavy guns, followed by two and a half brigades, moved over the plain in the immediate right of the Bimber channel. Next on the right marched Gilbert's two brigades—Mountain's and Penny's—flanked by the guns of Dawes and Fordyce. Further to the right moved Whish's division, with field-batteries on either flank. The extreme right was held by the cavalry brigades of Hearsey and Lockwood supported by Warner's troop of horse-artillery, Lane's and Kindleside's batteries under Colonel Brind following in second line. Apart on the left, beyond the western channel, were Campbell's division and Dundas's brigade of two fine British regiments, and still further on the extreme left was Thackwell's cavalry.

The Sikhs, ever ready with their artillery, opened the battle with that arm. After marching about two miles, "with the precision"—in the words of Gough—"of a parade movement," the British infantry halted and deployed into line, the skirmishers and light batteries went to the front, and the heavy pieces returned the fire from the Sikh batteries. Gough had at last been taught by hard experience that an artillery preparation should precede his favourite "could steel." While his infantry lay down in ordered line, the batteries went out to the front and began a magnificent and effective cannonade, which lasted for two hours, and utterly crushed the fire of the Sikh guns. The advantage in numbers and weight of metal lay with Lord Gough, and that advantage he would not be tempted to forego with most of the day still before him. The infantry line began its advance, but had more than once to lie down to avoid the hail of grape and round shot which fell thick among the batteries in front. The gunners suffered heavily; Fordyce's troop had to fall back twice for men, horses, and ammunition. The inevitable end drew nearer and nearer as the men and horses of the enemy went down amid shattered tumbrils and disabled guns under the crushing fire of Gough's siege-guns.

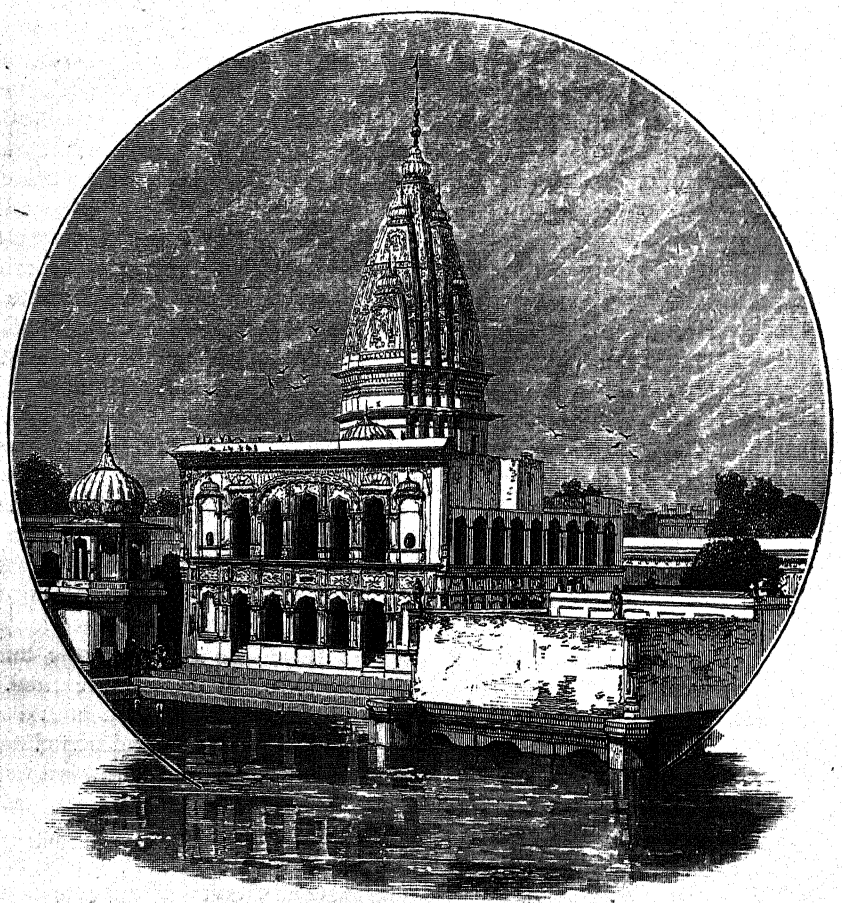
But the Sikhs fought on with the high courage of their race. The gunners were mostly expended, but the grand old Khalsa infantry and the staunch Bunnoo regiments showed still a gallant front. The Sikh cavalry hovered on either flank, eager to pass round into the British rear; but their efforts were thwarted by the fire of Warner's guns and the counterstrokes of Hearsey's and Lockwood's Horse. One band of desperadoes did accomplish the turning movement, and made a bold and desperate dash on the spot where stood Gough alongside of the heavy guns; but a charge by the chief's escort cut the daring band to pieces.

During the cannonade the infantry, excepting the skirmishers, had not fired a shot. But at length the three Khalsa villages were stormed, after a desperate and prolonged resistance; and then the long majestic line swept on up the plain towards Goojerat. There was little bloodshed on the right of the Bimber channel, where marched Campbell and Dundas; but there was plenty of that skill which conserves human life. Campbell advanced with a strong line of skirmishers, the artillery in line with them. Having deployed, the division advanced as if at a review, the guns firing into the masses behind the nullah, who gradually sought shelter in its channel. Those he dislodged by artillery fire which enfiladed the nullah, which he had been ordered to storm; but he recognised that to do so must cause a needless sacrifice of life, and he passed his division across this formidable defence of the enemy's right wing without firing a shot or losing a man. "We had," wrote Campbell, "too much slaughter at Chillianwallah because due precaution had not been taken to prevent it by the employment of our magnificent artillery."

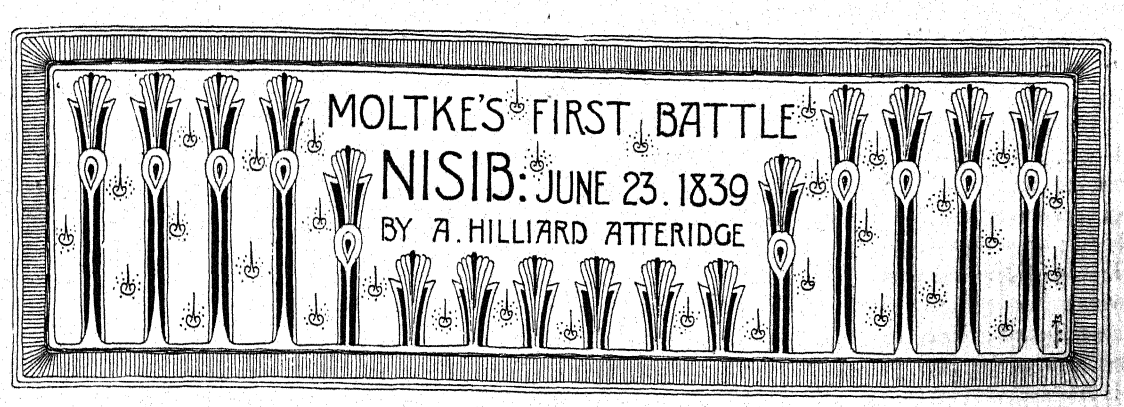
The discomfiture of the enemy was thorough—cavalry, infantry, and artillery fled from the field in utter confusion. The rout was too complete to allow of the reunion of formed bodies in any order. A body of Sikh Horse with a brigade of Afghan cavalry adventured a rash advance on Thackwell's flank. He hurled against them the Scinde Horse and the 9th Lancers, and a wild stampede resulted. The rest of the British cavalry struck in and rushed on, dispersing, riding over, and trampling down the Sikh infantry, capturing guns and waggons, and converting the discomfited enemy into a shapeless mass of fugitives. The pursuing troopers did not draw rein until they had ridden fifteen miles beyond Goojerat, by which time the army of Shere Singh was an utter wreck, deprived of its camp, its standards, and fifty-three of its cherished guns.

On the morning after the battle Sir Walter Gilbert, the "Flying General," started in pursuit of the broken Khalsa host, followed later by Brigadier-General Campbell. On the march

to Rawulpindee the latter passed the greater part of the Sikh army with its chiefs, who were laying down their arms. Campbell was moved by the fine attitude of the men of the Khalsa army. "There was," he wrote, "nothing cringing in the manner of these men in laying down their arms. They acknowledged themselves beaten, and they were starving—destitute alike of food and money. Each man as he laid down his arms received a rupee to enable him to support himself on his way to his home. The greater number of the old men especially, when laying down their arms, made a deep reverence as they placed their swords on the heap, with the muttered words 'Runjeet Singh is dead to-day!'" "This," continues Campbell, "was said with deep feeling: they were undoubtedly a fine and brave people." The last Punjaub campaign ended with the battle of Goojerat; and now for many years past the Sikhs have been the most loyal, high-spirited, and valorous of the native soldiers who in India march and fight under the banner of the Empress-Queen.



THE TOMB OF RUNJEET SINGH, LAHORE.



NISIB is one of the half-forgotten battles of the nineteenth century. Most readers will wonder where and when it was fought. Yet it was an event which had far-reaching consequences, and might easily have changed the face of the East and the after-current of the century's history. And it is further notable as Von Moltke's first battle, for it was on the borderlands of Syria and Kurdistan and under the Ottoman crescent that the great strategist had his first experience of actual warfare.

Up to the end of the first quarter of the present century the curious military organisation of the Janissaries had been practically master of the Ottoman empire. In 1826 Mahmoud II. destroyed those too formidable guardsmen, who till then had formed the main force of the Turkish armies, and substituted for them regular troops organised on European principles. To quote a lively French account of the new force, "it was organised on a European model, with Russian tunics, French drill-books, Belgian muskets, Turkish caps, Hungarian saddles, and English cavalry sabres, and instructors of all nations." One of these instructors was young Hellmuth Von Moltke, the future field-marshal of the new German empire.

Born at Lübeck in the first year of the century, the son of a German officer in the Danish service, Von Moltke was educated at the military school of Copenhagen, and received a commission in the Danish army. But in 1822 he transferred his allegiance to Prussia, and obtained a second lieutenant's commission in an infantry regiment then stationed at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. Next year he applied for and obtained admission to the staff college, and after three years of study returned to his regiment for a few months, and then for several years was employed only on staff duties, chiefly on military surveys in various parts of Prussia. In 1834, when he had risen to the rank of captain on the general staff, he obtained leave to travel, and after spending a short time in Italy, made his way to Constantinople, where, with the consent of his own Government, he was officially attached to the staff of the newly-organised Turkish army. His first important work in these new surroundings was to make a survey of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and to improve the defences of these two approaches to the capital of the Ottoman empire.

But he had come to the East in the hope of seeing active service, and though he had to wait awhile, he was not disappointed. The Sultan and his advisers recognised the thorough grasp of his profession possessed by the Prussian captain, and kept him employed at the headquarters of the army in the capital, when personally he would have preferred to be in the field. But at last the situation on the borders of the empire became so serious that Von Moltke was sent to the front to assist with his advice the Pashas who commanded in Asia.

For fate had declared against the Turkish armies. Since the destruction of the terrible Janissaries, the empire had lost province after province. Greece had been made into a kingdom; Servia, and what is now Roumania, were all but independent. The French were at Algiers. And finally an Albanian soldier named Mehemet Ali, who had gone to Egypt in 1799 as one of the servants of Khosref Pasha, had made himself master of the country, and had overrun with his armies Arabia, Syria, and Crete. The Ottoman Government had been glad to avert further conquests by recognising him as the tributary ruler of this widely extended dominion; but Mehemet persisted in maintaining in Syria an army which was a constant threat to Asia Minor, and even to

Constantinople. It was commanded by his son Ibrahim, a skilful and daring soldier; and not only was Mehemet encouraged by the French Government to dream of a march to the shores of the Bosphorus, but French officers had been sent to assist and advise Ibrahim, in case he ventured on this enterprise. The Sultan knew that it was only a question of time when Ibrahim's well-trained army would march across the Syrian border, and he had little confidence in the military skill of the pashas who commanded the armies he had gathered for the defence of his Asiatic provinces. It was under these circumstances that in March, 1838, Captain Von Moltke was ordered to proceed to the headquarters of the Turkish army of Anatolia, taking with him two other Prussian officers, his juniors in the service, who were to act under his directions.

Crossing the Black Sea, and making a rapid survey of several of the ports on its southern coast, Von Moltke and his companions finally disembarked at Samsun, and journeyed southwards by Amasia, Tokat, and Sivas, the point they were making for being the camp of Hafiz Pasha in the south of Kurdistan, on the upper course of the Euphrates. It was a long ride through a wild mountain country, with very primitive accommodation at the various halting-places. The crossing of the Anti-Taurus range was not the least difficult part of the journey. The lofty plateau was a desert of snow, the track across which was just marked by the traces left by a small caravan which had preceded the party. The descent on the southern side was through a series of precipitous gorges. At last the adventurous travellers reached the banks of the Euphrates at Kieban Maidan, only a few miles below the point where the two streams that form its head-waters, the Murad and the Phrat, coming down from the mountains of Kurdistan, unite in a rapid river about 120 feet across. Another day's journey brought them to the camp of Hafiz Pasha at Kharput.

Hafiz was a Circassian soldier of fortune, who had distinguished himself greatly by his dashing conduct in several campaigns against the rebels in Albania. He was fairly well educated, and sharp-witted enough to recognise that the three Prussians could be of the greatest use to him, in case the threatened war began upon the frontier. He gave them a hearty welcome, made Von Moltke a present of a splendid Arab charger, and asked his advice as to what was to be done to improve the motley force which he commanded. His army was made up of a few regular battalions, an auxiliary force of local levies, some lumbering artillery served by half-trained gunners, and a mass of irregular cavalry. The task assigned to him was to reduce to submission and keep in order the Kurdish tribes of the neighbourhood, many of whose chiefs were either in open rebellion or notoriously disaffected, and he was at the same time to be ready to meet an invasion of the Syro-Egyptian army which Ibrahim Pasha had got together at Aleppo. Nearer to Constantinople there were two other Turkish armies in Asia Minor—one at Kesarieh, under Isset Pasha, and another at Koniah, the ancient Iconium, commanded by Hadji Ali. These were to stop the Egyptians, in case they got past Hafiz Pasha. Von Moltke, of course, knew that divided from each other by 400 miles of difficult country these three *corps d'armée* were exposed to the danger of being destroyed in detail, in case Ibrahim crossed the border. But he was only a captain on the staff, sent to assist Hafiz. The time was not yet come when he had authority to combine the movements of armies. Had it been otherwise, Von Moltke might have changed the fate of the Ottoman empire.

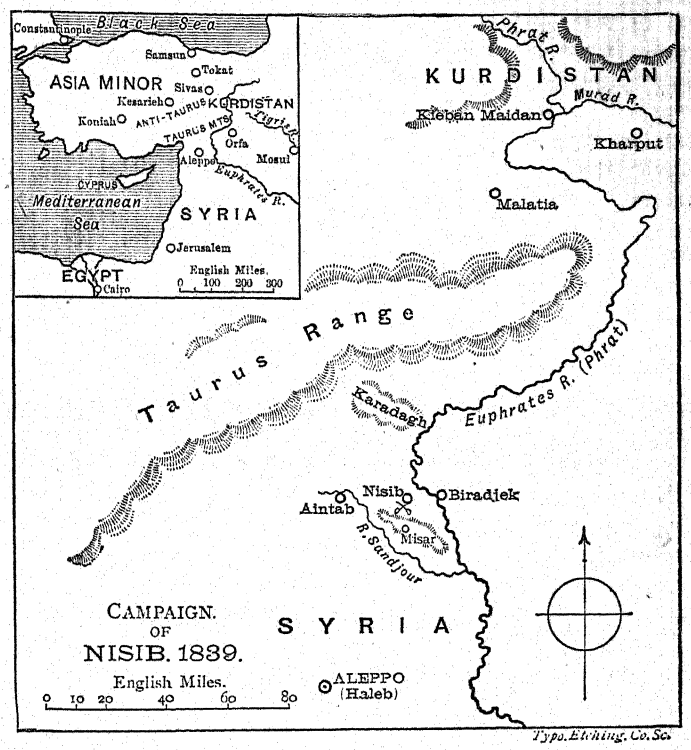
There were no trustworthy maps of the district, and as it seemed likely that, after all, the year would end without war being declared, Von Moltke proceeded to a survey of the Syrian frontier and the country round the head-waters of the Euphrates. Beyond the river he pushed on as far as Orfa, the ancient Edessa, spending more than one night in old castles of the Norman type, the work of the Crusaders. He nearly reached the source of the Tigris, and then voyaged down it to Mosul, and regained the Upper Euphrates by crossing the desert with a caravan. But before he reached the pasha's camp he met a column of troops on the march. There were six battalions, eight guns, and a hundred horse, and they were moving northwards under the command of Mehemet Pasha, one of Hafiz's officers, the object of the expedition being to bring to terms a Kurd chief who had hoisted the flag of rebellion on a castle in the hills. Moltke, hearing that all was quiet at headquarters, attached himself to the column.

The Kurd refused to surrender, and his castle was besieged. Von Moltke reconnoitred the place, planned the siege works, and superintended the batteries. The place soon capitulated, and the castle was blown up, for fear it should cost another expedition next year if it was left in a state of defence. It was Moltke's first siege.

The capture of Paris, thirty-two years later, was to be the close of his active career of arms, as this was the beginning.

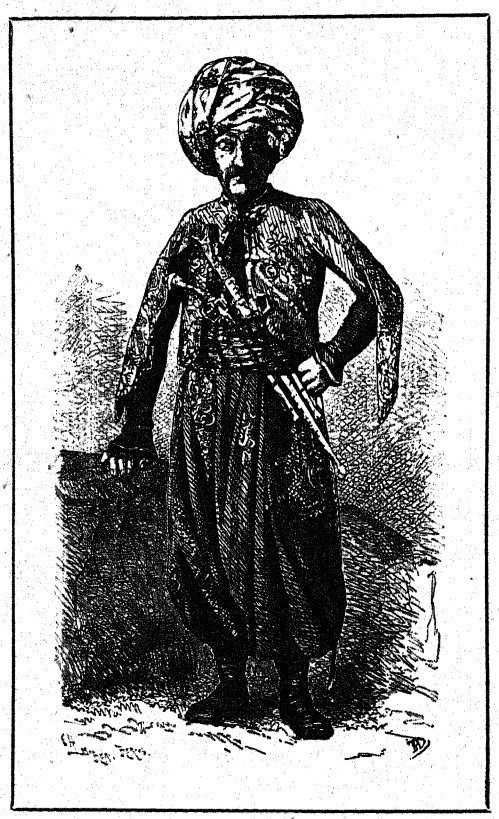
When he rejoined the headquarters of Hafiz Pasha, the Turkish general had just received news from Aleppo that Ibrahim had been largely reinforced with Syrian, Arab, and Egyptian levies, and was evidently preparing for an attack on the Turkish positions in Asia Minor. Separated, as he was, from the armies of Isset and Hadji Ali by hundreds of miles, Hafiz knew that the protection of the frontier depended on himself alone, and resolved to move closer to the border of Syria in order to make it impossible for Ibrahim to slip past him and gain the road to Constantinople without a battle. Accordingly on April 1st, 1839, the camp at Malatia was broken up, and the Turks marched to the foot of the Taurus chain, encamping again near Samsat. Here there was a delay while Moltke and a couple of Turkish staff-officers went forward to reconnoitre the country in front and select a defensive position barring the advance of the army of Syria. On April 20th, after their return, the march was resumed and the Taurus range was passed, 2,000 men having been employed for a fortnight before in clearing the snow from the passes. The army marched in several columns, each moving by a different pass. Karakaik had been named as the point where they were to concentrate; but at the last moment Hafiz sent word that they were to unite much nearer the frontier, at Biradjek. It would have been a bad thing for him if Ibrahim had come across the border-line while his columns were thus separated, but the Egyptian Pasha either was not ready to move, or, what is more likely, had no idea of the chance his Turkish opponent was giving him.

Moltke had selected the position at Biradjek. Close to the village of that name a low ridge ran across a bend of the Euphrates. The river covered both flanks, and the front between them was about two miles long. There was a gentle slope from the ridge of about 600 yards, with no shelter of any kind to protect an attacking force from the fire of the defenders. Behind the ridge, and between it and the river, there was a good camping ground, and shelter for the reserves from artillery fire. The ridge was further strengthened by four earthwork redoubts, thrown up just below its crest. The position was thus a natural fortress, improved by field-works. Its chief defect was that it would not have been at all an easy matter to get much of the army away from it across the river once the ridge was stormed. But then Moltke, in choosing it, had made up his mind that the army of Hafiz Pasha could not be depended on to fight in the open against the superior forces of the Egyptians, and if defeated in a pitched battle he did not expect that in any case much of it would hold together in the retreat. He therefore advised that it should hold the entrenched camp at Biradjek until it was reinforced. Ibrahim would not dare to march into Asia Minor, leaving the army of Hafiz in his rear with Syria at its mercy; and if he attempted to storm the long ridge and its redoubts by a frontal attack, all the chances were that he would be defeated with serious loss, and that he would be unable to attempt anything more that year.



The cavalry had been sent forward to Nisib, a village close to the Syrian frontier. One of their horses escaped, and a few troopers rode across the border-line to look for it. They were attacked

by the Egyptian cavalry, one of them killed, and the rest chased back to Nisib. This little incident upset all Von Moltke's plans, and changed the whole course of events in Syria; for Hafiz, when he heard of it, was indignant at what he described as an unpardonable outrage, and made up his mind to attack the Syrians and have his revenge, instead of remaining quietly camped behind his redoubts. Anxious to have the opinions of others to support his own, he called a council of war, and urged strongly that after what had happened nothing was left for them to do but to march against the Syrians. He had, he said, submitted the case to the mollahs, the Mohammedan doctors of the law, and they had replied that the act of the Egyptians fully justified an immediate declaration of war.



A TURKISH BEY.

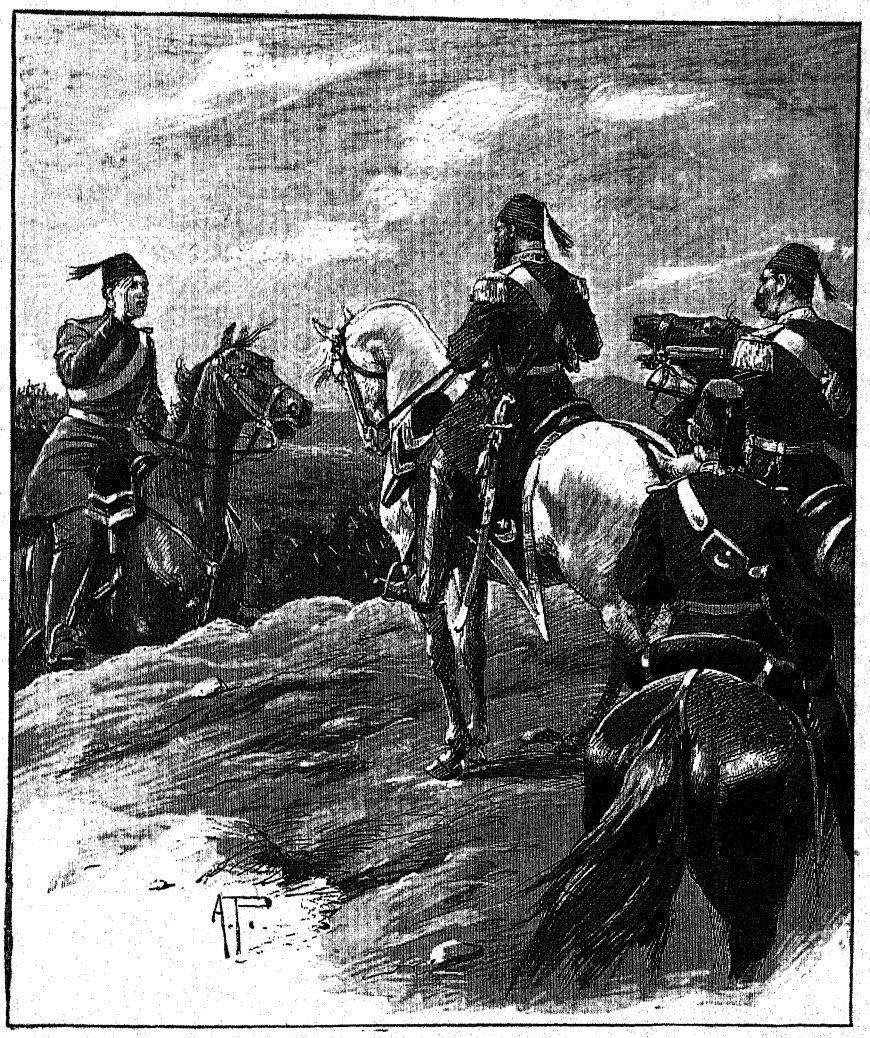
He asked Von Moltke what he thought, and the Prussian captain replied that the mollahs were no doubt excellent authorities on the question whether the war was just or not; but there was another question to be considered: Was it wise? And to answer this one had to know a great many things. What were the intentions of the Sultan's Government? What were the rival Great Powers of Europe going to do? What was exactly the enemy's strength, and on what resources of men and supplies could they depend to meet him? On several of these points he himself knew nothing, and the mollahs knew no more than he did. The responsibility of a choice rested on the pasha himself, and he ought to know whether or not his sovereign, the Sultan, wished him to precipitate hostilities. "But," concluded Von Moltke, "not having all the necessary information, I must decline to give an opinion."

Hafiz was disappointed. He had hoped for a unanimous vote for war, and he was especially anxious to escape responsibility by having on his side the opinion of his Prussian military adviser. But Von Moltke wisely persisted in refusing to advise on any but strictly military questions. He would have nothing to do with politics. But the Circassian pasha was eager to avenge what he felt as a personal insult put upon him by the Egyptians, and at the same time he had persuaded himself that, whatever he might say openly, the Sultan wished for a war which might end in the reconquest of Syria, if not of Egypt. So he decided to fight.

Marching out of the Biradjek position, he massed his forces about the village of Nisib, sending his Kurdish irregular cavalry to raid across the frontier, and detaching a column of infantry and artillery to summon the Egyptian garrison that held the frontier town of Aintab to surrender. The Egyptians refused his first summons, but no sooner had a few shots been fired against the place than they not only surrendered, but offered to take service under the Turkish standards. They were not the first troops that Hafiz had recruited in the same way. Many of his Kurdish regiments were composed of mountaineers who had taken his pay the day after they had surrendered to his flying columns. But soldiers who transferred their allegiance so readily from one banner to another were not very reliable elements in an army.

Ibrahim and the Syro-Egyptian army had all this time been camped quietly near Aleppo. There were only a few detached posts and some irregular cavalry watching the frontier, which was thus open to the raids of Turks and Kurds. But Ibrahim was preparing to move, and by a curious coincidence, while the Prussian Von Moltke was advising his enemy, he himself had

for his chief military adviser an officer of the French army, Captain Beaufort d'Hautpoul, a son of one of the Great Napoleon's generals. In the first week of June he broke up his camp at Aleppo. Ten days later his Arabs were driving the Kurdish horsemen back upon Nisib. On the 19th his vanguard cleared the pass of Misar, a defile in the hills to the south of Nisib, and next day his army bivouacked five miles in front of the Turkish position.



"HURRYING TO THE SIDE OF HAFIZ, HE URGED HIM TO AT ONCE MAKE A SHARP ATTACK" (*p.* 142).

All that day and during a great part of the night the army of Hafiz was drawn up in battle array, expecting to be attacked. At nine o'clock on the 21st the Egyptians were at last seen to be advancing. Nine regiments of cavalry, Arab and Syrian horsemen in white burnooses, armed mostly with the lance and riding in a loose formation, moved towards the Turkish left. Behind them came some guns and a brigade of infantry. The gunners, directed by Beaufort d'Hautpoul in person, unlimbered and opened fire at long range against the Turkish centre and left. The Turkish batteries replied. All the guns on both sides were smooth-bores, most of the shot fell short, and there were very few casualties. The firing might have gone on all day without much effect. But suddenly, at a signal from the artillery position, the Egyptian cavalry fell back, the guns limbered up and retired, and the infantry followed them. The Turks flattered themselves that they had the best of the day, and that the Egyptians were afraid to come to close quarters. The fact was that it was only a reconnaissance carried out by the French officer, who wanted to

have a close look at the position of the Turks and to draw the fire of their artillery, in order to find out where their batteries were and what their guns could do.

All day Hafiz expected the attack to be renewed, and his troops were under arms. When night came they lay down where they had stood all day, with their weapons ready to their hands. At dawn on the 22nd it was seen that the Egyptian army was breaking up its camp and retiring towards Misar. Great was the joy at the Turkish headquarters, but it did not last long. The scouts who hung on the rear of the retiring Egyptians were suddenly driven back by a cavalry charge, and then it was seen that the columns of Ibrahim's army were no longer moving on Misar, but, after edging away somewhat to the eastward of their first direction, were advancing on a line that would carry them past the Turkish left, and if they were not checked would place them in position between Nisib and Biradjek, so as to cut off Hafiz from what was at once his line of supply if he remained at Nisib, and his line of retreat if he abandoned the place. Ibrahim, with his army formed in three columns, was making a bold manœuvre the success of which meant, not merely the defeat, but the destruction of the Turkish "army of Kurdistan."

Moltke saw the full gravity of the situation. Hurrying to the side of Hafiz, he pointed out to him that an army which tries to outflank another necessarily exposes its own flank during the manœuvre, and he urged him to at once make a sharp and well-sustained attack on the nearest of the three hostile columns. This would momentarily arrest the turning movement, and it might reasonably be hoped that the first column of the Egyptians would be seriously shaken, if not broken up, before the two others could come up to its assistance. But Hafiz did not like the idea of moving down with his whole army from the rising ground which he had held so long, and all that he did was to launch against the column a few squadrons of his irregular cavalry, who were driven back by a few volleys and a charge of the Arab Horse. Then, seeing that it was hopeless to try to induce Hafiz to take the offensive, and that the opportunity for it would soon be gone, Moltke proposed another plan. The enemy had not yet interposed between Nisib and Biradjek; the best thing to do would be to retreat at once to that strong position, await an attack there, and resume the offensive after the expected reinforcements had arrived.

But Hafiz, with his staff grouped round him, met the suggestion with an unexpected objection. To go back to Biradjek would be to run away in the presence of the Syrians and Arabs and their Egyptian pasha. He was not afraid of them. He would not disgrace himself by flight.

Then Von Moltke, appealing to his two Prussian colleagues in support of his opinion, replied that what he proposed was not a flight, but a strategic retreat, an operation of war that the greatest conquerors had at times made use of as a prelude to their victories. There was nothing disgraceful in it, or he would not have suggested it. It was now a simple question of gaining time, and keeping up their communications with Asia Minor. If they remained where they were, the chances were all against them; if they once regained the lines of Biradjek, everything was in their favour. There was a long discussion, on the one side Moltke and his colleagues urging instant retreat; on the other Hafiz, backed up by the mollahs, who declared that all the omens were in favour of fighting at Nisib, and also supported by many of his Turkish officers, who thought it more to their interest to side with the pasha than with the three "Franks" who had come to advise him. It ended in Hafiz Pasha declaring that nothing should induce him to abandon the position of Nisib; on which Moltke, worn out with fatigue, ill with a touch of fever, and discouraged at the stupid obstinacy of the Circassian pasha, went away to his tent, and tried to sleep through the day, declining all responsibility for what was being done.

What a contrast there is between Captain Von Moltke, stretched on his camp bed at Nisib in utter disgust at being unable to persuade a stupid pasha and his officers to extricate some 30,000 men from a false position in this campaign on the borders of Syria, and the same Moltke a few years later at the palace of Versailles, directing with all but absolute command the movements of nearly a million soldiers, with kings and princes waiting for his orders, and all Europe looking on in wonder at the brilliant strategy by which he was sealing the fate of France! But in the one instance he had to do with a pasha who would not listen to him, in the other with a soldier-king who had the insight to recognise and give free play to his marvellous genius for war.

All through that hot midsummer day the white cloaks and glittering lances of Ibrahim's

cavalry spread like the foam of an advancing tide wave along the plain between Nisib and the Euphrates. Behind them came the three columns of Syrian and Egyptian infantry, with their lumbering artillery dragged along partly by horses, partly by long teams of bullocks. Towards evening the columns closed upon each other, and upon the left rear of the Nisib position. Then they camped in battle array, and the long line of their watch fires told Hafiz that they had taken up a position from which they were ready to attack him in the morning.

Late that evening the pasha sent for Von Moltke. Seated on a carpet in his tent, Hafiz asked the captain to sit beside him, gave him coffee and a pipe, and then entreated him to do what he could to help him in the defence of the Nisib position. Von Moltke replied that he still thought that a huge mistake had been made in accepting battle in such a place; but, while declining all responsibility for the choice of the position, he would do what he could to make the best of it. For the next few hours he was busy by the light of torches and watch-fires drawing up the Turkish army, so as to meet the coming attack. All the troops, except a few cavalry scouts, were withdrawn from the plain. He chose a position on the high ground where the centre would be partly covered by a ravine. The right, which was nearest the Egyptians, was rapidly entrenched, and a battery of heavy guns were sent to strengthen the left. By 3 a.m. all were in position.

The long-expected battle began early on June 23rd. Ibrahim—or, rather, his French adviser, Beaufort d'Hautpoul—adopted a system of tactics which secured him an advantage from the very outset. He was strong in artillery, his guns being partly long field-pieces of Eastern design throwing solid round shot, partly French howitzers, short guns of comparatively large calibre, throwing shells. Keeping his infantry columns well out of range, he pushed forward all his artillery, escorted by his Arab and Syrian cavalry. The masses of horsemen to right and left and out of range, but within a short gallop in rear of the guns, made it a risky matter to try to rush them, even if Hafiz had had any other idea than doggedly clinging to the defensive. Thus protected, the Egyptian artillery began to throw shot and shell into the position on which the Turks were crowded together. The Turkish artillery, provided only with solid shot for long range, and grape for close quarters, could do comparatively little damage to the enemy's batteries, and the Egyptian infantry was quite out of its reach. The artillery duel with which the battle began was thus a most unequal conflict.

Soon the bursting shells began to tell upon the Turks, many of the regiments that held the plateau of Nisib being composed of doubtful materials—such as the troops who had surrendered at Aintab and the Kurdish levies. Whole companies broke up as the shells burst over them, and at last a whole brigade on the left retired from the ground it was ordered to hold, in order to shelter on the reverse slope of the plateau. Some regiments of the reserve, seeing this movement in retreat, conformed to it, and it looked as if the whole line was beginning to give way. Moltke galloped to the left, and tried in vain to induce the brigade to resume its place in the front. Nothing he could say had the least influence on officers or men. They were in comparative safety, and they did not mean to march back again into the thick of the artillery fire. He gave up the hopeless task, and turning his horse, rode towards the centre.

As he approached it he saw a sight which might well dishearten him. Guns were straggling back one by one from the front, and, worse still, artillery drivers, who had cut the traces of their limbers, came galloping to the rear in flight, abandoning their guns. Several regiments had fallen on their knees in prayer—the prayer not of brave men asking help for coming battle, like the Scots who knelt at Bannockburn, but the frightened petition of men who had lost heart and head, and afraid to do anything for themselves, were begging for a miracle from Heaven. The Syro-Egyptian infantry massed in heavy columns, with their green banners waving in a long line in their front, were advancing, a forest of bayonets flashing in the sunlight, while their cavalry streamed out towards the flanks.

The crisis of the battle had come. On the left a brigade of Turkish regular cavalry, without having received any orders, rode forward to charge; but it had only reached the crest of the slope that led downwards towards the Egyptian right when a few shells, almost the last fired that day by Ibrahim's artillery, burst in their front ranks. Horses and men alike seemed to be panic-stricken. The mass of cavalry wheeled round and fled wildly to the rear, riding down and dispersing part of the Turkish reserves in their mad flight. Moltke was trying to keep the

centre steady. Hafiz rushed to the right, where the Turks were firing their muskets at the advancing Egyptians at a range which meant a mere waste of powder and ball. Seizing a standard, he put himself at the head of a battalion and called on them to charge the approaching Egyptians. It looked as if he was seeking for death in the midst of what he now recognised as a hopeless disaster. The men refused to advance. On came the Egyptians. But hardly anywhere were they met by anything more than an irresolute, ill-aimed fire from men who were calculating how long they could safely stay without risking having to cross bayonets with the enemy. As the line of green standards with the bright steel behind them came up the slope, most of the Turks and Kurds ceased firing and ran. Here and there a handful, with levelled bayonets, stood back to back and sold their lives dearly. Some of the gunners stuck to their pieces to the last, and fired grape into the faces of the Egyptians; but for the most part it was headlong flight or abject surrender. Entire companies threw down their arms. Guns abandoned by their teams were captured in whole batteries. The mass of fugitives that streamed away over the back of the plateau



"THE MASS OF CAVALRY WHEELED ROUND AND FLED WILDLY TO THE REAR" (*p.* 143).

fared the worst, for with a fierce yell the Arab horsemen rode after them, and for miles the plain was strewed with the corpses of the wretches who died at the points of their long spears.

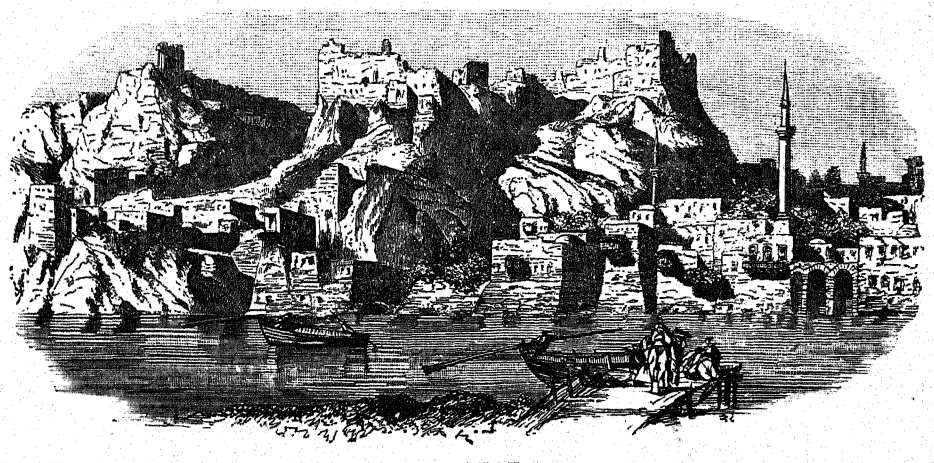
As the line broke, Von Moltke had the good fortune to be near his two Prussian comrades. Thanks to their horses, the three Europeans extricated themselves from the mass of fugitives, avoided the pursuit, and after a ride of nine hours under the blazing Syrian sun reached Aintab in the evening. Von Moltke had lost everything but the horse he rode and the clothes and arms he wore. He regretted most the loss of his journals and his surveys of Asia Minor and the Upper Euphrates, the result of many months of travel and exploration. But he was fortunate in

having escaped with life. The course of European history might have been changed if the good horse that carried him so well had stumbled in the wild rush to escape the Arab spears.

Ibrahim seemed astounded at the completeness of his own success. There was a panic throughout Asia Minor, many of the new Turkish levies disbanding on the news of Nisib. The Egyptians might have marched at once to the shores of the Bosphorus, but they hesitated to reap the fruits of their victory, and the intervention of England and Austria soon after forced them to give up all pretensions to rule in Western Asia.

Travelling across Asia Minor, Moltke and his companions saw everywhere signs that nothing could be done to help the Turks to hold their own. He was therefore eager to get back to Europe, and on August 3rd, when he saw the sea from the hills above Samsun, he felt the same joy with which the Greeks had greeted the same sight in their famous retreat from the Euphrates. Embarking at Samsun, he returned to Constantinople. His next experience of warfare was in the Prussian army.

By a curious turn of fate, he had among his opponents in his last campaign the same French officer who had so ably directed the Egyptian attack at Nisib. When the French Imperial army collapsed in 1870, and the new levies were being raised to meet the Prussian invasion, Beaufort d'Hautpoul, then living in retirement, offered his services to Gambetta, and was given the command of a division in Vinoy's army in the defence of Paris. The general took part in the great sortie that immediately preceded the surrender; and it so happened that as at Nisib, in far-off Syria, Von Moltke's first battle, so at Buzenval, under the walls of Paris, the last battle of the great Prussian strategist, Beaufort d'Hautpoul was among those who fought against him.



BIRADJEK.

Fight between the "Chesapeake" and the "Shannon"

1st June 1813

By Herbert Russell

THE whole volume of British naval history has no more glorious and inspiriting page to offer than that which bears the record of the memorable conflict between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*. It may lack the lurid splendour that throws Trafalgar out bright and strong in the story of nations; but one would hesitate to declare that it was not as proud an achievement in its way as Nelson's dying victory. One needs, indeed, to understand the philosophy of the maritime annals of that period to appreciate how much deeper than the actual defeat of the Yankee frigate went the moral effect of that ocean triumph. Our war with the Americans was an unpopular one from the very beginning. We had taken up arms against them, not in that spirit of hearty animosity which characterised the Napoleonic struggle, but in a half-reluctant manner, as though influenced by the feeling that no honour was to be gained by fighting the young colonies across the Atlantic. The lesson which our soldiers and sailors received very early in the conflict was a staggering revelation. John Bull soon realised that if he meant to cope with his antagonist, he must cease to treat him as a mere sparring infant; but gird his loins, tighten his belt, and go at him as a man to be reckoned with.

If the British Army chafed under the reverses it met with upon American soil, the British Navy was tenfold more chagrined by the humiliations put upon its flag on the high seas. Our sailors were flushed by the triumphs of long ocean campaigns. They had learnt to think of themselves as irresistible. Their domination of the deep had come at length to a habit of thought not for one moment to be questioned. When, therefore, news began to come in of the discomfiture of our ships by Yankee vessels, the effect was likely to prove correspondingly demoralising. The higher the see-saw of pride soars, the greater the depression when the descent begins. Time has taught us to look back dispassionately upon that period of our naval history. We were not fighting the Spaniard, or the Frenchman, but our own flesh and blood. Now that the dwarf Prejudice has long been crushed under the heel of the giant Time, what true-born Englishman but must honour and admire the pluck of the unfledged Yankee bantam sparring up at its old mother with such effect that the little creature's victorious crowing resounded from the Land's End to Massachusetts?

The British sailor was burning with a desire to prove whether, man to man, he was not a match for the American. Unequal contests were no test. If a ten-gun brig were captured by a Yankee corvette of treble her size and weight of metal, the achievement could scarcely be held to prove Brother Jonathan the better man. Captain Broke, of the British frigate *Shannon*, sailed from Halifax, bound upon a cruise in Boston Bay, on the 21st of March, 1813, and he had but one end in mind: that of engaging an American frigate of his own calibre. So resolute was he in this desire that, according to James's "Naval History," he sacrificed no fewer than twenty-five prizes on his voyage down, in order not to weaken his complement by putting prize-crews on board.

On the 1st of June, the *Shannon* having been for some weeks hovering off the port of Boston, inside the shelter of which the eager British tars could descry the lofty spars of the famous American frigate *Chesapeake*, Captain Broke sent a direct challenge to Captain Lawrence to bring his vessel out and try the fortune of war. The letter in which this challenge was conveyed is one of the most manly, chivalrous, and gallant pieces of literature ever addressed by a British

officer to a foe. "As the *Chesapeake* appears now ready for sea," it begins, "I request you will do me the favour to meet the *Shannon* with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags. The *Shannon* mounts twenty-four guns upon her broadside, and one light boat-gun, 18-pounders upon her main-deck, and 32-pound carronades upon her quarter-deck and forecastle, and is manned with a complement of 300 men and boys (a large proportion of the latter), besides thirty seamen, boys, and passengers who were taken out of recaptured vessels lately. . . . . I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the *Chesapeake;* or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation. We have both nobler motives. You will feel it as a compliment if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in *even combats* that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect. Favour me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay long here."

The armament and crew of the *Shannon* is stated in this letter. The *Chesapeake* was sixty tons larger, carried heavier guns, and seventy more men. Although Captain Lawrence landed four 32-pound carronades and one long 18-pounder at Boston, so as to reduce his broadside to the same numerical strength as that of the British frigate, the weight of his vessel's metal exceeded by one-tenth that of the *Shannon*. Therefore the advantage of superiority was considerably on the side of the American.

Captain Broke sent his memorable challenge by a Yankee prisoner, one Captain Slocum, whom he released along with his own boat on the condition that he should deliver the missive. The British frigate, with colours flying, then stood in close to Boston lighthouse, and there lay-to until it was seen whether Captain Lawrence would accept his opponent's invitation. The *Chesapeake* was plain to their view, moored in President Roads, with royal-yards crossed, and apparently in readiness to come out. It was a fine morning, with a light breeze blowing from the west and north, and the blue waters of Boston Bay were flashful with the high sunshine. The British officers had little doubt that the Yankee intended going to sea, for her three topsails were hoisted: but would she come up to the scratch, or try and give them the slip? No, no; the thing was not to be thought of, after such illustrations of Yankee pluck as had already made the Stripes and Stars a flag to be honoured and dreaded. If the *Chesapeake* got under weigh, there was pretty sure to be a fight, and hearts beat high on board the *Shannon*, whilst speculation ran into wild desire.

At about half-past twelve, whilst the British men-of-warsmen were below at dinner, Captain Broke, with a telescope slung over his shoulder, himself went to the masthead, and there beheld the *Chesapeake* fire a gun and almost simultaneously break into a cloud of canvas. He likewise perceived that Captain Slocum's boat had not yet reached the shore. Therefore Captain Lawrence had not received the challenge, but was coming out in response to the verbal invitations that the English commander had frequently sent to him. It was a brave sight to watch the stately American ship slipping nimbly through the smooth water of the Roads, heeling gently over to the breeze which filled her swelling sails, and surrounded by a great concourse of small boats coming out to watch the famous ocean duel from a safe distance. A few minutes later Captain Broke was again on deck, and the yards of the *Shannon* were swung, whilst the roll of the drum rattled fore and aft the vessel, summoning the hands to quarters.

It needs no very powerful effort of imagination to conjure up before the mind's eye the spectacle of Boston Bay as it appeared on the 1st of June, 1813. At one o'clock, the naval historian tells us, the *Chesapeake*, under all sail, rounded the Boston lighthouse. A right gallant show she must have made, with her long black hull slightly leaning to the impulse of her wide gleaming wings, her three ensigns streaming from various parts of the rigging, and a great white flag topping the fore-royal yard, and bearing a motto which must now sound strange to the Protectionist Yankee — "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights." For above a couple of leagues the two frigates held on in grim silence, standing directly out towards the open sea. The *Shannon* was repeatedly brought to the wind, in order to shiver her canvas, that the American might overhaul her. Meanwhile the *Chesapeake* was busy in reefing topsails, hauling up courses, taking in the lighter sails, and getting into war trim—like some veteran stripping ere he steps forth into the ring to try his prowess.

The *Chesapeake*, firing another gun, whose

sullen boom was intended as a note of defiance, came bearing down upon her enemy, watched with a thrill of pride from the land and the numerous boats hovering about out of cannon-shot. There could be no possible doubt in the minds of the spectators as to the issue of the contest. Flushed by a brief but marvellously triumphant record, the Yankees stood waiting with impatience to cheer their pet frigate—commanded by one of their most gallant officers—as she towed her prize in. On board of *her*, it is said, the Union Jack had been spread upon the table in the cabin for the English officers to dine off when they should be prisoners below.

At half-past five in the afternoon of that eventful day the action began, and before half-past six the pall-like clouds of smoke had settled away to leeward; the crimson dye gushing from the scuppers of both vessels had become diffused, and vanished upon the clear waves; the groans of the wounded were muffled down in the depths of the cockpit; and all was over. Never before, in all maritime annals, was such a sharp and decisive engagement; never, in the history of nations, was a more staggering issue than the result of the fight to the confident spectators who watched it from their native shore.

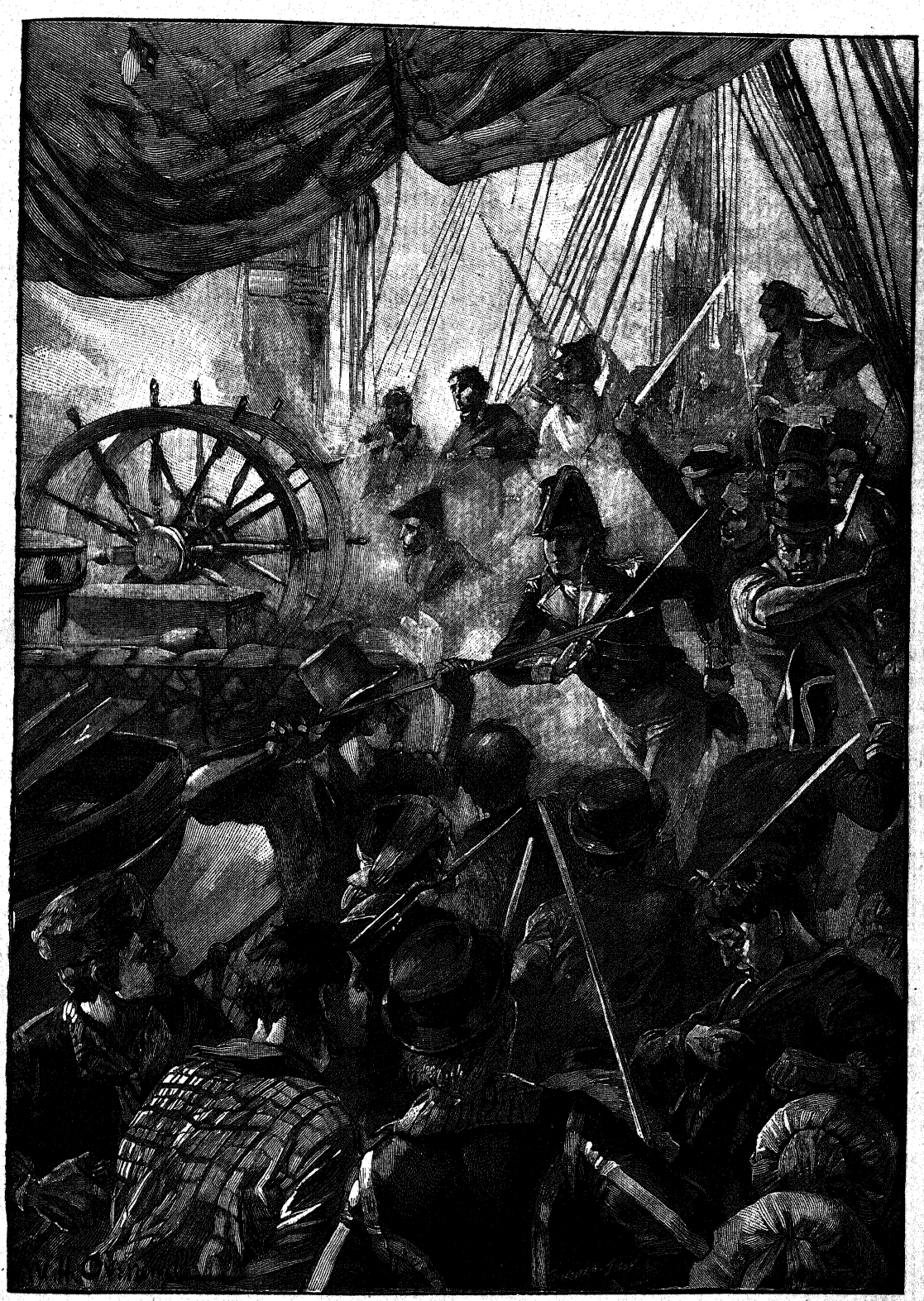
At the hour named—half past five—the two ships were close together, so close that the crews could distinguish one another quite plainly. Among those waiting and resolute crews—all speaking one tongue, and sharing, at heart, in the same sympathies—were doubtless many who had relations in common. It was blood fighting kindred blood, and the struggle was likely to prove the deadlier for this. Captain Broke, watching the Yankee frigate as a cat watches a mouse, perceived her intention to pass under the stern of his ship. Anticipating a soul-subduing raking as the *Chesapeake* brought her broadside to bear, the English commander gave the word for his men to lie flat down upon the deck. But the gallant Captain Lawrence held his fire, waiving the deadly opportunity that presented itself, and luffed his vessel up sharp within pistol-shot of the *Shannon's* starboard quarter. And then the tremendous fight began.

In reading the accounts of the conflict, one cannot fail to be struck with the rapid and complete demoralisation of the Yankees. That they could not have been wanting in courage, one may safely affirm; but they seem to have been "struck all of a heap." The battle speedily furnished the British sailor with his pet chance—the boarding-pike; and when once it came to *that*, with anything like equality of numbers to contend against, there could never be any question as to what the issue must prove.

"The enemy," wrote Captain Broke, in his account of the engagement, "made a desperate but disorderly resistance. The firing continued at all the gangways and between the tops, but in two minutes' time the enemy was driven, sword in hand, from every post, the American flag was hauled down, and the proud old British Union floated triumphant over it. In another minute they ceased firing from below, and called for quarter. The whole of this service was achieved in fifteen minutes from the commencement of the action."

A lurid and life-long memory must the sight of that brief, but incredibly fierce, struggle between the two frigates have been to those who stood gazing at it from the land, or crouched, pale and startled, in their boats nearer at hand. The belligerents would be scarcely visible for the white, wool-like clouds which hovered over them, full of darting crimson tongues of flame. The very ocean must have been stagnated for a league around by the reverberating thunder booming over its surface. How was the fight going? None could tell for the first seven minutes. Then the pealing of the artillery ceased, the smoke rolled slowly away in great bodies of vapour, and the two vessels were seen locked abreast. Expectation and anxiety were at fever pitch. It was a hand-to-hand struggle now; the watching crowds knew that the cry of "Boarders, away!" had gone, and that upon the decks of one or the other of those vessels, dwarfed by distance to the dimensions of mere toys, a frightfully bloody conflict must be waging.

In very truth so it was. The *Chesapeake* had missed stays while endeavouring to fore-reach upon the British frigate, and before any further manœuvre could be executed on board of her she drove down stern first alongside the *Shannon*, her quarter grinding the latter vessel's side just forward of her starboard main chains. Captain Broke had intended delaying boarding until he reckoned that the guns of his ship had done more execution amongst a crew supposed to be at least one-fourth superior to his own in number; but when the Yankee collided with his ship he ran forward, and perceiving that the *Chesapeake's* quarter-deck gunners were deserting their posts, he ordered the two frigates to be lashed side to side, the great guns to cease fire, and the main-deck and quarter-deck boarders



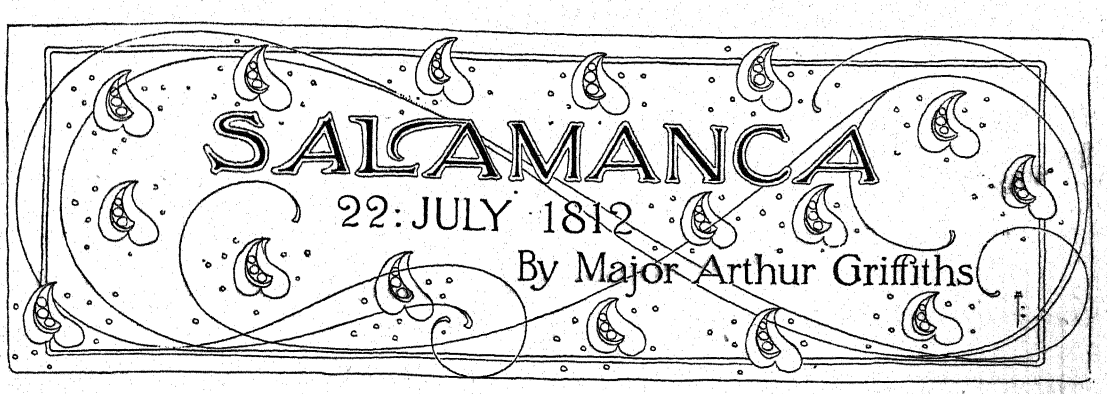
"ABOUT THIRTY OF THE CREW MADE A SMALL SHOW OF RESISTANCE" (*p.* 150).

to make a rush for it. The veteran boatswain of the *Shannon*, who was a survivor from Rodney's famous action, had his arm hacked off, and was mortally wounded by musketry, whilst securing the two ships together. The wild confusion, the clashing of steel, the savage cries and curses of men, the groaning and shrieking of the wounded, the whole uproar of that deadly conflict, must have formed a hideous nightmare-like memory to those who lived to look back upon it.

Captain Broke, followed by about twenty men, sprang from the *Shannon's* gangway-rail and gained the *Chesapeake's* quarter-deck. Here not an officer or man was to be seen. In the gangways about thirty of the crew made a small show of resistance, but were driven helter-skelter towards the forecastle, through the hatch of which they endeavoured to escape below, but in their eagerness prevented one another, and several actually jumped overboard into the sea. The Americans seemed to be completely bewildered by the turn the battle had taken. The *Shannon's* crew came pouring in, but they found almost a clear deck, fore and aft. Aloft the topmen were keeping up a destructive fire of musketry. But this was presently stopped by a midshipman named William Smith and his topmen, five in number. The exploit of this little band is one of the most gallant incidents of that truly gallant action. Smith, followed by his handful of sailors, deliberately crawled along the *Shannon's* fore-yard and gained the main-yard of the Yankee, with which the former spar was interlocked. Thence he reached the main-top, stormed it, and silenced the fire that was harassing our men.

Captain Broke had been wounded in the head by a blow from the butt-end of a musket, and whilst a sailor named Mindham was binding a handkerchief round his brow, he paused and cried out: "There, sir!—there goes up the old ensign over the Yankee colours!" A melancholy incident marked the hoisting of these flags. Lieutenant Watt, the first lieutenant of the *Shannon*, who had been wounded in boarding, raised himself upon his legs, and, calling for a British ensign, hauled down the Stripes and Stars and bent the flag on above it. But the signal-halliards being foul, the officer hoisted the colours so that the American flag was uppermost. Perceiving this, the *Shannon's* gunners immediately reopened fire, and killed their own first lieutenant and five of their comrades before they discovered their blunder. A straggling fire was kept up through the hatchways by the seamen who had been driven below. But it would not do. The *Chesapeake* had been captured in an incredibly brief struggle, and the resistance of a handful of men here and there was not likely to check the tide of victory. In a few moments the Americans surrendered, and the triumph was complete.

The old sea-story has been often told, and who would think of again repeating it were it not that any record of the battles of the century would be signally incomplete without it? The moral influence of that victory was prodigious in its invigorating effect upon our sailors. It seemed at once to restore to them all that prestige which they had been slowly losing since the first gun of the war was fired. Yet, for the Yankees, it was a duel which they can well afford to look back upon with pride. The fact of the death or disablement of one hundred and seventy of the *Chesapeake's* crew is sternly significant of the fierce, resolute manner in which they maintained the short, desperate struggle; whilst the memory of the manner in which the vessel came out to boldly meet the enemy cannot but be a proud recollection. Britain made much of her triumph; and if the Americans desire atonement that the laurels did not happen to fall to their lot, they should find it in remembering the words of Captain Broke's letter, which is the highest admission of splendid qualities that one foe ever made to another.



IN after years the Duke of Wellington told a friend that he looked upon Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo as his three best battles. "Salamanca," he went on to say, "relieved the whole South of Spain, changed all the prospects of the war, and was felt even in Russia"—where Napoleon was just then meeting his first great failure. Salamanca also showed Wellington at his best—it displayed the finest qualities of his generalship, his quick unerring eye, his prompt detection of his enemy's mistakes, his consummate skill in turning them to his own advantage. For it was the serious and unmistakable error made by Marshal Marmont, the French leader, that led to Wellington's victory. "He wished to cut me off," said the duke; "I saw that in attempting this he was spreading himself over more ground than he could defend; I resolved to attack him, and succeeded in my object very quickly. One of the French generals said I had beaten forty thousand men in forty minutes."

"*Mon cher Alava, Marmont est perdu*," was his remark to the Spanish general of that name as he shut his telescope with stern contentment, and gave the orders that paved the way to victory.

Up to that moment, however, Wellington had been much disquieted. Matters had not gone well with him; he had been really outmanœuvred, out-generalled. Just when Marmont gave himself into his hands, he had been on the point of retreating, of escaping, indeed, while there was yet time. How Wellington felt that morning may be gathered from a story told at Strathfieldsaye years afterwards in the duke's presence by that very General Alava mentioned above. The duke had been too busy, so the story ran, probably too anxious, to think of breakfast on the morning of the battle. At length, about two o'clock in the afternoon, his famishing staff seized the opportunity of laying out a sort of picnic lunch in the courtyard of the farmhouse. Wellington rode into the enclosure, but refused to dismount like the rest, declined to eat anything, and desired the others to make haste. At last someone persuaded him to take a bite of bread and the leg of a roast fowl, when, suddenly, on the arrival of an aide-de-camp with certain news, he threw away the leg over his shoulder and galloped out of the yard, calling upon the rest to follow him at once.

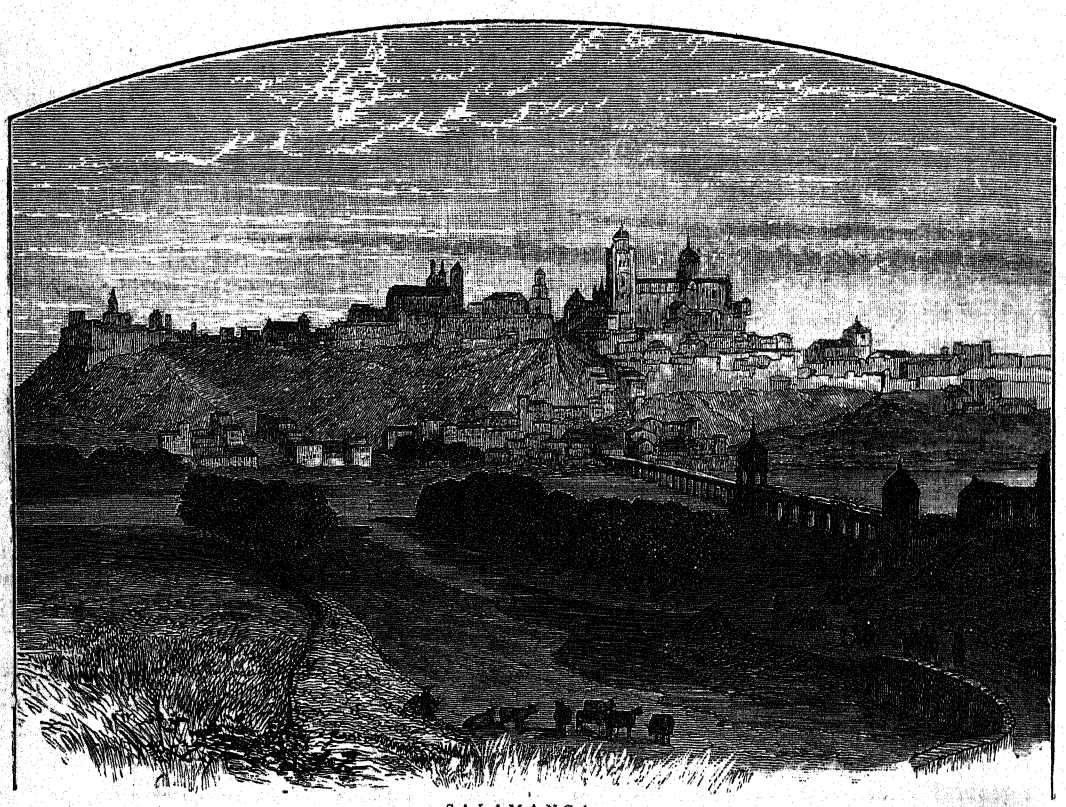
The news brought him was no doubt that of the French flank movement which so jeopardised them, and was the prelude to the battle. "I knew something serious was going to happen," was Alava's comment on this episode, "when anything so precious as the leg of a fowl was thrown away." Food was scarce in those campaigning days. The duke, it may be added, sat by while the story was being told with a quiet smile on his face, but saying nothing. He was thinking, no doubt, that the narration was pleasanter than the reality had been.

But a true appreciation of the actual battle can only be had by considering first the long and intricate operations which preceded it.

The position of the English and French forces in the Peninsula during the early summer of 1812 was briefly as follows:—

Wellington was still in Portugal, although he had captured the two strongholds of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz in Spain. These were to serve as advanced posts for his invasion of that country and the expulsion of the French, which, it must be remembered, was the main object of the Peninsular War. But there were 300,000 Frenchmen in Spain distributed nearly all over it, in five different armies. That immediately opposed to Wellington was under Marshal Marmont; it was said to be nominally 70,000 strong, and further reinforcements were expected from

France. Moreover, Marmont was in touch with three other armies, one to the north of him, one behind him at Madrid, a third to the South in Andalusia. Wellington had never more than 50,000, so it is obvious that while Marmont alone was quite equal to cope with him, he might be Marmont, taking him promptly, and before his supports could join him. There was at this time much friction between the French generals, and this was likely still further to delay concentration. Everything depended, therefore, upon immediate action.



SALAMANCA.

courting overwhelmingly superior concentration. Again, Marmont's army was a fine fighting force in excellent condition, stronger in artillery, although inferior in cavalry; an army, moreover, composed entirely of Frenchmen, of men animated with one spirit, obeying one supreme leader, the great emperor himself.

Wellington, on the other hand, commanded a mixed force: it was made up of four different nationalities—British, German, and Portuguese. His cavalry was superior, the very flower of British horsemen, but he had fewer guns; his men were ill-found, pay was in arrears, for ready-money was desperately scarce through the niggardliness of the British Government, and the want of it, the real sinews of war, was severely felt in his matter of supplies—which had to be paid for, cash down. Still, Wellington was nothing daunted. He hoped to achieve some signal success if only he moved against

Wellington advanced upon the 13th June. On that day he crossed the Agueda, and moving on towards the Tormes, laid siege to Salamanca. This city was defended by several forts and held by a French garrison. Marmont retired before Wellington, then returned to relieve Salamanca; Wellington took it, and Marmont again retired. It was a sort of see-saw between the opposing generals. Wellington now pursued Marmont as far as the river Douro; Marmont crossed and stood firm on the farther bank. Then reinforcements joined the French, and Marmont once more advanced, determined to drive Wellington before him. He also was anxious to win a victory soon, because King Joseph was on his way from Madrid to supersede him. Moreover, he was a little disdainful of the English general's military capacity, which he had not yet tried in actual conflict.

It was now the month of July, and for the

first fortnight the two generals were like skilful chess players engaged in a closely contested game. Each tried to take advantage of the other and bring on a checkmate. Marmont had, if anything, the best of it. The very direction of his advance jeopardised the safety of the English army, and Wellington's only hope was in rapid retreat. The French now all but forestalled them at Salamanca, and it was a race between them for the river Tormes, behind which lay the English line of communications with Portugal and the rear. As the two armies hurried forward, the spectacle is described by eye-witnesses as almost unparalleled in war. "For there was seen," says Napier, the historian of the war, "the hostile columns of infantry at between in a compact body as if to prevent a collision. At times the loud word of command to hasten the march was heard passing from the front to the rear, and now and then the rushing sound of bullets came sweeping over the column, whose violent pace was continuously accelerated." This neck-and-neck contest went on for ten miles, and in the most perfect order. The same strange manœuvre was repeated a couple of days later, and on a larger scale. In the end, Wellington reached Salamanca safely, but none too soon. The French had the command of the Tormes river, and still threatening the road to Ciudad Rodrigo, could still force the English to retire.

Fortune at this time seemed to frown on the



"WELLINGTON GALLOPED OUT OF THE YARD, CALLING UPON THE REST TO FOLLOW HIM AT ONCE" (*p.* 151).

only half musket-shot from each other (not a hundred yards!) marching impetuously towards a common goal, the officers on each side pointing forwards with their swords touching their hats and waving their hands in courtesy, while the German cavalry, huge men on huge horses, rode

English commander. He had had one chance of attacking Marmont, and had missed it. Now Marmont had the best of it, and could take him at a disadvantage if he persevered. Wellington realised that he must soon withdraw into Portugal, and he wrote to the Spanish general

Castaños to this effect: a letter which fell into Marmont's hands. It was said after the victory that this letter was a lure to draw Marmont on; but it was a *bonâ fide* despatch conveying Wellington's real intention: the retreat was all but ordered, and it was to have commenced on the very night that the battle of Salamanca was fought and won. In the meantime, Marmont, too eager to snatch a victory, had committed his fatal mistake.

At daybreak, on the 22nd July, the day of the battle, the positions of the two opposing armies were as follows:—

The English were on both sides of the river Tormes; the bulk certainly on the left or southern shore, but one division, the third, was still on the right bank, as Wellington did not feel certain by which side Marmont would move. The left flank of the army rested about Santa Marta in the low ground; the right extended eastwards towards the village of Arapiles and the hills of that name.

The French at daylight were advancing into position; they had crossed the river by the fords at Huerta, some had occupied the heights opposite the English from Calvariza Aniba to Nuestra Señora de la Pena, and others aimed at Seiziz, two isolated hills close to the English right, thus clearly indicating Marmont's design of forcing on the battle.

The possession of these two last-named hills now became of vital consequence to both armies. They were called the Arapiles hills—sometimes los Dos Hermanitos, the "two little brothers"—and they stood steep and rugged, rising like two small fortresses straight out of the plain. Had the French gained them both, Wellington would have been obliged to throw back his right, and fight with his back against the river—always a hazardous proceeding. But once more there was a race between the opponents, and the result may be called a dead-heat. Both sent off light troops flying past to capture the hills, and each got the one nearest it. The twins were divided, and for the rest of the day one was known as the English Arapiles, or Hermanito, the other as the French.

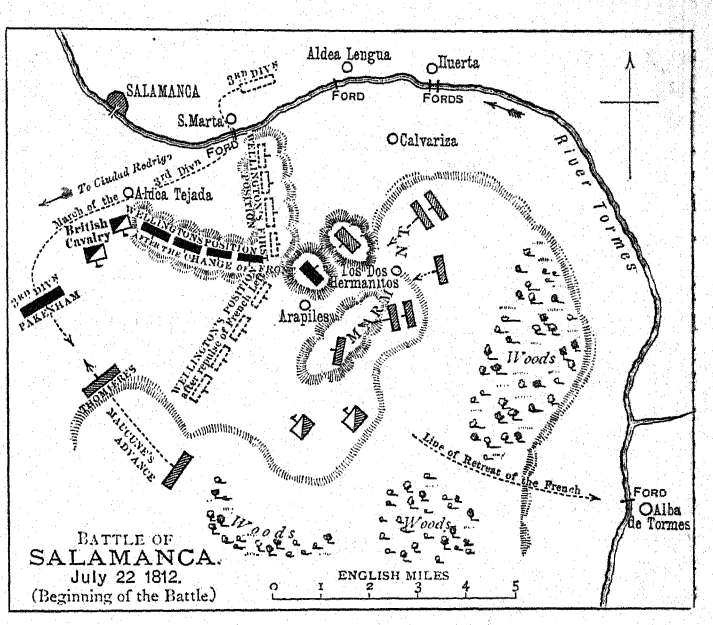
This first small contest had an important bearing on coming events. It confirmed Wellington in his intention of retreating, but it obliged him to postpone his movement till after dark. For the French, in occupation of their Hermanito, could use it as a pivot around which to gather strongly and then swing a determined attack on Wellington's retrograding columns. So menacing was their possession of this hill that Wellington was half disposed to attack and try to capture it. But he forebore, preferring to wait on events, and knowing something of Marmont's impetuous character, hoping still that the Frenchman might commit himself to a general attack on the English position.

This was precisely what happened. Marmont was seized with a sudden fear that the English were about to escape him. He saw great columns of dust rising from the Ciudad Rodrigo road, and rashly concluded that the enemy was already in full retreat. He was altogether wrong, as we shall see. The English were no doubt on the move, but not as yet to the rear. They were only taking up the new positions which Wellington found necessary since the French general had so unmistakably shown his wish to fight, and to fight upon the left bank of the river. These new dispositions amounted to a complete change of front. Till now the English line had faced north from the river at Santa Marta to the Arapiles hill; hereafter it faced south and east from Aldea Tejada on the right to the Arapiles village and hill, which became the left. This left was held by the fourth division; the sixth and seventh divisions were in a hollow compact behind and below the Arapiles hill; the third division was now definitely brought across the river, and being posted at Aldea Tejada, became the right of the line. It was the march of this last-named division, with its trains and commissariat waggons all pointing towards Ciudad Rodrigo, that betrayed Marmont and precipitated the battle to his own immediate defeat.

Inspired by this quite groundless fear, he suddenly directed General Maucune, with two divisions of infantry and fifty guns, supported by the light cavalry, to reach out and intercept the English in their supposed retreat. They were to menace the Ciudad Rodrigo road, while he himself, if the English showed fight, would fall upon them with all his remaining force at about the Arapiles village and hills. Maucune's movement was the fatal mistake. It was an error, a tactical error of the very worst kind. By this hasty and too adventurous march the French advance—their left—was entirely separated from their centre and their right; both the latter were still in the woods to the rear or crossing the river, and altogether disconnected with—entirely unable to support or act with—Maucune. Marmont had, in fact, as the duke put it, spread himself out too far. He was like a man who has lunged out in striking, and, unable to recover himself, is

exposed to a counterstroke from an opponent who has held himself compact and collected, ready to return a much more vigorous blow.

It must have been the report of Maucune's movement that was brought Wellington in the farmyard, and led to the sacrifice of the drumstick of a fowl. Napier says that the duke was resting when the news reached him; but whether he was throwing away an untasted lunch or sleeping, he certainly rode straight to the English Arapiles hill, and from that high vantage ground fully realised what Marmont had done. It was then, no doubt, he told Alava that it was all over with Marmont. For Wellington no sooner saw the situation than he grasped it with the full and complete appreciation that marks true genius in war. His orders were few and precise; their object was to fall upon Marmont's advance, and crush it before it could be reinforced. He formed his troops in three lines: the first consisted of his 4th and 5th divisions, with some Portuguese on their right, and beyond them the heavy cavalry; in the second line were the 6th and 7th divisions, with the light cavalry on their right; and in reserve the third line, made up of the 1st and 8th divisions, the rest of the Portuguese and more cavalry. The right of the second line was closed by the 3rd division, under General Pakenham, and to him was entrusted the honour of opening the ball. For as soon as the above-mentioned changes of position were completed, Pakenham was ordered to come up in four columns with twelve guns on his left or inner flank and cross the enemy's line of march. This meant "taking them in flank," as it is called, or at their weakest point. As soon as Pakenham attacked, the first line was also to advance and second his endeavour. Then, on the English left, which would thus become uncovered, an assault was to be made on the French Hermanito hill.



And here, at this the most critical juncture, on the very eve of joining issue with a determined enemy in a great and momentous struggle, Wellington gave a fresh proof of his iron nerve and strong character. Troops march slowly: three miles an hour is the average rate of infantry. There must therefore be a considerable interval of time before the orders first issued could take effect; the French divisions on the march under Maucune had a couple of miles or more to cover, and would hardly get within vulnerable distance under an hour. Wellington was tired; he had been at full stretch, mentally and physically, since daybreak, and it was now past three in the afternoon. "I am going to take a little sleep," he said to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, his military secretary, and the most favoured and confidential member of his staff. "Watch with your glass. Do you see that copse where there is a gap in the hills? When the French reach it call me: do you understand?" Then wrapping himself in his cloak, he lay down behind a bush and was soon sound asleep. Wellington had the faculty, like Napoleon and other great leaders, of sleeping at will, and he rose refreshed when Lord Fitzroy roused him presently with the information he needed. The time for action had arrived. Aides-de-camp and gallopers were despatched with last orders, while Wellington himself rode to the third division, where Pakenham was waiting impatiently for the signal to commence the fight.

What passed between the two generals (they were brothers-in-law) is historical. "Do you see those fellows on the hill, Pakenham?" said the duke, pointing to the French columns as they straggled along unconscious of the impending attack. "Throw your division into columns; at them directly and drive them to the

devil." Pakenham saluted, and then, as he passed on to the attack, stopped short to say, "Give me a hold of that conquering hand." His admiration for his chief was repaid by Wellington's warm approval, for as the 3rd division went forward in grand order, a perfectly arrayed military body, the duke, turning to his staff, observed: "Did you ever see a man who understands so clearly what he has to do?" "Lord Wellington was right," says one who was present. "The attack of the 3rd division was not only the most spirited, but the most perfect thing of its kind that modern times have witnessed."

Meanwhile, Marmont had fully realised his terrible error. The rapid movements of the English told him, too, that the mistake was patent to his enemy. He saw the country beneath him alive with their troops moving in combined and well-concerted strength, while his own army was scattered, and in the midst of a difficult and half-completed manœuvre. But still he had no knowledge of Pakenham's intended attack, for the third division was invisible, and he did not yet despair. He hoped he might yet reunite his army before the moment of collision; and with this object he despatched messengers in hot haste in all directions, one way to hurry up the centre and rear columns, the other to check Maucune in his overreaching advance. At the same time some of the troops in hand opened a fierce fire upon the central part of the battlefield, and others made a bold attack upon the Arapiles village and English hill of that name.



MARSHAL MARMONT.
(*From a Painting by Muneret.*)

It was now, when hoping almost against hope, that Marmont caught sight of Pakenham and his division "shooting like a meteor across Maucune's path." Marmont, in utter dismay, was hastening to the spot most threatened, when he was severely wounded by a bursting shell, and had to be carried off the field. General Bonnet, who succeeded him, was also disabled before he could take any steps to restore the fight, and the command devolved upon General Clausel, an excellent soldier, who, in Napier's words, was "of a capacity equal to the crisis." But much delay ensued, many conflicting orders were issued before the French troops again benefited by their commander-general's controlling hand.

It had fared badly with General Thomières, who led the first of Maucune's two divisions. Pakenham had come on, supported by cavalry and guns, and, while the artillery took the French in flank, the infantry formed line and charged furiously. The French guns at first essayed to answer, but were silenced and driven off the field; then the French formed a poor, disconnected line of battle upon two fronts, one to face Pakenham, the other opposed to the 5th division and the Portuguese. At this time, too, the 4th division had come into action, and had beaten back the attack made upon the Arapiles village and hill. Already within one short half-hour serious discomfiture had overtaken the French. It is true that General Clausel's own division, part of the centre, had come up through the wood, and had regained

touch with Maucune. The latter now rallied a little, and made a gallant stand along the southern and eastern hills, but his line was loose and broken, without much coherence or formation, while the westering sun shone full in the eyes of the soldiers, joining with the dense dust to half choke and blind and deprive them of the full power of defence.

sound of a charging multitude"; how the horsemen rode down the French infantry "with a terrible clamour and disturbance. Bewildered and blinded, they cast away their arms, and crowded through the intervals of the squadrons, stooping and crying out for quarter, while the dragoons, big men on big horses, rode onwards, smiting with their long, glittering swords in



"THE DRAGOONS RODE ONWARDS, SMITING WITH THEIR LONG, GLITTERING SWORDS."

Their complete overthrow was now near at hand, and it was accomplished by the masterly tactics of Wellington, who appeared as usual at the critical point at the critical time. Under his orders a great cavalry charge put the finishing touch to Maucune's discomfiture. This charge, made by Le Marchant's heavy and Anson's light cavalry brigades, was one of the most brilliant feats performed by British cavalry. Napier gives the story in Homeric language, telling how "a whirling cloud of dust moved swiftly forward, carrying within it the trampling uncontrollable power." Le Marchant was killed, but others were there to lead his cavalry on. Pakenham, with his infantry, followed close, and, after a bitter struggle, which laid many low, the French were completely defeated. Guns and standards were captured and 2,000 prisoners: "the divisions under Maucune no longer existed as a military body." These were the memorable forty minutes which sufficed to conquer the French left. At the end of this short space of time, the 3rd and 4th divisions, with D'Urban's fresh cavalry, formed an unbroken

line across the basin or plain, a mile in advance of where Pakenham had so nobly begun the fight.

But the victory had been gained in only one part of the field. The French in the centre still maintained the contest with stubborn courage. Clausel had rallied his forces with surprising energy, and, for this purpose, skilfully used those that were still fresh and unbroken. His whole line of defence was now connected and stretched from where Maucune had been so severely handled to the western side of the Arapiles, where General Foy was firing on the reserves. He held the divisions of Bonnet, Ferey, drawn nearer to him, those of Sarrut and Brennier and the whole of his cavalry together covering his line of retreat to Alba de Tormes, and they were all firm and full of fight. Upon these the shattered remnant of Maucune's corps re-formed, and the hopes of the French were now revived by two serious failures on the English side—Pack with his Portuguese had assaulted the French Hermanito, and gallantly ascended to a few feet from the summit, when he came unexpectedly upon the French reserves strongly posted among the rocks. Their attitude was so determined, their fire so fierce, that the Portuguese recoiled, and were driven down the hill defeated and with great slaughter. Another disaster at this moment overtook the 4th division, which, just when it had won with much toil the higher slopes of the southern heights, encountered a large body of French on the far side. The latter being fresh, charged the breathless and somewhat disordered assailants, and forced them to give way. The French here were quite victorious, and would have pursued but for the stout resistance of two English regiments drawn up in line below.

Clausel was not slow to follow up these successes. He now pressed the left flank and rear of the discomfited 4th division, his cavalry came up at a trot and charged, the English were outflanked, overmatched, and lost ground; so that the fight rolled back into the basin, where several of the English generals were struck down—Cole, Leith, and Beresford—and the French Horse, having free scope, did great execution. For a moment the issue seemed doubtful. This was the final crisis in the battle; victory was to be secured by the general who had the strongest reserves at hand.

Wellington was in this position, and his opportune presence, as usual when most wanted, decided the day. He had fortunately still disengaged and untouched his 1st and 6th divisions, and part of his 5th. They were close to the centre, at the point most menaced, and ready to second their leader's prompt initiative. The 6th division now came up charging with great vehemence, but meeting a sturdy resistance and a murderous fire. But, undeterred by severe losses, they held bravely on, and presently regained the southern heights. The tide of battle again turned, and, although the French still showed a bold front, it was all to no purpose. Pakenham and the 3rd division constantly outflanked and hammered their left; the other divisions continued the frontal attack. Then the 1st division was employed to cut off the French right, under Foy, from the main body. But Clausel, who although wounded had not left the field, employed these unbroken troops, flanked by cavalry, to show a front while he drew off his shattered forces. General Foy bravely and skilfully withstood the last charges of the now conquering English. He had to face the light division and a part of the 4th, with the 6th and the Spaniards in reserve. Maucune also, to whom fresh troops had been entrusted, "maintained a noble battle," holding his own for a time against the ever-impetuous Pakenham. Behind the shelter thus unhesitatingly afforded, and greatly aided by the darkness, for night had now fallen, the beaten French retreated across the Tormes by the ford at Alba de Tormes, and by a happy accident escaped utter disaster.

Wellington to the last thought the Castle of Alba was held by the Spaniards. But he had been deceived wilfully; the Spanish general, Carlos d'España, had not only withdrawn the garrison, but he had made no mention of the fact. Accordingly Wellington was in complete ignorance of the fact that Marmont had re-occupied it the previous day. So the English general, thinking retreat by Alba barred, had turned all his attention to the only remaining ford, that of Huerta, where he counted upon finding the entire French army huddled together in dire confusion. But, while he strengthened his left wing to intercept their retreat by Huerta, the French drew off unmolested by Alba, and when the fact was discovered it was too late and too dark to continue the pursuit.

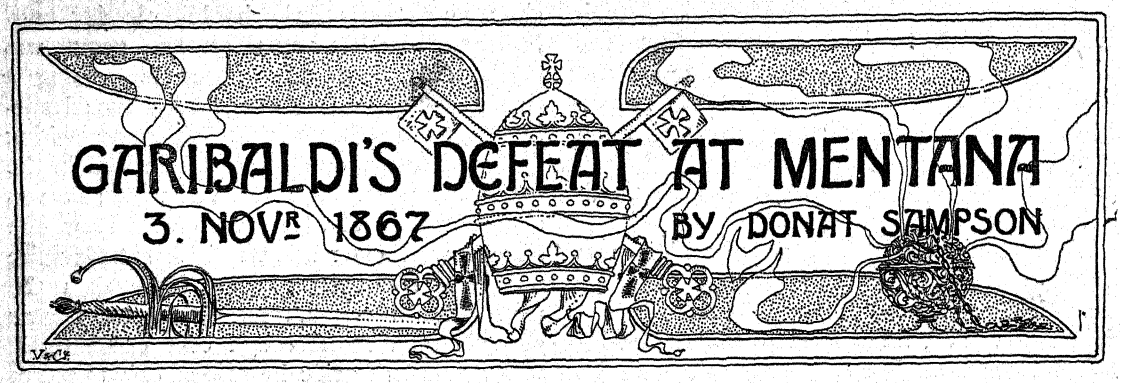
But for this bitter disappointment the whole French army would have been compelled to lay down its arms. As it was, Wellington captured 11 guns, 2 eagles, and 7,000 prisoners. Other results, direct and indirect, followed from this great victory. One of the first was the occupation

of the capital of Madrid, which King Joseph immediately left to join and strengthen the defeated and retreating Clausel. Of the indirect results the greatest was the clearance of Southern Spain, for Soult was now obliged to abandon Andalusia, and, moving round by a circuitous route through the south-east, to regain touch with the road from France.

Wellington's reputation, already high, was greatly enhanced by this brilliant feat of arms. It was his magnificent generalship that secured the victory. Not a fault was to be found with his conduct; from first to last, from the moment he caught his enemy tripping through all the changing fortunes of the hard-fought day, until he smote him hip and thigh, true genius was displayed. "I saw him late in the evening of that great day," says Napier, "when the advancing flashes of cannon and musketry, stretching as far as the eye could command, showed in the darkness how well the field was worn; he was alone, the flush of victory was on his brow, and his eyes were eager and watchful, but his voice was calm and even gentle. More than the rival of Marlborough, since he defeated greater generals than Marlborough ever encountered, with a prescient pride he seemed only to accept this glory as an earnest of greater things."



THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.
(Photo, Frith & Co., Reigate.)



A SOVEREIGN of the House of Savoy is reported to have said that Italy was like an artichoke, which must be devoured leaf by leaf; and the saying became a fact in 1859 and 1860, when Lombardy, Tuscany, the Duchies of Parma and Modena, the greater part of the Papal States, and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies (a very tough leaf this last, which took some time to digest), were one by one absorbed by the little kingdom of Piedmont. After a short interval of rest, the province of Venetia was added to the others in 1866, and to carry out the comparison and devour the last leaf of the artichoke, there remained but to annex Rome. This was not an easy task, for that city and the provinces which had been left to the Pope after the campaign of Castelfidardo were garrisoned by the soldiers of Napoleon III., who seemed resolved to maintain the independence of the Holy See; but a Convention was signed on September 15th, 1864, by which the emperor agreed to withdraw his troops within two years, while the Italian Government undertook not to invade the Papal territory, and to hinder, even by force, any attack upon that territory coming from without. Some diplomatic correspondence, however, ensued between the two Governments, which left no doubt that if an insurrection were to take place in Rome, Italy would be free to act, and that an attempt might probably be made to bring about that insurrection.

The last French soldiers embarked at Cività Vecchia on December 11th, 1866, and to replace them every Catholic nation in Europe, but more especially France, Belgium, and Holland, furnished its contingent of volunteers representing all classes of society, from the noble whose ancestors had fought in the Crusades to the workman and the peasant; and on October 1st, 1867, the Papal army reckoned nearly 13,000 men. Of these, 2,083 were gendarmes; 878 artillerymen; 975 chasseurs; 1,595 infantry of the line; 442 dragoons, and 625 *squadriglieri*, or armed mountaineers. All these were Papal subjects. The foreigners were 2,237 Zouaves, about two-thirds Dutch and Belgians, the rest French or other nationalities, 1,233 Swiss Carabiniers, and 1,096 French soldiers, who formed the *Légion d'Antibes*. (Ireland did not send a contingent as in the previous campaign, but was represented in the Zouaves by Captain d'Arcy and Captain Delahoyd, who had served in the battalion of St. Patrick in 1860; by Surgeon-Major O'Flynn, who, in the same year, had taken part in the defence of Spoleto under Major O'Reilly; and by several recruits who hastened to enlist under the Papal standard when the Garibaldian invasion began.) The effective force, however, available for fighting did not amount to more than 8,000 men; but their excellent discipline and organisation and, still more, the spirit which animated them, compensated for their deficiency in numbers.

Garibaldi spent the summer of 1867 enrolling volunteers in all parts of Italy for an expedition against Rome, without meeting with much opposition from the Italian Government. They amounted to 30,000 men, and the general's plan was to invade the Papal territory in three divisions. The right wing, under Colonel Acerbi, was to advance from Orvieto towards Viterbo; the centre, under Menotti Garibaldi, from Terni towards Monte Rotondo and Tivoli; the left wing, under Nicotera, from the south towards Velletri. If the Papal troops were dispersed over the country to oppose these bands, Rome would be free to rebel, and if they remained on the defensive in Rome, the three divisions would unite and attack the Eternal City. The Prime Minister, Ratazzi, feigned to be unaware of these warlike preparations; but at last, fearing an



'THE ZOUAVES TOOK ONE OF THE BARRICADES BY A DASHING BAYONET CHARGE" (*p.* 162).

armed intervention on the part of France, he ordered Garibaldi to be arrested at Sinalunga, near Arezzo, on September 23rd, and taken to the fortress of Alessandria, whence a few days later he was brought back to Caprera and set free, though several cruisers apparently maintained a blockade round the island. The enlistment of volunteers still went on; and, before the chiefs were ready to begin the campaign, several small bands crossed the frontier at various points, without orders, on September 28th and the following days, but they were everywhere broken up and repulsed by patrols of Papal troops, though one band of 300 men had a shortlived success at Acquapendente, where it overcame the little garrison of twenty-seven gendarmes.

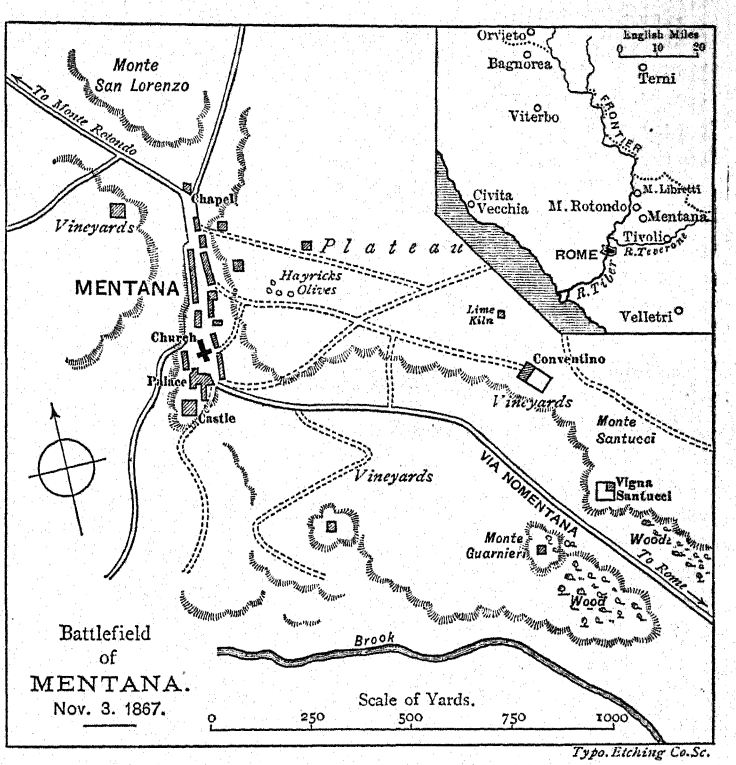
The first serious encounter was at Bagnorea, a village to the north of Viterbo, strongly situated on a hill surrounded by deep ravines and accessible only at one point by a bridge. It was occupied on October 1st by a body of Garibaldians, who seized the funds of the municipality and plundered the churches. The remnants of the bands defeated elsewhere rallied round them, bringing their numbers up to 500, and, to strengthen their position, they fortified the convent of San Francesco situated outside the walls, raised barricades on the roads leading to the gate, and loopholed the adjacent houses. Colonel Azzanesi, who commanded the garrison of Viterbo, sent a detachment of 45 soldiers of the line, 20 Zouaves, and 4 gendarmes to make a reconnaissance; they made instead an attack, and, though the Zouaves took one of the barricades by a dashing bayonet charge, the detachment was repulsed with loss when it came under the hail of bullets from the houses. Two days later, however, Colonel Azzanesi marched against the town with two companies of Zouaves under Captain le Gonidec, four companies of the line under Captain Zanetti, a few dragoons, and two guns—in all 460 men. The Garibaldian advanced posts situated on the rocky heights in front of the town were obstinately defended, but were stormed one after another; the doors of the convent were smashed in and its defenders bayoneted or disarmed, the two barricades were taken, and the Garibaldians driven back into the town. A few cannon-shots soon overcame their resistance, and they fled in disorder through the ravines where the cavalry could not follow them, while the citizens flung open their gates and welcomed their liberators. This victory cost the Papal troops only six men wounded; the loss of the enemy was 96 killed and wounded.

In spite of this defeat the incursions of volunteers did not cease, for the Italian Government granted them free tickets over the railways, allowed them to take the arms of the National Guards, and the troops placed along the frontier to arrest them let them pass. Fighting took place, therefore, every day in many localities, and the most brilliant of these combats is that which occurred on October 13th at Monte Libretti.

This is a walled village, about ten miles to the north of Monte Rotondo, built round an old feudal castle on the summit of a steep and isolated hill, at the foot of which is a street commanded by the castle and leading up to the gate. It was known that Menotti Garibaldi was advancing towards it with a numerous band, and Lieutenant-Colonel de Charette ordered three detachments to march from different points to intercept him. One of these columns coming from Palombara had already been sent in another direction, and did not receive the counter-order in time; another, from Monte Maggiore, came to the point of junction too soon, and, after waiting for a long while, withdrew. The third column from Monte Rotondo, composed of 90 Zouaves under Lieutenant Guillemin, on arriving near Monte Libretti at six in the evening, met the Garibaldian advanced posts, attacked them at once, and drove them back. The lieutenant then sent one section of his men, under Sub-Lieutenant de Quélen, to turn the enemy's position, and at the head of the other dashed through the narrow street, under a heavy fire from the castle and the houses, till he reached the open space before the gate, which was filled with Garibaldians. Here he fell with a bullet through the brain; Sergeant-Major Bach, a Bavarian, took the command, and a furious hand-to-hand fight ensued, in spite of the inequality in numbers. Major Fazzari, a Garibaldian leader, was wounded and made prisoner; Corporal Alfred Collingridge, of London, surrounded by six Garibaldians, fought desperately till he was mortally wounded; and Peter Yong, a tall and athletic Dutchman, killed sixteen Garibaldians with the butt-end of his rifle, then dropped breathless with fatigue and was immediately bayoneted. The fight had lasted for a quarter of an hour, when the second column came up and drove the Garibaldians into the town, the gate of which they could not completely close. It was now nearly dark; the Zouaves made three attempts to storm the gate, but as they passed through the narrow opening they were met

with a hail of bullets from all sides ; de Quélen fell pierced with nine wounds, and his men were at last driven back, but the Garibaldians, who, as it has since been ascertained, were nearly 1,200, did not pursue them. The Zouaves had lost 17 dead and 18 wounded ; Sergeant de la Bégassière took the command of the survivors and retreated to Monte Maggiore, but Sergeant-Major Bach, who with a few Zouaves had become separated from the rest in the darkness, took refuge in a house near the gate, and exchanged shots with the Garibaldians as long as there was moonlight. At four next morning he, too, retreated to Monte Maggiore, and Menotti Garibaldi, believing that this handful of Zouaves were the vanguard of a large body of troops, withdrew in the opposite direction to Nerola.

Lieutenant-Colonel de Charette was ordered to dislodge him from this strong position—a village situated on a high hill with a strongly-built castle on which only artillery could have any effect ; and he left Monte Rotondo on the 17th with one gun and about 900 men belonging to the Zouaves, the Légion d'Antibes and the Swiss Rifles. On their approach the next day, Menotti Garibaldi withdrew to Montorio Romano, leaving a detachment to defend the castle, which capitulated after little more than an hour's firing.



Typo. Etching Co. Sc.

In the meantime Garibaldian emissaries were actively engaged in preparing an insurrection in Rome, and the Government was no less energetic in taking precautions against it. The city was declared to be in a state of siege ; most of the gates were closed and barricaded, outside the others earthworks armed with guns were thrown up, artillery was placed in position on the Aventine, the ditches of the Castle of St. Angelo were filled with water, and the guards were strengthened. The writer was then in the *dépôt* of the Zouaves in the Monastery of St. Callisto, where a few hundred recruits of all nations were being initiated into the mysteries of drill, and as almost all the troops were in campaign, a large share of guard-mounting and patrolling fell to our lot. It was a service which entailed but little of the fatigue or danger, and none of the excitement, of actual warfare ; but we were in constant expectation of an attack, and to be ready for any emergency the two companies which formed the *dépôt* remained under arms in front of the barracks every night from sunset till past midnight, while advanced posts and sentinels were placed in the neighbouring streets to guard against a surprise.

The insurrection, in which not many Romans took part, began on the evening of October 22nd. The Serristori barracks, not far from St. Peter's, were blown up : the greater part of the men quartered there were luckily absent at the time, but thirty-seven Zouaves, eighteen of whom were Italians, were buried beneath the ruins. At the same time an attack was made on the Capitol and repulsed by the Swiss Carabiniers ; and the guard-house at the gate of St. Paul's was surprised and taken by a band of Garibaldians in order to facilitate the entry of a convoy of arms, which had been hidden in a neighbouring vineyard ; but the arms had already been seized by the police, and the Garibaldians were soon dispersed. Other attacks were made on the gas-works and the military hospital, but without

success, and before midnight all was again quiet in Rome. The next day a body of seventy-six Garibaldians, all picked men, led by the two brothers Cairoli, who had hoped to enter Rome with another convoy of arms and take the command of the insurgents, but had failed to arrive in time, was discovered by a patrol, lurking in the grounds of a villa outside the walls, and after a short skirmish in which the Garibaldians fought desperately, the survivors of the band fled back to the frontier.

Just before these events took place, Garibaldi escaped from Caprera, passed over to the mainland, and arrived in Florence on October 20th; Ratazzi took no steps to arrest him till he was out of his reach, and he crossed the frontier at Correse. He immediately ordered all the bands in the neighbourhood to join him, and on the 23rd he was at the head of at least 10,000 men. A large proportion of these were drawn from the populace of the great cities of Italy, and were attracted mainly by the hope of plunder; but there were also many soldiers and officers of the regular army, and many veterans who had fought under Garibaldi in former campaigns: their arms, drill, and organisation were, as a rule, good; but they were, for the most part, shabbily dressed, and very few of them wore the traditional red shirt.



POPE PIUS IX.
(*Photo, Pierre Petit, Paris.*)

The road to Rome lay through Monte Rotondo, a small town situated on a height. About one-third of its circuit is defended by a wall in which are three gates, the rest is closed by the walls of the houses which stand on the brow of the steep hill. Near the centre is the palace of the Prince of Piombino—a massive building of three storeys with a tall tower. The garrison, commanded by Captain Costes, of the Antibes Legion, was composed of two companies of the legion, one of Swiss Carabiniers, a few gendarmes, dragoons, and artillerymen—in all, 323 men with two guns.

Early on the morning of the 25th, three Garibaldian columns were seen marching towards the town and taking up their positions round it; they were under the command of Menotti Garibaldi, his father with the reserves being in the rear. At six, two strong detachments advanced to assault the gates, but they were received with such a heavy fire that after three hours' fighting they fell back discouraged. Garibaldi then took the command: he rallied his men and again surrounded the town, which was assailed at every point; attack followed attack throughout the day, but without success; the Garibaldians were everywhere repulsed, and after eight hours' fighting, their fire gradually slackened and at last ceased.

Garibaldi had not expected this obstinate resistance, and he was furious at having lost a day during which he might, by a forced march, have surprised Rome; the arrival of reinforcements determined him to renew the assault that night, and a waggon laden with faggots and petroleum was pushed up against one of the gates, under a heavy fire, and lighted. The gate was soon a sheet of flame, but while it was burning, the besieged raised barricades in the streets leading from it, and when the Garibaldians entered the town, it was only after two hours of desperate

fighting that the Papal troops, wearied and outnumbered, were driven back into the castle. There they held out for some time till the Garibaldians began to undermine the walls, when they capitulated, after a defence of twenty-seven hours, which, as Garibaldi confessed, had cost him over 500 killed and wounded.

The outlying detachments of the Papal army in garrison in the provinces were immediately recalled to guard Rome against a sudden attack, necessity of distributing clothes and shoes to his men delayed his departure till eleven, and his vanguard had got only a short distance beyond Mentana when it met the Papal troops.

A large number of Garibaldians had deserted during the retreat from Rome, and the losses at Monte Rotondo had been heavy; but reinforcements had come up during the attack on that town, and, according to the most trustworthy estimates, Garibaldi had still, at least, 10,000 soldiers when he accepted battle at Mentana.



"THEY MADE SOME PRISONERS" (*p.* 167).

and hold it until the arrival of the French troops, which the emperor, after much hesitation and many counter orders, had at last despatched. They landed at Civita Vecchia on the 29th, marched into Rome on the 30th, and Garibaldi, whose troops had advanced as far as the bridges over the Teverone, about three miles from Rome, and exchanged shots with the Papal outposts, retreated to Monte Rotondo. He intended at first to make a stand there, but considering that Tivoli, equally distant from Rome, was a much stronger position—with a river in front, and a mountainous country, suitable for guerilla warfare, in the rear—he gave orders to march upon that town at daybreak on November 3rd. The

The column which left Rome that morning under the command of General Kanzler, was composed of 2,913 men of the Papal army, under General de Courten, 1,500 of whom were Zouaves, and a little more than 2,000 of the French soldiers just arrived, under General de Polhès—making in all about 5,000 men with ten guns.

The troops were under arms at one on the morning of the 3rd, but it was four o'clock when they marched out of the Porta Pia, the Papal forces leading and the French following at some distance. It was a dark and rainy morning,

and the soldiers in heavy marching order and carrying two days' rations in addition to their usual burdens, advanced slowly over the muddy road. After crossing the Ponte Nomentano, about four miles from Rome, Major de Troussures was sent with three companies of Zouaves by a road to the left, to gain the valley of the Tiber and march on a line parallel to that followed by the main body, to threaten the right flank of the Garibaldians. The remainder of the column went on till it reached the farm of Capobianco, half-way to Mentana, where it halted to let the men get some food and dry their clothes. By this time the rain had ceased, and, as after an hour's rest they again formed their ranks to continue their march, the sun shone brightly in a cloudless sky.

On leaving Capobianco, the road ascends for some distance, crosses a broad tableland, and then winds rising and falling as it passes over the lower slopes of several hills covered with brushwood. It was half-past twelve when the dragoons who preceded the column came upon the Garibaldian outposts commanded by Colonel Missori, occupying a strong position in the woods on each side of the road. They fired their carbines and returned at full gallop to give the alarm. The first company of Zouaves, under Captain d'Albiousse, and the second, under Captain Thomalé, were immediately extended in skirmishing order to the left and right, the third company, under Captain Alain de Charette, and the fourth, under Captain le Gonidec, following as supports. The woods were soon cleared of Garibaldians, and the heights scaled; but a Genoese battalion, commanded by Captain Stallo, and another from Leghorn, led by Captain Meyer, held the tableland to the right of the road, and their heavy fire checked the advance of the Zouaves till their line was strengthened by the companies of Captain de Moncuit and Captain de Veaux; and Lieutenant-Colonel de Charette, hastening up with the company of Captain Lefebvre, led a furious bayonet-charge, which swept the Garibaldians before it. It was in vain that they tried to rally and re-form behind trees or farmhouses; they were driven from one place of refuge after another, and a long line of killed and wounded marked the track of the Zouaves as they drove the shattered battalions back upon the Santucci vineyard.

This strong position—a walled enclosure which had been loopholed, as well as the large farmhouse standing on a height within it—was held by the battalion of Major Ciotti: it commands the approach to Mentana from the east across the tableland above that village, while the approaches from the front and from the west can be swept by a plunging fire from the Castle of Mentana. The approach to the vineyard was protected by a cross-fire from Monte Guarnieri, a wooded height on the opposite side of the road; this had to be carried first, and it was taken by Captain Alain de Charette, whose company climbed the steep slopes and drove the Garibaldian sharpshooters from their shelter among the trees.

A piece of artillery, commanded by Count Bernardini, then opened fire on the Santucci vineyard, while Lieutenant-Colonel de Charette attacked it in front with some companies of Zouaves, supported on their right by five companies of Swiss Carabiniers. The walls of the enclosure were soon scaled, and the Garibaldians driven back into the farmhouse, where they made a stubborn resistance till the doors were broken in, when they laid down their arms. In this attack Lieutenant-Colonel de Charette's horse was killed under him, and Captain de Veaux fell, struck by a bullet which drove down into his heart the cross he had won at Castelfidardo.

The Papal troops had been equally successful on the left of the high road, where they had driven the Garibaldians from the woods and come out on the open slopes which descend towards Mentana, from which they could pour a heavy fire on the crowd of fugitives hastening from all directions towards the village. It was then two o'clock; there was a cessation of the fight for a few minutes to pick up and carry away the wounded, and General Kanzler, who had established his headquarters at the Santucci vineyard, prepared to attack Mentana.

The Castle of Mentana, a feudal fortress of the Borghese family, stands upon a rock with precipitous sides advancing from the high road into a deep valley; it was held, along with the adjacent Borghese palace, the village, and the barricade erected at its entrance, by four battalions of Garibaldians, under Lieutenant-Colonel Frigyesi, a Hungarian; the height above the village, where there was a large farm with stacks of hay and corn, was occupied by six battalions, commanded by Colonel Elia and Major Valzania; Major Cantoni, with three battalions, was stationed to the left of the village on the road leading to Monte Rotondo, and the two guns which had been taken at the siege of that town

were drawn up on Monte San Lorenzo, a little to the rear.

General Kanzler placed three guns, two of which belonged to the French, on Monte Guarnieri, another on the high road, and two more in the Santucci vineyard, to counteract the fire of the Castle and of the Garibaldian artillery; the Zouaves advanced from the vineyard in skirmishing order and drove the Garibaldians from a building called the Conventino, beyond which the ground gradually rises towards the height which commands Mentana, where Elia's battalions were posted having their flanks protected by the fire from the Castle and the adjacent houses. Five companies of Swiss Carabiniers advanced in line with the Zouaves. On arriving in sight of the position held by the Garibaldians, the Zouaves, instead of waiting till the fire of the artillery had thrown the ranks of the enemy into disorder, broke away madly from their officers and charged. Heedless of the voice of their colonel or of the sound of the bugles, they pressed on, driving the Garibaldians from every hedge or clump of trees which they sought to defend, and flung them back into the houses. There the charge was stopped by a hail of bullets from the loopholed walls, but the Zouaves held their ground, sheltered by the haystacks, from behind which they returned the fire of the Garibaldians. A desperate sortie of the enemy dislodged them, but three companies, led by Major de Lambilly, came to their relief; they regained their positions, and at this spot, which was alternately lost and retaken, the greatest amount of slaughter took place; and the struggle lasted till nightfall.

The front attack having been thus stopped, Garibaldi sent two strong columns to turn the flanks of the Papal army. One of these, of three battalions, marched from the northern end of the village, and nearly succeeded in surrounding and cutting off two companies of Swiss Carabiniers on our right. They retired slowly in good order, firing as they went, until being reinforced by two more Swiss companies, and two of the Légion d'Antibes, they dashed forward, broke up the Garibaldian column and pursued it as far as the road to Monte Rotondo.

The other column, which marched from the south of the village, was not more successful—it was repulsed by three companies of the Légion d'Antibes, who followed it as far as the entrance of the village, where they took a house and made some prisoners, but had to retire in presence of superior numbers.

Just then the detachment under Major de Troussures was seen advancing in the direction of the road to Monte Rotondo. Garibaldi at once perceived that the day was lost, and his line of retreat nearly intercepted, he hastened to provide for his safety and left Mentana, while his staff-officers still continued to defend the village.

They immediately collected all the men still able to fight, to make a last desperate effort to envelope the wings of the Papal army; and when General Kanzler, who had sent forward all his reserves, saw two strong columns of companies issuing in good order from Mentana, he requested General de Polhès, whose infantry had hitherto taken no part in the combat, to bring forward his troops. A French battalion and three companies of Chasseurs, under Colonel Fremont, marched at once on the Garibaldian left, deployed into line, and for the first time the "Chassepot" was brought into action. The fight ceased for a moment over all the field of battle, as the soldiers on both sides paused to listen to that deadly fire, rapid and ceaseless as the rolling of a drum, before which the hostile battalions disbanded and fled back into Mentana or Monte Rotundo, in spite of all the efforts of Menotti Garibaldi and his officers to rally them. The column on the right wing met with the same fate: attacked by Lieutenant-Colonel Saussier with a French battalion and the Zouaves of Major de Troussures, it broke and dispersed in various directions.

Mentana was now completely surrounded, and it was decided to take it by assault. General de Polhès led a French regiment and a battalion of Chasseurs to storm the barricade at the entrance of the village, while the Zouaves attacked a neighbouring house.

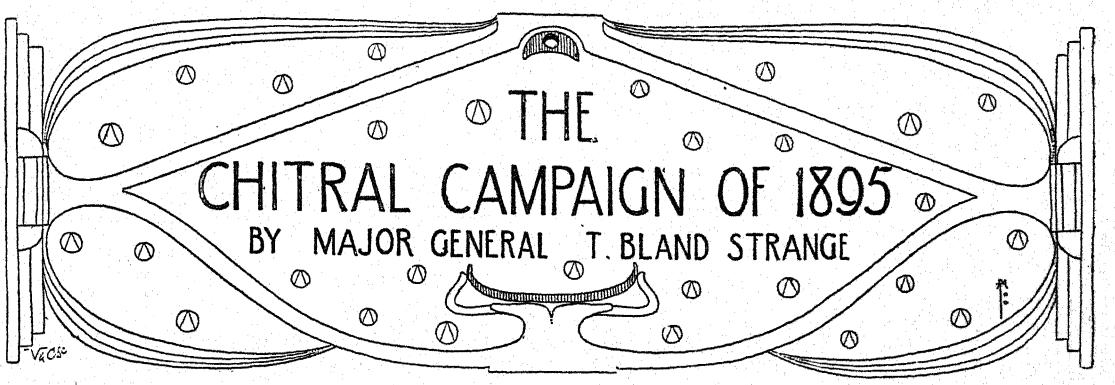
It was just then, at the end of the fight, that Julian Watts-Russell, an English Zouave, and one of the youngest soldiers in the Papal army, fell, close to the village; his comrades succeeded in taking the house, but the French column, crushed by the heavy fire from the barricade, the houses and the Castle, retreated after losing heavily.

Night had fallen, and it would have been impossible to continue the struggle; the troops lit their watch-fires round the village, throwing out strong advanced posts and sentinels, and held themselves in readiness against a surprise. The next morning at dawn, Major Fauchon, with a French battalion, entered Mentana, when some hundreds of Garibaldians laid down their

arms. Seven hundred others in the Castle capitulated, and were allowed to cross the frontier without arms. They had left 600 dead and 500 wounded on the field; while the loss of the Pontifical troops was 30 killed and 114 wounded, and of the French, 2 killed and 36 wounded. Garibaldi continued his retreat as far as Correse on the evening of the battle, and crossed the frontier the next day with 5,000 men; while 900 others, under Colonel Salomone, escaped into the Abruzzi. The other Garibaldian bands, under Acerbi and Nicotera, which had occupied the provinces of Velletri and Viterbo, and the Italian troops which had followed them, gradually withdrew without offering any resistance, and thus ended the campaign.



BAGNOREA.



"The sea-wolf's litter stand savagely at bay."

FROM the day the keels of the Norse rovers grated on the shores of Britain, her destiny was maritime power.

The long galleys changed to trading ships, and with trade came military occupation, until commercial empire became a necessity to the crowded millions on the little islands of a northern sea.

We strove for an outlet in a new world. Wolfe's battle on the plains of Abraham above Quebec gave us Canada, which a French king's mistress consoled her royal lover, Louis XIV., by calling "Quelques arpents de neige en Amerique"; and then we lost the fairest half of the western continent—our thirteen colonies, now the United States of America—by attempting to tax them without their consent.

Having lost the West we turned to the East, and again ousting France by the victories of Clive, the India merchant company began a new chapter in the history of the East, from whose earliest pages we know that the hordes of Central Asia have time and again descended from the roof of the world to the conquest of Hindostan, until Akbar fixed the house of Timour upon the throne of Delhi, and stopped the tide of invasion from the North.

The battle of Plassy, by raising a rival power that became paramount, shook the throne of the Emperor of India, who subsequently became our puppet-king of Delhi. A century after Plassy the last scion of that Mongol dynasty met his well-deserved fate at the hands of an English leader of irregular horse at the fall of Delhi in 1857, the year of the great Mutiny. Hodson, by capturing the King of Delhi and slaying his murderous sons, who had caused the massacre of English women and children, became the empress-maker of Queen Victoria, the outposts of whose legions now face those of the great white Czar—the crest of the wave of Central Asian invasion, which our occupation of India has dammed back for more than a century.

It is no light task that we have set ourselves, thus to stem the natural overflow of the Tartar hordes that have ever surged over the ancient civilisations of Hindostan.

Unwittingly, nigh half a century ago, while yet the Muscovite was a thousand leagues away, we had planted our standards at Chitral, what time we shattered the Sikh (Kalsa) army, which threatened the invasion of India, and assumed the administration of the Punjab and the whole territory of Runjeet Singh (1848).

Kashmir was part of the Sikh kingdom under a viceroy, Golab Singh. To him we left the beautiful valley, or rather sold it for a trifling sum (which was never paid), guaranteeing protection and assuming suzerainty. The Valley of Chitral is a dependency of Kashmir, and one of the gateways of India, behind which the Muscovite already stands.

Nizam-ul-mulk, Methar of Chitral, was murdered by his brother, Amir-ul-mulk, in January, 1895, in the usual mountain fashion, with probably the usual outside instigation, as he was favourable to our influence.

Dr. Robertson, the representative of the Indian Government, accepted the *de facto* ruler as best he could.

Umra Khan, the bold and intriguing ruler of Bajour, invaded Chitral, not without pledge of outside support if he were successful. He offered the Metharship to Sher Afzul, apparently meaning to keep it himself. The Government of India gave him notice to quit by April 1st, 1895. The answer was an attack by his ally, Sher Afzul, on Captain Ross, and sixty Sikhs,

escorting ammunition to Dr. Robertson at Chitral.

Ross and his men died fighting; fourteen only, under the wounded subaltern, Lieutenant Jones, fought their way back to Puni; later, Lieutenants Edwards and Fowler, with a still smaller force, attempting the same task of conveying ammunition to Chitral, were attacked by overwhelming numbers.

Fighting desperately and with some loss, they gained the shelter of the village of Reshun, bringing in all their wounded, ammunition, and rations.

From the 7th to the 13th they doggedly defended the place, loopholing the walls and piling the ammunition boxes into breastworks on the flat roofs.

The men had short rations and but little water, which they drew from a stream hard by, making sorties, in one of which, on the night of the 10th, Lieutenant Fowler and twenty men surprised about fifty of the enemy who had incautiously lit fires behind their sungars: the glare exposed them, while the attack got within ten yards without discovery and bayoneted about twenty; the rest fled.

During the sortie, a counter attack was made on Lieutenant Edwards and his men in the village; it was repulsed.

After this taste of sepoy steel, the enemy were not quite so intrusive, and the little garrison were able to get water, repair their defences, and attend to the wounded (among whom was Lieutenant Fowler).

Edwards, improvising splints and bandages, utilised his carbolic tooth-powder to put on open wounds.

Not a murmur escaped the lips of the patient sepoys, who burnt the bodies of their six slain comrades, and grimly went on doing their duty, engaged in watching and desultory fighting day and night.

On the 13th a white flag was shown by the enemy, who ceased firing and asked parley.

Mahommed Isa Khan* said he had come from Dr. Robertson at Chitral with orders to stop all fighting pending the recognition of Sher Afzul as Methar.

An armistice was concluded—the besieged to be unmolested, the Bhisties allowed to get water, and supplies of food sent in to the garrison.

Mahommed Isa proposed a game of polo, and invited the British officers, who, with British hardihood, accepted. They were treacherously seized, and the surprised garrison killed, except Jemidar Lal Khan and eleven sepoys, who, with their officers, were carried as prisoners to Sher Afzul, and subsequently delivered to Umra Khan, who wanted the English officers as a trump card in the game he was playing with General Low. He treated the officers well, and released the Mohammedan soldiers and the Hindus who accepted Islam; those of our Hindu or Sikh sepoys who refused conversion perished by the sword. By this capture sixty-eight boxes of ammunition fell into the hands of the enemy, who were already fairly well supplied with rifles and ammunition from Afghanistan.

That inadequately-protected supplies of ammunition were ordered up to Chitral by Dr. Robertson was not the act of the military authorities.

Their mobilisation of 15,000 men was perfectly planned, and carried out with a swiftness and secrecy possible only to a Government unharassed by the questions of party politicians.

The despatch of the expedition was decided on early in March; the plan of campaign prepared in the Intelligence Office by the middle of that month; none of the officers chosen to command were warned until well on in March: General Low himself had been granted leave for a trip to Kashmir—his baggage and camp equipage, which had already started, had to be recalled. The commissariat and transport officers only got orders for the front fourteen days before the force crossed the frontier.

The press got the news on the 18th of March. On the 1st of April 15,000 men of all arms crossed the frontier. In Europe soldiers with their supplies can be carried by rail to within a few miles of the fighting line. The march of a European army in India must be seen to be understood. Perhaps no Indian army ever marched with less impedimenta: Low's army marched almost as it stood, without tents or baggage, which followed after the first fights had opened the route; yet vast supplies of food and forage had to be pushed through pathless mountains producing little but brave and hardy foes, and there were as many camp-followers as fighting-men.

The transport required was—camels, 9,668; bullocks, 7,329; mules, 5,148; donkeys, 4,676; ponies, 3,536. The camel transport is always a source of difficulty in mountain countries, but has often to be used *faute de mieux*; fortunately, General Low, himself an Indian cavalry officer,

* Isa is the Mohammedan form of Jesus.

had experience in organising transport for General Roberts in Afghanistan.

The details of the force were—Commanding-in-Chief, Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Low.

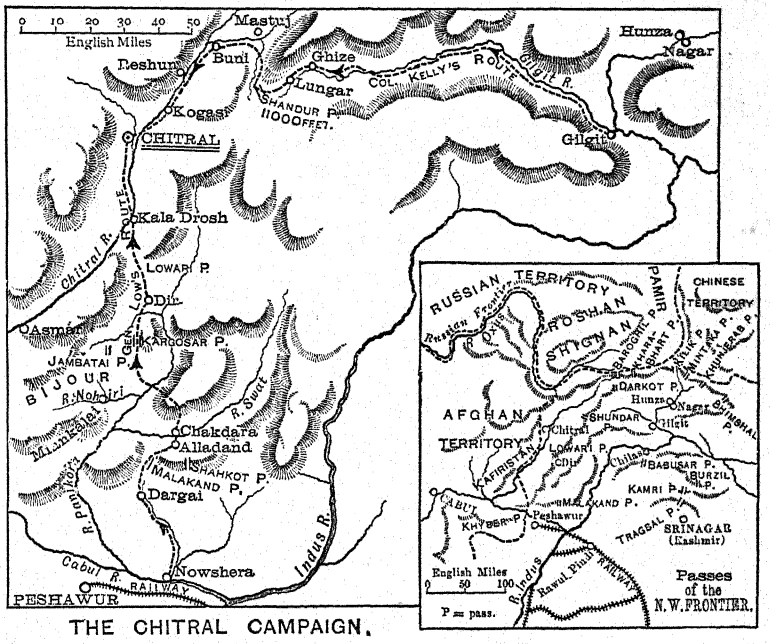
1st Brigade: General Kinloch—Royal Rifles, Bedfordshire Regiment, 15th Sikhs, 37th Dogras, Field Hospital.

2nd Brigade: General Waterfield—Gordon Highlanders, Scottish Borderers, 4th Sikhs, Guides' Infantry, Field Hospital.

3rd Brigade: General Gatacre — Seaforth Highlanders, The Buffs, 25th Punjabis, 4th Gurkhas, Field Hospital.

Divisional Troops — Guide Cavalry, 11th Bengal Lancers, 13th Bengal Infantry, 23rd Pioneers, Royal Artillery mountain-batteries, Nos. 3, 8, 2 (Dera-jhât), Bengal Sappers, Nos. 1, 4, 6 companies Engineer Field Park, Field and Veterinary Hospital. Lines of communication: General Hammond—East Lancashire Regiment, 29th and 30th Punjabis, Hospital.

In the press appeared forebodings. The bones of this expedition, like those of the first ill-starred one to Cabul, were also to whiten the passes. The desperate valour of the hillmen, starvation, Afghan guile, and Russian intrigue were to smite us. But the good organisation and reticent generalship of Low, the dash of Kelly, the dogged defence by Robertson, and the steady courage of our troops, falsified pessimist prophecy.



THE CHITRAL CAMPAIGN.

Ascertaining that both the Malakand and Shahkot passes were occupied by the enemy—the latter most numerously—General Low issued false orders for a simultaneous attack on both passes, his intention being to concentrate the three brigades at Dargai, before the Malakand, on April 2nd. General Kinloch was left in the belief that his brigade was to force the Shahkot Pass, and the cavalry under Colonel Scott were sent with sealed orders, to be opened at the foot of the pass. These orders were to countermarch the same night.

The feint was successful, and the defenders of the Shahkot remained at their posts, while the Malakand was forced, and did not oppose General Low till the 4th of April, when they were checked by Kinloch's brigade at Khar-kotal.

A deluge of rain delayed the transport animals, and was trying to men *en bivouac*. Nevertheless, the leading brigade marched briskly to the attack on the morning of the 3rd. The Guide cavalry felt the way, and the mountain-guns shelled the sungars along the higher crests.

The enemy's position was mostly on the left of the pass. Their banners betrayed the sungars (breastworks of loose stone), piled along the faces and on the crests of the hills—the lowest on a precipitous hill, 3,000 feet above the valley.

After a brief artillery fire, the 4th Sikhs and Guides were ordered to climb the hills on the left, carry the sungars, work along the crests, and turn the flank. As soon as they came within range, the hillmen opened fire, to which the attack could not adequately answer, as it took the men all they knew to climb. Those defenders who had not firearms rolled an avalanche of rocks on the assailants; they, being in open order, could avoid them, though not the rifle fire.

The defenders seem to have marked the ranges and picked out the officers, distinguished from their men by wearing helmets instead of turbans.

Major Tonnochy, Captain Buchanan, Lieu-

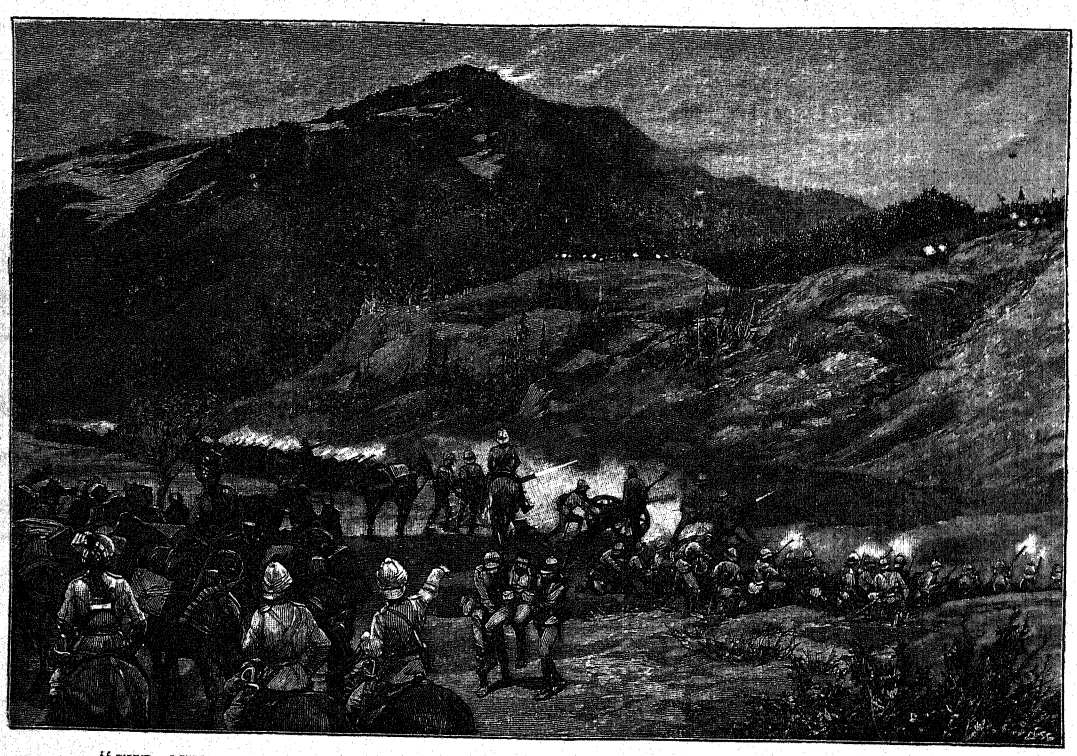
tenant Harman, and three native officers were wounded before two-thirds of the ascent had been got over. Lieutenant Ommaney, of the Guides, was also wounded.

The tribesmen stuck to their defences until rushed by the bayonet.

It took nearly four hours to carry the crest of the position. The Sikhs and Guides had been nineteen hours under arms. In addition to the British and native officers mentioned, four sepoys were killed and eleven wounded.

before the crest was reached a small party of the Gordons, under a non-commissioned officer, crept up a watercourse and dropped into a sungar, from which a party of Swatis were enfilading the Borderers. The tribesmen could hardly handle their tulwars before the bayonet silently did its work—not always with impunity, for a gallant Gordon and a huge Pathan were found locked in a last embrace.

If Britons take their pleasures sadly, they do their fighting with a dash of comedy.



"THE GUNS CAME INTO ACTION AGAINST THE ENEMY ON THE HIGH RIDGE" (*p.* 175).

In the meantime the Scottish Borderers and the Gordon Highlanders worked up the centre of the pass. The mountain-guns, having been brought up a hill directly under the Malakand peak, shelled the main defences and the village on the summit. After half-an-hour of artillery fire, General Low gave the order for the main assault by infantry. The Borderers took the centre, the Gordons the right, the Maxims going up as far as practicable with the fighting line.

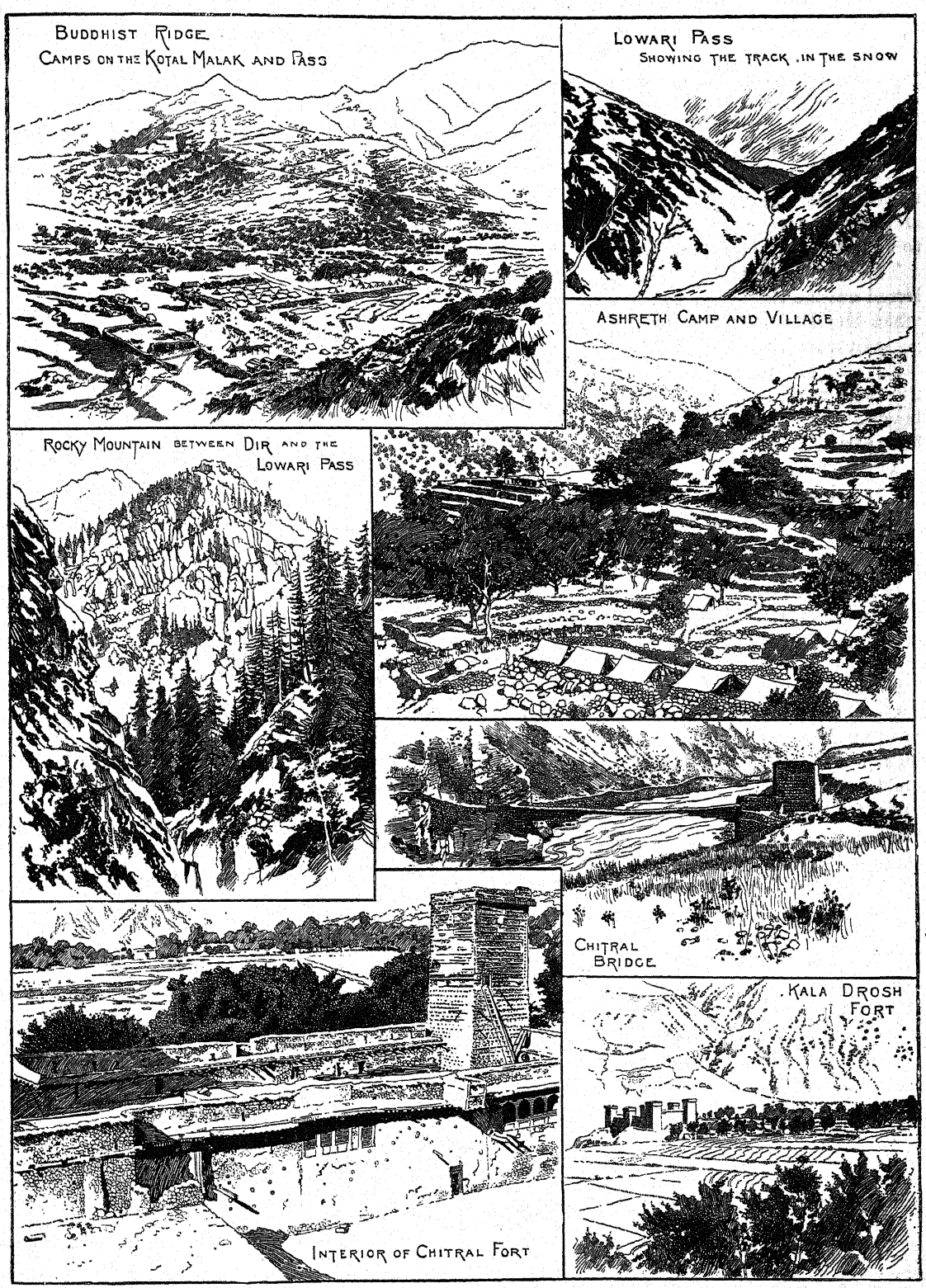
The ascent was steep and tortuous. It was afternoon before the assailants were up to the defences. The Borderers and Gordons bore the brunt of the fighting, and suffered most.

Though the hillmen defended step by step, they rarely waited for the Scottish bayonet; but

Half-way up the steep of Malakand panted a ponderous sergeant, breathless and drenched with sweat. A bullet splashed the mud in his face. Looking up, he shook his fist at the sungar and shouted, "Ye blank brutes, if ye was on the flat I'd eat yer!" In the strife of battle men laughed.

The last climb was precipitous; the men hauled each other up. Lieutenant Watt, of the Gordons, was the first to top the ridge. The enemy rushed at him. He shot two with his revolver, and shouted to his men below. As they could not at once reach him, he was fortunately able to get down, until a fuller rush could be made.

This officer had his shoulder-strap carried



VIEWS IN THE CHITRAL COUNTRY.

away by a bullet, which first passed through the brain of his corporal.

General Low, seeing the difficulties of the main attack, sent Kinloch's infantry up the hill in support—King's Royal Rifles on the left, Bedfords and Dogras on the right.

The 15th Sikhs only were held in reserve. By 2 p.m. the pass was carried and the village in flames. The fighting was severe on the summit, and from the wooded plateau the defenders had to be dislodged by the bayonet.

The Gordons and Borderers, now mixed, collected outside the village to rest and get breath, while the Bedfords, who were in good order, passed through the fighting line, and, with the Dogras in hot pursuit, drove the enemy across the ridge behind Malakand into the Swat valley beyond Khara, where Colonel Patterson allowed his wearied Bedfords to bivouac.

The commissariat was far on the other side of the pass, but in the deserted village men found native food—rice, flour, sugar, calves, and goats—so the force fared sumptuously and slept peacefully, for no mountaineers were near save the dying and the dead.

The Sikhs and Guides occupied the corresponding crest on the left, the Dogras on the right.

Meanwhile, the mountain gunners and their mules began to scramble up the pass, followed by the mule transport of the 1st Brigade. The baggage of the 2nd Brigade being on camels, could not be got up until a pathway had been made for the unwieldy brutes. Late in the evening an order was flagged to the summit of the pass for the 2nd Brigade to come down to their rations. The descending stream of soldiers and the baggage of the 1st Brigade struggling up made a block in the pass.

Night fell, the unencumbered soldiers got down, but the transport mules had to be unpacked, and some doolies with their suffering load of wounded waited for the day. Officers who carried tins of Bovril in their haversacks gave them up for the wounded men, smoked a pipe for supper, and lay down under the universal sky blanket.

Our casualties were eight officers and sixty-one men. The strength of the enemy was estimated at 12,000, their killed at 500. Their wounded must have been many.

The little pathways down to the Swat valley were streaked with blood, showing where the wounded had been carried or dragged themselves along.

The pencil diameter of the Lee-Metford bullet will drill a hole even through a bone without bringing down or always stopping the rush of a man of a fighting religion.*

What the hillmen said they feared was "not the child-rifle, but the devil guns, which killed half-a-dozen men with one shot (shell), which burst and threw up splinters, as deadly as the shots themselves."

An ancient, unused road, said to have been of Buddhist construction, was discovered, and soon made passable for the clumsy camel.

The indefatigable sapper had already made it fit for wheel traffic.

Lionel James, war correspondent with the force, thinks the original engineers were soldiers rather than priests. Alexander of Macedon entered India *viâ* the Malakand, we are told; and if the army of Alexander the Greek, why not a Russian Alexander?

Unlike the Greek, the Russian consolidates his conquests slowly, but surely.

The Greek soldier has left more than his impress on roads, for many of the tribes about the mountain gates of India are of a Greek type, especially the women: they are fair and tall, absolutely different from the squat Tartar figures and hideous featureless faces of the Ladakis on our north-eastern frontier.

Modern Buddhist roads with their long lines of prayer-graven stones lead straight across the hills, and are unfit for load-carrying animals; the Buddhist pilgrim carries nothing but personal filth and his hand praying-machine.†

But we must pass from Buddhist priests and the soldiers of either Alexander to those of Victoria.

On the morning of the 4th the Bedfords and Dogras returned from their swoop into the valley of the Swat, and rejoined their brigade on the summit of the Malakand. The whole brigade was ordered to march on Khar. The Bedfords gave the advanced guard going down the ancient pathway, followed by the mountain-guns, the K.O. Rifles, and the baggage. The

* The Maxim must stop man or horse if it has the range, for the rapidity of fire is so great that four or five bullets will strike a man before he can fall. The Martini-Henri calibre Maxim has a large bullet, but the smoke of black powder draws fire. Smokeless Maxims would be invaluable for the defence of frontier posts where the ranges can be marked and ammunition stored.

† A little revolving copper cylinder in which are written prayers: each revolution counts for a whole book of prayer, and the pilgrim twirls out his prayers as he walks leisurely along.

Dogras and 15th Sikhs, taking another path, debouched upon the plain about the same time, passing a village they had burnt the evening before.

The party of sappers, road-making in the advance, reported the enemy in force on a low ridge to the right front, and ascending in great strength a high rocky ridge which ran parallel to the road.

The Bedfords seized the mouth of the defile through which the road ran, two companies on each flank; another of Bedfords and one of K.O. Rifles ascended a spur on the right.

The guns came into action against the enemy on the high ridge. The Dogras advanced across the plain, supported by the Sikhs, and attacked the low ridge to the right front, driving the enemy over it, and beyond. They got under the fire of the heights, and were repeatedly assailed by rushes of the hillmen, but they stood their ground. Major Cunningham advanced his guns, and the ring shell began to find the enemy.

Captain Cambridge's two companies of Bedfords met the sudden onset of a large body of tribesmen with magazine fire at short range, which they could not stand. Most of the brave fellows succeeded in regaining cover, though few could have escaped unwounded.

Here is the account given to a war correspondent by a wounded Swati :—

"We fought hard, because the mullahs urged us to defeat the Kaffirs before the devil-guns could be brought over the pass, and they told us, to give us heart, that the guns could not be brought over the pass for days; but it was false, for presently we heard the deep boom of these guns, and from them there was no safety and no cover. But the mullahs urged us on, and so about 300 of us determined to rush the guns, for they alone made us cowards.

"But we met many Kaffirs (infidels) on the side of the hill, whom we had not seen, for they fired without making smoke and we were so close to them that we could not escape being wounded.

"But their fire killed few, though it was very rapid, and many of us, who had escaped into the nullah, believed we were unwounded until we found blood on our clothes.

"We were all more or less wounded. I got this (pointing to his thigh), but only a few were badly hurt.

"This did not stop us fighting.

"But the Kaffirs stood still, and we could not make it out. They made no attempt to drive us from our position.

"Then our mullahs said, 'They are afraid; the day is ours.'

"So a great party came down from the hill into the plain, for we were full of the belief that the Kaffirs were afraid.

"Suddenly there was a shout, and the Kaffir horsemen were upon us.

"Now we know nothing of horsemen, and we never believed they could come up the Malakand with big horses.

"With one accord we fled—some to the hills, others to Badkhel, and others into the nullahs.

"The horsemen killed a few; but for the softness of the ground they would have killed many.

"It was night, and the mullahs said, 'The river is rising; let us go to the other side; then they will never pass.'

"Some said, 'Let us attack them to-night,' but we were beaten; we had about 200 dead on that ridge.

"We feared the horses and the guns, and we went to Tanna that night. . . .

"We of Swat lost heart when we saw the smoke of Khar ascending to the sky.

"Most men had lied! My wound was sore, but I was able to walk; it was only a little stiff, as it had not bled much."

The Kaffir horsemen of the narrator were a tired party of the Guides' cavalry under Adams and Baldwin: they had marched right through from Dargai, over the Malakand, that morning without even watering or feeding. Adams formed them behind a khotal held by the Dogras, and charged home through soft cornfields almost knee-deep.

The hillmen, who had faced magazine-rifle fire, would not face horsemen with that queen of *armes blanches* the lance! They mostly took it in the back; some faced about, squatted, and sliced at the legs of horse or rider; Lieutenant Baldwin, four sowars, and six horses were wounded.

Major Cunningham's guns gave the sungars a last benefit: the shooting was good, and the last fire of the day had a demoralising effect.

The brigade bivouacked where it stood.

The force opposed to us was a fanatic gathering, probably 6,000, composed of the remnant of the Malakand defenders, those of the Shahkot pass left out of the first engagement, and men from the Bonar and Bijour countries.

Their losses were more than at Malakand, the

guns doing most of the damage, getting shell into the masses on several occasions.

Our loss was slight—men killed, two ; officers wounded, three ; and men wounded, fifteen ; horses killed and wounded, eight.

General Low's headquarters with 2nd Brigade (excepting Gordons and Gurkhas, holding the Malakand) reached Khara on the 5th. No serious resistance was met until the Swat river was reached.

On the 6th the brigades again changed places, the second being ordered to the front. The mules were being used for supplies only ; when available for general transport, they were sent on to 2nd Brigade instead of back to 1st Brigade.

The bare and precipitous hills of Swat contrast with the fertile valleys, long green stretches of waving corn in spring, due to the moisture from the watershed above, and alluvial soil washed down by floods.

Trees are scarce—mostly mulberry, walnut, apricot. The climate in spring is delightful, but summer is hot in the valleys. Our troops will doubtless be cantoned on the heights, where they will be far healthier than being poisoned in Peshawar.



GENERAL LOW.

The valleys of Swat, Bijour, and Chitral resemble each other: the people handsome and intelligent—the men brave but volatile, the women gracious and full of charm.

The Hunza-Nagar valleys, at the foot of the eastern passes, are barren, the people more Tartaresque and less intelligent.

On the 6th of April the 2nd Brigade encamped opposite the crossing of the Swat river, north of the village of Alladand.

Reconnaissance showed that the gatherings we had fought on the 3rd and 4th had retired up the Swat valley, without entirely dispersing.

Where the Swat river has five beds—reported fordable, but swift—were two villages, Chakdara and Adamderai, on wooded knolls.

They were occupied by the enemy, swarming in from the north-east, making a strong position to defend the ford. On the right, about 2,000 yards, rises a knoll, and beyond a ridge of hills parallel with the river, completely commanding the passage. There were no corresponding positions on our bank.

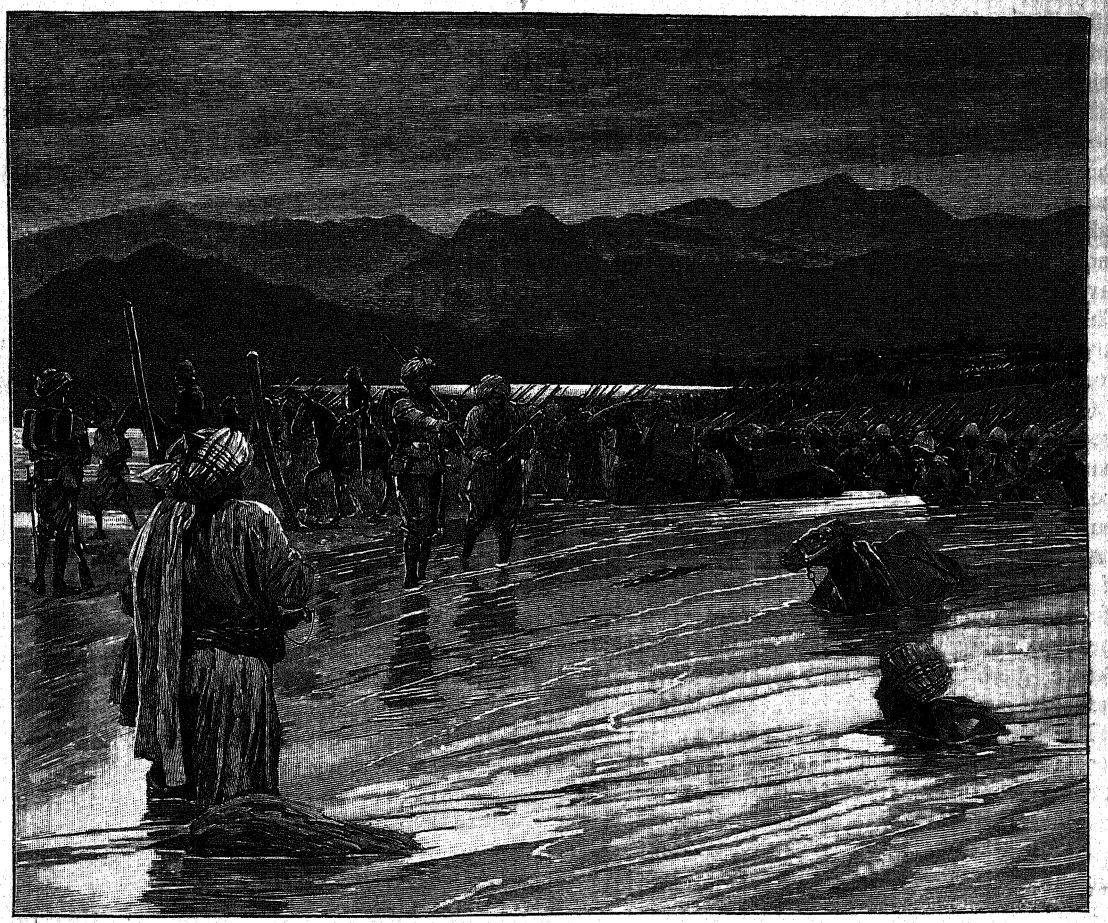
Two companies of sappers under Major Alymer were sent down to commence bridging at daybreak ; they were fired upon from the opposite bank, and unable to work.

The Maxim of the K.O.S.B. and No. 8 Mountain Battery, R.A., were brought down ; the ground the latter had to cross was boggy. By the time they got into action it was found the enemy were in greater force than was thought probable at this point. As the strength of the enemy developed, regiment after regiment was sent into action—4th, 15th, Sikhs, and Borderers. The firing became general all down the river, and the guns, having got the range, were doing good work against the sungars on the ridge.

The 11th Bengal Lancers and Guides, under Colonel Scott, were ordered to find a ford. Among the enemy were noticed some of Umra Khan's cavalry. It was a difficult task to ford the Swat, through fire and water, for the torrent swept over the holsters. Lieutenant Sarel's horse shied at the splash of a bullet, lost its footing, and was swept away ; the rider saved himself by gripping the lance held out by a sowar. Shual Singh, of Captain Wright's squadron, was the first man across. The ground on the other side was broken and marshy ; the enemy, already flying, had a long start, but before they got into the high ground the lancers were among them, inflicting severe loss, until stony ground and heavy going made further pursuit impossible. Of the tribesmen, but few stood to bay, knelt down, and shot their man before the lance could reach them. Five sought shelter in some bushes over a dry well, and pulled the first sowar, horse and all, into the well with them. His comrades dismounted and prodded that well. The sowar

were merciless—not that the tribesmen were less so; for a wounded Swati, finding a worse wounded lancer, chopped him up. One must have seen a charge of native lancers, and heard the exultant shout of the trooper as he transfixes his foe as accurately as he would a tent-peg, to realise the innate ferocity of man.

Shortly after the cavalry had crossed, the wounded; the Sikhs two sepoys drowned, two lancers were killed, and several wounded. The sappers had a few casualties. The enemy had assembled 4,500 to oppose the passage, and their losses were considerable. If the tribes had stood to their defences, the cavalry must have suffered severely, but positions impossible to cavalry attack were abandoned. The 3rd Brigade passed



THE PASSAGE OF THE SWAT.

Scottish Borderers, linked arm-in-arm like their ante-types of the "Island of the Scots," had also forded the Swat higher up, opposite the small Fort Ramorah, which they carried under cover of the Dera Jhât mountain-guns. The Sikhs crossed in like fashion lower down, and occupied the villages of Chakdara and Adam Dhara.

Such feats of infantry-fording are only possible with the modern brass cartridge and breech-loaders; in the old days of paper cartridges, musket and pouch had to be held above water.

Our casualties at the passage of the Swat were few. The Borderers had one man killed and two

the Malakand on the 8th. To feed the troops on the north side of the pass, General Low had been obliged to utilise, during the 4th, 5th, and 6th, all the mules of the force, as these were the only animals that could cross the pass; and it was not till the 8th, when camels had been streaming across for two days with supplies, that it was possible to equip the 2nd and 3rd Brigades with transport, tents, baggage, and twenty days' supplies. The 2nd Brigade were entirely across the Swat by the evening of the 8th, and head-quarters next day, the 3rd Brigade encamping on the opposite bank at Alladand. On the

10th the 2nd Brigade marched to Gambat, crossing Katgola pass, over which Umra Khan's horsemen had disappeared from the pursuit of Wright's tired squadron.

The 3rd Brigade passed the Swat, now bridged. General Kinlock's Brigade was left to guard the Swat valley and communications. On the 11th General Low and 2nd Brigade reached the Panjkora river at Sado ferry. Owing to the difficulty of the "Shago Kas" defile, the baggage did not get into camp till very late that night, being fired into *en route* by the hillmen who still hung on our flanks and rear. The advanced guard of cavalry, Guide infantry, and 4th Sikhs had arrived at Sado on the 10th. Cavalry forded the river, and reconnoitred up the Bijour valley; they found Umra Khan's forts still held, and that evening, owing to the river rising, the cavalry had considerable difficulty in recrossing. The Panjkora bridge was commenced by Major Alymer and sappers. It was built on raft piers from logs lying on the banks.

On the evening of the 12th, foot-men could cross. There being every hope that the remainder of the brigade and their baggage could cross the following day, Colonel Battye and his Guides passed over to cover the bridge and form a *tête-de-pont* at the apex of a re-entering angle of the right bank. The post had a level space of some hundred yards in its front, and was commanded by high ground on the left bank. Before daybreak on the 13th the river rose suddenly, swollen with melted snow.

The tribesmen had set adrift huge logs, which bore down upon the bridge and swept it away. A suspension bridge was then commenced at a suitable site about two miles lower down. The cables were twisted strands of telegraph-wire, but this was work requiring three or four days. A new road also had to be cut on the opposite bank to the mouth of the Bijour valley. This could only be done by holding the right bank. On the 13th the Guides were ordered to march down the right bank and punish certain villages, from which men had been persistently firing on the transport. The route intended for the Guides to follow was in view of the left bank, and could be covered by fire from our side. By some misunderstanding, never now to be explained, Colonel Battye led his Guides up the Ushiri river into Bijour.

When the helio flashed the news that overpowering masses of the enemy were bearing down on the separated parties of the Guides engaged in burning the walled villages, the 2nd Brigade was ordered out to cover the retirement. The Sikhs hearing that their sister corps, the Guides, were in a tight place, broke into a shout, got under arms, and five minutes after the long-drawn notes of the assembly had died away were marched off, followed by Captain Peebles and his Maxim, the Borderers, and the Gordons. The range south-west of the camp was climbed, and the brigade lined its western face. On the summit of the corresponding ridge, across the river, the Guides were engaged out of range of support. They were hard pressed, for the enemy saw the bridge was carried away. A delayed helio message was even now received by Colonel Battye to carry out the order of the previous evening. It was immediately countermanded by an order to retire on the camp. Then Colonel Battye obeyed, and retired deliberately as a good soldier should. His party was divided into three; the right retired last, covering the others, and Colonel Battye remained with it. The left party found an easy descent, and were not pressed by the enemy, who threw themselves fiercely on the two remaining columns, in spite of the artillery fire which had now begun to touch. The right and centre retired slowly, covering each other with flank fire, until the centre party had to climb round a precipitous spur, losing sight of Colonel Battye, who held on until assured of their safety by seeing them below. Meanwhile Lieutenant Codrington with the left, seeing the right had ceased to retire, again began to ascend in support of his chief, while Lieutenant Lockhart with the centre took up a position to cover the retirement of both when they would have to cross the open. The tribesmen, swarming above Colonel Battye, poured a heavy and continuous fire upon his little party, which must have been annihilated but that the hillmen fired high, under the excitement of close quarters, as all soldiers will, in spite of the lessons of all campaigns since the introduction of fire-arms.* That the Guides behaved splendidly goes without saying—always. Their severest trial was just when they reached the open plain, and the fire across the river could not support them on account of the nearness of friend and foe.

At this critical moment Colonel Battye fell. The Afridi Company, without orders, fixed bayonets and turned savagely upon the foe to avenge the man they loved like a father—Mera Bap! (as the sepoy calls his colonel). They

* The Germans keep their bayonets fixed, which has a tendency to keep down fire.

rolled back the enemy to the very foot of the hill, which they began to re-ascend to their inevitable destruction. The officers could be seen here and there to seize an infuriated sepoy by the coat collar and hurl him back into the ranks. Sullenly the Guides obeyed, carrying their dying colonel, the last of four brothers who have died on fields of honour.

The dogged resistance of the Guides and the covering fire of the 2nd Brigade had hardly stayed the enemy. At nightfall 2,000 men lay in wait in the cornfields for the signal to rush the camp of the isolated—but still stout-hearted —Guides, who had not tasted food for forty-eight hours, and marched and fought the long day through. But, said a Pathan prisoner, "Suddenly the night was turned into day, and then again and again our courage forsook us. The devil guns were firing the stars at us."*

That same evening a company of the 4th Sikhs and Peebles with his Maxim managed to cross on mussack rafts to the support of the Guides.†

During the night the enemy fired stray shots, but only wounded a couple of sepoys. At daybreak their fire was more accurate and killed the gallant Captain Peebles and wounded a Devon man with the Maxim.

The enemy retired, and the Guides and Sikhs took up a forward position. The party that attacked the Guides was about 4,000 strong; by their own account they lost 500. Our loss was only two officers and three men killed, and twenty-two wounded.

On the 13th, Umra Khan sued for terms, sending in his prisoner, Lieutenant Edwards, and Fowler, three days later.

The rains were incessant, and the rivers continued to rise; it seemed likely that the bridge over the Swat, in General Low's rear, and the suspension bridge over the Panjkora, would both be swept away.

The two remaining mussack rafts (one had been overturned, and two unserviceable from bullet holes) were not sufficient to cross supplies.

The Guides and Sikhs were ordered to pack ammunition and baggage in their entrenchment and hold themselves in readiness to re-cross by the suspension bridge before what there was of it was swept away, for the flood threatened the piers, and was rapidly rising to the roadway, but the river falling on the 16th, they were ordered to stand fast.

On the 17th, General Low crossed with the 3rd and 2nd Brigades. They had been preceded by a squadron of the Guides under Colonel Blood, who found the enemy advancing from the village of Miankalai. The enemy occupied the hills on the south and two villages to the west. The 4th Gurkhas were directed up the southern hills, to move along them to the west; the Seaforth Highlanders on the slopes below, and the 25th Punjabees in support. The Buffs occupied the hills to the north with the Dera-jhat battery in action on a knoll in the centre. While the infantry cleared the hills, the lancers advanced up the centre of the valley, but they got no chance to charge, the ground being broken.

The enemy did not show the bold front of previous days, but retired as the infantry advanced, and though the guns were pushed forward about 1,000 yards, the loss of the enemy was trifling. Our casualties were four Gurkhas and a Highlander, four troopers and twelve horses wounded.

On the 18th, General Low, with the 2nd and 3rd Brigades, marched on Mundia, Umra Khan's home, a stone fort with four flanking towers, the interior a village intersected by lanes, the principal buildings being the mosque and Umra Khan's harem. The place was abandoned and empty save for a couple of ancient cannon, the toilet articles of native ladies, some ragdolls, and a letter from an enterprising Bombay firm offering to supply Umra Khan with the newest weapons and ammunition at the lowest rates.

But Umra Khan had been fairly supplied from several sources, and had gone to his Afghan friends at Asmar, at the date of General Low's visit.

On the same evening General Gatacre, with the Buffs, Gurkhas, half a mountain-battery, two Maxims, a half-company of sappers, and twenty days' supplies, was pushed on to Barwa, *en route* for Dir and Chitral.

On the 20th, the remainder of the brigade, Seaforths and Punjabees, were brought on by General Low to the foot of the Janbatai. Having news that the Chitral garrison were reduced to great straits, Gatacre was ordered to

* Star shell were fired across the river by the artillery. But star shell are to be discontinued in our service, and parachute light balls are seen only in our military museums.

† Mussacks are skins of animals used as water-bags. When inflated with air they support a raft, being very buoyant and suitable for crossing mountain torrents. Impact with a rock does not injure them as it would a more solid support or pontoon, but crossing under fire is risky as a single bullet-hole lets out the air.

push on with 500 men, supported by the Seaforths.

The following day news came that Sheer Afzul



COLONEL BATTYE.
(Photo, J. Burke & Co., Kintuck Maree.)

had abandoned the siege, and was a prisoner in the hands of our ally the Khan of Dir.

When the relief of Chitral by Colonel Kelly's column was known, orders were sent to Gatacre not to press his men. His advanced troops were at Dir. The Lowari pass, 10,400 feet, was knee-deep in softening snow, and could only be crossed by a battalion at a time. Umra Khan had crossed with several thousand men in January when the snow was hard. Though our men suffered, they endured cheerily.

There is a good deal of "bogey" talk about our men funking the mountain-passes and the snows: they do not in the least, but enjoy the change from the sultry plains.

A man of the Buffs (the old London City Regiment) smacking his arms after the fashion of a cabby, said to his pal, "Well, I likes this—it reminds me more of the Old Country than anything I saw since I left."

They rivalled the mountain Gurkhas, tobogganing on nothing, down the steep snow slopes of the abrupt descent; and a sporting Madras Drabie unpacked his mule and tobogganed down astride on a rum cask, disappearing in a whirl of snow rather faster than he liked.

General Low's steady advance, securing his communications as he marched, and his five decisive defeats of the enemy, drove Umra Khan across the border, and Sheer Afzul to despair, thus rendering possible the relief of Chitral by Kelly's gallant little column.

Adjectives only weaken the bald chronicle of Chitral defence as told by Dr. Robertson.

The fort of Chitral on the river (to which there is a covered water-way) is about eighty feet square, with towers at the angles; the walls, eight feet thick, are stone filled into square wooden crates. It is naturally commanded from every side, and the indefatigable enemy built sungars, giving them a protected command. About fifty yards from the fort was a stone wall enclosing the mosque and stables, solid stone buildings, which had to be destroyed by the garrison, as they were not numerous enough to hold them. March 1st, the garrison consisted of 370 fighting-men, 90 Sikhs, the remainder Kashmir Imperial Service Rifles; Captain Campbell commanded the whole. When he was wounded the command devolved upon Captain Townshend. The other European officers were Captain Baird and Lieutenant Harley, Dr. Robertson, British Agent, Lieutenant Gurdon, his assistant, and Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch. On 3rd March came news of the approach of Sheer Afzul and a large force. A reconnaissance was made toward Drosh, Captain Baird led the advance, the British Agent and Captain Gurdon accompanied the force; they were repulsed from a fortified village, and in retiring, their flanks were overlapped. Campbell was shot through the knee, but mounted his horse and remained. The two Imperial Service Kashmir officers, General Baj Singh and Major Bhikran Singh, were shot dead, one on each side of Captain Townshend, who drew off the party



COLONEL KELLY.

and reached the fort, covered by the Sikhs. Dr. Robertson's native writer, carrying orders, received eighteen tulwar wounds, and is alive



"LIEUTENANT HARLEY, AT THE HEAD OF FORTY SIKHS AND SIXTY KASHMIRIS, RUSHED THE HOUSE OVER THE MOUTH OF THE MINE" (*p.* 182).

to write still. Captain Baird, mortally wounded, was brought in by Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch and thirteen Gurkhas, who had been cut off; they were nearly all wounded, but fought their way back through enclosures, with the body of the dying officer, who was carried by Whitechurch. Our loss was 22 killed and 36 wounded out of 150 engaged. In the fort were stored seventy days' half-rations, 350 rounds of Martini, and 240 Snider per man.

The enemy tried every means, beginning with Afghan wile, offering Dr. Robertson and party a safe conduct to Mastuj, while arrangements were made for their destruction *en route*. They made the fiercest assaults and carried on incessant fire. Day and night the garrison watched, fought, and toiled, building traverses and prados with any available material, and screens of tents and carpets. Boots were utilised as fire buckets. On the 25th the enemy set fire to the water-tower; they were repulsed and the fire extinguished. On the 14th they again assailed the waterway, and failed; Dr. Robertson was wounded in the shoulder, and other casualties occurred. On the 16th a letter was sent in from Edwards, and a truce granted with the hope of obtaining his release; it was futile, for, on the 17th, it was discovered that the enemy had run a mine to within a few feet of the walls; the playing of native bagpipes and tom-toms had prevented the sound of mining from being heard. Lieutenant Harley, at the head of 40 Sikhs and 60 Kashmiris, rushed the house over the mouth of the mine. The order was, "No firing; bayonet only." Three powder-bags were carried, the garden gate was quietly thrown open at four p.m., and the party rushed out and bayoneted 35 of the enemy; the powder-bags were placed, the fuses lit, the assailants barely escaped being blown up with the defenders, the turban of the last retiring sepoy caught fire from the explosion, which laid open the whole mine like a ditch to the foot of the tower. We lost 8 killed, 13 wounded; the enemy about 60. Their wounded went up with the fiery blast; their souls to the Paradise of fighting-men; their charred remnants fell back into the crater of the exploded mine.

The garrison now sunk counter-mines to continue the fight under the earth, as well as upon it.

The siege lasted forty-six days; one fifth of the garrison were killed or wounded. On the night of 18th, Sher Afzul and his retainers fled.

Our ally the Khan of Dir was advancing in one direction, Colonel Kelly in another, and Low's force getting near.

On the 20th April Colonel Kelly's column marched into Chitral. They left Gilgit in two parties on 23rd and 24th March. First party, 200 Pioneers, with addition of two mountain-guns, under Lieutenant Stewart, R.A., who joined *en route*, also Lieutenant Oldham, R.E., with 40 Kashmir sappers and 100 Hunzanagur levies; Lieutenant Gough with 60 Kashmir troops. It had snowed for five days, and Kelly waited at Ghize for the second party. On April 1st the whole attempted the Shundar Pass, 11,000 feet.

Eight miles from Ghize the mules sank above the girths in snow, and Colonel Kelly returned to Ghize with half the Pioneers, leaving Captain Borradaile at Taru with the rest, ten days' supplies, and all the coolies.

On the 3rd, Borradaile pushed on with his command, guns and carriages in pieces, partly on sleighs, partly on the backs of coolies, to the foot of the pass, where they slept in the snow, having no tents. Next morning they made a track through the pass to Langar, reaching it in the evening; there they entrenched themselves. The following day they brought the guns through—killing work for men at that altitude, where the rarefied air makes breathing difficult, and brings a taste of blood into the mouth. Thirty men were struck with snow-blindness, 26 frostbitten in the first party alone. They carried 15 lb. kit, eighty rounds a man, and wore poshteens (sheepskin coats).* On April 5th Colonel Kelly, with 50 levies, started after Borradaile, who had advanced towards Gasht. The people of Langar had been taken by surprise, and made salaam. On the 7th there was a halt to collect transport. Rig-Ackbar arrived

* We are slow to apply the military experience to be gained in various parts of our empire. Lieutenant de Lotbinière, R.E., an officer from the Canadian Military College, for some years roadmaking in the passes about Gilgit, asked the Government to import snow-shoes sufficient to instruct his men, and invaluable to keep open the passes when the snow is soft. Englishmen acquire the use of snow-shoes in a few days, and why not sepoys? The requisition for snow-shoes probably puzzled and never got beyond the Baboos of the Indian Finance Department. The rigid doolie, with its curtains (an incomparable litter in the plains), is unsuitable for mountain warfare. A dandy or net hammock, as recommended by Major Carter in his paper on mountain warfare, is more suitable. But during the long peace from Waterloo to the Crimea we forgot more than we seem to have learned since, for many a brave fellow was carried from a Peninsular battlefield in his silk net sash. But the military tailor has long since swept away the rational adornments of the British army to substitute expensive futilities.

with 50 levies. The Yasin people were friendly, and gave assistance. April 8th, Colonel Kelly's advance was led by Humayan, the Prime Minister of Hunza, whose levies skirmished to perfection. These are the people we conquered about two years ago. The old story: conquer the Asiatic and take him into your service, or accept the alternative of fighting him for ever.

April 9th, the levies under Lieutenant Beynon turned the enemy's right. The main body advanced down the valley of the river. The guns opened on the sungars; a few shells drove out the defenders, who suffered in their flight from the rifles of the Pioneers. But they only retired to a second line of sungars.

Again the guns opened with a like result; we had only five casualties. Same day the force marched to within two miles of Mastuj, which Lieutenant Moberly had held for eighteen days with 46 Sikhs and 250 Kashmir troops against Mahomed Isa with 1,500 men. Moberly had previously rescued Lieutenant Jones and his 14 sepoys from Puni, after the destruction of Captain Ross and his party. The enemy were strongly posted about a mile north of Langar. On the 13th, Colonel Kelly, with all available men, the guns now carried on country ponies, attacked Nisagol. Similar turning tactics (in some instances, lowering ladders with ropes down cliffs) compelled the astonished enemy to abandon apparently impregnable positions. On the 14th, Drasun was occupied after a difficult march of twenty miles. On the 15th, snow storms had turned to pelting rain.

On the 17th, at Barnas, the river, 4 feet deep with snow-water, had to be forded. On the 18th the food supply was reduced to two and a half days. Foraging parties secured another day's supply. On the 19th the force reached Kogasi without opposition, and found the enemy had abandoned the siege of Chitral.

By his flank march Colonel Kelly baffled the enemy, who had expected him by the same route on which Captain Ross had been destroyed. Sher Afzul, with 700 Chitralis, hemmed into the snows by the Khan of Dir, surrendered. He was sent prisoner to General Low's camp on the 27th, protesting that he had always been our friend. He wore a Russian military great-coat, with the buttons of the Czar's army. His coat, like his policy, was reversible.

General Low humanely released the 700 Chitralis, and sent them to their villages. Sher Afzul he sent to India, probably to be pensioned.

Ten thousand rounds of rifle ammunition were found buried in the Fort of Dir. The natives say it was sent from the north (about a month before the campaign opened) by the Ameer of Kabul. It was thought that a further amount was sold out of our own magazines, but contradicted on official inquiry.

With the flight of Umra Khan and the surrender of Sher Afzul active operation ceased, excepting the occasional stalking of an incautious British sentry, and the curiously treacherous attack on Lieutenant Robertson while surveying, by the man given him as a guide by the Khan of Dir.

Lieutenant Robertson, with the usual British confidence, had given his sword to the guide to carry. The man had been a follower of Umra Khan, and carried a double-barrelled sporting rifle of his own. Suddenly he fired both barrels at the lieutenant, who was riding in front; one bullet grazed the pony's ear. Robertson jumped off, drew his revolver, and fired at the man, who was coming at him with his own sword—wounded, but did not drop him. The revolver jammed, and the Englishman was cut over the head, but he closed with his assailant and got him down. Seeing two more men making for him with drawn tulwars, he made a dash for his Gurkha escort, only a few hundred yards behind. His assailant fled, but was subsequently captured by the Khan of Dir, tried, and shot. The incident, like a hundred others, is typical of the ineradicable treachery of the Afghan character.

The Imperial Government, in accordance with that of India, have decided to occupy Chitral with a few native troops and a native mountain-battery.

A glance at the accompanying map shows the situation, and that the last swoop of the Russian eagle brings the frontier within fifty miles of Chitral.

Lake Victoria, named after the Empress of India, is henceforth in the territory of the Czar, whose conquests, so far as England is concerned, are always those of peace.

The Russians will not knock their heads against our fortified lines of Quetta, to reach which they must have gained the Afghan, and after taking or masking which they would have a desert march of some 200 miles before reaching populous India.

They can turn our defences through the fertile valleys of Kashmir and its dependencies, which afford pleasant resting-places, assembly grounds, and bases for further operations.

The passes of the Hindoo Koosh, as marked

on Captain Younghusband's map, may be divided into two groups—an eastern group which leads down into the Hunza-Nagar assembly grounds, and a western group which leads down to the Chitral assembly grounds, thence direct to Peshawar, without entering Afghanistan proper.

The eastern group—Kilick, Mintaka, Khunjerab — are very difficult passes, down which only small detachments could come; moreover, a wedge of Chinese territory is supposed to control (whatever that may be worth) their northern inlets. The western group—Baroghil, Darkot, and Khara-Bhart—are much more practicable, and a fairly large force could march by them and be concentrated in Chitral.

It is true we have ceded the intervening territory of Wakhan to the Ameer of Kabul. Hitherto a buffer State has only afforded a pretext to the strong and unscrupulous to punish a foray or the theft of a flock of goats, by the annexation of territory. We must have a definite boundary, the crossing of which by either party is a *casus belli*.

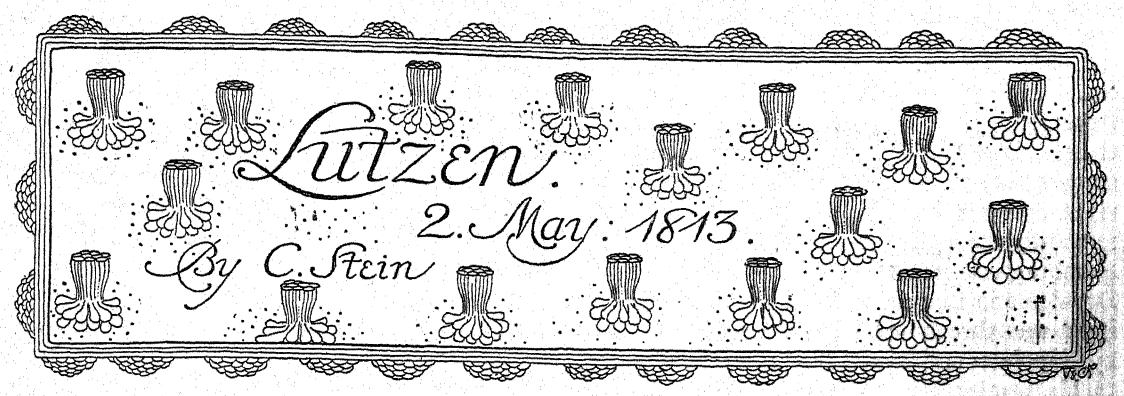
To consolidate our frontier is a mere question of mule roads, which the hillmen would gladly make under our supervision.

One great cause of dislike to our occupation is the compulsory coolie transport enforced by the Kashmir Government to carry supplies to our posts. Even the sahib's beer has to be carried on men's shoulders. It is true the forced labour is paid, but the more warlike tribesmen would rather fight us than carry our burdens.

That we should not improve our communications for fear our enemies might use them is not the argument of a sane person, else Europe would be destitute of railways. The Roman made his road and entrenched his *castra* as he advanced: we let a political agent reside in the heart of a native village, without escort, whereas a strategically-selected post, a Maxim gun, with a large supply of ammunition and a small garrison, and a good road to it, would prevent the perpetual expense of punitive expeditions, whose only result is hatred of us and our wobbly ways.



SURGEON-MAJOR ROBERTSON.



THE disastrous Russian campaign of 1812 had shown that the great Napoleon was not invincible, that his combinations were not always superior to the influences which sway human affairs, and that he could no longer calculate on the assistance in arms of conquered countries which had been forced to give him unwilling allegiance. The "Grand Army" had ceased to exist. Famine, the slaughter of many battlefields, and, above all, the horrors of the winter retreat had destroyed it. A few scattered remnants, principally gathered from those *corps d'armée* which had been the last to enter upon the fatal campaign and had not undergone all its trials, were retreating through Prussia, under the command of the devoted and chivalrous Eugène de Beauharnais, who had taken up the burden after it had been suddenly relinquished by Murat in his anxiety to return to his kingdom of Naples, and his selfish desire to be relieved from a task in which there was much difficulty and little glory.

The spirit of the superior officers in the army of France was now no longer what it had been in previous years. In spite of the adventurous career which they led, many of them had married and established homes, and, though they still were on occasions capable of the most brilliant actions and the noblest self-devotion, they were no longer the hard and fiery warriors who thought little of the past and recked not of the future, who entered lightly on the most arduous enterprises, who carried all their property with them into the field, having no interests beyond the fires of their bivouacs. But the great emperor was himself still indomitable, his energy unabated, his capacity as stupendous as ever. Undismayed by the terrible blows dealt by fortune, he had set himself to work to repair the losses of the past, to provide for the necessities of the future, and astonished Europe saw fresh armies spring into existence at his bidding, and the power of France in his hands still loom great and unconquered. He arrived in Paris from Russia on the 18th December, 1812, and the moment he was again at the centre of the vast system which he had created, he had made it vibrate to his war cry from end to end. From Rome to Brest, from Perpignan to Hamburg, the whole empire rose in arms at once; while he, master of the wide extent, with consummate knowledge of every detail in its organism, was able to direct all its resources with a judgment so clear, with a hand so firm, and with calculation so unerring, that in three months the *matériel* and *personnel* of an army of 300,000 men had been created, enrolled, and organised; and this enormous mass of soldiers, clothed, armed and equipped, was set in motion, and was about to find itself concentrated within reach of the enemy, ready for battle. Of all the administrative feats performed by Napoleon during his reign this was one of the most marvellous. Infantry, artillery, a proportion of cavalry, supplies, ammunition, transport, all were provided, and, both in forming these masses and in the smallest details of their equipment and organisation, nothing was neglected, nothing forgotten. It is said that at any moment of the day or night, whatever had been his preoccupation, the emperor was able to tell the numbers, composition, and actual value of each of the numberless detachments of all arms which he had put in motion in every part of his empire, the quality of their clothing and armament, the number of stages in the line of march of each, and the day, even the hour, when each should arrive at its destination.

It has been said that Prince Eugène was retreating slowly through Prussia. He was pressed upon, but not hurried, in his still defiant

march, by the overwhelming numbers of the following Russian army. For three months he had been able to dispute the possession of Poland, Saxony, and Prussia. At last his retreat, bringing his feeble force within reach of support, came to an end at Magdeburg. On his right and left, however, his enemy still poured forward their legions. They crossed the Elbe—Hamburg was passed by them. They occupied Dresden and Leipsic, and the empire of France itself was threatened. Prussia, so long cowed by Napoleon and forced to furnish a contingent to his armies, had roused herself in national revolt against his iron domination, and had declared war against him, putting into the field 95,000 men, and with them the veteran Blücher, who within the next three years was destined to reap so great a harvest of glory. But the onward movement of the enemies of France was now no longer to have before it only the *débris* of the hosts which had retreated from Russia, but its way was barred by the newly-raised army under the immediate command of the greatest warrior of the time. Napoleon had left Paris on the 15th April, and, rushing to the centre of the long line now held by his lieutenants, he was prepared to carry out his strategic scheme of surprising and turning the Russo-Prussian right, and thus rolling up and hurling back the forces of the allies who had dared to think that his power had been irretrievably shattered.

On the west of Leipsic lies the great plain in the centre of which is Lutzen. Here was the scene of the last and most famous of the victories gained by Gustavus Adolphus. Here the great Swedish monarch fell, and here his tomb marked the spot of his glorious death, the limit set by fate to his Protestant championship. To this plain as a gathering place had been directed the masses of troops with which Napoleon intended to operate as his field army. Hither came, under the command of the renowned generals of France, the numerous columns which had been formed in so many different countries—from the east of Europe, from the centre of Spain, from Italy, from the north, west and south of the threatened empire, all concentrated and fell into line with the utmost precision, with the most perfect unity of purpose.

On the night of the 1st of May, Napoleon was at Lutzen. Already, at Weissenfels, the young conscripts who filled the ranks had had their first encounter with the enemy, and, led by the heroic Marshal Ney, had borne themselves with the steadiness and valour of old soldiers. So brilliant had been their conduct, so decisive the success which they had obtained, that they filled their leaders with pride and confidence. The army of France seemed about to enter upon a fresh career of triumph. But there fell one dark cloud upon the success which had so far been achieved. Marshal Bessières, Duke of Istria, one of the emperor's oldest and most devoted adherents, who commanded the cavalry of the guard, was suddenly struck down by a stray cannon shot while reconnoitring not far from his master's side. As his body was borne from the field wrapped in a cloak, the fate of his old comrade painfully impressed Napoleon, who said, "Death is coming very close to us all."

On the 2nd May the emperor rose at three o'clock in the morning to give his orders and dictate his correspondence. The reports of spies, more explicit than any which he had yet received, led him to believe that the united Russo-Prussian army was moving from Leipsic, sheltered by the Elster, towards Zwenkau and Pegau. It seemed that they had not realised that the French were directly in their front, and that their commander, Wittgenstein, was looking for his enemy nearer to the southward mountains. Cavalry was the one arm which Napoleon had been unable to extemporise in sufficient numbers, and, in default of the more perfect knowledge to be gained by widely scouting squadrons, he made his arrangements for a forward movement with a prudence and caution which would enable him to retrieve an error if unhappily he should make one. He was only four leagues from Leipsic, and he resolved to push boldly on and to secure the passage of the Elster at that town. If he could carry out his plan, he believed that he would be on the flank of the enemy and cut their line of communications, after which he could give battle with every advantage in his favour. Prince Eugène was ordered to lead the advance with the corps of Lauriston and Marshal Macdonald, supported by the cavalry division of Latour-Maubourg and a strong reserve of artillery. Lauriston was to seize Leipsic, and Macdonald was to move on Zwenkau, at which point it was probable that the advanced troops of the enemy would be encountered. The emperor himself, with his guard, would follow in support of Prince Eugène. Meantime, in case, as was possible, the enemy should throw themselves against the French right, Marshal Ney was to establish himself with his *corps d'armée* in the neighbourhood of Lutzen; and a group of five villages was

pointed out to him as a strong defensive position which would form a pivot for all the operations of the French army. There remained the corps of Marmont, Bertrand, and Oudinot, which were still more distant from Leipsic. They were ordered to move forward and to form on the right of Ney if the enemy made an attack on that marshal's position. If no such attack was attempted, the whole was to press on to the passages of the Elster between Zwenkau and Pegau.

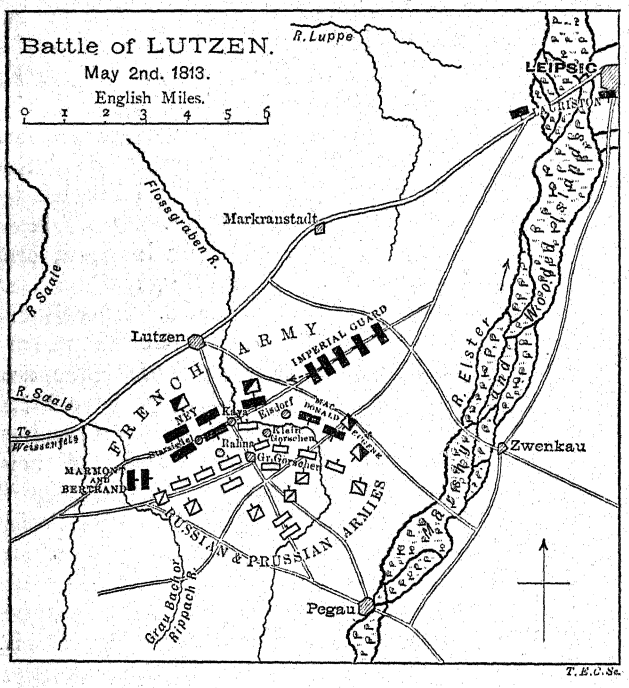
The whole French army was in motion. Prince Eugène's columns were on the march towards Leipsic and the Elster. The Old and Young Guard were following in the same direction. Ney's corps was taking up a defensive position in the villages south of Lutzen. Marmont, Bertrand, and Oudinot were all pressing forward to take part in the great struggle which was evidently imminent, though its exact locality was still uncertain. At ten o'clock the emperor himself mounted, and, followed by the crowd of war-worn leaders of men who formed his staff, galloped towards Leipsic. As he passed alongside the masses of his soldiers that were toiling over the plain, repeated cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" greeted his appearance. Nothing in the history of the time is more striking than the manner in which military ardour and veneration for the person of their emperor mastered the conscripts as soon as they found themselves in the ranks of the army; with what enthusiasm they followed the man, who had been the author of so many wars in which the blood of Frenchmen had been poured out like water, the man who had come to be detested by their countrymen for the sacrifices which he demanded, and who had only lately torn themselves from their peaceful homes to fight his battles.

As the Imperial cavalcade approached Leipsic the attack on the town by Maison's division of Lauriston's corps was being vigorously carried out. Great were the natural obstacles and stern the defence which the French had to encounter. The town was covered by a wide belt of marshy and wooded land, traversed by several arms of the Elster, and the only passage across this belt was by a road following a long series of bridges. General Kleist, who commanded the garrison, had filled the clumps of wood with light infantry, and had covered the entrance to the bridges by a strong battery of artillery, supported by heavy Prussian columns. The gallant Maison, having driven in the enemy's light troops and brought up some artillery and infantry to reply to the Prussian fire, detached a battalion, which, fording one of the branches of the Elster, threatened Kleist's flank. He then formed a column of attack, and, placing himself at its head, carried the first bridge with a bayonet charge. The Prussians stood their ground stubbornly, but were swept away by the fierce rush, and Napoleon saw his soldiers entering Leipsic pell-mell with their flying foe. The town was at his mercy, and the first portion of his plan of operations was apparently carried out with complete success.

It was eleven o'clock. Napoleon no longer thought there was any fighting to be done, except in his immediate front. There he believed that he had found the main force of the enemy which he wished to crush, and there he had struck a first successful blow. Suddenly the roar of many pieces of artillery struck his ear, resounding from his right rear apparently in the direction of the villages which he had left to the guardianship of Ney's corps. As we have seen, the chance of an attack on his flank had been foreseen and provided for, and he was neither surprised nor disconcerted. After listening for a few moments to the cannonade, which, increasing in volume, became more and more terrible, he said calmly, "While we have been trying to outflank them, they have been turning us. However, there is no harm done, and they will find us everywhere prepared to meet them."

Marshal Ney had accompanied him to Leipsic. Him he sent back at once, at a gallop, to rejoin his corps, impressing upon him that he must hold his position like a rock, which he should be well able to do, as he had 48,000 men at his disposal, and he would after a time receive the support of other troops on his right, on his left, and in rear. Then, with the composure of a mind prepared for any emergency, he issued orders for all his advanced troops to reverse their order of march, the most delicate of operations to execute with precision, especially in the case where enormous masses have to be handled. Lauriston was ordered to maintain his hold on Leipsic with one division, while the other two divisions of his corps were to move towards the left of Ney's position. Macdonald's corps was to fall back from Zwenkau also towards the left of Ney. Prince Eugène, with his reserve artillery and the cavalry of Latour-Maubourg, was to support Macdonald. So much for the strengthening of Ney's left. On his right, Marmont, who was now on the march north of Lutzen, was ordered to hurry into position; while Bertrand, still distant, was to connect

with Marmont and make every effort to appear on the enemy's left and rear. Finally, as a support to the centre of the new battle-line, the whole of the Guard was to retrace its steps and form behind the group of villages held by Ney. No conscripts were these, but a mass of 18,000 war-hardened old soldiers who could be relied upon to maintain the prestige of French arms under any circumstances. His orders given, and having seen the wide and complicated manœuvre well commenced, the emperor betook himself to the point where Ney's corps was sustaining the first onset of the allied army, and where long hours must be passed in strenuous resistance before the much-needed succours could make themselves felt.



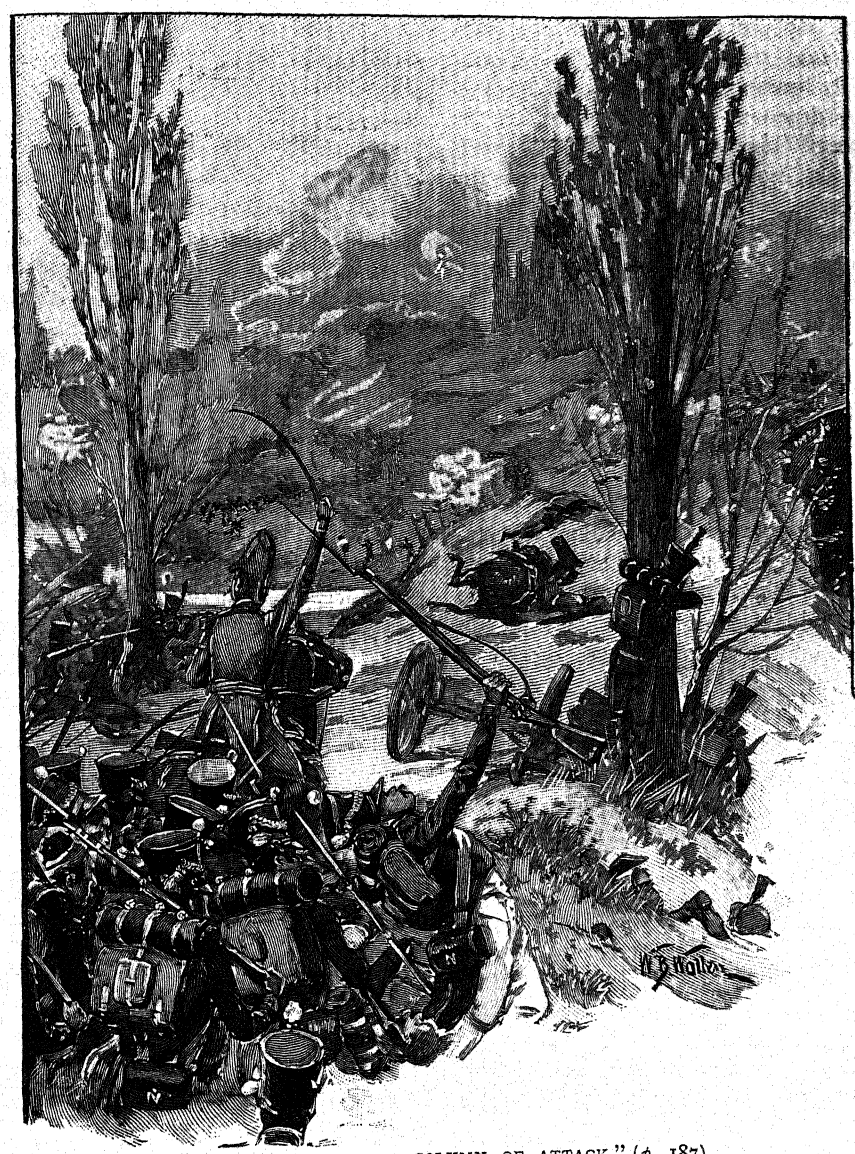
The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were present with the allied armies, which had entered on the campaign under the command of the veteran Kutusof. Kutusof was dead, however, though this was not publicly made known for fear of the influence the fact might have on the superstitious minds of the Russian soldiery. It was given out that he was absent, and the supreme command was placed in the hands of Count Wittgenstein, who had as chief of the staff General Diebitch, afterwards so well known in the Turkish war of 1828. The allied generals, well served in reconnaissance by their numerous cavalry, were aware of all the movements of the French army, and had detected Napoleon's scheme of attacking Leipsic. They had conceived the apparently very feasible plan of falling on the flank of the long-drawn-out French columns as they passed over the great Lutzen plain. Knowing their immense superiority in cavalry, they considered that they would easily break up a newly-raised infantry which had with it hardly enough squadrons to perform ordinary scouting duties. If they could succeed in penetrating the French line of march, they considered that Napoleon must inevitably suffer a shattering disaster. It was therefore arranged that, on the night of the 1st May, the Russo-Prussian forces should cross the Elster at Zwenkau and Pegau, and should be directed on the group of villages south of Lutzen, the very villages near which the French emperor had placed Ney's corps. Excellent as their plan was, however, it failed in one of the data on which it was founded. It was supposed that no great force would oppose them in the villages, as only a few bivouac fires, such as those of ordinary outposts, had been seen in their neighbourhood, and, till the crash of battle came, it was unknown that five strong divisions were lying hidden behind them, formed and ready for action.

Let us examine the position held by Marshal Ney, on the maintenance of which in French hands depended the chance of victory for the French army. Flowing northward through the plain towards Lutzen are two streams—the Flossgraben and the Rippach. Between them, south of Lutzen, are the five villages—Gross-Gorschen, the most southerly; Rahna and Klein-Gorschen, a little farther to the north; Starsiedel, towards the west; and Kaya, towards the north-east near the course of the Flossgraben. The three first named lie in a slight depression of ground, cut up by streamlets bordered with trees, which form here and there pools for watering cattle and eventually discharge their waters into the Flossgraben. Starsiedel and Kaya both stand on rising ground.

The allied forces which were about to pour themselves on this position were 24,000 men, under Count Wittgenstein in person and General d'York, who had commanded the Prussian contingent of Napoleon's army in the advance against Russia, and had been the first to

desert the emperor when misfortune overtook him. After crossing the Elster, these leaders joined Blücher, who had with him 25,000 men. In support were 18,000 of reserves, and the Russian Imperial Guard. Some 12,000 or 13,000 cavalry, under Wintzingerode, had covered the movement of the infantry and artillery, and were now prepared to complete the success which seemed to await the decisive action of the combined army. Besides these, another corps of 12,000 men, under Miloradovich, was operating farther to the south, and might be expected to come into line in time for the coming battle.

The Russo-Prussian army rested its right flank on the Flossgraben and its left on the ravine through which the Rippach flows, and, as it deployed its long, dense columns, the Emperor Alexander and the King Frederick William rode through its ranks, encouraging their soldiers and receiving their enthusiastic acclamations. The two monarchs then placed themselves on an eminence commanding the battle-field, from which they could watch the fortunes of the day.



"HE THEN FORMED A COLUMN OF ATTACK" (*p.* 187).

Of Ney's corps the most advanced division was that of General Souham, a man who had grown grey in war, imposing in appearance by his great stature, cool, determined, and of

undaunted courage. The division was formed near Gross-Gorschen. Not till about ten o'clock was there any sign of the approaching storm, but at that hour the advanced sentries could see the long blue lines near the Flossgraben, which the old soldiers in the ranks recognised as regiments of the enemy, deploying from column of march. On the other side, near the Rippach, the glint of the sun on brass and steel showed the presence of the dragoons and cuirassiers of the Russian Imperial Guard, while the black clouds that wheeled and hovered near and far were the pulks of Cossacks, whose name even then was one of dread to Western Europe. To the young soldiers of France who had not been three months under arms, it seemed that all was lost, and that it would be impossible for them to hold their ground against such odds till help came.

The fiery Blücher, though bearing the weight of seventy years, commanded the first line of the attack on the French with all the vigour and impetuosity of youth, with all the patriotic enthusiasm which animated the soldiers of Germany. Covered by the fire of twenty-four guns and supported on the left near Starsiedel by the Russian cavalry, his leading division advanced; but Souham stood fast with his men formed in squares, for, young as they were, they could not have been trusted in a looser formation. The French artillery, inferior in numbers, replied to the Prussian fire, but was unable to subdue the torrents of grape that tore through the French ranks, and whose every discharge was followed by the ominous order from Souham and his officers, "Close your ranks," as gaps were made in the serried masses. The conscripts fought like veterans, and, when the Prussian infantry charged with loud cries of "*Vaterland! Vaterland!*" repulsed them once and again, but, decimated by the ruthless artillery fire, threatened on their right by powerful squadrons, they gave way and fell back from Gross-Gorschen to Rahna and Klein-Gorschen. The cavalry, which had menaced them, thought to convert the retreat into a rout and swept down from Starsiedel; but General Girard's division, supported by the divisions of Generals Marchand, Ricard, and Brenier, received the hostile squadrons with so steady and deadly a fire that they drew rein and retired. The divisions of Souham and Girard then occupied Klein-Gorschen and Rahna, and for the time checked the further advance of the Prussian infantry.

Rallied in their new position, the brigades of Souham regained all their original steadiness, and, with Girard's division formed on their right, were again prepared for vigorous resistance. The watercourses, enclosures, and ponds, which were the main features of the villages, became important means of defence, and the long-experienced generals of the French army knew well how to make the most of the advantages they offered. The general situation was changed, moreover, and fresh confidence put into the young soldiers by the arrival of Marshal Marmont, who, with his arm in a sling from a recent wound, debouched near Starsiedel with the divisions of Generals Campans and Bonnet. These two divisions were at once formed in a series of squares, and occupied all the ground between Girard's right and Starsiedel. Campans's division was composed entirely of marines, who had been drafted from their service afloat and the seaport garrisons to swell the ranks of the field-army; and nobly did these men maintain the maritime honour of France in one of her mightiest conflicts ashore. As they came under the terrible fire of the Prussian batteries, they bore themselves proudly and unflinchingly, giving back no step of ground and securing the right of the army with soldierly persistence. When the allied sovereigns and Blücher saw the new and firm attitude of their enemy, it became evident to them that the French had not been so much surprised as they had hoped would be the case, and that it would be no easy task to carry the villages now so strongly held. But Blücher, undaunted by any obstacles and recognising that victory could alone be gained by forcing the French centre, left their flanks to be neutralised by the allied cavalry, and hurled himself at the head of fresh troops—Ziethen's division, supported on right and left by two of d'York's divisions—against Klein-Gorschen and Rahna.

Furious was this second assault, and the battle became a series of independent struggles between detached bodies, in the defence and attack of each incident of the scene which offered a post of vantage. In houses, gardens, enclosures, across watercourses, from tree to tree in the groves, the stalwart Germans and the French recruits fought it out hand to hand. There was no time to load, and the issue was to be decided with the bayonet. Backwards and forwards the combatants swayed, but, bravely as they struggled, boys could not stand against men. Klein-Gorschen and Rahna were carried by Blücher and his sturdy followers, and the

débris of the two divisions which had defended the villages fell back towards Kaya and Starsiedel. *Débris* they were indeed. When the roll was called, scarce a third of each company replied "Present." The centre of the French line was rudely shaken, but still Souham and Girard were able again to re-form under cover of Kaya, held by Brenier and Ricard, and Starsiedel, where Campans's marines and Bonnet's division still stood immovable and defiant.

It seemed as though the impassioned vehemence of Blücher, the patriotic ardour and courage of the soldiers who followed him, were destined to success in driving the great wedge of attack into the heart of the French army; but at this moment a new and tremendous force, though it was only the magnetic personality of one man, appeared in the field against them. Marshal Ney, whom we have seen with Napoleon near Leipsic, now arrived at a gallop to assume the command of the army corps, which had hitherto been battling without him. The presence of the hero of countless battlefields, the victor of Elchingen, the great Prince de la Moskowa, the noblest of the rear-guard in the dread retreat over the frozen steppes of Russia, was like a draught of strong wine to the men who were staggering under their enemy's fierce attack. The very aspect of the marshal's face, whose every feature told of uncompromising energy, the vivid lightning of his eye, the rudely-cut upturned nose, the massive dominant jaw, inspired confidence, and the athletic, powerful frame seemed a tower of strength which no force could overthrow.

Ney at once grasped his *corps d'armée* in his strong hand. Marchand's division he detached across the Flossgraben towards the hamlet of Eisdorf to threaten the enemy's right and to effect a junction with Macdonald, whose arrival on the field could not now be long delayed. He himself, at the head of the divisions of Brenier and Ricard, pressed forward to retake the villages which had been abandoned. But the Prussians had already left the villages behind them, and the line of French bayonets crashed into Blücher's men at the foot of the eminence on which Kaya stands. If the Prussians fought to restore the dignity of their country, so long ground beneath the heel of Napoleon, the French generals, officers, and men fought with equal desperation to maintain the glory of their loved France and reassert her predominance in Europe. But nothing could resist the leadership of Ney. Death passed him by on every hand, and, while others fell on his right and left, he seemed invulnerable. Forward he pressed and ever forward till at last the bloodstained ruins of Klein-Gorschen and Rahna were again in the possession of Brenier and Ricard, the relics of Souham's and Girard's divisions following hard on their forward track; and, despite every effort of Blücher, the Prussians were hurled back upon Gross-Gorschen.

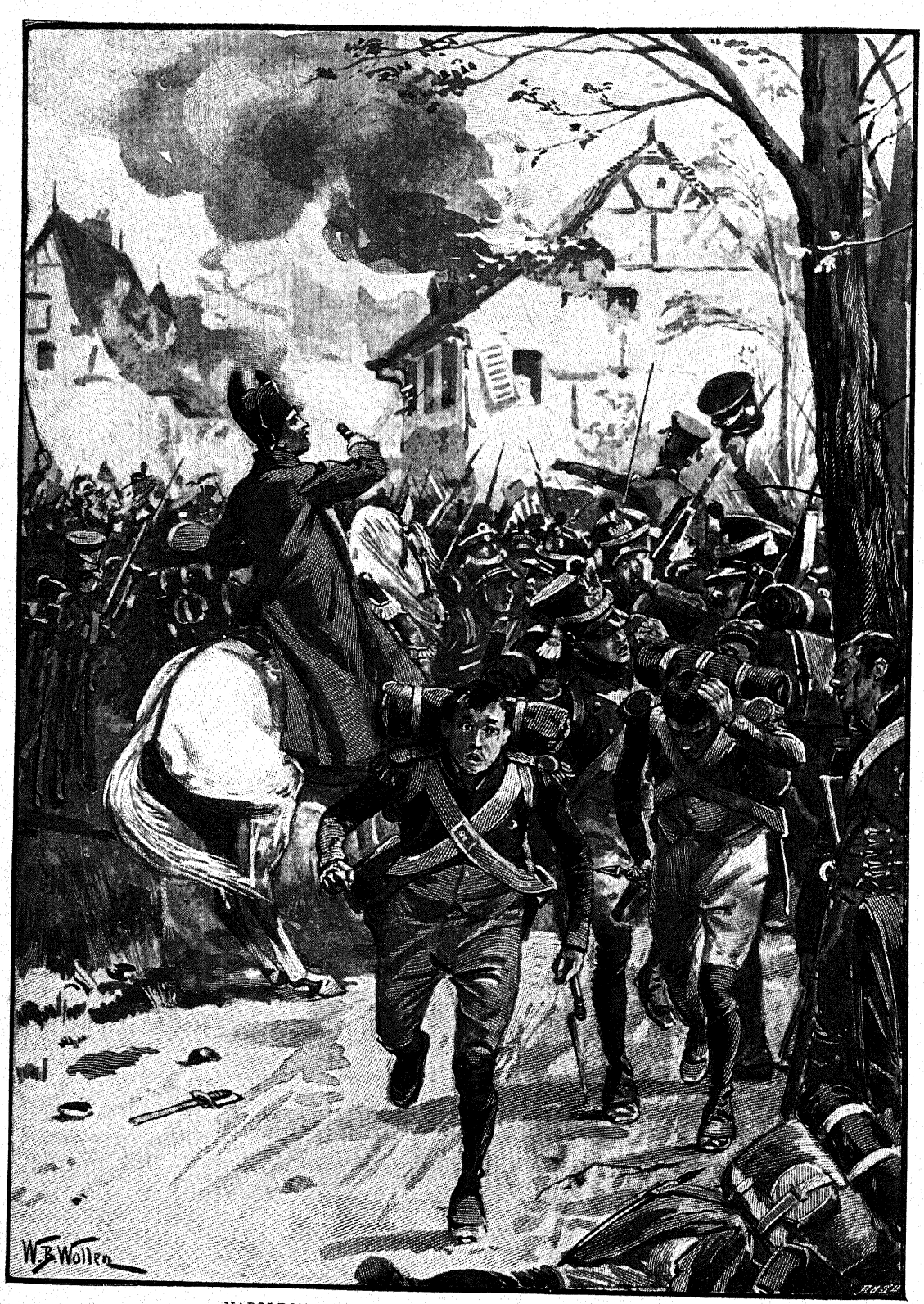
The French supports began to close at last on the scene of conflict. Macdonald and Prince Eugène were following the east bank of the Flossgraben and approaching Eisdorf, the Guard was hurrying towards the north of Kaya, and though the head of Bertrand's columns was not yet in sight, his early arrival might be counted upon. Napoleon himself rode on to the field of one of the bloodiest engagements in modern war. The personal presence of the greatest general of the time was allowed by his adversaries to be worth at least ten thousand men; and his soldiers, believing that where he was defeat could not be, hailed his appearance as a presage of victory. Still the determination of Blücher and his resources were not exhausted, though division after division had crumbled to pieces in his hands, while they sacrificed themselves in following where he led. The Prussian Royal Guard and reserves had not yet been engaged, and Blücher called upon them in turn to conquer or die. On his right he sent two battalions across the Flossgraben to check the head of Macdonald's advancing columns. On his left he launched the cavalry of the Royal Guard against Marmont's squares, and in the centre he placed himself at the head of the tall Pomeranian Grenadiers to attempt a last attack on the position which had so long defied him. Again Frenchman and German closed in the shock of deadly strife. Against the furious charges of Prussian cavalry, supported by Wintzingerode's squadrons, Marmont's squares remained unbroken, like iron citadels, vomiting fire from their living walls. No check could be given on the right to Macdonald and Prince Eugène, but in the centre the four divisions of Ney's corps, already rudely handled and battle-weary, gave way before Blücher. Klein-Gorschen and Rahna were carried for the second time. The German leader was severely wounded in the assault, but, refusing to quit the field, the old warrior gave his men no breathing-space and pressed up the slope towards Kaya. Even there the French could not again rally in time, and the last village, the key of the position, was at last wrested from them.

The French centre was pierced, and, if the Russian army had at once followed in support of the conquering Prussians, the day would have been lost to Napoleon. But the movements of allies always lack unison, and the opportunity which had been gained by the determined gallantry of Blücher was lost by the inactivity of the Russian commanders. Napoleon's cool glance marked that the Prussian Guard, though for the time successful, was shaken by its advance, and that no fresh troops were behind them. Riding into the midst of the shattered bands of conscripts and exclaiming, "Young men, I have counted on you to save the empire, and are you flying?" he succeeded in restoring some order. Ricard's division had suffered less than the others, and was still in battle formation. To its head he sent Count Lobau, one of his most trusted generals, bidding him lead it again into the fight. It was a last despairing effort. The emperor had no longer under his hand the eighty squadrons, led by the brilliant Murat, which, in similar circumstances, he had been able to launch at his foe at Eylau and Borodino. These had perished in the Russian snows. He was obliged to trust his fate to battalions of half-drilled, weakly, inexperienced boys, already shaken by heavy loss and worn out by fatigue. And the boys failed him not. Inflamed by the warrior spirit of their country, they responded gallantly to the appeals of their emperor and the leadership of Count Lobau. With the bayonet they fell upon the Prussians, who had so lately driven them back. The divisions of Souham and Grenier also rallied in their attenuated ranks under the mastery of Ney's adamantine energy, and again plunged into the fight. Welcome sound to French ears, the roar of guns was heard on their left flank. It was Macdonald, who at last was making his presence felt on the other side of the Flossgraben. Far away on their right deep columns were deploying into fighting formation, relieving the pressure on Marmont's corps. Bertrand had arrived, and from both flanks the allies were exposed to a cross fire. Over a front of two leagues the carnage raged. Even the oldest of the warriors present had never seen an issue so bitterly contested, none that had demanded such a tribute of death.



COSSACK OUTPOST.

The last charge of Ney's corps carried all before it. The Prussian Guard reeled back, and Kaya, the key of the position, was lost to Blücher. A vast crescent of fire was now in front of the allied army, but still, if the centre of that crescent could be cut through, its horns could be held of comparatively little consequence. They must fall back if their connection was destroyed. Although 40,000 men had been expended by Blücher, there still remained the corps of Wittgenstein untouched, the corps of d'York, which had suffered little, and the infantry of the Russian Imperial Guard. It was six o'clock in the evening, and the effort must be made at once or not at all. Wittgenstein



NAPOLEON RALLYING THE CONSCRIPTS AT LUTZEN.

decided to make it, and led the fresh troops over the ground where lay the piles of French and German dead and wounded which marked where the tide of success had ebbed and flowed. Masses of cavalry supported the movement, and, under Wintzingerode, neutralised the French right. Macdonald's infantry had not yet been able to come into action, and the allied advance was, for a time, unchecked. But what is that long line of bearskins crowning the height stretching from Starsiedel to Kaya? what are those six steady masses in the rear? what is that huge battery whirling into action? It is the infantry and artillery of Napoleon's Imperial Guard, which has at last arrived. Sixteen battalions of the Young Guard are in columns of attack, under Dumoutier, supported by six battalions of the Old Guard. Druot is putting eighty guns into action. No one can conceive the paralysing effect upon a foe of the appearance of the invincible French Guard. Trained by twenty years of war—survivors of all the campaigns from the revolutionary times till the great successes of the empire—their eagles have always looked on victory, and, in fair field, they have never yet met their superiors. They have just arrived from Leipsic, and have been marshalled under Napoleon's own eye. Now their stately advance pauses to give Druot time to pour a shower of grape and cannon-balls on Wittgenstein and d'York, and now again they move forward with levelled bayonets and set, determined faces. Vain is now the bravery of Wittgenstein and d'York, vain the hopes of Alexander and Frederick William. Shattered by the combined artillery and infantry fire, their troops stand still, waver, recoil.

The steady squares on the French right throw back the cavalry of Wintzingerode, the serried columns in the centre, flanked by Druot's artillery and Macdonald's infantry which is now in line, press against the Russian battalions, and now the whole allied army must retreat, having permanently gained no foot of ground, no single military advantage during the long day of undaunted effort and patriotic devotion.

But though victory, after hovering doubtful over the combatants, at last rested with Napoleon, though his young army had proved its spirit equal to that of its predecessors which had marched resistless over Europe, no trophies of success could be gathered, no crowds of prisoners swelled the triumph as in the days of bygone conquests. The grand cavalry of the past had disappeared never to be replaced. The pursuit, which alone could have so much demoralised the allies as to render them incapable of future action, was impossible. The Russo-Prussian army retired unmolested, slowly, sullenly, defeated but not finally overmastered, again to gather strength and cohesion. Great and undoubted as was his victory at Lutzen, it was but the prelude to the succession of shocks, which left the edifice of Napoleon's Empire in crumbling ruins.



MARSHAL MACDONALD.

THE TURKS BEFORE ALEXINATZ

AUGUST–OCTOBER 1876

BY G. A. HENTY

IN the year 1876 there had been some serious troubles in Bulgaria. Opinions differed, and always will differ, as to their origin; it may be taken as certain, however, that a partial insurrection broke out on the part of the Christian population of a small district, the movement having been got up and fomented by outside agitators. Many of the Moslem inhabitants were murdered, and in revenge the Turkish Bashi-Bazouks, or irregulars, perpetrated massacres on a much larger scale. These, greatly magnified and exaggerated, created much excitement throughout Europe and aroused a widespread feeling of indignation against Turkey. For a time it seemed that Russia was about to take the opportunity of striking a final blow at her old enemy, but not being fully prepared, her agents incited Servia to declare war against Turkey, although she had no grievance whatever against her neighbour. Large numbers of Russian officers and soldiers, for the most part in civilian dress, made their way to Servia and were throughout the war the backbone of the Servian force.

The Turks, expecting that the first step on the part of the enemy would be the invasion of the district of Widdin, lying upon the Danube, which was completely open to such an attack, collected a force under Osman Pasha for the defence of that district, while another and larger force was assembled at Nisch, near the southern frontier of Servia. After one or two minor skirmishes, in which the Servians were worsted, Osman Pasha took up his position near the river Timok. The country around Widdin, a town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, was for the most part fertile, and showed every sign of prosperity and comfort. In spite of the fact that large numbers of Turkish irregulars had joined Osman Pasha's force, women and girls were working fearlessly in the fields. Herds of cattle grazed peacefully, and the whole aspect of the population showed how utterly unfounded were the reports so industriously spread by the Servian and Russian agents of rapine and murder.

At Adlieh, a large and busy Bulgarian village, some four-and-twenty miles from Widdin, life went on as usual, although the Turkish army was encamped a few miles distant, and parties of men frequently came over to make purchases. No amount of inquiry could elicit a single fact in support of the tales of Turkish atrocity, and indeed the inhabitants scouted the idea that they had any cause of complaint whatever. The consuls and vice-consuls of the various Christian Powers, they said, were so vigilant that no Turkish pasha, however powerful, would venture to extort money, still less to allow violence to be offered to the Christians. They might perhaps grind down their co-religionists, who had no one to take their part; but as for the Christians they had no complaint whatever to make, and the writer can state positively that during the whole of the time he was in Turkey, the story he heard at Adlieh was everywhere repeated, and that he never heard a single tale of ill-treatment from the Christians, or any expressions of discontent with Turkish rule. Indeed, the appearance of the country spoke for itself, and in point of material comfort the condition of the peasantry was at least equal to that of any English agricultural population.

In July the harvest was going on, men and women, and sometimes women without men, were at work reaping the corn with small sickles, while women and girls were busy in the tobacco and maize fields hoeing and earthing-up the plants—and this within sound of the guns of the combatants. Masses of yellow and white camomile, blue and yellow cornflowers, white convolvulus, and madder, rose campion, yellow rockets, blue larkspurs, yellow moss dragons, and

borage and bluish-white hollyhocks, covered the tracks of uncultivated ground. Herds of cattle, sheep and goats, and a great many horses, fed untended, and a prettier and more peaceful scene could scarcely be imagined. Near Adlieh the undulated ground rose into hills, and thence on to the Timok low ranges of undulations succeeded each other. In the neighbourhood of the village was a brigade of Turkish regulars, under Fazli Pasha, and a still larger number of irregulars, all under canvas, not one of them being quartered in the village.

Hostilities began in earnest on July 20th; the Servians crossed the river in two columns and moved in the direction of Adlieh, passing the flank of Osman Pasha's forces at Izvor. Osman faced his troops round and engaged the Servians, while Fazli moved out with his brigade and fell upon their flank. For some time the Servian infantry fought fairly, but when two squadrons of Circassian horsemen charged down upon them they were seized with a panic; two battalions threw away their arms and fled wildly, and the rest at once gave way before the advance of the Turks and retreated to the village of Zaichar, where they had already thrown up some earthworks. Zaichar stood on steeply-rising ground with the Timok winding round its foot; and as so far Osman had received no orders to cross the Timok, there was for a time a pause in hostilities, broken only by a musketry fire across the river by the skirmishers. The fortnight that followed, however, greatly strengthened the Turks. At the outbreak of hostilities the Servians had already placed under arms about 120,000 men. Against these the Turks were for a time able to oppose only from 15,000 to 18,000 men at Nisch, while Osman had but some 5,000 troops at Widden.

Had the Servians possessed the slightest amount of energy or military skill they could have placed 30,000 men to hold the Turks at Nisch in check, have poured 80,000 across the Timok into Bulgaria, and have marched almost unopposed across the country to Varna, capturing Widdin and Rustchuk on their way. It is probable, however, that the fact that this success would have disclosed to all Europe the utter falsity of the pretext Servia had made for declaring war against Turkey—namely, that the latter had collected a great army with the intention of invading her—had something to do with the inactivity displayed. The complete defeat of the division that had encountered the Turks at Izvor had also, no doubt, a cooling effect upon Servian enthusiasm. They had lost in that battle some 2,000 men and five cannons, and the fugitives reported that Osman Pasha had at least 25,000 men; whereas, in fact, including Fazli's brigade, he had only some 8,000 men engaged. In another direction the Servians had attempted an advance: 6,000 men crossed the frontier and took up their post at Palanka, thereby interposing between Sofia and Nisch, but were attacked and defeated with a loss, as acknowledged by themselves, of considerably over 2,000. Other raids had been made, but these partook rather of the character of brigandage than of regular warfare.

On the 1st of August the Turkish army at Nisch advanced up the valley towards Alexinatz; but Osman's force, which was now considerably increased in strength, remained inactive, to their great disgust. Their contempt for the Servians was now supreme, for six battalions of the latter that had crossed the river had been utterly routed by a single Turkish battalion, and there was a confident feeling among officers and men that if Osman received orders to do so they were perfectly capable of marching unaided to Belgrade, even if the whole Servian army barred the way. On the 7th of August some two hundred Circassians, four battalions of infantry, and three guns, marched some four miles up the Timok and there crossed, the Circassians galloping on ahead. Presently they came to a village occupied by a considerable number of Servian troops; these fired their muskets and fled, but numbers were cut down by the wild horsemen, who pushed on until close to Zaichar itself. The Servian batteries, some eight or ten in number, opened fire. Osman's guns replied, and a vigorous cannonade was kept up for half an hour. A larger force of Circassians now crossed the river, and being strengthened by two squadrons of regular Turkish cavalry, crossing this time by a ford in front of Zaichar, enter the place without opposition, the entire Servian force having retired as soon as the first Circassians had shown themselves.

The Circassians at once scattered over the country round to plunder, and soon returned with great numbers of cattle, sheep, and goats, the greater proportion of which were at once sent off under small escorts to their distant villages. The Turkish officers and the men of the regular army were full of indignation at this wholesale plunder. The Circassians,

indeed, were, throughout the campaign, responsible for the greater portion of the deeds charged to the discredit of the Turks. They had been brought over and settled in Bulgaria at the time of the conquest of Circassia by the Russians. They retained all their primitive savagery, were wholly undisciplined, and fought solely for plunder. As irregular cavalry they were extremely useful; absolutely fearless of danger, they would start in little parties of twenty or so and traverse the enemy's country, utterly disregarding the stringent orders of the Turkish generals against plundering, ill-treatment of the natives, or firing houses. Smoke from burning villages marked their path, and they would return loaded with plunder. Nothing could escape their keen vision, and as the eyes of the army they were invaluable.



A CIRCASSIAN.

The Turkish soldier, on the other hand, is obedient to orders, wholly adverse to violence, patient in hardship, easy and good-tempered to an extent unequalled by the soldier of any other army in Europe; and throughout the war the writer never witnessed a single Turkish soldier engaged in plundering. Surprise was freely expressed among the Turkish officers that Osman Pasha, who was a strict and strong commander, did not punish the Circassians for their disobedience of orders, but had he done so it is certain that the whole of these troops would at once have ridden away to their villages, and the influence of their compatriots at Constantinople would have been amply sufficient to have caused the Turkish general to be recalled in disgrace.

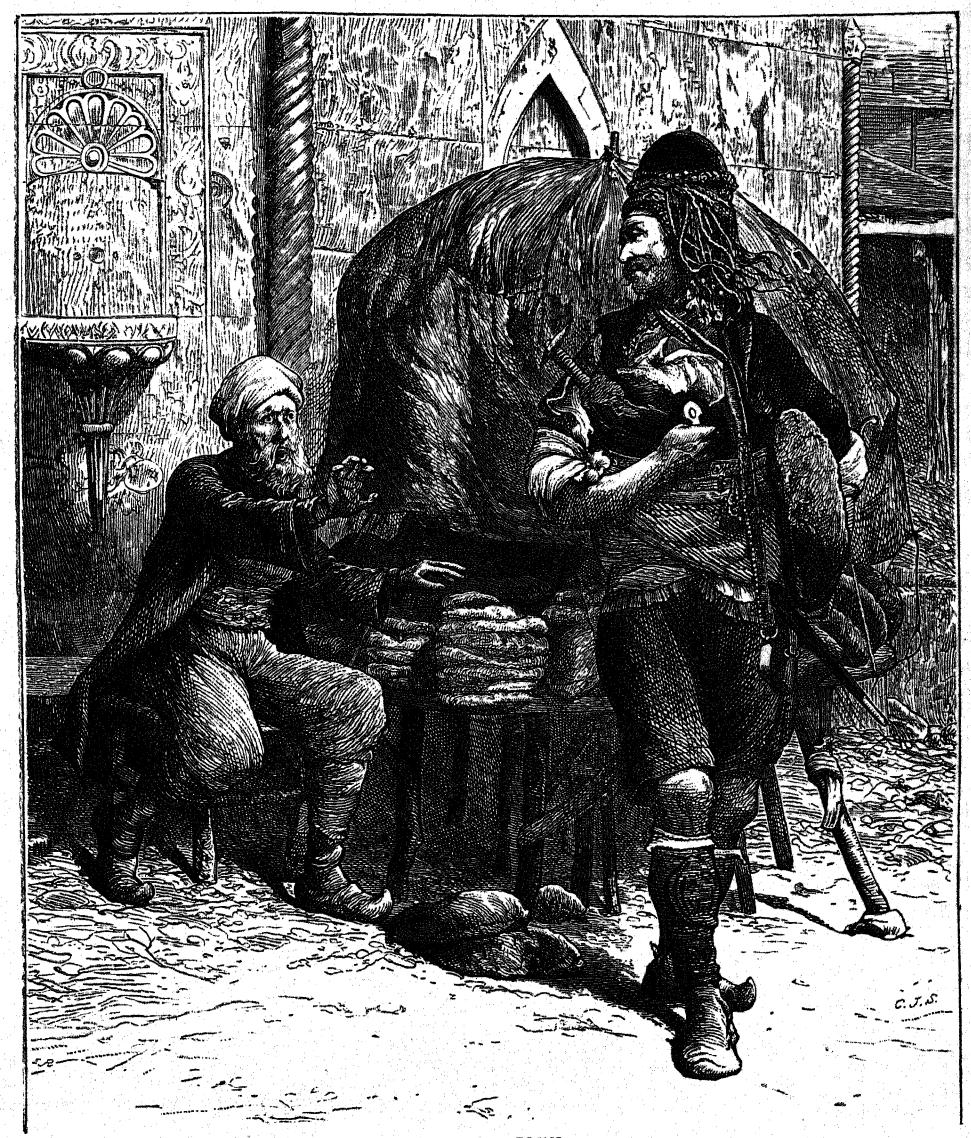
The next morning Zaichar was occupied. It was a pretty place covering a considerable extent of ground, for the houses, with the exception of those in two or three of the principal streets, stood in orchards. On the 13th of August, Fazli Pasha received an order to take twelve battalions of infantry, a squadron of cavalry and two batteries, and to march through Servia and join the army of Ayoub Pasha before Alexinatz, towards which place it was crawling along by slow stages.

The march led through a remarkably pretty country, and was wholly unopposed: the villages were deserted, the whole population having apparently fled as soon as the news came that the Turks were advancing from Zaichar. The transport was miserably insufficient, and the only food taken forward was hard baked bread, and the supply of this was very insufficient for the needs of the force. The Turks eked out their scanty rations by gathering heads of maize and roasting them in the ashes of the fires. Occasionally they obtained a supply of grapes from the vineyards, but these were but exceptional feasts, and for the most part they subsisted entirely upon this stone-like bread and water. Only one place larger than a village was passed. When the troops entered it, it was already in flames, the work of the plundering Circassians, who had attached themselves to the column, and who were raiding the whole country around. The last two days' march led across very heavy country, where a few hundred resolute men could have made a long stand, but resolute men were scarce in Servia and the force marched on in high spirits, notwithstanding scanty rations and long marches. At last the division encamped—or rather bivouacked, for they had no tents—on a sort of plateau a few hundred yards across, rising from a plain and dominated by several eminences within easy shot.

In front was a valley, beyond which rose a steep wooded hill, and from the camp one of the forts erected to protect Alexinatz from attacks by a force advancing east could be seen. Ayoub Pasha had not yet arrived in the valley on the other side of Alexinatz, but was still two days' march away. The position, had the Servians

possessed any vigour, would have been a perilous one, as the great bulk of the Servian army lay within four miles of us, and there was plenty of time for them to have thrown themselves upon Fazli's force before Ayoub could prevent any attack upon the main body. He had skirmishes with the enemy, whom he found holding several positions on the face of the hill.

After their flank was secured, the main division marched forward. All went well until they



A BASHI-BAZOUK.

have arrived to his assistance. Fazli had no idea of awaiting an attack; and, leaving his baggage carts at the spot he had decided to occupy, he started at once to reconnoitre the forts on the hill behind Alexinatz, and, if he saw an opportunity, to make a dash at them. Emin Bey, with a regiment of foot, went on in advance, passing through a large and very thick bush, his mission being to clear the heights and to reached an almost impenetrable forest which covered the last two miles to be traversed. Here progress was made very slowly, and the leading battalion arrived alone at the edge of a clear space, some five hundred yards across, which served as a glacis to the fort. They at once attacked and drove off a body of Servians posted there. An order was sent to them to prepare a place for the artillery to throw up a

parapet and clear the approaches. The battalion, which was known as that of Silistria, had a friendly rivalry with another battalion as to which would be first engaged, and seized the first chance offering itself. The men thought then that this was the opportunity—there was the fort and there was their enemy; the natural conclusion was, let us go and take it. The men at once requested leave of their major to go on and attack the fort. The major entered into the spirit of the thing, and, placing himself at the head of the battalion, advanced alone and unsupported with the reckless feeling of an Irishman entering a scrimmage of whose merits he neither knows nor cares anything.

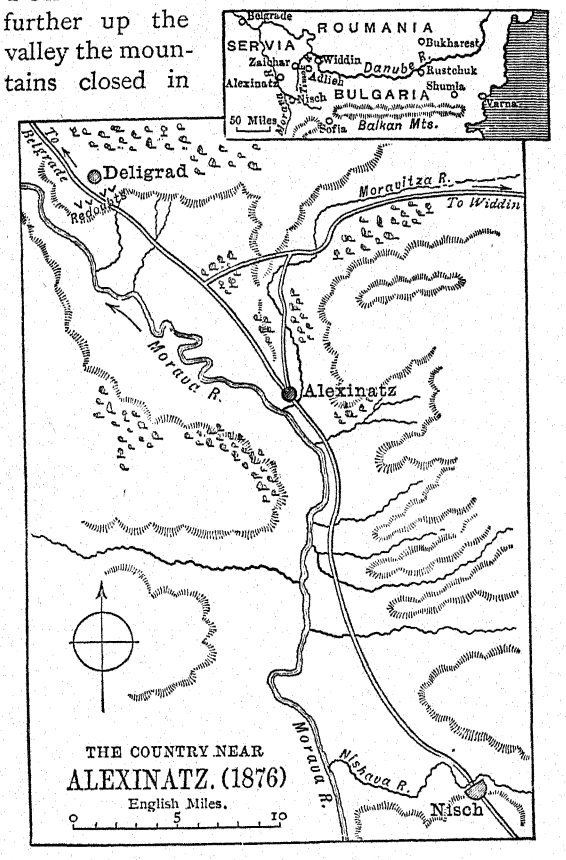
Advancing in open order, they found themselves under a very heavy cross-fire from the fort and from batteries supporting it, while a rolling fire of musketry broke out from trenches round the work. The Turks were to some extent sheltered from the musketry fire by the fact that the ground rose in steps, but the shell burst among and around them thick and fast. They kept on, however, until they reached a depression within fifty yards of the fort, and here they took shelter, being so close under its guns that these could not be depressed sufficiently to play upon them; and from here they kept up a continuous fire against the Servians in the trenches. The battalion was but halfway across the glacis when Ahmet Pasha, who commanded the brigade, arrived at the edge of the wood with two more battalions; he pushed forward one on each side of the ridge so as to support as much as possible the Silistria battalion by keeping up a heavy musketry fire upon the fort, while that battalion was ordered by bugle to retreat.

Presently a man made his way back to say that they could not retreat without being altogether destroyed, but that if they had another two battalions with them, they could take the fort. Fazli Pasha himself had now come up, and with immense difficulty brought a battery of artillery to the edge of the wood and opened fire on the fort. But all the Servian guns that could be brought to bear opened up upon the battery, with such effect that it suffered very heavily and could not have maintained its position had not night been at hand. Two more battalions were now pushed forward, and their fire enabled the Silistria battalion to hold its position until nightfall, when it made its way back, having lost in killed and wounded nearly two hundred men. The supporting battalions and the artillery also suffered heavily. The position of the division that night was a painful one: the forest was so thick that even in the daytime it was difficult to make one's way through the trees, and at night the darkness was absolute.

The force was therefore obliged to remain where they were when darkness fell until morning; then seeing a large force advancing from Alexinatz, Fazli marched back to the spot where he had left his waggons. This position protected the flank of Ahmet Pasha's army, which the next day came up the valley of the Morava. On the following day a very strong force of Servians, who had come out by a circuitous route from Alexinatz, advanced in four or five columns to attack Fazli in his isolated position. A breastwork had been thrown up round the knoll, and in a short time six batteries opened fire upon it from different points, while the Servian infantry advanced in skirmishing order supported by a strong column. Fazli did not wait for attack, but launched his infantry to meet them, while his artillery engaged the Servian battery. The fight, however, was never very serious: the Servians would not stand the Turkish advance, though willing to maintain themselves on broken ground and to keep up their fire until the Turks got into movement; and the day closed without any decisive result. The next day the Servians were reinforced by five or six battalions and some more artillery, and the shell fell thick and fast into the camp. The loss, however, of the Turks was much less than might have been expected, for the soil was deep and the shell sunk so far into it before exploding that but few men were killed. Several times the Servians crept up close, under shelter of the brushwood, but each time the Turks dashed out and drove them back. Reinforced by fresh battalions, the Servians again and again attempted to storm the position, but never succeeded in reaching the breastwork. The fighting lasted from eleven in the morning until seven at night, when the Turks took the offensive in earnest and drove the Servians in disorder far away into the hills. On the same day the Servians attacked the division of Assiz Pasha, which formed the connecting link between Fazli and the division of Hassan Pasha down in the valley: but in each case they were repulsed with heavy loss.

Two days later Fazli Pasha descended into the valley of the Morava, crossed the river on two trestle bridges, and then ascended the hill facing Alexinatz—the Servians, disheartened

by their defeats, making no attempt to interfere with the movement. Alexinatz stood on the slopes of the opposite hill: it was a place of no importance, and was simply a large village round which fortifications were erected for the defence of the valley of the Morava. The capture of the hills facing the place opened that valley to the Turks, but at the same time they could scarcely move forward and leave the Servian army gathered round Alexinatz in their rear. Ten miles further up the valley the mountains closed in



on either side of the river, and here a number of very formidable redoubts had been erected by the Servians under the direction of their Russian officers.

Two days later the Turks attacked the Servians, who in strong force occupied the hill higher up the valley. Their position was covered by the fire of seven redoubts, and for some time the fight was simply an artillery duel.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the infantry advanced. The Servians held their positions with some obstinacy, but gradually fell back at the Turkish advance. At last, however, the Turks went forward in earnest, and the Servians very speedily broke into flight; their redoubts were all captured, and they were driven across the river. The Turkish loss was 400, that of the Servians three times that amount. For a week nothing was done, and the position of the Turks deteriorated, as the Servians, now threatened in no other direction, were able to concentrate their whole force to oppose them; and fully a hundred thousand were gathered within a short distance of Alexinatz. The Turkish general was an utterly incapable man and wholly unable to come to any decision whatever; indeed, a more perverse, feeble, and obstinate old man was never in command of an army. A sudden rush would have certainly resulted in the capture of Alexinatz, although the position was an exceedingly strong one. The fortifications were at first formidable, and had been immensely strengthened during the last fortnight.

The Turks had consequently become rather the besieged than the besiegers. Bands of Servians frequently moved along the hills on their side of the river, coming down into the valley and cutting the Turkish communications with Nisch; and several times considerable forces advanced from Alexinatz as if to attack in earnest. They never pushed these home, however. The most serious one was made on the Turkish rear by some 20,000 men, who, covered by a heavy fire from twenty-eight guns, pushed up nearly to the Turkish trenches. The musketry, however, brought them to a standstill, and, in spite of the efforts of their officers, they began to fall back. As soon as they did so six battalions of Turks advanced against them, The Servians retreated rapidly until they reached a wood, where they made a stand. After wasting a good deal of powder the Turks again advanced, drove the enemy through the wood down into a valley and up into another wood, where they were largely reinforced and made a fresh stand. The Turks, however, were not to be denied, and pushed the enemy far up the hillside fully two miles beyond the farthest point to which their advance had previously extended. The Servian loss was over 1,500 men; indeed, some estimated it at fully double that amount.

There had now been some fourteen engagements, more or less serious, and in every one the Servians had been defeated with ridiculous ease; and the Turks were of opinion that they were fully a match for them at the odds of one to three. They gained nothing, however, by their successes, being altogether paralysed by the incapacity of their general, and the delay was the more provoking inasmuch as it was known

that the European Powers were exerting great pressure upon Turkey and endeavouring to put a stop to hostilities, which, if continued, were certain to attain much more serious dimensions. The Turkish soldier knew nothing of this. His view of the matter was that he had an army of men whom he absolutely despised in front of him. He had been called out by a most wanton attack by these men. He had been taken from the matter been left to the generals of divisions, there would not have been a delay of more than twenty-four hours before Alexinatz; and before the European Powers had had time to think of remonstrating, the Turks would have been in possession of the Servian capital. The bitterness of feeling on their part was not directed against the Servians, but against the Russians, who were the real authors of the war and who used



"RUSSIAN OFFICERS COULD BE SEEN THRASHING THE MEN WITH THE FLATS OF THEIR SWORDS."

his family and his home, and as he considered himself in a position to thrash the enemy to his heart's content, to march to their capital, and to dictate any terms the Porte might choose, he failed to comprehend what seemed to him the mysterious delay in operations. The feelings of the soldiers were more than shared by the officers, and the commander-in-chief, Kerim Pasha, and Ahmet, the general of the army, shared between them the blame of the delay.

Both were indeed utterly unfit for their position—Kerim was not only old, but so fat as to be almost incapable of walking a dozen yards. Ahmet was incapable, intensely lazy and irresolute, but at the same time obstinate. Had Servia as a catspaw. As later on in Bulgaria the Russians came to be hated by the Bulgarians with a passion that had never been excited by the Turks, so in Servia the overbearing behaviour of the Russian officers was already rendering them intensely unpopular. Their principal offence, however, was that they endeavoured to force the Servians to do what they most objected to—namely, to fight.

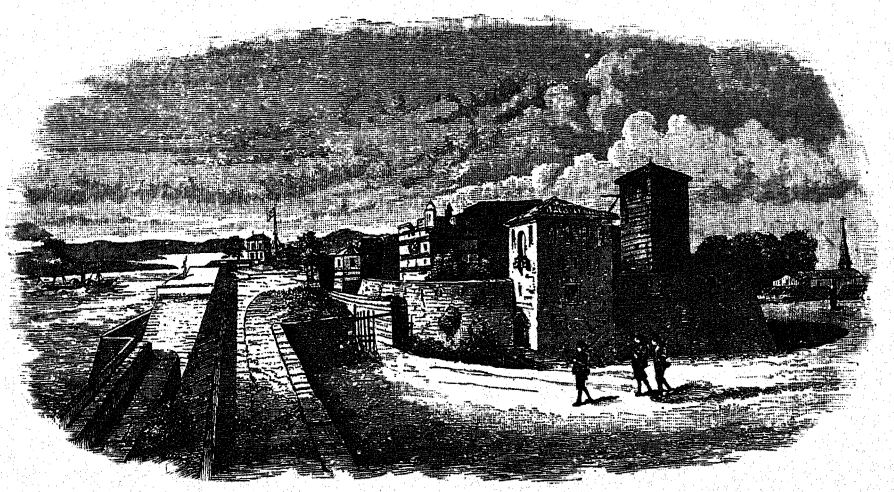
In many of the encounters the Russian officers could be seen thrashing the men with the flats of their swords and driving them before them like sheep. They themselves showed extraordinary gallantry, exposing themselves with absolute recklessness under the heaviest fire, in the hope of animating their men. To

them the disappointment had been bitter, thousands of Russian soldiers had gone down to Servia in the full belief that the braggadocio of the Servians meant something, and that the whole of Bulgaria was ready to rise against what they had been told was the horrible tyranny of the Turks, and their disappointment was naturally extreme.

Day by day skirmishing and occasionally severe fighting went on, but beyond the loss of life caused, nothing came of it. In spite of their hardy nature and excellent constitution, the ranks of the Turks had been thinned by maladies brought on by the insanitary state of their camps, by tainted water, and bad and insufficient food; and undoubtedly a serious outbreak would have taken place had the army been kept much longer on the same ground. But, unknown to the Turks before Alexinatz, the efforts of the Powers to put a stop to a state of things that was certain ere long to bring Russia into the field, were approaching success. Russia was arming, and would, it was certain, ere long be ready to take the field in support of the situation she had created and which had so disappointed her expectations.

In every town Slavonic committees had been formed for sending volunteers to Servia. The feeling of hatred to the Turks had been industriously fanned, and in view of the absolute failure of the attempt to overthrow the Turkish power in Bulgaria, the feeling had grown to a point when even the Russian Government could scarcely have submitted to a failure of the hopes it had excited. Thus, then, palpable as was the hardship that Turkey should abstain from punishing the insolent little State that had so wantonly attacked her, and had put her to so great an expense, it was evident that a continuance of the war would involve her in a life-and-death struggle with Russia, and she therefore acceded to the urgent advice of the other Powers and consented to an armistice, the news of which came like a thunderbolt upon the army before Alexinatz.

Never was there a case in which a country was so defrauded of the fruits of victory. Turkey lost all the advantages obtained by her troops; time was given for Russia to prepare for the war upon which she was bent, and the moderation of Turkey was rewarded by an invasion as costly and wanton as that of Servia had been. Servia herself, regardless of the fact that she had been spared by Turkey, had time to reorganise her forces and join Russia against the Power that had spared her; while Europe, which had arrested the arms of Turkey, raised no voice on her behalf when she suffered for having listened to its advice. The treaty that followed the armistice may be considered as a monument of unfairness and of the success attending calumny and misrepresentation.



VIEW IN WIDDIN.

1814-15-16
THE GURKHA WAR

By Lieut: Colonel Newnham-Davis

THE thunders of the cannon of Waterloo were in the ears of Englishmen when Ochterlony beat to their knees the pluckiest soldiers in Asia. In the supreme excitements of Napoleon's struggle and overthrow and the great game of "grab" that followed afterwards at Paris, men had scarcely time or patience to follow the fortunes of the armies which on the north-eastern frontier of India, in one of the most difficult countries in the world, faced by the bravest hill-warriors who ever crossed steel with us, and dogged by the deadly Terai fever, won a great stretch of country for India and changed the fiercest of enemies into the staunchest of friends.

Whenever and wherever in our Asiatic wars the stress has been greatest, whenever the bugles have shrilled for some desperate charge, side by side and shoulder to shoulder with the British soldiers rejoicing in the joy of battle, the little Gurkhas have charged with our men.

On the eastern shoulder of India the long line of the Himalayan snows—those peaks that are giants amongst the mountains of the world—thrust up their white towers and pinnacles to the sky; and from this great barrier ridge after ridge of smaller mountains dip to the dhuns—fertile valleys that lie between the Himalayan foot-hills and an outer barrier of hill, known as the Sandstone range to the south and the Suwaliks further north. Between this outer barrier, through the ravines of which come tearing down the mountain-rivers, and the broad sun-kissed plains of India lies the slope of the Terai, a great grass jungle where it touches the plains—the finest tiger-preserve in the world—and, towards the line of hills, a forest of great trees, where the trunks are so close to each other that the foliage closes overhead and the glades are as dim as the aisle of a great cathedral; where the foot of the traveller sinks deep into the cushion of decaying leaves; where the song of a bird is never heard. It is a silent forest, a dread place where in the hot months a fever almost as deadly as a cobra's bite claims as a victim any one who sleeps in its shade.

From where the Sarda foams round its rocks, rushing from the snows to join the mighty Gogra, to Darjeeling, the British hill-station that looks across the deep valley to the great peak of Kinchinjunga, towering in mid-air, is now the kingdom of Nipal—terai and dhun and mountain; but when the British bayonets clashed with the Gurkha kukris the conquering Nipalese generals had won a broader stretch and held the mountain land as far north as the Sutlej.

Nipal is the hermit kingdom of the world. The great ones of the European world who travel in India in the cold weather are asked as the guests of the king of Nipal to shoot tigers in the terai, and at Khatmandu, the capital, a British Resident, like a caged bird, is held in his walks and rides to the limits of the valley; but, excepting the Resident and his suite and occasional visitors to the capital, who are allowed to journey by one path only, no white man passes that first barrier of sandstone hills.

But every year in the spring the little Gurkhas, the Nipalese hillmen—jovial little fellows, broad-chested and big-limbed, short in stature, with Tartar eyes, noses like pug-dogs, and great good-natured gashes for mouths—flock down to enlist in our regiments. Brave as lions, vain as peacocks, faithful as dogs, with few prejudices in peace and none in war, the Gurkhas are the special friends and companions of our men. The stately Sikh throws away his food if a white man's shadow falls on it, and between Mohammedan and Christian is always the bar of religion; but on a campaign the Gurkha eats his food with as few formalities as Tommy Atkins, drinks his rum, and is good company at the camp fire.

When Captain Younghusband, travelling on the Pamirs with an escort of Gurkhas, met the giant Russian explorer, Gromchefski, the native officer of the little men asked leave to speak to Younghusband. "Tell him," he said, pointing to the big Russian, "that though we are small men, all the rest of the regiment are taller than he is." When, after the assault of Bhurtpore, where the Gurkhas raced with the grenadiers of the 59th for the breach, the British soldiers praised them for their bravery, they returned the compliment by the following characteristic remark:—"The English are as brave as lions; they are splendid sepoys and *very nearly* equal to us."

Those are examples of the vanity of the little men. The mutiny, the Ambeyla campaign, every frontier expedition, have proved their loyalty and gallantry, and when Lord Roberts, the hero of Cabul, had to choose "supporters" for his arms, he placed on one side a private of the Highlanders, on the other a Gurkha sepoy.

But if we are brothers and friends now with the Nipalese, it was not until after a tremendous bout of fisticuffs, that we became so, and so well did the Gurkhas hold their own that they very nearly brought down on us all the great disaffected princes of India.

The Nipalese highlanders, the men of the Gurkha kingdom, a nation of conquerors, looked down from their hills on to the Indian plains, and, conscious of their own strength, longed to try their mettle against the army of India. The cause for a war was soon found. There were some lowlands in dispute. We established police posts to protect our rights, and the Gurkhas came down and murdered our officials and policemen. Lord Hastings, the Governor-General, declared war in the autumn of 1814, the beginning of the cold season.

Both sides knew exactly what was coming, and both were prepared.



LORD HASTINGS.

In the sea of razor-backed hills and single peaks, west of what is now the summer capital of India—Simla—Umar Sing, the best general of Nipal, had his troops. It was the northernmost portion of the Nipalese kingdom, a country of great grassy slopes of a marvellous steepness with rocks breaking through the grass and here and there broad patches of treacherous shale, with on the sheltered slopes stretches of forest, and, where the streams race down the hill-side and tumble in cascades over the rocks, strips of undergrowth like an English copse.

A strangely mixed array Umar Sing had under him, long-nosed Brahmins as well as the pug-nosed little Gurungs and Magars, men in scarlet coats of the cut of those of our infantry and turbans, men in their loose native garb with the little lop-sided cap that is characteristic of Nipal, but all armed with firelocks which put them nearly on an equality with our troops, and with that deadliest of weapons the kukri, the blade of which looks like a crooked laurel-leaf, all fighting on familiar ground, all intensely patriotic.

Opposite to him, with six thousand men—all natives, except the artillery—was General Ochterlony, the man of the campaign.

"Ould Maloney," as the Irish soldiers used to call him—"Loniata," as the natives jumbled his name—had behind him in his career the bad dream of Carnatic prisons, had been most desperately wounded, had in a memorable siege thrust back Holkar from the walls of Delhi, and, now seeing further with his one eye, so the men said, than any other general in India, cautious when generalship and not the mettle of his troops had to win the day, splendidly audacious when rashness was necessary and he had tried troops under him, "Ould Maloney," with his sepoys of the plains, was going to try conclusions with the best fighting hillmen of the East.

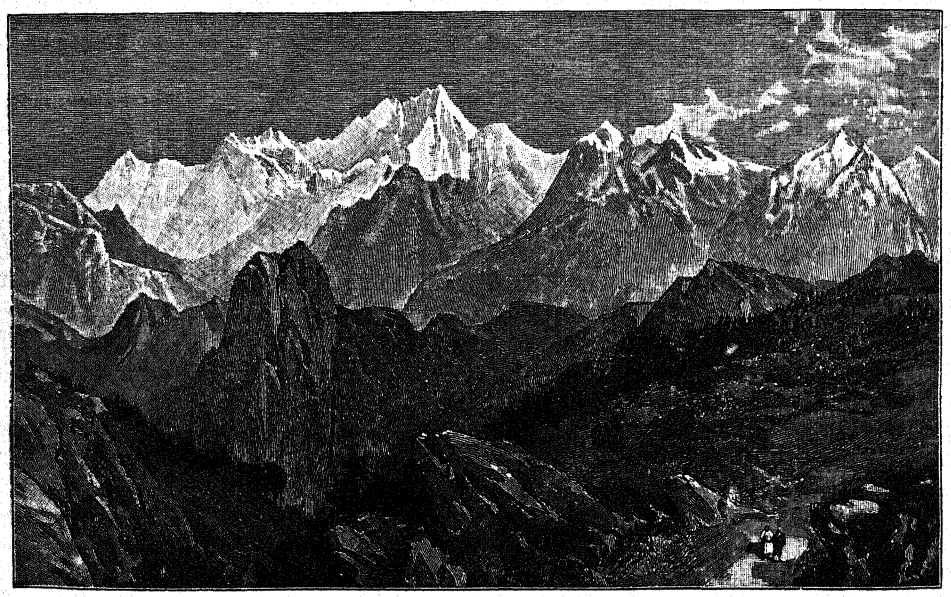
Further south, facing the hills where the lightest-hearted of the Anglo-Indian world now dance and flirt at Missouri, was Gillespie, as daring a man as ever wore the British scarlet, with her Majesty's 53rd, some dismounted dragoons, some artillery, and 2,500 native infantry. Bulbudhur Sing, Umar's best lieutenant, was in the hills with 600 men waiting for the hot-headed soldier who, single-handed, had galloped a few years before to help the besieged residents of Vellore.

Further south again, facing the passes which lead to the richest towns and most productive country of Central Nipal, was Major-General John Sullivan Wood with her Majesty's 17th and 3,000 natives; and further south still, threatening the passes which lead to the capital—Khatmandu—was Major-General Marley with a force of 8,000 sepoys, stiffened by her Majesty's 24th.

Ochterlony and Gillespie were to open the ball, and Wood and Marley were to thrust their forces through the passes later on.

Gillespie, with characteristic hot-headedness, was going to be first in the race. Lord Hastings had warned the handsome devil-may-care soldier against knocking his head against fortifications when there were Gurkhas behind them; but Gillespie believed in dash, and the Indian army was used to victory, so he disregarded the Governor-General's little lecture, and made his rush forward. He seized a pass in the first range, the Suwaliks, pushed through the valley beyond, the Dehra Dun, and occupied the little town of Dehra at the foot of the first slopes of the Himalayas.

On a hill thrown out from the higher slope, some five miles from Dehra, was a stone fort. It was of the simplest type, four stout stone walls, loopholed, with here and there towers to give flanking fire. It stood some 600 feet above the ground that sloped up to the first rise of the hills and commanded the path up which Gillespie intended to take his men into the higher mountains.



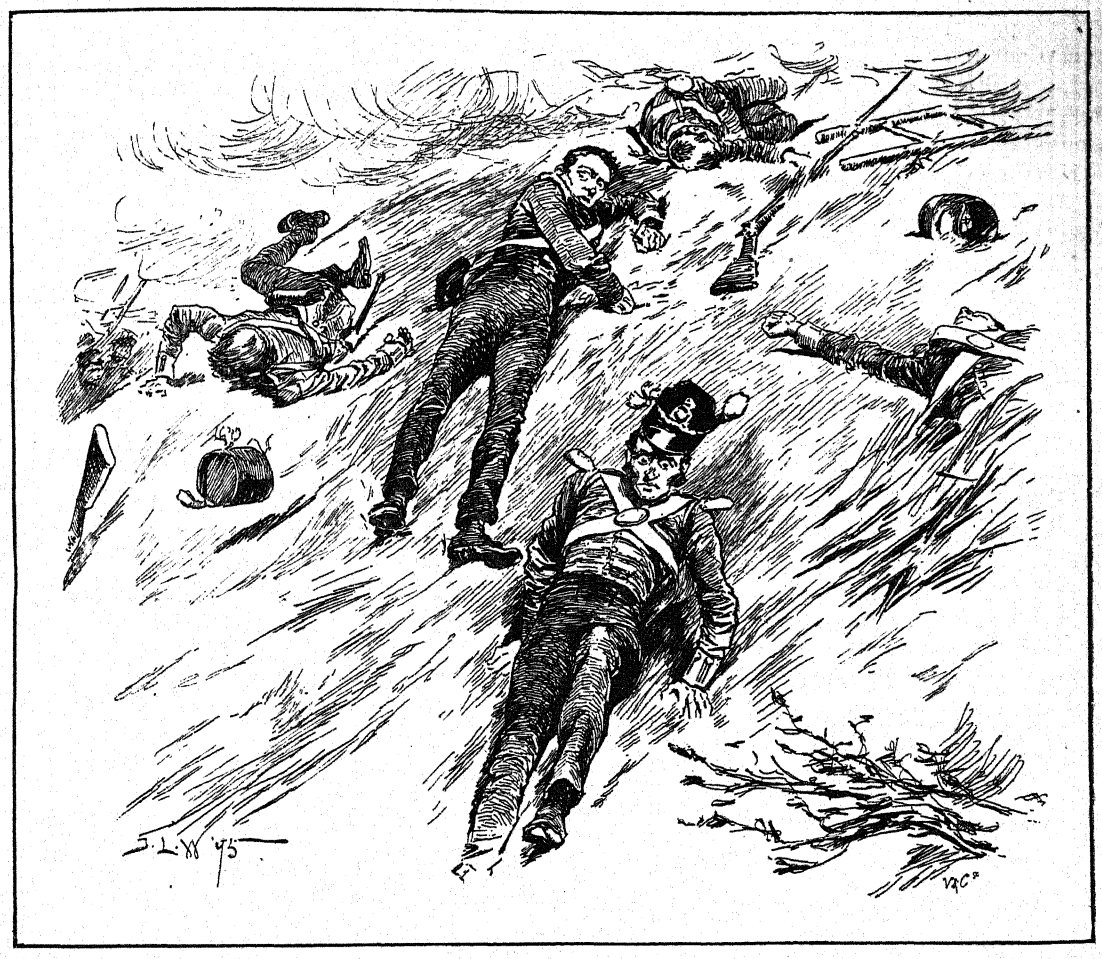
"THE GREAT PEAK OF KINCHINJUNGA TOWERING IN MID-AIR" (*p.* 202).

Bulbudhur Sing with his 600 men waited here for Gillespie's advance, strengthening the primitive fort by outside stockades.

Gillespie was only too anxious to try conclusions with the Gurkhas and their leader; so, after reconnoitring the position, he made his scheme for an attack on the last day of October. Four columns were to make the attack on the little fort, which was first to be battered by field-pieces to prepare for the assault.

The field-pieces were carried up in the darkness by elephants to a little table-land which commanded the fort and was within range, the four attacking columns, each with a company of the 53rd to lead, were in position, and as soon after 10 o'clock as the guns had done their work, a signal given by gun-fire was to set all four columns racing up the hill at once.

Gillespie, impatient and hot-headed, stood by the guns, and watched the shot striking the thick stone walls and making no impression. The little brown faces of the enemy looked through the embrasures and laughed at him; some of them danced on the tops of the walls. The general grew angry, angry at the futile cannonade and the mocking enemy. His men lying all round, close against the lower slopes, had scaling-ladders, then let them use them! And so, an hour before the time fixed, the gun-signal for an attack was given. Only one of the waiting columns heard the signal and acted on it, though another followed later. Up the steep grass slope went the company of the 53rd that led, slipping and scrambling, the pioneers who carried the scaling-ladders tugging desperately at the heavy weights. A hail of lead came from the loopholes that had framed the little grinning faces, and by mischance the pioneers stumbled into the shelters of dry grass under which the Gurkha garrison slept. The grass took light, and the pioneers to save themselves dropped the ladders. A flaming hillside, a hail of lead, no ladders, the assailants had no chance, and the first column and the second, which had begun its advance, slid back down the slippery hillside to shelter leaving many red-coats lying on the slope.



"THEY SLID BACK DOWN THE SLIPPERY HILLSIDE TO SHELTER."

The general's blood was up. Three more companies of the 53rd had come up, and a battery of the Bengal Horse Artillery. He ordered a second assault and determined to lead it in person.

In the rear face of the fort there was a little door, and Gillespie intended to be the first man in through that. The 53rd put their backs to the work and hauled up two of the galloper-guns by drag-ropes on to the ridge at the back of the fort, a light stockade that barred the way was hacked at and kicked and shaken till it gave

way, and the two guns were brought close to the door. The general, with some dismounted dragoons about him and the 53rd crowding behind, went with the guns, while the other columns again started up the slopes.

The light guns fired a couple of rounds at the stoutly-barred door and did not shake it, and from the walls and loopholes came a blaze of fire in response. The general fell shot dead, the bullets ploughed into the closely-packed mass, and when the attack had definitely failed, as it did, the British carried out of action 4 officers and 29 men killed, and 15 officers and 213 men wounded.

First blood to the Gurkhas.

Meanwhile, Ochterlony was making his way into the hills, but with all requisite caution.

Passing without difficulty the outer range of hills, which here are small and have many gaps in the chain, he encamped at Plassea, facing the Himalayan foot-hills. The mountain country into which he had to win his way is a series of broken ridges running north-north-west, and each ridge forms a strong position.

On the outermost ridge was the fort of Nalagur—a stout stone fort with towers for flanking fire, and its outpost, the little square fort of Taraghur. The slope of this outside ridge was covered with bamboos and thorny shrubs, and the only paths up were along the stony beds of dried-up torrents.

Behind the first ridge was the Ramghur ridge, crowned with stone forts, and behind that again towered the Malaun heights.

A corps of reserve of the light companies of the different battalions, and the 3rd Native Infantry, under Colonel Thompson, cut off the communication between the fort and the outpost, and Ochterlony occupying all the surrounding heights got his guns with infinite difficulty into position, and battered away at the stone walls of the fort. The Gurkhas had only jingals —throwing balls of three or four ounces—to reply with; and Chumra Rana, who was in command, came to the conclusion that resistance was hopeless, and surrendered with a hundred of his men, the rest of the garrison having slipped away by night to join Umar Sing.

A night march anticipated any resistance that might have been offered on the way, and on the 8th of November Ochterlony faced the centre of the Ramghur position.

The fort of Ramghur was the right of the Gurkha position, their left rested on a fortified peak called Rotka Tiba.

Ochterlony moved on to the Gurkha left flank, but sent his battering-train, with one battalion, to keep the Gurkhas employed at Ramghur.

Then came the second reverse that Ochterlony's troops sustained during the campaign.

The battery before Ramghur shelled a stockade, which defended the road, without effect, and Lawtie, the field-engineer, took a hundred sepoys under a British officer to reconnoitre the ground before he brought his guns nearer. The sepoys dislodged the Gurkhas from a small breastwork they found in their advance. "Thus far," to quote an eye-witness of the affair, "had the spirit of the officers actuated their men. But when the enemy, getting reinforced, came back with superior numbers to retake their post, the sepoys could not be prevented from wasting their ammunition by keeping up a useless fire as their opponents were approaching. The upper layer of their cartridges being at last expended, some voices called out for a retreat, alleging as a reason that they would not have time to turn the boxes. The place appeared tenable with the bayonet; the Gurkhas, however, were now at hand, and arguments, threats, entreaties, proved equally vain to avert the disaster which ensued. Our men broke in confusion and turned their backs: the enemy, plunging among the fugitives, cut to pieces all whom their swords could reach."

But worse news still was to reach Ochterlony from the column which Colonel Mawbey, of the 53rd, now commanded in the place of the dead Gillespie. Bulbudhur and his Gurkhas still held to the fort and heavy guns had been sent for from Delhi. When they arrived the fort was bombarded. On the 27th of November a practicable breach was made, and on the 28th the two flank companies and one battalion company of the 53rd and the grenadiers of the native corps, under Major Ingleby, tried to storm it. Lieutenant Harrison and some men of the 53rd got into the breach, but penetrated no further, and the storming column withdrew with 4 officers, 15 Europeans, and 18 natives killed, and 7 officers, 215 Europeans, and 221 natives wounded.

It was said that the men of the 53rd were discontented, and that, though they mounted the breach, they would go no further; and later on, as a sequel to this most misfortunate day, some duels were fought between the officers of the two battalions of the 53rd.

The fort was afterwards beleaguered and its water supply was cut off, when Bulbudhur Sing,

refusing to surrender, cut his way through the cordon surrounding him, and left the fort, with a ghastly garrison of dead and desperately wounded, to Mawbey and his men.

Ochterlony knew the mettle of his enemy and how skilful a strategist he had to meet in Umar Sing, and he played the game of war with the greatest caution, drew away Umar Sing's allies from him, made roads, reduced outlying forts, cut the Gurkha lines of communication, and intercepted their supplies. Umar Sing, as each position became untenable, retreated to another, and at last took his stand on the Malaun ridge.

It was April now, and if the campaign was to close successfully, Ochterlony had to gain a decisive victory, for the other three columns had fared badly.

Major-General Martindell had been appointed to the command of the force which had received such a check from Bulbudhur Sing and his gallant six hundred. Runjoor Sing, the Gurkha general, a son of Umar Sing, opposed to him had, following Umar Sing's tactics, fallen back upon a strong position at Jytúk, striking hard at our forces whenever he got a chance; and Martindell was irresolutely investing him there. Further south and east again Major-General John Sullivan Wood had advanced through the forest towards Butwal, where, on the jungle-covered sandstone range, a fort and some shelter-trenches guarded the first pass on the road to the towns of Central Nipal.

Through the dense silent forest the advance-guard of men of the light company of the 17th, on elephants, made their way, and the column followed as best it could. When the men of the advance-guard were close upon the far edge of the forest, fire was opened upon them from a breastwork, the mahouts could not control the frightened elephants, and they rushed back crashing through the forest. It was difficult in the dense dark forest to tell friends from foes, for the Nipalese were wearing red coats like our men, and for a little all was confusion; but Captain William Croker with his company drove the enemy up a rocky, wooded spur which ran down from the hills on the right of the breastwork, killing Sooraj Thappa, one of their leaders, and the enemy were streaming away from the breastwork, when the 17th, pushing on eagerly, were intensely disappointed to hear the "retire" sound.

General John Sullivan Wood judged the hill behind Butwal too strong a position to attack, and with the light company covering their retirement, the disappointed troops withdrew.

Later in the cold weather General J. S. Wood made another reconnaissance to Butwal, but without penetrating the hills.

Further south and east again, where the passes lead from the plains to the capital, Khatmandu, Major-General Marley had two advanced detachments at Summunpur and Persa surrounded and overpowered, and Major-General George Wood, who succeeded him in command, judged the season too late to attempt any important operations.

A gleam of encouragement came from Kumaon, where Colonel Gardner with some Rohilla levies and Colonel Jasper Nicolls, who was afterwards to be commander-in-chief in India, won success after success, and finally captured Almora, the chief fort in those parts.

The success or non-success of the campaign lay then with Ochterlony, who was now at close quarters with Umar Sing, the best of all the Gurkha generals, who had under him as his chief lieutenant Bucti Thappa, whose deeds are sung to this day throughout Nipal as the bravest of the brave.

The Malaun position, where Umar Sing waited for Ochterlony, is a range of bare hills with peaks at intervals. The citadel of Malaun guarded the Gurkha left, the fort of Soorujghur their right, and the peaks between were held as stockaded posts—all but two, the peak of Ryla towards the enemy's left and the peak of Deothul almost under the guns of Malaun.

Ochterlony, who throughout the campaign had been consistently cautious, knew now that the time had come to risk everything.

During the night of the 14th April, Lawtree, the field-engineer, stole up to the Ryla peak, and, seizing it without difficulty, set about stockading it with the few men he had with him.

At daybreak on the 15th five columns were sent out. Three moved on Ryla, two under Colonel Thompson marched on Deothul and seized those positions without difficulty, for the attention of the Gurkhas was distracted by an attack on their stockades below the citadel of Malaun, an attack which cost us many lives —amongst them that of a gallant officer, Captain Showers, who in single combat, in view of the two forces, killed his opponent, a Gurkha leader, before he was himself shot—but answered its purpose well.

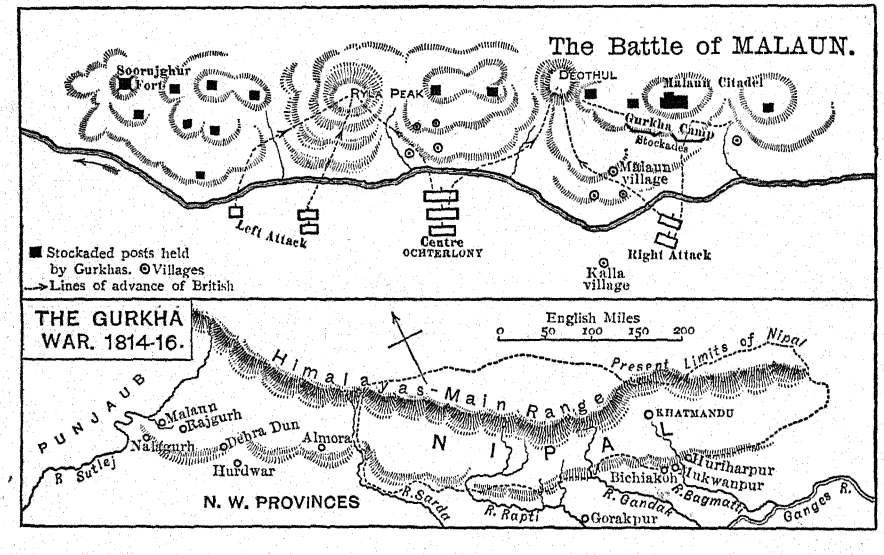
There was desultory fighting about Deothul all through the day, but our men held their own

and busied themselves erecting stockades. Two field-pieces were sent up to Colonel Thompson, and through the night shots were exchanged with the Gurkhas, while the men finished their work at the stockade, which became a strong work with embrasures for the guns.

During the night Bucti Thappa slipped away from the fortified position he held between the peaks in possession of the British, and joined Umar Sing at Malaun. Both the Gurkha leaders knew that, unless Deothul was recaptured, the game was up. An attack was planned for next morning, and Bucti, who was to lead it, swore a solemn oath in the durbar-hall, before all the higher officers of the Gurkha force, to conquer

Though it was a forlorn hope, Bucti Thappa gathered some men together, and for a fourth time tried to charge up that desperate hill on the slopes of which lay dead the flower of the Gurkha army, and Thompson, knowing that the victory was gained, led out his men to meet him.

The battle was decisive. They counted 500 of the Gurkha dead, and our men had some 300 killed and wounded. Our two guns suffered terribly, and at the end of the day Lieutenant Cartwright, with the only unwounded man of the gun detachments, served one gun, while Lieutenant Armstrong, of the Pioneers, and Lieutenant Hutchinson, of the Engineers, worked the other.



or remain dead on the field. He warned his wives to prepare for the funeral pile, gave his son over to the protection of Umar Sing, and then went down to take command of the 2,000 Gurkhas, who in the darkness were forming in a semicircle at the base of the Deothul hill.

Colonel Thompson had inside his stockade two native battalions and two guns.

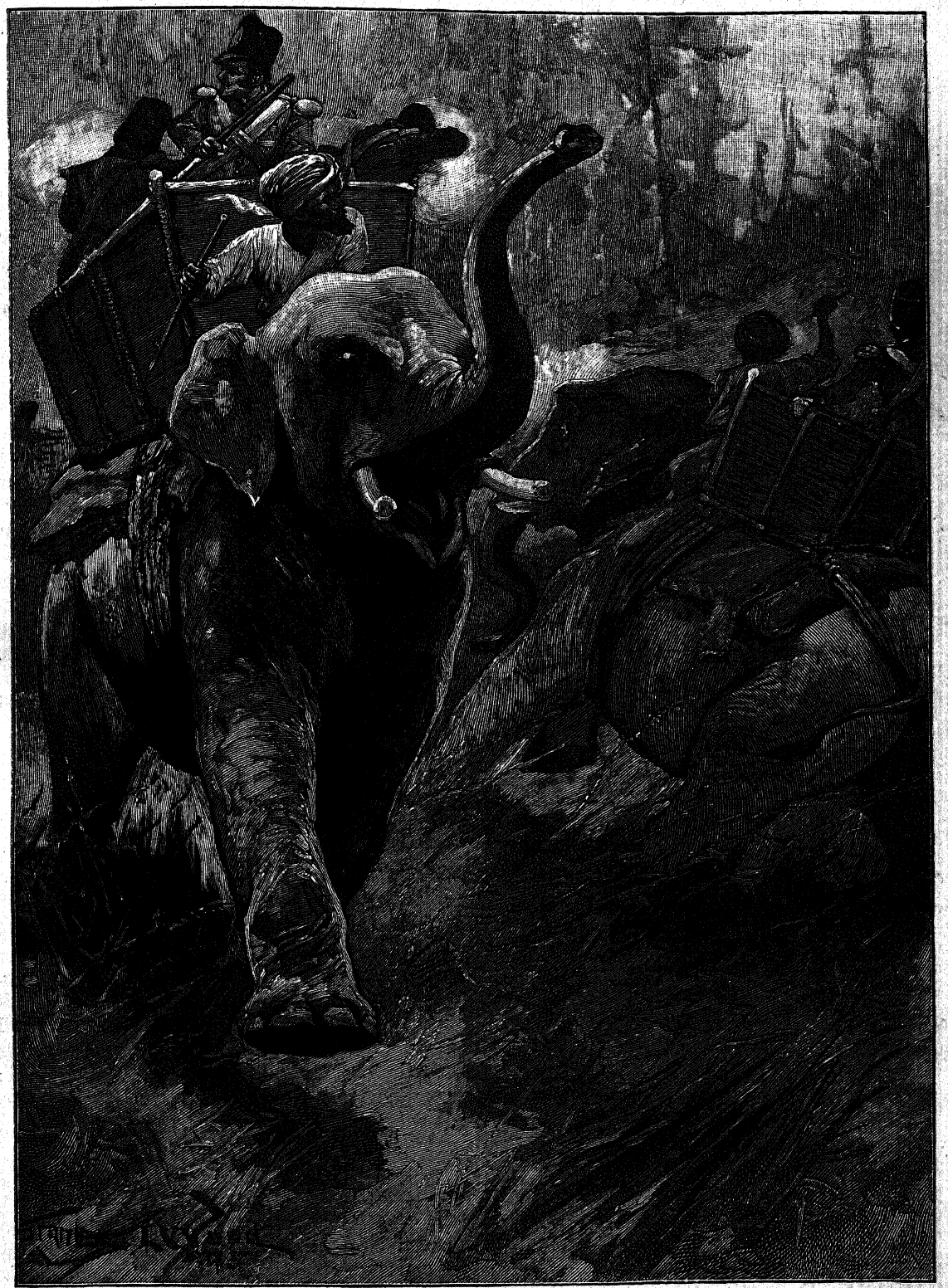
With daylight the great trumpets of the Gurkhas sounded, and the attack began. The hill blazed like a sheet of flame with the Gurkha musketry. The hillmen strove to get to close quarters, reserving their fire till they were within pistol shot; but grape and canister and musketry fire struck away the Gurkhas charging kukris in hand. No man turned, but the attacking force was swept out of existence. The trumpets sounded again, and a second body charged and went down like corn before the wind, and then a third.

When the last remnants of the attacking force were hurled down the hill, our men found the body of Bucti Thappa amongst the slain; and Thompson, honouring a noble enemy, had it wrapped in a shawl of honour and sent it to Umar Sing.

Next day a funeral pile was built in the valley between Deothul, where the victorious British stood to their arms, and Malaun, where what was left of the Gurkha army crowded round the grey walls of the fortress.

From the gate of the citadel a sad little party, headed by Brahmins, wound down the hillside. The smoke rose from the pyre, and, to accompany the Gurkha hero to paradise, two of his wives dared the fire with him and died on the funeral pile.

Umar Sing sulked. His men and his allies were deserting him day by day, but it was not until the walls of Malaun began to crumble



"THE FRIGHTENED ELEPHANTS RUSHED BACK, CRASHING THROUGH THE FOREST" (p 207).

under the fire from the British guns that he would consent to sign a convention, which gave to the British all the land between the Sutlej and the Sarda. Those of the Gurkhas in that part of the country who did not come over to us retreated across the latter river, and Umar Sing himself, with his son Runjoor, retired to Khatmandu.

The fierce old warrior, beaten and broken-hearted, gave to the Nipalese durbar his advice never to make peace with the Christians, and then retired to a temple he had built, and died soon after the Gurkha defeats of the next year ended the war.

* * * * *

Malaun, though three-quarters of the Englishmen who read of battles have never even heard its name, was second only to Plassy in asserting the dominancy of the European in India, for all the wolves were afoot thinking that the lion was very sick indeed ; and, if Ochterlony had failed before that Himalayan ridge, we might have found ourselves in worse straits than even the mutiny brought us to.

* * * * *

Diplomacy failed where the sword had been successful. The Nipalese durbar haggled, chaffered, and temporised ; but old Umar Sing's advice was very much to the liking of the council presided over by the Prime Minister, and though the great nobles hoped to spin out the cold weather in negotiating, on one point they had thoroughly made up their minds—they would have no British Resident in Khatmandu.

Ochterlony had struck, in 1814-15, where the capital scarcely felt the blow ; Lord Hastings determined that this time, in 1816, the blow should reach the heart of Nipal.

Without waiting for a formal declaration of war, Sir David Ochterlony was ordered to make his advance against the capital, and as he led his brigades through the terai he was met by the Gurkha emissary bringing down the declaration of war from Khatmandu.

It was now February, 1816. In a month the fever that haunts the terai would make a campaign impossible.

Sir David Ochterlony was a K.C.B.—a reward for his services in the last campaign. He had under him nearly 20,000 fighting-men ; he had a reputation that he could not fall short of.

Beyond the deserted jungle and the dense, deadly forest, where he was assembling his force, there lay the labyrinth of hills of the sandstone range, jungle-covered, with long walls of precipices facing towards the plains. The few passes that led through to the dhuns were all as difficult as Nature could make them, and all were stockaded. And towering above the lower range were the Himalayan foot-hills, which would give an army as much trouble and more than the first range.

He divided his force into four brigades. Colonel Kelly, with the first brigade of 4,000 men, all native infantry except his own regiment, her Majesty's 24th, was despatched to Ochterlony's right to force a passage by the gorge of the Bagmatti or some neighbouring pass ; Colonel Nicholl was sent off to Ochterlony's left, with her Majesty's 66th and some 3,800 natives, to find his way up the valley of the Rapti—a small river that flows into the majestic Gandak ; Sir David Ochterlony with the 3rd and 4th brigade, her Majesty's 87th, and seven-and-a-half native regiments, 8,000 men in all, appeared before the Bichiakoh pass, the direct road to the capital.

Other columns from Gorakpur and the newly-captured Almora were to keep the Gurkhas employed further north-west ; but as they had no effect upon the war we need not trouble about their doings.

On the 10th of February, 1816, Sir David had his men safely through the dreaded forest of the terai and camped within sight of the first Gurkha stockade in the pass. On the 11th, Nicholl and Kelly began their marches ; but for four days Ochterlony left his men in camp and did nothing. The hot-heads amongst the officers began to grumble and to ask to be allowed to try their luck against the stockades before them. But Sir David knew that the stockaded defences of the Bichiakoh were impregnable, and had called on his Intelligence Department to find him some path by which he could turn the position. Captain Pickersgill found him one. This very active officer in his search along the range met some smugglers of salt, and they, being heavily bribed, agreed to show him the path they used into Nipal—a path unknown to any Nipalese officials.

On the night of the 14th, as the men were preparing to turn in, a whisper went through the camp of the third brigade to fall in ; and leaving all tents standing, and all provisions and baggage, at nine o'clock, just as the moon rose in a cloudless sky, the column—a long, dark snake—wound out of the camp northwards and into a dark gap in the hillside, the gorge of the Balu stream. First went the light company of

the 87th, and next Sir David, on foot like the rest, led the long column on its desperate enterprise.

It was a daring venture for so cautious a player of the game of war, for if the column had been discovered in the gorge by the Gurkhas not a man would have escaped.

The men moved in single file, scrambling as best they could over the rocks, sometimes high in the air, sometimes deep down in what seemed to be a pit. "Through five miles of this passage," says an historian of the war, "three thousand men moved with the silence of a funeral procession. The lofty banks being clothed with trees, their branches from opposite sides in some places intermingled above, in others the clear moonlight showed tremendous rocks at a great height, rising over the column in cliffs and precipices. The only sounds which interrupted the stillness were caused by the axes in removing some trees which had grown or fallen across the way."

When the grey of dawn came, those behind in the narrow watercourse could distinguish the "Light Bobs" scrambling up a final three hundred yards of hillside almost as steep as the side of a house, holding on to the shrubs and grass, being pulled up by the officers' sashes, which were unwound for the purpose.

The rest followed, and by seven in the morning the third brigade was on the ridge of the sandstone range, and the Bichiakoh pass was turned.

They marched five miles further to bivouac by a stream, and then came two bad days, while the pioneers made the path practicable for elephants, during which there was no food for the troops: for there had been a muddle, and the three days' provisions ordered had not been served out to them before starting.

The Irish boys of the 87th took it all right cheerfully: they cut down boughs of the trees and made shelters for the general and staff as well as themselves. Barefooted, cold, foodless, on constant harassing outpost work, these gallant fellows knew that they had won the first move in the game; and as the stern "Auld Maloney" came striding round the pickets the men, setting discipline for the moment at defiance, greeted him with an Irish yell of triumph.

* * * * *

The fourth brigade joined Sir David, marching up through the Bichiakoh pass, which the Gurkhas had deserted when they found that Sir David was in rear of them, and as the hot-headed young officers who were so keen to attack passed the stockades, they were forced to admit that to assault them would have meant certain defeat. Colonel Kelly had crossed the first range without opposition, and was facing the fort of Huriharpur, where Runjoor Sing, General Martindell's old opponent, was in command. Colonel Nicholl, also unopposed, was marching up the valley of the Rapti. On the 27th February the third and fourth brigades marched through the tree-covered dhun to where the brick fort of Mukwanpur towered on a hill to the east—our right—and from this a long broken ridge, jungle-covered on the upper slopes but naked on the lower, led down to a fortified village on our left.

The slopes of the hill were strongly stockaded, and there was a force of Gurkhas in the village.

At breakfast time on the 28th two of the men of the 87th were brought up before the colonel of that corps for straying beyond the pickets. They had been for a walk, and, seeing none of the enemy about, had gone into the fortified village, where they found only an old woman.

"Fall in, the light company!" shouted the colonel, and the men ran to their arms. "Ould Maloney" was on the spot at once, and the gallant "Light Bobs"—the two culprits of the morning with them—went off for the village at the double, and the light company of the 25th Native Infantry were sent after them in support.

The village was deserted, as the men had said; and Pickersgill, taking Lieutenants Lee of the 87th and Turrell of the 20th Native Infantry, a volunteer, and some twenty men, began to reconnoitre the Mukwanpur hill. He posted two parties on the wooded ridge to cover his retreat, and went on with one or two men higher up the jungle-covered slope towards the fort.

Meanwhile the Gurkhas in Mukwanpur had seen what had happened, and the original garrison of the fortified village was sent down to retake it. They swept away Pickersgill's two parties, driving them down the narrow footpath, killed Lee, and were only prevented from hacking to pieces the other officers by the splendid gallantry of Corporal Orr and Private Boyle, who, fighting coolly with the bayonet, held the rocky path as a rear-guard.

Sir David had thrown reinforcements into the village, and the 87th came up the hill to help their retiring comrades, and checked the advancing Gurkhas where a glen cut through the ridge.

In the stockades the great trumpets were blown, and down the hill, bringing some guns with them, streamed a shouting torrent of some two thousand Gurkhas. From the camp Sir David sent more men across to the village, till on our side we had one European and two native battalions before the village commanding the glen. From the camp the artillery pounded at the Gurkhas swarming down the ridge.



SIR DAVID OCHTERLONY.
(*From the Painting by A. W. Devis.*)

It was bayonet against kukri. Again and again the Gurkhas charged over the open slope up from the glen, and again and again those not swept away by bullets and shells perished on the bayonets of the 87th, who yelled, in answer to the Gurkha shouts, as they charged to meet the rush of the little, brown demons.

The Gurkha gunners, finding that they could not make any effect on our men before the village, turned their guns on the camp. The shot came hurtling through the tents, and Sir David's old servant, who stood inkstand in hand by his master, where the general, in front of the camp, was directing the fight, was killed by a ball. A lucky shot blew up the enemy's reserve ammunition, and the Gurkhas began to charge less resolutely.

The action had lasted since ten in the morning, and it was now near five. Sir David sent the 8th Native Infantry to finish the fight before sunset. They deployed and with a shout swept up the hill, capturing the Nipalese guns and sending the beaten Gurkhas flying through the thickets, leaving their wounded and dead upon the ground.

It was a horrible sight that the setting sun went down upon. Ensign Shipp, of the 87th, wrote of it :—"The dying and wounded lay in masses in the dells and the ravines below. In our own company we had, I think, eleven killed and twenty wounded, our total number being eighty only. As long as it was light, we could plainly see the last struggles of the dying. Some poor fellows could be seen raising their knees up to their chins and then flinging them

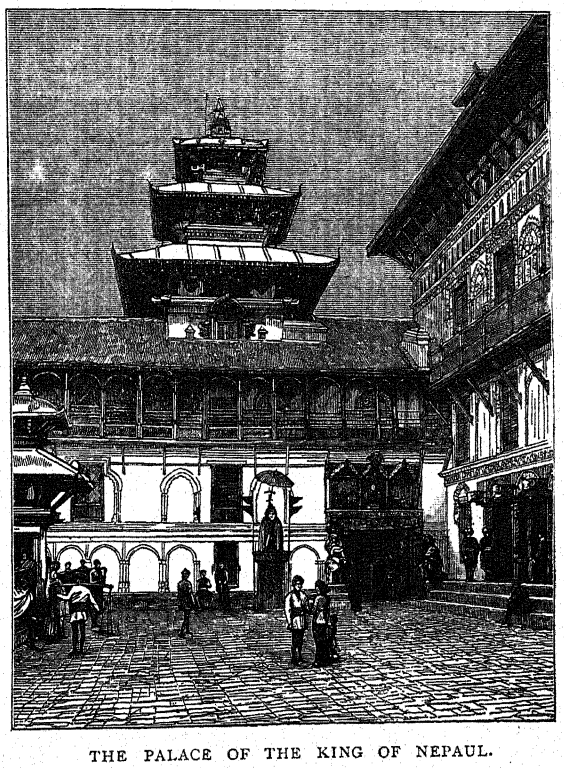
down with all their might. Some attempted to rise, but failed in the attempt. One poor fellow I saw get on his legs, put his hands to his bleeding head, then fall and roll down the hill to rise no more."

* * * * *

The fight at Mukwanpur broke the Gurkha power, and hard on the heels of the messenger who brought the news to Khatmandu came others telling that Kelly had routed Runjoor Sing, who had fled, leaving his picked guard, the Band of the Moon—the men with silver crescents on their turbans—defeated and disheartened, behind the walls of Huriharpur, and that Nicholl, come safely through the Rapti valley, had joined Ochterlony.

On the 4th of March, 1816, in full durbar, at the general's camp in the valley of Mukwanpur, with the vakeels of all the great princes of India to witness, Chunda Seka, the Nipalese envoy, on his knees presented to Sir David Ochterlony a treaty which gave to the British everything that they claimed.

Here let us leave the stout old veteran at the moment of his supreme triumph. It is better to think of him as the brilliant commander of 1816 than as the politician of 1824, rebuked and superseded, and dying like his great antagonist, Umar Sing, of a broken heart.



THE PALACE OF THE KING OF NEPAUL.

BAYLEN

20 JULY 1808

By Major Arthur Griffiths

ONE morning in Spain, in the ancient capital of Valladolid, Napoleon was holding a grand review. A Grenadier regiment of the Imperial Guard had paraded for his inspection in front of the grand old palace of Charles V. Napoleon passed slowly down the ranks, followed by a glittering staff; then, returning to the saluting point, he came upon a group of superior officers anxious to make their bow before their Imperial master.

Suddenly he halted before one of them, whom he addressed in a voice of thunder:

"Can it be possible that you dare to come into my presence?—that you can show yourself in public branded with infamy, with disgrace which affects every brave man in the army? And your right arm there—why does it not hang withered by your side? It was with that hand that you affixed the seals to the capitulation of Baylen!"

The wretched man who stood there speechless and abashed while he was thus cruelly apostrophised was General Legendre, who had been General Dupont's chief of the staff when that general surrendered to the Spaniards at Baylen on the 20th July, 1808.

Napoleon never forgot or forgave this capitulation. It is said that in after years he could never think of Baylen without a shudder—never speak of it without an outburst of the fiercest indignation. No one ventured to talk of it, even to mention the name, in his presence. Long after the occurrence it was kept a profound secret. When King Joseph, Napoleon's brother, was forced by it to retire from Madrid, the *Moniteur* explained the retrograde move by a far-fetched story: it was publicly announced that the French headquarters in Spain had moved "to a place where it would have the benefit of milder air and better water." This was Bayonne, within the French frontier.

That Napoleon should be shocked and humiliated by Baylen was not strange. It was the first *contretemps*—the first real misfortune—that had befallen the French arms since the star of the great Corsican had risen over France. The shame of it eclipsed in Napoleon's mind his most brilliant victories. The glory of Marengo, Wagram, Austerlitz, and Jéna faded before the dishonour of Baylen. Nor was it the actual fact alone that a large force of French soldiers laid down their arms in a battle which was not yet fully decided; it was the consequences of the capitulation that give it such immense importance. "In its moral effects," says Napier, "the battle of Baylen was one of those events which, insignificant in themselves, cause great changes in the affairs of nations." Not in itself, for the fight was small, the forces engaged on either side comparatively few, the generalship indifferent; but Baylen was a new point of departure in the Napoleonic struggle. Till then the emperor had triumphed all along the line. His hold of Spain, although shaken by the tardy but fierce revolt of the Spaniards, was tightening. He had crushed the insurrection, north, east, and west; his brother's Court was established at Madrid. The English expeditionary force, which was to change the whole current of events, had not yet landed in the Peninsula; and it is more than probable that but for Baylen, Arthur Wellesley would never have become the Duke of Wellington.

To understand and fully appreciate the momentous issues that hung around this battle it is necessary to hark back to the beginning, when Napoleon's restless ambition led him to interfere in Spanish politics. The dissensions at the Court of Madrid gave him his opportunity; his troops poured across the Pyrenees, and, on the plea of replacing one detested king by another of the people's choice, he took possession of the country. The principal Spanish fortresses were

secured by treachery. One army corps occupied Catalonia, another old Castile ; Junot crossed the entire Peninsula and entered Lisbon ; Bessières, with movable columns, ranged the northern provinces and was ready to attack Galicia. A part—and not the least part—in the general plan was the invasion of Andalusia in the south, the conquest of which was of paramount importance. It was a rich province, amply endowed by Nature ; in one of its principal cities—Seville—was a cannon foundry, and in another—Cadiz—a large arsenal, from which a great artillery train could be equipped. It was full of troops, mostly well-disciplined, veteran troops, probably the only serious opponents left to be encountered in Spain.

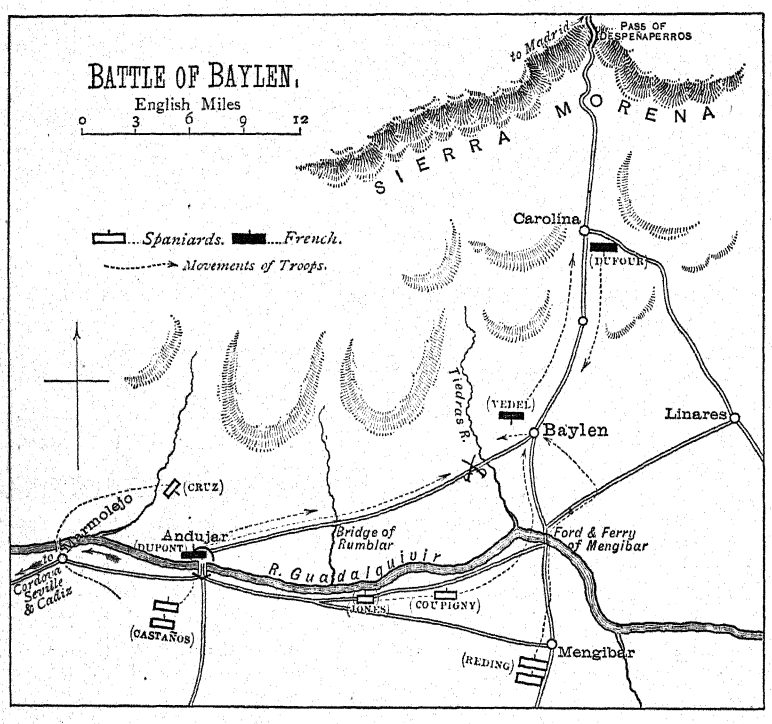
The movement against Andalusia was entrusted to General Dupont ; and, as this officer was soon to become notorious through his misfortunes, some account of him should appear here. Dupont's failure and collapse are not easily explained. Napoleon, in his rage, condemned him as having shown "inconceivable incapacity. He seemed to do very well at the head of a division ; he has done horribly as a chief." But, up to Baylen, Dupont was one of the coming men : it was confidently said of him when he started from Madrid that he would find his baton as a Marshal of France at Cadiz. He had already done good service, had earned many laurels in early years, and he was still in the prime of life. He had fought at Valmy and in the Argonne, when Dumouriez made such successful resistance to the Prussian invasion of France ; he contributed largely to the victory of Marengo, which was one of the first foundations of Napoleon's fame. At that battle it was Dupont who, as chief staff-officer of the reserve, had rallied and sent forward a number of beaten troops. Again, in commanding the right wing of the army of Italy, he had seized Florence, had defeated 45,000 Austrians with 14,000 men, and had earned for himself the sobriquet of "the bold general" (*le général audacieux*). At Jéna he had given further proof of his right to the epithet by holding a bridge with five battalions against 22,000 of the enemy, supported by powerful artillery—a feat characterised as one of tremendous daring. "I would not have attempted it," said the great leader, "with less than 60,000 men." Once more, at Friedland, he showed great courage and determination, and was decorated with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour on the field.

Yet this was the man who later surrendered at Baylen, who "stained the French flag," who was "guilty of cowardice" in this "horrible affair." Such are the vicissitudes of fortune that wait on all who follow the profession of war. It has been urged in Dupont's defence that at the time of the catastrophe he was suffering from illness, as indeed were many under his orders ; and that he had been badly wounded was reason sufficient to account for a temporary loss of head. Napoleon himself long afterwards, at St. Helena, admitted that Dupont had been more unfortunate than guilty, yet previous to the great final catastrophe it was plain that his fortitude was breaking down and that in his conduct he had lost all his old enterprise and audacity. A more serious complaint against him was that he thought more to preserve the plunder he had recently amassed than to fight through his foes. Dupont was no doubt largely tainted with the brigandage and love of "loot" which disgraced so many of Napoleon's greatest subordinates in the field, especially in Spain.

To return to the operations in Andalusia. Dupont left Madrid in the latter end of May, crossed the rugged mountains of the Sierra Morena by the great pass of Despeñaperros, and reached Andujar on the 2nd of June, 1808. He had with him an infantry division—Barbou's—Fresia's cavalry, some Swiss regiments, and a marine battalion of the Imperial Guard—in all about 24,000 combatants. On arrival at Andujar he first learnt that all Spain had risen, that war to the knife had been proclaimed against the French, and that all Andalusia was in arms. He knew that to reach Cadiz he must fight his way there ; and, according to the best critics, he should now, in the face of this entirely new situation, have demanded fresh orders from Madrid, and meanwhile waited in a strong position of observation backed up by the hills. But he decided to push on at once to Cordova, which he summoned to surrender, stormed, carried at the point of the bayonet, and then proceeded to pillage. It was at Cordova that the treasure and valuables which were afterwards to prove such a fatal encumbrance were chiefly secured.

The loss of Cordova spread consternation in the neighbouring city of Seville, where a sort of provisional government for the south of Spain was established, and a general stampede very nearly followed. No serious resistance would have been offered Dupont if he had boldly continued his advance, and all Andalusia would probably have been easily won. But here his

weakness and vacillation first showed themselves. He sat still where he was and hurried back courier after courier to Madrid with despatches full of despondency and fear, earnestly imploring reinforcements. Many of these letters fell into the hands of the Spaniards and gave them heart of grace. All could not be quite lost if such was the situation of the French. Castaños, the captain-general of whom Napier writes as "the first Spaniard who united prudence with patriotism," was in command of the Spanish forces. Even he had despaired at first. Although he had gathered men together, including those of his own camp, at St. Roque, originally intended for the siege of Gibraltar, he had been so little sanguine that he had already embarked all his heavy artillery and stores. But as troops joined him, he began to hope that he might yet get the better of Dupont. His strength was first doubled, then quadrupled—all classes had taken up arms, high and low, rich and poor. In a few weeks an army of 39 battalions and 21 squadrons, with a well-formed and well-organised artillery, was collected about Seville. Castaños was supported by two capable officers: one a French *émigré*, Coupigny, the other a Swiss soldier of fortune named Reding. An Irish general called Felix Jones was also under the orders of Castaños, so that he and his lieutenants were representatives of four different nationalities.



The Spaniards now prepared to take the offensive against Dupont, both by front attack on Cordova and by menacing his communications through the passes of the Sierra Morena. Their impatience to attack was forestalled by Dupont's frantic anxiety to retreat. Finding he could not regain the golden opportunity lost by his ten days' inactivity of Cordova, he exchanged the forward for a retrograde movement, and from that moment his troubles and embarrassments began.

On the 17th of June he evacuated Cordova and fell back on the Guadalquivir at Andujar, the Spaniards pressing him with their advanced guard. It is possible that Dupont's fears were aggravated by the horrible nature of the contest, and the ferocity displayed by his Spanish enemy. All along his line of retreat he came upon ghastly proofs of their bloodthirsty and implacable character: they cut off and butchered his stragglers, seized and slew his sick in hospital, his doctors, couriers, and all non-combatants. One French officer, Colonel René, returning from a peaceful mission in Portugal, was taken prisoner, mutilated, placed alive between two planks, then his body was sawn in two. A timorous general (yet this was Dupont *l'audacieux!*), not strangely, was greatly affected by these terrors. His despatches, while magnifying his dangers, were filled with the most painful misgivings and the most piteous appeals.

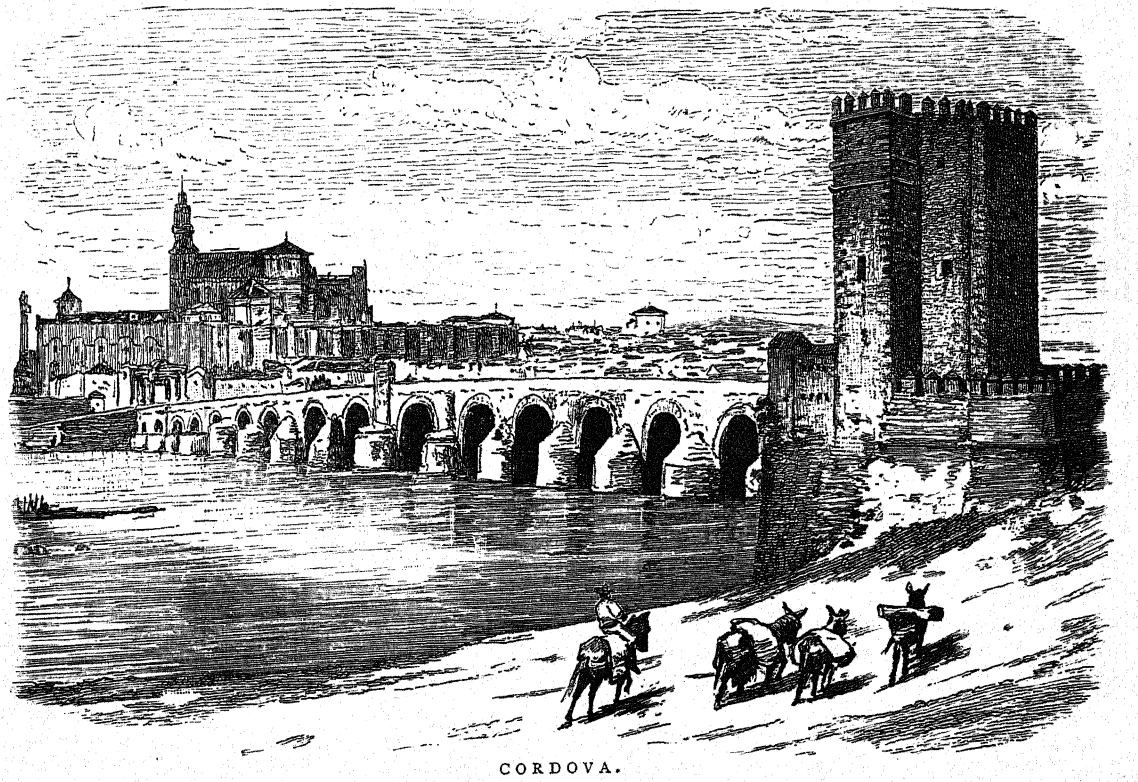
So desperate did he conceive his situation that he wrote as follows to Madrid from Andujar—a letter which was intercepted, and which, no doubt, greatly increased the confidence of his enemy:—

"We have not a moment to lose. We must immediately fall back from a position where we are unable to subsist. My men being always under arms have no time now as heretofore to reap the corn and bake their own bread. . . .

"For Heaven's sake hurry up reinforcements with all haste! What we imperatively require is the assistance of a firm and compact body of men, able to support me and to support each other. . . . Send me medicines with all speed, and linen for my wounded. The enemy for a whole month has intercepted all supplies both of food and ammunition."

Yielding to Dupont's repeated applications, General Savary, who was Joseph's military right hand at Madrid, had ordered Vedel's division to push through the pass of Despeñaperros; and that general, although harassed in his march by Spanish irregulars, got past safely and reached Baylen (soon to become historical) with some 14,000 men. Another general, Gobert, had also been sent in support by Savary, anticipating Napoleon's permission. Dupont was now strong enough to have resumed the offensive—Napoleon fully expected him to do so. The emperor could not believe him to be really in danger. Commenting upon the situation from a distance, he wrote: "Dupont, with 25,000 men, ought to accomplish great things. As a matter of fact, with only 21,000 the chances would be eighty per cent. in his favour." This opinion was dictated at Bayonne on the 21st of July—the very day of Dupont's capitulation.

There was no vigorous initiative left in Dupont: a bold stroke might have got him out of his mess, but he remained inactive, clinging tenaciously to a vicious position. He had entrenched himself at Andujar on the far side of the river, fortifying the bridge against attack. He thought to cover the pass and his communications, but he was too far forward, and his defensive line was weak, easily to be turned on either flank. The river Guadalquivir was nearly dry, and fordable at many points; below him on the right was the bridge of Marmolejo; higher up, his left, his weakest flank, was assailable by the fords of Mengibar, and pressure along this line would make his whole position untenable. In fact, he was altogether in the wrong place. His excuse is that he held on to Andujar because Napoleon had approved of his halt there; but the emperor was not then in possession of the latest news, and he always hoped that Dupont would not remain idle. His safest course would be to fall back, concentrate at Baylen, strike the Spanish columns as they showed; and then, even



CORDOVA.

if defeated, his retreat through the mountain passes would have been secure.

At that time, no doubt, Dupont's army was weak and in wretched case; and this added greatly to his anxieties. The soldiers were mostly conscripts, young unfledged recruits, barely formed as soldiers, having hardly learnt discipline, ignorant even of their drill. They were half-starved, too, and suffered greatly in health. It was the height of the "dog days," the heat almost tropical; the supplies were very short; there was no wine, vinegar, or brandy; only half-rations were issued, often only quarter-rations of bread. The banks of the river were dangerously unhealthy, the "eternal home of malarious fever." Six hundred men went to hospital in less than a fortnight, and the rest lost all heart and strength. Dupont occupied a position too wide for his numbers. He himself was at Andujar, Vedel at Baylen, Gobert away back at Carolina, just as he had come through. Being besides continually harassed by guerillas threatening his communications, he was obliged to break up his force into fragments, and keep them constantly moving to and fro in large patrols along his whole front. This greatly increased the sufferings and hardships of the French troops, who, always marching to and fro, badly nourished and under intense heat, became greatly exhausted and fatigued.

The Spaniards so far had failed to realise the faulty dispositions of their opponent. Castaños, of his own accord, would not advance to attack; he did not even prepare to do so until he received positive orders to that effect from Seville. Then he slowly approached the Guadalquivir: even now, notwithstanding the strength of his very mixed force of regulars and irregulars, which numbered some 50,000, he was so little in earnest that he still talked of retreat. He could not see that Dupont, by holding to Andujar, was giving himself into his hands. No doubt what Castaños presently did was just as a skilful general would have acted; but it was more by luck than good management, the mere chance of the lie of the land than wise action following profound military forethought and science.

At last, in accordance with the definite decision of a council of war, the Spaniards began active operations on the 18th July. The plan arrived at was, as it happened, the best possible. Dupont's false position was his enemy's opportunity. The true system of attack was to encourage him to remain at Andujar by strong feints in his front, while the real stress was laid on his left—his extreme left, far away where his line of retreat lay exposed. This, in effect, was what happened. On the 13th, General Reding advanced from Mengibar towards the ford of that name, and drove the French outposts across the Guadalquivir; next to him, on his left, came Coupigny, then Felix Jones. This movement was threatening enough, but, as it was not persisted in, Dupont seems to have neglected it, mistaking its dangerous intention. Moreover, Castaños now strengthened him in his unwise resolves to hold to the right, for the Spanish general began serious demonstrations against Andujar; he covered the heights opposite with a great multitude, and apparently "meant business." Dupont, terrified, stood fast, and only sent frantic appeals to Vedel for help. Then Castaños opened with his artillery against the Andujar bridge, and despatched a body of irregulars across the river at Marmolejo lower down with orders to manœuvre around Dupont's right rear.

Now Reding, pressing forward, forced a passage at the Mengibar ford. Dupont, hearing this, countermarched Vedel, who was approaching him, and directed him to protect Baylen, which was now exposed and within easy reach of Mengibar. Vedel, having made one useless march, was again to be of no service; for, Reding having crossed the direction of his march, indicated an intention to strike at Linares and the pass beyond. Accordingly Dufour, who commanded after Gobert's death, hurried off to Carolina, hoping to forestall Reding; and Vedel, equally anxious, quickly followed Dufour. Thus, these two French generals with their divisions were separated on the 17th July by five-and-twenty miles from their chief and comrade, Dupont, at Andujar. All this was enormously to Reding's advantage. He was joined on the 17th by Coupigny, and now the two together, 20,000 strong, seized Baylen. Here Reding, after throwing out a detachment towards Carolina, took up a position facing Andujar and the west.

In order to fully appreciate this most complicated state of affairs, it will be necessary to recapitulate the positions of the opponents. Dupont, with one-half of the French forces, was at Andujar, the extreme end of a front of forty-five miles; Vedel and Dufour were at the other end, quite cut off from him, about Carolina. Reding was in between the two ends, holding Baylen, the key of the position. Castaños was in strength

opposite Dupont, having thrown troops across the river to threaten Dupont's exposed right flank. Whether intentionally or not, it was clear that the Spaniards had quite outmanœuvred the French, and, if not absolutely masters of the situation, they had undoubtedly the best of it.

Dupont only learnt in the course of the 18th, and with the deepest dismay, that an enemy's force was established at Baylen, thus severing his communications and cutting him off from the rest of his army. He knew nothing of Reding's strength, but he saw that he must at all costs regain touch with Vedel and reopen his line of retreat. Possibly he now awoke to the grave military error he had committed in holding on to Andujar for so long. At any rate his preparations were made with great secrecy and in all haste : the move was an escape rather than a retreat, carried on in the depth of the night and with extreme precaution. The force, some 11,000 strong, was divided into two portions—half for the advanced-guard, half for the rear-guard—both protecting the precious train of 800 waggons, laden with plunder and sick, which, thus guarded, dragged along in the centre of the column. Dupont feared most for his rear, believing Castaños more formidable than Reding, and therefore the head was weaker than the tail of his force.

Castaños—negligent, dilatory, slow to move—had no inkling of Dupont's withdrawal for many hours after the Frenchman had started, and too late to interfere with his march. By daybreak, about 3 a.m., Dupont's advance reached a mountain torrent called the Tiedras, and got touch of Reding's outposts. By 4 a.m. the French, leaving a force at the bridge of Rumblar to watch for Castaños behind, were engaged with the enemy in front. It was of the utmost importance to drive back Reding and get through before Castaños could come up ; and to secure this Dupont should have attacked immediately with all his strength, eager only to get on. But he paused to make elaborate dispositions, thus wasting the precious hours, and only charged Reding with the puny efforts of small successive columns. Nevertheless, the French, fighting with their customary gallantry, gained ground at first and drove in the first line of defence ; but in the second the Spaniards stood firm, and their artillery fire being heavier, overmastered the French guns. At 10 a.m., Reding made a counter attack, advancing with great energy, to be checked in turn by the brilliant charges of the French cavalry. Yet now the Spanish reserves restored the fight, which, as the day grew on towards noon, manifestly slackened on the French side.

Dupont's men were horribly exhausted. They had been marching all night, fighting all the forenoon ; they were covered with dust and exposed to a tropical sun ; they were mad with thirst and there was no water to be had. Already 1,500 men had been struck down, the Swiss regiments in the French service had gone over to the Spaniards, large numbers of officers were wounded, Dupont himself included. At this time the French general declared he could not dispose of more than a couple of thousand men, although it was never properly explained why his forces had dwindled to so few. Thousands could never have fired a shot, and it was openly said afterwards that the care of the general's personal baggage, swollen with church plate and plunder, so fully occupied a great part of his whole force that it was never brought into action.

Now at this critical moment the guns of the pursuit were heard in the rear about the Rumblar bridge. Castaños had come up at last, and the French were taken between two fires. Poor Dupont had no news of Vedel, and was in despair. He proposed a suspension of arms, which Reding willingly granted, because, as a matter of fact, he himself could hardly hold his own ground. Nevertheless, Vedel was really near at hand. He had been aroused by the distant sounds of battle, and had left Carolina that morning at 5 a.m., working, as a good soldier should, towards the noise of guns. Yet now, although time was of the utmost consequence, he tarried by the way and halted for several hours six miles short of Baylen to let his men breakfast and rest. He only resumed his march when the firing had ceased, to arrive on the ground after Dupont had asked for an armistice. Being ignorant of this, Vedel attacked Reding to good purpose, and captured 1,500 prisoners. Then an aide-de-camp from Dupont came and told him to desist, informing him that negotiations with the enemy were in progress.

Thus the battle was lost when on the point of being won. It would have been easy enough to reopen the strife, and with every prospect of success. Vedel clamoured for a joint attack on Reding, and was supported by his subordinates. Dupont would not consent, ordered Vedel to give up the prisoners he had taken and withdraw to Carolina. This did not please Castaños, who insisted that Vedel should also surrender, and

threatened in default to massacre all Dupont's force. Here was an opportunity of quashing the negotiations and resuming hostilities. Dupont and Vedel together, 18,000 French soldiers, were strong enough to give a good account of a raw Spanish army; and if Dupont was caught between Castaños and Reding, Reding was in equally

Negotiations recommenced, and now Castaños imposed harder terms. At first he would have permitted the French troops to return to Madrid, but at this moment a letter from General Savary, recalling Dupont to Madrid, fell into the Spanish general's hands. Castaños not strangely declined to carry out Savary's views, and insisted that the



"KEPT THEIR COWARDLY ASSAILANTS AT BAY SWORD IN HAND" (*p.* 221).

critical condition between Vedel and Dupont. It was an occasion when a bold stroke for freedom would probably have resulted in triumphant victory. Had Dupont been the man of Marengo, Jena, and Friedland he would have cut his way through his difficulties sword in hand. But he was completely broken down, and could only assemble a council of war, upon whom he threw the responsibility of decision. Heroic resolutions such as alone could have saved the French were not to be expected from a number of different opinions, and the council came to the conclusion that further resistance was hopeless.

whole French force — Dupont's, Vedel's, and Dufour's—should lay down their arms and surrender at discretion. Meanwhile, Vedel had again drawn off, but Castaños demanded his return, and that he should be included in the capitulation. Extraordinary as it will appear, Dupont sent Vedel peremptory orders to come back; and Vedel, although well out of danger, and at the head of a force armed and intact, actually returned. Nor was this all. A French officer with a Spanish escort scoured the country to pick up small parties and outlying French garrisons, and include them in the surrender.

"And," as Napier says, "these unheard-of proceedings were quietly submitted to by men belonging to that army which for fifteen years had been the terror of Europe." Twenty thousand French soldiers gave themselves up at one stroke of the pen to an enemy for whom they had had the greatest contempt. There is no more pregnant truth in military art than that the conduct of soldiers depends greatly upon the character of their immediate chief.

General Dupont undoubtedly failed when put to a supreme test. It was the first occasion on which he had been in independent command, and he was unequal to it and its peculiar difficulties. According to all accounts he was a man of lively imagination, apt to vary between the two extremes of enthusiasm and despondency. He is described as an affable, agreeable person, a good talker, with strong literary tastes, and, even when a general, he had competed for poetical prizes. His writings are full of fine rhetoric, but his military despatches were wanting in force and decision. Whatever his faults were, he expiated them to the full. On his return to France he, with the other generals concerned in the capitulation, were arraigned before a special commission and treated with the utmost rigour. Dupont himself was sentenced to be degraded from his rank; he was to give up all his medals and decorations, to forfeit the rank of count and all money grants made him, and to be imprisoned indefinitely. He lingered on in a state prison until the fall of Napoleon in 1814, when the Bourbons, on return to power, released him, and he was at once made Minister of War. A special royal ordinance restored him to his rank and honours, and he occupied a prominent military position until his death in 1838.

It only remains to be said that this capitulation, "shameful in itself, was shamefully broken." The French prisoners, on their march down to Cadiz, where, according to the treaty, they were to be embarked and sent home to France, were treated barbarously by their Spanish captors. Many were murdered in cold blood: eighty officers were massacred at Lebrija, but not before they had kept their cowardly assailants at bay sword in hand, to be shot down treacherously from houses around. All who survived to reach Cadiz were there cast into the convict hulks and subjected to horrible ill-treatment. The wretched remnant were afterwards transported to the desert island of Cabrera, where "they perished by lingering torments in such numbers that few remained alive at the termination of the war."

Baylen is a dark spot in history, disgraceful to both sides engaged. Yet from it started the career of one of England's greatest generals, and it was the first serious blow that assailed the fabric of Napoleonic power.



A SPANISH CARICATURE ON THE CAPITULATION OF DUPONT.

VILLERSEXEL

9-10 JAN: 1871

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

THE New Year's day of 1871 was a dark one for France. Two whole armies were captives in Germany. The Prussian flag flew over Metz and Strasburg. Paris was besieged—held fast in a ring of iron through which it had proved impossible, so far, to break a way. The armies of the provinces, Faidherbe's in the north and Chanzy's on the Loire, for all their gallant efforts had suffered repeated defeats. Faidherbe had lost Amiens; Chanzy had been forced to abandon Orléans. And yet amid all this darkness there was just one gleam of hope; and, while most of the defenders of France fought only with the courage of despair, there were among her chiefs some who thought that even at the eleventh hour the tide of conquest might be turned back. Fired with this hope, they played a bold game, and nearly won. For a brief moment in the midst of defeat they had the joy of victory.

After the surrender of Strasburg the 14th German corps, under the command of General von Werder, which had captured the place, was ordered to complete the conquest of Alsace—on the one hand keeping in check the corps of *franc-tireurs* and volunteers, which, if they were allowed to make any progress in the Vosges, might endanger the communications of the main army with Germany; and, on the other, reducing one by one the minor fortresses of the east of France. A division of Baden troops, provided with a siege-train, was brought across the Rhine; and Werder, having secured Strasburg by the end of September, pushed forward by Epinal towards Dijon, while, protected by this movement, the Badeners had by the end of October reduced the little fortresses of Neuf-Brisach on the Rhine and Schlestadt on the Ill. During November Werder held Dijon, fighting a number of minor actions with the new French levies under Garibaldi and Cremer; whilst the Badeners, reinforced from his army, began the siege of Belfort, the one place in Alsace over which the tricolour still flew.

Between the southern end of the main range of the Vosges and the first outlying ridges of the Jura there is a gap some miles wide, where the mountains sink down into low hills. Through the central valley of these hills the canal that joins the Rhine and Rhone makes its way. The gap is known to French geographers as the *trouée de Belfort*, taking its name from the fortress on its northern side, which closes it against an invader coming from the direction of the Rhine. Belfort has been a place of strength ever since it was acquired by France under Louis XIV. and fortified by Vauban. Perched on a spur of the Vosges, with its citadel surrounded by a triple girdle of works, it was practically impregnable in the days of the old short-range artillery. If attacked with modern guns, it could be brought under fire from several of the adjacent hilltops. Under the Second Empire some of these were crowned with outlying forts, but the system of defence was still very incomplete when the war of 1870 began. Colonel Denfert-Rochereau, a man of great resource and determination and a skilful engineer, was put in command of the place after the 4th of September by Gambetta, and he at once proceeded to fortify with earthwork redoubts a circle of positions round the town; working with such a will that, while on September 4th the circuit of the outworks was five miles, on November 3rd, when the Germans closed in upon the northern works, they had to occupy a line of investment nearly twelve miles long. With a garrison of 17,000 men, chiefly mobiles, national guards, and volunteers, Denfert-Rochereau doggedly defended every inch of ground; and it was not till November 25th that the Germans were

able to complete even the investment of the place. Till the end of the year they were still battering at his outworks, and the citadel and the town were untouched.

After the second battle of Orléans, on December 4th, the left of the Loire army under Chanzy had retired towards Vendôme along the right bank of the river, pursued by the Germans under Prince Frederick Charles. The right, composed of the 15th, 18th, and 20th *corps-d'armée*, had retreated by the left bank, then to the southward and eastward by Gien to the neighbourhood of Bourges, where General Bourbaki rallied and reorganised it. Ill-fed, incompletely equipped and badly uniformed, the troops had suffered terribly in the retreat to Bourges, but a few days' rest did wonders for them, and by the middle of December the army was again ready to take the field. Gambetta himself had come to Bourges to encourage the troops and co-operate with Bourbaki; and on the 19th the army began to move northward towards Paris, its object being to threaten the communications of Prince Frederick Charles with Versailles and so force him to slacken his pursuit of Chanzy.

On this same day M. de Serres, a young engineer, who had often acted as Gambetta's adviser, arrived at Bourges with a new plan which the Government at Bordeaux had already approved—a plan for sending Bourbaki's army to the east of France, where it was to raise the siege of Belfort, and, uniting with Garibaldi and Cremer's troops and the corps which was being formed by General de Bressolles at Lyons, it was to strike northwards at the German communications or make a raid across the Rhine into southern Germany. It was hoped that Bourbaki's forces could be rapidly conveyed by railway to the east; that Werder could be overwhelmed before he even realised that he had any serious force in his front; and that Belfort and Langres and the south of France could be made the basis for a new campaign, the first effect of which would be to force the Germans to stop their advance on the Loire and think more of guarding the communications by which they were supplied from Germany than of hunting down Chanzy or reducing Paris.

At first sight the plan looked a wild one, but it was sound, and it very nearly succeeded. It is difficult for most people to realise what are the conditions under which an army of some 800,000 men maintains itself in a hostile country in the depth of winter, carrying on at the same time the siege of a great capital like Paris. It is true that some supplies could be obtained in France itself by purchase and requisition, but by December the resources of the districts occupied were nearly exhausted. The army before Paris, the armies that faced Faidherbe in the north and Chanzy in the west, had to be supplied in great part with the ordinary necessaries of life from Germany itself. Ammunition for the Paris siege-guns, renewed supplies for the armies in the field, all this came by the lines of railway that stretched across eastern France through Champagne and Lorraine, guarded partly by detachments on the lines themselves and in the towns through which they passed, but chiefly protected by Werder's army preventing any stroke from the southward and Manteuffel holding back the levies of the north. Werder had at most 43,000 men at his disposal. He had had some difficulty in holding on at Dijon and at the same time maintaining before Belfort a sufficient force to press the siege. If 80,000 or 100,000 men, even of inferior quality to his own, could be suddenly thrown against him, he must go, and then the main German army would have to take swift and effectual means to stay the French advance in the east. Otherwise it would be cut off from Germany and starved. But the crisis in the east would coincide with renewed sorties from Paris, a renewed advance on the Loire and in the north; and it might well be that, under such pressure, the siege of Paris would be raised if only for the brief period necessary to refill its magazine, bring out a large number of the civil inhabitants, reinforce the provincial armies with some of Trochu's best troops, and so change the whole face of the situation.

As in the earlier project for raising the siege of Metz by the march of MacMahon's army to Montmédy, everything depended on rapid movement. Otherwise this bold stroke for the deliverance of Belfort and of France would end in another disaster like that of the previous enterprise. But in the first few hours there was certainly no loss of time. When de Serres submitted his plan to Gambetta, the dictator hesitated to approve it. The movement northwards towards Paris had begun that morning; he based great hopes on it, and this stroke at the German communications seemed too daring. He told de Serres he would leave the decision to Bourbaki himself, and the engineer hurried off to Baugy, north of Bourges, where he found Bourbaki had established his headquarters in

one of the houses of the village. By candle-light in the little room the engineer and the general bent over the map of the east of France, and discussed the plan. The conference was a brief one. Bourbaki thought the bold game could be successfully played, and gave de Serres a note in which he informed Gambetta that, as soon as he received an authorisation cancelling previous orders, he would put his army in movement for the east of France. The order came back by telegraph, and next morning the troops were being moved to the points where they were to entrain, and the southern railways were collecting engines and rolling stock about Bourges.

Gambetta expected great things of Bourbaki. He was one of the most popular soldiers of the Second Empire. He had a record of service extending over thirty-four years. He had fought in Africa, the Crimea, and Italy—everywhere with distinction. Englishmen should remember his name as that of the brigadier who brought up the two first French battalions to the help of our hard-pressed soldiers on the terrible morning of Inkerman. At the outbreak of the war



GENERAL VON WERDER.

with Germany he was in command of the Imperial Guard. He had been brought out of Metz before the end of the siege on a mysterious mission to Chislehurst, and, when he was refused permission to re-enter the fortress, he at once offered his sword to Gambetta, not that he was



GENERAL BOURBAKI.

a Republican, but because all dynastic and party feelings disappeared in the general interest of the defence of France against the invader. But unfortunately, Bourbaki during this his last campaign seems to have been a different man from the fiery soldier of Algeria and the Crimea. On the battlefield, when he heard the cannon again, he showed something of his old vigour; but on the march and at the council-board he hesitated, changed his plans, and seemed to labour under a depressing feeling that as an old general of the Empire he could not rely upon those who now followed him to stand by him after a single check. "If it rains or snows too much," he wrote to a friend, "they will say it is my fault, and that I have betrayed them."

Though everything depended on speed, the railway transport of the troops to the eastern departments was terribly slow. All was confusion. Trains were blocked for hours on the line, while the men, huddled together in the carriages, shivered with cold, for the ground was deep with snow and all the streams were frozen. Only a single line was available for the greater part of the way from Bourges to Chalons-sur-Saône. The 24th corps from Lyons reached the same point by another line. It had originally been intended to move only two corps—the 18th (General Billot) and the 20th (General

Clinchant) from Bourges, leaving the 15th to hold in check the Prussian corps of observation under Zastrow, which had moved southwards from Versailles. But Bourbaki, though the resources of transport were already taxed to the utmost, insisted on the 15th being also placed at his disposal, and after some hesitation the Government granted his request. At last, in the first week of January, the four corps were concentrated between Besançon and Chalons-sur-

result was some skirmishing between the German scouting parties and Bourbaki's advanced troops. Three days later the German headquarters staff at Versailles telegraphed to Werder orders and information which showed that Moltke considered that a very serious danger was threatening the Germans in Eastern France. Werder was informed that he would be largely reinforced from the north, and that Manteuffel would presently take over the eastern command. Mean-



"THE GERMANS TOOK THE DEFENDERS OF THE BARRICADE IN REVERSE" (*p.* 227).

Saône—a movement which ought to have been completed before New Year's Day.

Werder had already found out that a considerable force was being accumulated in his front, and on December 26th he abandoned his advanced position at Dijon. One of the German regiments marched out of the town carrying its gaily-decorated Christmas tree on a cart, and as they passed along the street the soldiers threw some of the bonbons to the children. In order to be ready to oppose any attempt to relieve Belfort, Werder concentrated his forces between Vesoul and Villersexel in the valley of the Ognon. On January 4th he received orders to push reconnaissances to the southward, and the

while he was at any cost to keep Belfort blockaded; use the most severe measures of repression in case the population of the occupied departments attempted an insurrection; fall back before Bourbaki if he could not hold his ground, but even so take care not to lose touch of him. At the same time he was directed to be ready to block the southern passes of the Vosges, and to prepare to destroy the Basle and Mulhouse railway, so as to make a French *coup-de-main* on the upper Rhine more difficult. A hundred thousand Frenchmen were gathering round Besançon, and Werder was outnumbered nearly three to one.

Bourbaki had been hesitating as to whether

he should march direct on Vesoul in order to strike at the field-army under Werder, or move immediately to the relief of Belfort. On this same 7th of January he decided on the latter course. On the 8th he concentrated three of his corps about Montbozon in the Ognon valley —Billot on the left, Clinchant in the centre, Bressolles on the right. Two battalions and a squadron of cavalry were pushed forward to the little town of Villersexel, where there was a bridge across the river and an important junction of roads. The main body of the French was about eight miles south-west of the town. Eight miles north-west of the same point Werder had concentrated his army about Noroy-le-Bourg, intending next day to fall on the flank of the French, trusting to the superior quality of his troops to more than compensate for inferior numbers.

Early on the morning of the 9th the two armies were thus converging on Villersexel, which was held by the French advanced guard. The first division of Billot's corps (nine battalions and fourteen guns) was moving up the right bank of the Ognon, and had reached the village of Esprels at nine in the morning, when the cavalry scouts brought in news that the Germans were about a mile in front near the village of Marast. This was Von der Goltz's infantry division, forming Werder's right. Within half an hour the two divisions were in contact, and all day long the fight continued among the snowy woods between Marast and Esprels. The French, mostly young troops, stood their ground well, and resisted every effort of the Germans to break through or turn them. Once only, towards one o'clock, there was a temporary panic in the Bois des Brosses, which was held by chasseurs and *franc-tireurs*. The 34th Pomeranian infantry fought their way into the wood, and had captured half of it when they were driven out by a counter attack made by fresh troops, a brigade of linesmen and mobiles which was gallantly led to the charge by its brigadier, General Robert. On this part of the field the fighting ended with the short winter day, soon after four o'clock.

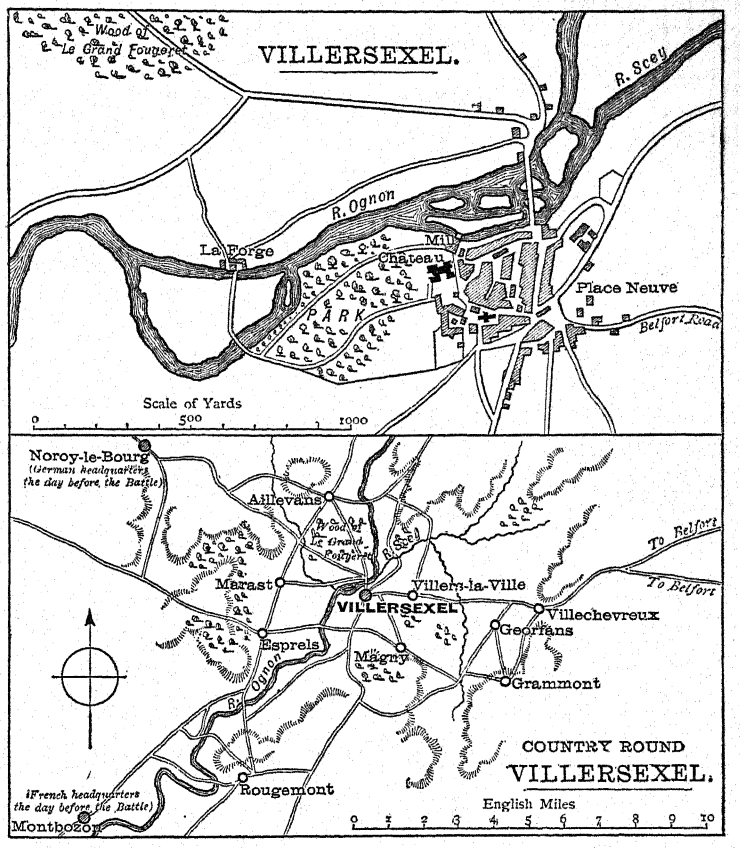
But in Villersexel itself and on the other side of the river the fight was a much more serious affair. In 1870 the town numbered about 1,500 inhabitants. It is built on the slope of a hill on the left bank of the Ognon. The main street runs from the Place Neuve (at the point where the Belfort road enters the town) to the stone bridge which crosses the river. Close to the bridge several side streets run into the main street. On the west side of the town stood the splendid château of Grammont—a three-storied building, with two wings, ending in high-roofed pavilions. Beyond the château extended a wooded park, and at the western end of the park a large island divided the Ognon, and both branches were crossed by foot-bridges, that nearest the park being a small suspension bridge. On the evening of the 8th the town had been occupied by two battalions of the 20th corps (Clinchant), one being a battalion of Corsican mobiles and the other a battalion of mobiles of the Vosges. General Ségard commanded this advanced guard. He barricaded the stone bridge, loopholed the houses along the river, and put a company of the Corsicans into the château ; but by a strange oversight he took no precautions to guard the foot-bridge at the end of the park.

At nine on the morning of the 9th the sound of cannon was heard away to the left on the north bank of the river. It was the beginning of Von der Goltz's attack on Billot's first division. This put the little garrison of Villersexel on the alert, and soon they saw the head of a column issuing from the wood of Le Grand Fougeret, opposite the town. They opened fire from the houses and the barricade, and the Germans threw forward a line of skirmishers, while two batteries took up a position on the high ground beyond the wood, and began to throw shells into the streets and the park. Higher up the German engineers had bridged the river near Aillevans, and a division was crossing there, with orders to move down to the eastward of the town and stop the advance of the main body of the 20th corps, which was coming up in that direction. The Germans repeatedly advanced towards the long bridge as if they meant to rush it, but each time they fell back under the heavy fire from the houses. Along the banks of the river the rival firing lines exchanged volleys at close range. Twelve o'clock came, and the Germans had made no progress. But about this time a lieutenant, with half a company of the 25th Fusilier regiment working along the river bank, reached the hamlet of La Forge, and, to his surprise and delight, found an unguarded foot-bridge leading across to the big island in the Ognon. Cautiously reconnoitring the island, he came on the suspension bridge, giving free access to the park. He could hardly believe his good luck. Sending back word to his captain of what he had discovered, he hastened to secure a footing among

the trees of the park. The rest of the company, and after it the greater part of the battalion, stole across the bridge into the trees, and then the word was given to advance. The château was taken with a rush. Surprised by an attack from a quarter which they thought quite secure, some of the Corsicans were bayoneted, about a hundred were taken prisoners, the rest fled into the town. Pressing down through the streets, the Germans took the defenders of the barricade in reverse, and the bridge was captured. By one o'clock the Germans held the town. To the eastward the heads of their columns had reached Villers-la-Ville and the woods towards Magny.

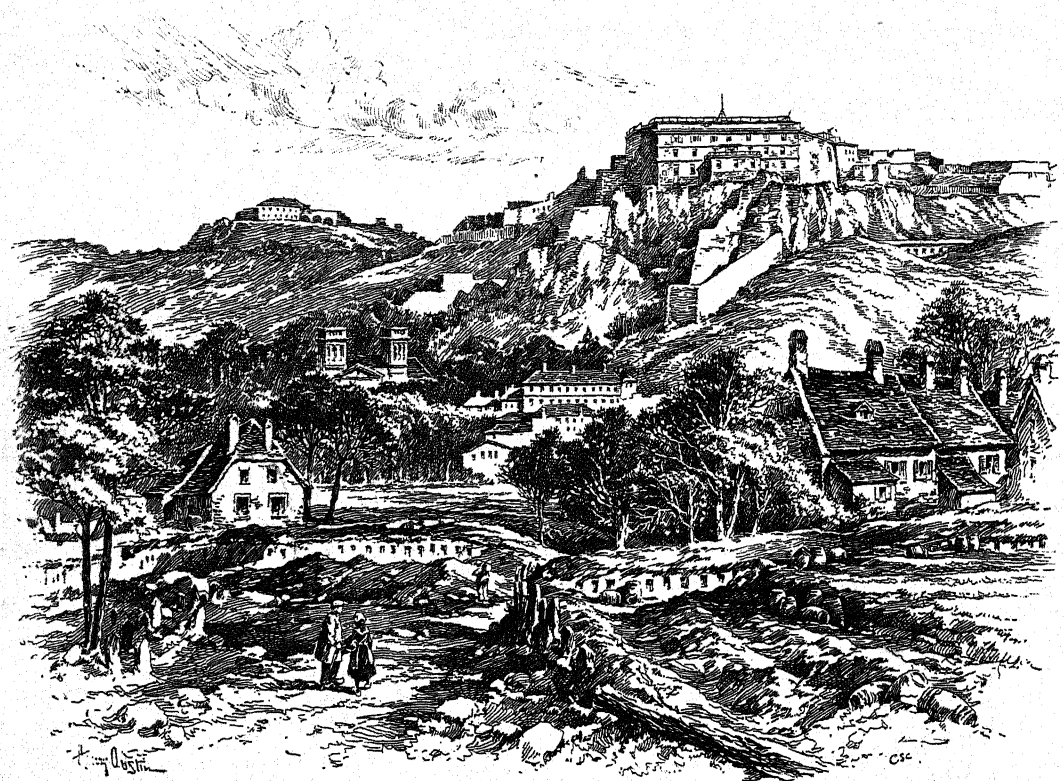
Between one and two o'clock there was a lull in the fight on the south side of the Ognon. Then Bourbaki and Clinchant, the commander of the 20th corps, rode up by Magny and directed a general attack upon the positions held by the Germans. Two divisions moved against their left, while a third pushed forward to attempt the recapture of Villersexel. Further down the river, at Pont-sur-Ognon, a division of the 18th corps crossed to the south side of the stream to support its comrades of the 20th in their attack on Villersexel. It was commanded by Admiral Penhoat, a brave Breton sailor, who that day showed himself a good general. Between three and four o'clock Villers-la-Ville was captured. It was a strong position: the village, with a wood close beside it, stands at the crest of a long, gentle slope—a natural glacis, like that which made the attack of St. Privat so terrible for the Prussian Guard on August 18th. Now, covered as it was with deep snow, this long slope gave the garrison of the village a splendid field of fire. Nevertheless, Logerot's brigade of two battalions of the mobiles of the Jura moved steadily to the attack, a battalion deployed on each side of the road, the general on horseback between them, quietly signalling, now to one, now to the other, with his *képi*, escaping the balls that whistled round him as it by a miracle. But, bravely as it was made, this front attack would probably have failed if it had not been combined with a turning movement against the left of the village by Polignac's brigade. Under this double attack the Germans gave way.

But they had a further reason for not making a prolonged or desperate defence of this part of the position. Werder was now aware that he had in his front on the south side of the river



the three divisions of Clinchant's corps and one of Billot's. True, all these troops were not actually engaged, but they could come into action very soon. Further east, the 24th corps, under de Bressolles, was marching by the villages of Grammont, Georfans, and Villechevreux—a movement which outflanked the whole German position. Bressolles, with a woeful lack of initiative, was marching quietly to the points assigned to him in the general order for the advance of the army on the 9th. He could hear the cannon thundering away to his left, but only four companies of one of his battalions marched towards the fight and took some part in it. Had

de Bressolles pushed boldly in behind Werder's left, the battle might have been, not a defeat, but a disaster for the Germans. Werder, used as he was to the German habit of each corps commander moving at once to the help of a comrade who was actually engaged in a battle, evidently expected some such movement on his left ; and, seeing that the French were making a good fight of it, and that there were nowhere signs of that collapse of the new levies on which in Africa and in Italy, was well up to the front. When the mobiles of the Pyrenees and the Vosges began to fall back under the heavy fire that met them as they advanced against the park, Bourbaki pushed through them, and, sword in hand, placed himself at their head. "*À moi, l'infanterie!*" he called out. "Stand by me. Have French soldiers forgotten how to charge?" And they rallied and dashed forward with the shout of "*Vive la France! Vive la République!*"



BELFORT.

he had counted, he sent an order between three and four o'clock to withdraw all the troops to the north bank of the river, except those actually holding Villersexel. His guns retired partly by the stone bridge in the town, but mostly by the temporary bridges at Aillevans.

Then the French attack came rolling on to the boundary walls of the park and the outlying houses of the town. A little after four the sun had set, and the attack on Villersexel began amid the gathering twilight of the winter evening. But the sky was clear, the stars began to come out, and the moon, near the full, shining on the snow gave light enough to continue the struggle. Bourbaki, flushed with something of the old eagerness which had made him famous One of Clinchant's divisions was attacking the town. Admiral Penhoat's battalions won on their way with the bayonet into the park and attacked the château. The Germans set it on fire as they gave way. But the victors arrived in time to extinguish the flames and to rescue the French prisoners made earlier in the day.

It was after six o'clock, but the fight was not over yet. On the north bank the cannon were silent, but in the town, at the end of every street, Frenchmen and Germans were firing into each other at close quarters, or fighting hand-to-hand with the bayonet. Several houses were on fire, and the struggle was becoming a fierce one, in which there was very little thought of



AN INCIDENT IN THE BATTLE OF VILLERSEXEL.

(From the picture by Alphonse de Neuville.)

quarter. At one point, as the French pushed into the courtyard of a house held by the Germans, an officer appeared at one of the windows, and, raising his hand, said something. All that the French heard was the word "*prisonnier*"; but they concluded, perhaps incorrectly, that he was asking to be allowed to surrender with his garrison. The French captain ordered the "Cease fire," and entered the courtyard. The next moment he and several of his men fell under a volley from the windows. The whole may have been one of those unfortunate mistakes which occur in all wars. But the Frenchmen thought it was a piece of murderous treachery. Faggots soaked with tar were brought up, under a heavy fire; they were piled up against the door and walls of the house and ignited, and not a man of the German garrison came out of the house alive. It was Bazeilles on a smaller scale.

Nine German battalions held the town—Landwehr men from the eastern provinces, Poles, and Pomeranians — determined men, mostly about thirty years of age, coming of good fighting races, and veterans of the war of 1866. Outnumbered as they were, they made a dogged resistance. Towards seven o'clock four Landwehr battalions tried to retake the château. They actually got possession of the lower floor, but the French held out in the basement cellars and in the upper stories. There was a hard fight in corridors and on staircases—here with crossed bayonets, there with the rifle, firing through holes cut in floors and ceilings. The château at last took fire, and both parties had to abandon it. Colonel von Krane, who led the attack, narrowly escaped being cut off and burned to death. By the light of the blazing building the Germans were driven back into the streets of the town. At ten they broke into the park again, only to be once more repulsed. Gradually the fight became confined to the streets near the bridge, where both sides fought behind barricades rapidly improvised, by the French to secure the ground they had won, by the Germans to maintain themselves in the streets and the little square near the bridge end.

For three hours, from ten till after one, this desperate street-fight went on by the light of blazing houses. In narrow lanes, in courtyards, inside the houses, men fought hand-to-hand. It was one of the hottest fights in the whole war. Strangely enough, both sides seemed to think only of pushing new forces directly into the narrow space where the battle was raging—the Germans by the stone bridge from the north bank, the French by the streets leading to the park. Neither party tried to push round beyond the town and enter it from other points; and outside the streets the troops not actually engaged listened to the din that rose from the little town, and watched the flames that shot up from the blazing château and the burning houses—flames in which many of the wounded were destroyed. One of the horrors of the fight was the smell of burning flesh in the crowded lanes.

It was between one and two in the morning of the 10th when the Germans at last let go their hold of the town and retired across the stone bridge. General Billot watched the fight from the ground he had held all day on the north side. The Marquis de Grammont stood beside him, in the light of the flames that still rose from the ruins of his home on the other side of the river. He offered the general to guide through the darkness a column which could fall on the rear of the Germans and cut off their retreat, but his proposal was rejected. It was felt at the moment that enough had been done. A victory had been won, and there was no disposition to run further risks in the hope of still greater results.

When the château was recaptured by the French about seven o'clock, M. de Serres, Gambetta's delegate, rode back to the point near Rougemont (more than five miles from Villersexel), to which the field-telegraph had been brought up, and thence, a little before 8 p.m., he telegraphed to the Government at Bordeaux:

"The battle ended at seven p.m. The night prevents us from estimating the importance of our victory. The general commanding-in-chief bivouacs in the centre of the battlefield, and the army has occupied all the positions assigned to it in the general orders for the march issued yesterday. Villersexel, the key of the position, was stormed to the cry of '*Vive la France! Vive la République!*'"

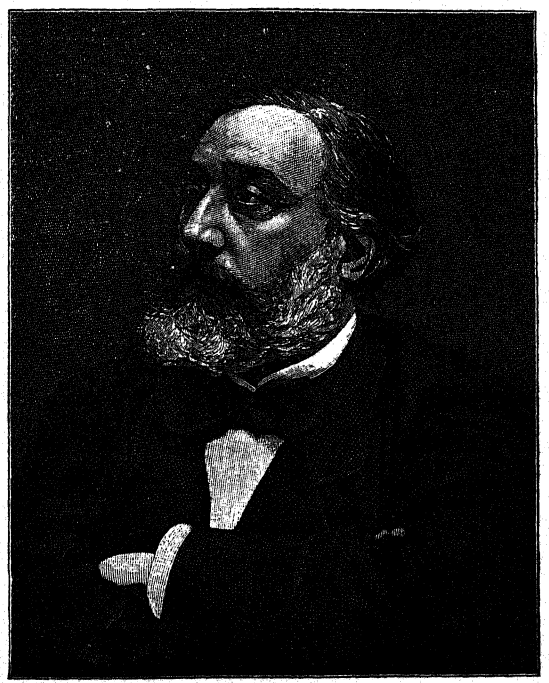
The Government telegraphed its congratulations to Bourbaki. He received them while the night battle was still going on. De Serres, in his eagerness to send the good news, had said that the battle ended at seven. It continued for something more than six hours after that.

The Prussian staff made a more serious mistake in its report. It declared that Werder had held his own "against the 18th and 20th corps and part of the 24th." But neither the 18th nor the 20th brought all its troops into action

(though doubtless their being near the field influenced the result); and as for the "part of the 24th," it amounted to only four companies. It is not easy to say how many troops were actually engaged in the fight from first to last. Probably Werder had about 20,000 men in and near Villersexel, on both sides of the river, of which about 12,000 were seriously engaged. Bourbaki had about 50,000 in the 18th and 20th corps, and 20,000 more in the 24th on his extreme right. But of these 20,000 not 500 were engaged, and of the 50,000 about half must have been in action at one time or another. In the fighting in the town and the park after sundown there were about 7,000 or 8,000 Germans against 9,000 French. Everywhere—except, perhaps, in Billot's fight against Von der Golz, where the opposing forces were about even—the advantage of numbers was on the side of the French; but they were mostly new levies, and they had to expel a veteran enemy from a very strong position. The mobiles and volunteers who fought their way through the streets of Villersexel were brave soldiers, and Bourbaki might well build high hopes upon this first battle in his campaign for the relief of Belfort.

Considering how much street-fighting there was in the evening and night, the losses were not heavy. The Germans admitted a loss of over six hundred men, the French about seven hundred. The Germans carried away some hundreds of French prisoners with them. Of the townspeople of Villersexel only one is known to have taken part in the fight, and he was a Polish refugee, Felix Romanowski, who had settled at Villersexel after fighting in the Polish insurrection of 1863. He shouldered a rifle on the morning of the 9th, and was unwounded at the end of the day. It is not unlikely that part of the time he was firing at his own fellow-countrymen of the Polish provinces of Prussia.

To win a battle is one thing; to reap the full fruits of victory is another. Time was all-important to Bourbaki if his enterprise was to have any chance of success. Yet, instead of pressing Werder with all his available forces next day, and driving him northwards away from the roads leading to Belfort, he lost precious hours and days in hesitation, only to find, when at last he resumed his advance, that the Germans, largely reinforced, were ready once more to throw themselves across his path. The victory of Villersexel was almost the last flicker of hope for France. Héricourt, Montbéliard, and Pontarlier witnessed the collapse of the daring plan, the execution of which had been so well begun in the hard fighting through the short winter day and the long night at Villersexel.



GAMBETTA.
(Photo, Carjat, Paris.)

CANADIANS IN THE FIELD
THREE FEATURES OF THE WAR OF 1812

BY ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT

MANY deeds of daring done during the War of 1812 are remembered in the history of North America. Indeed, the bitter struggle between the Americans and Canadians was rich in brilliant exploits, either side having to its credit a number of memorable events. The needless conflict, which began about nothing and ended in nothing, caused a great deal of bitterness to be harboured at the time in the hearts of both parties to the quarrel. But, fortunately, that bitterness has quite died away; and, although the two halves of the great continent occasionally do look a little black the one at the other, the difference is merely a family one, with small chance, indeed, of growing into anything more serious than a scowl.

The War of 1812 furnishes a rich field for the student of independent and disconnected fighting. It was more or less a guerilla war from start to finish. Small bands of soldiers did wonders. Battles were fought with such determination and bitterness that the killed and wounded were desperately out of proportion to the number of soldiers engaged. The troops of both sides were born riflemen, never wasting a shot and always shooting to kill. Many engagements took place in the woods, and the Indians, who served on the Canadian side, were as ever ruthless and cruel. There can be no gainsaying that America had good ground to complain of the red man's doings. On the other hand, the Canadians found themselves obliged to defend their homes against powerful armies of invasion. No help could be looked for from across the Atlantic, for the United Kingdom had to grapple with the greatest danger she ever encountered in all her history. During the years the War of 1812 was dragging its course, Britain got ready to meet Napoleon, met him, and fought the battle of Waterloo. Canada, meagrely populated, was thrown on her own resources. Against her she had a great Union, practically unlimited as to territory, money, and men. She therefore had to use every card in her hand, and one of the strongest cards was the Indian. Under Tecumseh and the younger Brant the red man fought with all his wonted cunning.

This article deals with the exploits of Laura Secord, the Glengarries, and the great Shawnee chief Tecumseh. That these feats were all performed for the Canadians is in no way implying that the records of the United States army are barren in daring deeds successfully carried through. On most occasions the Americans fought with dash, and their greatest successes were made when matters looked blackest for them.

Laura Secord's name is revered by the Canadians in much the same way as is that of Grace Darling in England, or, still better illustration, for each was concerned in war, Jeanne d'Arc in the land of "dame and dance." Of her deed the verse-writers of Canada, and they are many, have, one may say without exception, spun their rhymes; and no history of the wonderful northland would be acceptable to the Canadians did it fail to mention her name and chronicle her heroism. Tales have been told, dramas woven, songs sung to her honour; and as time goes on, her memory is surely destined to be kept green by the warm-hearted people of the great Dominion. For with heroic determination she pressed stoutly on through dark woods and across swollen streams to save the little army of Canadians from surprise and annihilation.

Mrs. Laura Secord was a daughter of Thomas Ingersoll, a United Empire Loyalist who removed from the United States to Canada after the war for independence and founded Ingersoll, now a flourishing town of some five thousand inhabitants. Laura married Mr. James Secord,

and at the outbreak of the War of 1812 the two were living in Queenston on the banks of the Niagara river. When news came to the Canadians that an army for invasion was being formed on the opposite bank, James Secord, like most Canadians able to bear arms, volunteered for the defence of his country. He ranked as captain when the first decisive battle, Queenston Heights, was fought. That he bore himself gallantly and fought with all his might there can be no disputing, for towards the end of the awful day his wife Laura, as she picked her way among the wounded and dead—while the war-whoops of the frenzied red men still rang from the cliffs where the invaders were clinging to the face of the rock, with above the savages and below the swirling river—she came upon her husband lying among the dead as one dead. The wife gathered the wounded volunteer into her arms, and made her way with as great speed as the burden would allow to their house. There she found that, although he had received two desperate wounds, he still breathed. All that winter she nursed and tended him, and when in June the secret of the invading army came into her possession, her husband was still a cripple, and she herself determined to risk all and make the long journey alone.

The battle of Queenston Heights—a decisive Canadian victory—cleared the Americans out of Canada, but in the spring of 1813 they obtained possession of a strip of territory along the Niagara river. Queenston and, of course, the Secord's home lay inside the territory occupied by the Americans, and James Secord and his faithful wife were cut off from all communication with the Canadian army. General Dearborn, leader of the American army, had secured a firm footing on Canadian soil. Once safely across the frontier, he attempted to drive his army like a wedge into the interior of the country, but the Canadians fought fiercely. For them everything was at stake. Indeed, this war was carried on more like a war of extermination than a fair fight such as one would expect between two peoples speaking the same tongue. Devastation and rapine everywhere, neither side having a monopoly of the blame; villages, homesteads, crops were all given over to the flames, and the capital of each country was in turn



"A BAND OF INDIANS POUNCED UPON HER" (*p.* 235).

burnt. It was a cruel, heartless, revengeful war.

In his attempt to penetrate the country, Dearborn met for a time with success; but at length the Canadians managed to check him at two or three points, and forced him to retire to the Niagara again. This caused much dissatisfaction in the United States, for Dearborn's army was considered quite large enough for the enterprise, and the general found himself likely to be superseded in command should he not without loss of time pick up the evacuated territory and continue to advance instead of to retreat. Not only the people of the United States, but the soldiers themselves considered that there had been no cause for such a right-about-face, and were eager to get away from the river, on whose banks they seemed destined to linger. Retreating, the Americans were, to be sure, pressed closely by the Canadians, who, although scarcely strong enough to attack, hastened to take possession of all the strategical points in the country evacuated by General Dearborn. In doing this a body of the Canadians, commanded by FitzGibbon, a light-hearted Irishman who played an energetic and not altogether unhumorous part in the war, entrenched themselves at De Cou's house, a spot commanding a number of highways leading into the interior of Canada. Until FitzGibbon and his men were driven from their stronghold, Dearborn could not move. Once De Cou's house was stormed and burnt, a highway into the heart of Canada would be thrown open before the invaders. Dearborn planned to surprise FitzGibbon. For this purpose Colonel Boerstler was given command of 600 men, including fifty cavalry and two field-guns, and with the utmost secrecy, as he thought at the time, marched off through the bush for De Cou's.

As a reward for the valiant part he had played at the battle of Queenston Heights, James Secord had been granted by the Canadian Government a small tract of land, which lay some distance outside of the village of Queenston. On the farm he and his wife lived, himself crippled and sorely distressed; and to their house, on the evening of the 22nd of June, 1813, came two American officers, who demanded food. While awaiting for or partaking of this, they fell to discussing the situation and Dearborn's plans, and, most imprudently as it turned out, carried on their conversation in a tone of voice loud enough for Mrs. Secord, who was waiting on them at table, to overhear everything they said. Soldier's wife that she was, and patriotic Canadian as well, she quickly guessed that some decisive move against her country's troops was meditated, and she paid careful but cautious attention to everything that passed between her two unbidden guests. When they had finished their meal and departed, Laura Secord repeated to her husband all that she had heard, and he agreed with her that an attempt to surprise the Canadians would certainly be made. If the surprise succeeded, the whole of western Canada must fall. That night the husband and wife discussed the pros and cons of the situation, and, the husband being unable to leave the house, the wife decided to make an attempt to steal through the American lines, and thread, by a circuitous route, twenty miles of bush to warn FitzGibbon of his great danger.

Laura Secord arose at dawn. She had planned every step of her journey and arranged the strategy by which she hoped to pass the vigilant pickets, whom the American general had thrown out at the skirt of the woods to prevent the accomplishment of just such enterprises as she had undertaken. Dressing herself only in a jacket and short flannel skirt and without shoes or stockings, she took her milking pail in one hand, her three-legged milking stool in the other, and set out to where her cow was lying, not yet having arisen from her night's sleep. As soon as she quitted the house, she beheld the pickets at their stations all alert with the vigilance of a coming crisis. She had not gone a rod from her house before the soldiers detected her, and, although they would know that, on a farm, woman's first duty is to milk the cow (it takes precedence over everything, the object being to allow the beast to eat her fill before the scorching heat of day and the swarms of flies drive her to take shelter under a tree), they still kept strict watch over her actions.

But to all outward appearances the good woman's only ambition was to get the milking over as soon as possible, for she walked straight to the cow and, causing her to arise, set down pail and stool, and commenced to milk. The beast had always been a quiet one, but this morning something was wrong. The soldiers, as they looked on, saw the animal kick over the pail and run a short distance towards the woods before being brought to a standstill by the entreaties of the farmer's wife. Again Mrs. Secord settled down to milk, and again the cow kicked over the pail and ran still nearer to the dark forest. One of the Americans, no doubt himself born and bred on a rich New England farm

where cows had often kicked and run, sauntered over and offered his assistance; but Mrs. Secord expressed a determination to master the brute if she had to follow her about all day. Then she sat down and once more slily pinched the astonished animal. In this way, by short and easy flights, and all under the observation of the unsuspecting and completely befooled pickets, the cow and the woman reached the edge of the wood, passed into the wood, far into the wood, and finally deep enough into the wood for the woman's purpose.

Mrs. Secord leaped to her feet. Flinging pail and stool aside, she darted into the deepest gloom, and as fast as her bare feet would carry her, and with nothing but a vague knowledge of the lay of the land and the way, made off to warn the Canadians and their faithful allies the Indians of approach of a foe.

Those who have never traversed a Canadian wood can have but a poor conception of the difficulties that are encountered even in a short walk. Laura Secord's journey was both a long and an anxious one. For half her distance she was in danger of coming upon American scouting parties and pickets (the Americans held the country for that distance around Queenston); and, besides this, many creeping animals lay in her path, animals that a woman with bare feet does not like to encounter. On her journey that day Laura Secord met with a thousand harassing impediments.

Underfoot the beech roots raised their gnarled and knotted backs through the soil; fallen trees, their dead branches held up as if, like a drowning man, in appeal for help, lay at every angle to be scrambled over as best she could; tangled clumps of briars and scrubby thorn, interwoven underbrush and rank grasses, and limbs of standing trees so low that she found it impossible to proceed upright. Again and again she was under the necessity of driving the rattlesnakes from her path by slashing at them with a goad which she carried for the purpose. (Those venomous reptiles were once to be found in great numbers in the peninsula formed by Lakes Ontario and Erie and the Niagara River, the scene of the brave Canadian's exploit, and in the month of June are very active.) But without pausing or paying more than momentary heed to the promptings to return to her home which must have on occasions surged upon her, she pressed on; the soil, loosened by the long winter's frost, treacherous under her feet, the gloomy closeness of the woods causing the perspiration to run from her brow; down into deep gullies she passed and up their steep sides again, over rocks, through morasses and cold spring swamps, across rapid streams on the trunks of fallen trees, keeping an anxious look-out in front of her for signs of friend or foe.

Night falls early in the woods. Dimness in the clearing is blackness under the interlocked branches of the forest. Owls began to hoot from the tree-tops and to flit past her with the soft rustle of ghosts; strange sounds awakened on the air; warm, sweet, enervating smells oozed from the ground where lay the leaves of ages; the whip-poor-will cried sharply and clear. The passage through the woods had been terribly trying to her, and during the last part of the journey she made but little progress. Her clothing was torn, her feet blistered and bleeding, and her strength all but left her. So it was that when, with whoop and spring, a band of Indians pounced upon her, she could not have been entirely unthankful that at length her long journey was ended for weal or woe. It happened that the Indians were allies of the Canadians; and Laura Secord, woefully bedraggled, was carried before the commander, FitzGibbon. He heard her story, and had her carefully attended to, for she was in sore straits.

FitzGibbon and his Indian allies acted with promptitude and decision, and the result of Laura Secord's remarkable journey through the woods was the complete discomfort of the American army. FitzGibbon captured every man and officer.

When the Prince of Wales was in Canada he visited Mrs. Secord, then an old, old lady; and a few days later she received a handsome present from the heir to the Throne of England.

THE GLENGARRIES AT OGDENSBURGH.

The storming of the old French fort Presentation at Ogdensburgh must be looked upon as one of the most curious and daring exploits of the War of 1812. The business was coolly planned, and carried out with irresistible dash. But then, what but valour and dash could be expected from men who had inherited the very spirit of self-reliant bravery from the same sources as they had inherited their sturdy frames and determined, if fiery, tempers? Highlanders of the real fighting stock, heirs to the deeds of a long line of valiant warriors, many of them the direct descendants of those hot-headed mountain men who poured down from the hills to be scattered at Culloden, and who, for their failure

to win or to fall, were transported to the shore of the then savage continent, North America. The sons of those who had fought at Culloden again fought a hapless fight against Washington in his struggle for freedom, and when the war for independence ended they left their all in the United States and journeyed to Canada rather than live under any flag but the Union Jack. It was these men and their sons that stormed Ogdensburgh.

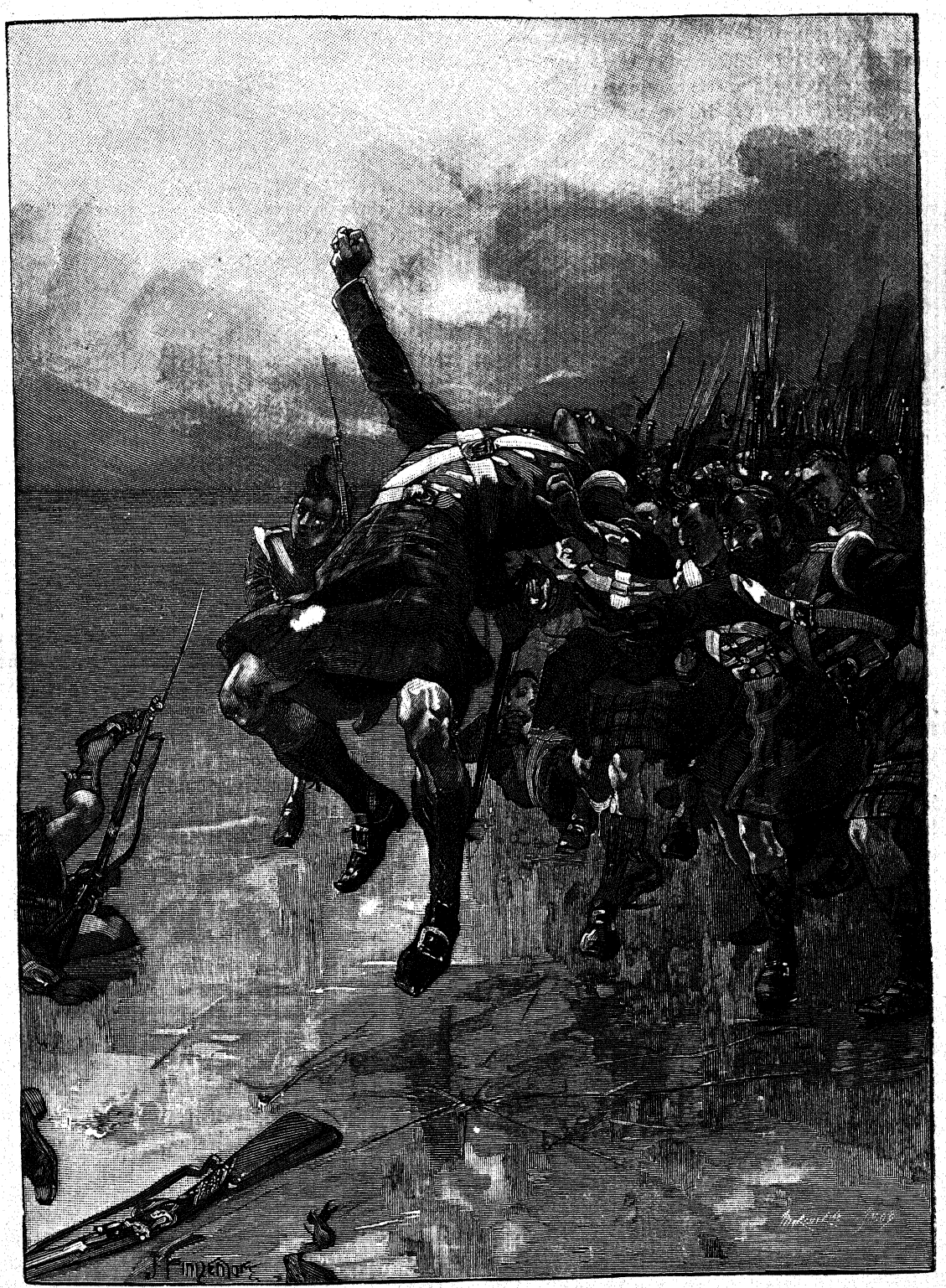
Anticipating the arrival of many United Empire Loyalists—as those were called who quitted the United States after the struggle for independence—the Government of Canada set aside a large tract of land along the northern bank of the St. Lawrence. In the county of Glengarry these Highlanders made their houses, taking up farms, and by their industry soon turned that part into the garden spot of Canada. They beat their swords into ploughshares, and were as successful civilians as they had been brave soldiers.

To the settlement thus formed, about 1803 came a very welcome addition. When peace with France was patched up in the first years of this century, the authorities in England, believing that war had run its course for a time, disbanded a number of splendid regiments. Among these was a Highland regiment, Roman Catholics all; a regiment that had been raised for Continental service by the individual exertions of a priest, Alexander Macdonnell, of Glen Urquhart. He was a fighting clergyman, one of the old sort, who could with equal faith lead his flock in prayer or into battle. In the regimental marchings to and fro, Father Macdonnell went with his men as chaplain of the corps with true paternal love in his heart and true fighting fire there as well. The Treaty of Amiens signed and orders issued for the disbandment of this regiment, Father Macdonnell applied to the British Government to be allowed to take his men to Canada. Not only did he obtain the desired permission, but he was also given the means for transportation; and the men with their priest at the head marched in to the highland settlement of Glengarry, no doubt one and all welcomed to the land of the maple and beaver. Probably when they settled down upon the banks of the St. Lawrence to clear their farms for the plough, they dreamed that their fighting days were past for ever. If so, they were unfortunately mistaken.

The war broke out, Queenston Heights had been carried and retaken, and the harsh winter of the northern zone of America came down and effectively put an end for a time to active hostilities. But long before this took place—in fact, at the first serious news from Washington—Father Macdonnell's fighting blood had stirred in him and the fiery cross was sent through the land. The Highlanders lay by their axes, donned their tartans, took down their broadswords from their places on the ceiling beams, and repaired to the rendezvous where Colonel George Macdonnell—"George the Red," as he was called, after the Highland manner of distinguishing one of a name from another by some personal peculiarity—was ready to drill the men and lead them afterwards. "George the Red" was a near relative of the priest's, and a fighting Highlander through and through. The men he gathered around him were called the Glengarry Fencibles, and during the war proved themselves sore stumbling-blocks to the ingenious and valiant Americans.

The Glengarries were given a great stretch of the St. Lawrence to guard, their headquarters being at Prescott, in Grenville County, Ontario. After their long schooling against the highly trained troops of France, it must have been a curious experience for these men to engage in the semi-guerilla fighting that took place in the War of 1812. On the American side of the river and directly opposite to Prescott is Ogdensburgh, a thriving place to this day. Between the Canadian and the American towns the St. Lawrence flows, at this point quite a mile and a quarter in width, a strait of beautiful waves in summer, but a mass of grinding ice-floes in early winter and early spring. In the depth of winter it presents a curious spectacle: a wind-swept plain, glittering in the sunlight and eerily white under the moon, broken into rugged furrows and dotted here and there by air-holes—breathing-places an acre or more in extent, from which ascend, when the temperature is very low, clouds of vapour as if from huge caldrons. The freezing over of the great rivers of America is a gradual process, the ice growing out from either bank until one clear night the ice-floes are jammed, their ragged edges are joined, their giddy whirlings cease, and the grinding roar is hushed. As the days pass the ice becomes so thick that it can bear any burden that man ever places upon it. Such was the river in the month of February, 1813.

At Ogdensburgh stood an old French fort, and in this fort a Captain Forsyth held command with five hundred American soldiers and a



"MUSKET BALLS BEGAN TO DROP IN THE RANKS, AND MEN LEAPED INTO THE AIR TO FALL FLAT UPON THE GLITTERING ICE" (*p.* 238).

proportionate number of artillery. Early in February, Forsyth, with a small company at his back, had crossed the river late one night on a foraging expedition. This audacious proceeding enraged the "Glengarries." Father Macdonnell and "George the Red" laid their heads together. The outcome was the order that Ogdensburgh must be stormed, and stormed without delay. The leader at once set about preparing for the action.

His plans were as simple as bold. A stretch of ice more than a mile wide, offering no shelter from shot or shell, lay between the Highlanders and their foe. From the walls of the fort eleven cannon looked over this ice-plain. But Macdonnell cared nothing for the strange footing, and hoped to reach the cannon before the cannon would have time to reach him. Morning after morning the red leader marched his men out upon the frozen surface of the river, and for hours at a time used the ice as a drill ground. To the Americans at Ogdensburgh, who at first watched every movement of their dangerous neighbours, it appeared as though Macdonnell was determined to keep his men in thorough training for the spring campaign. Not only did the Highlandmen march and countermarch, but they hauled with them a couple of ugly-looking field-guns. Day by day they ventured farther out upon the ice in their practice, until the centre of the river was reached if not passed.

On the morning of the 22nd February the Highlanders as usual turned out upon the ice. Four hundred and eighty of them there were all told, and the everlasting two old field-pieces dragging behind them like the tail of a beaver. From the walls of the fort at Ogdensburgh the usual number of soldiers took their places to watch the drill. Captain Forsyth himself watched the spectacle for a time, but having seen enough of it, hastened to his breakfast. As he sat over his meal an officer came to him and said that he thought there was something suspicious about the looks of the Highlanders this morning. Forsyth thought otherwise, and went on with his breakfast. The junior officer, unfortunately for the Glengarry men, felt uneasy and sceptical, and resolved to keep a suspicious watch over the goings-on on the ice. Not many minutes passed before his shout from the walls of the fort caused the soldiers to spring to their arms. The Highland hosts had suddenly rent asunder, and two columns dashed straight for opposite sides of the fort.

"George the Red" himself headed the left wing. His men held the ropes of the two field-guns. Foremost in the right wing ran Captain Jenkins, a Canadian born and bred. On they dashed for the fort, running as fast as legs would carry across a frozen river. But half a mile of ice is a long, long road to travel, and before the columns had progressed many hundreds of yards the first cannon-load of grape shot came sweeping across the field of ice to meet the oncoming columns. Another hundred yards forward and the musket balls began to drop in the ranks, and men leaped into the air to fall flat upon the glittering ice.

Macdonnell's men carried the guns. It was the leader's plan to plunge into Ogdensburgh, brush out of his way any opposition that might there be offered, and plant the artillery in a position to fire into the fort from the rear, in this way preparing a breach for Jenkins, who was to storm the fort at the opposite side. But Macdonnell had not counted on his movements being so quickly discovered, nor that he would encounter such obstacles when he approached the bank. His men reached the American shore, swept through the village with irresistible fury; but when they reached the chosen spot for planting the guns, the guns were not forthcoming. They had, it turned out, become buried in a great bank of snow and ice that skirted the marge of the river. It took a weary time to hoist them out of their helpless position, tumble them up the river bank, and plant them in a commanding position. Meanwhile the Americans, rare marksmen and cool fellows, did not let the minutes slip unprofitably by.

While Macdonnell's men were floundering in the snowdrift, poor Jenkins and his band were having a very bad time of it. No sooner had he started forward than seven cannon were pointed at him, and the grape played havoc with his men, momentarily throwing them into confusion. He himself had his left arm shattered by the very first shot from the fort, but calling bravely to his men they all sprang forward. However, they had not gone many yards before a second shot struck the leader, this time on the right arm, completely disabling that also. Notwithstanding his terrible wounds—his left arm had to be amputated and his right was never afterwards of any use to him, although it hung by his side—the gallant Canadian pressed stoutly forward to inspire his men, but at length fell exhausted on the ice from loss of blood. His men, however, never lost heart. Leaving their commander where he lay, they breasted the fire from

the fort, scrambled up the bank, formed in proper order, and charged over the breastworks, depending on their bayonets to carry the day. In the nick of time "George the Red" got his guns into position, and with a "Hurrah!" both wings made for the old French fort. Forsyth, seeing all lost, retired with those men who were able to follow him, escaping into the woods that surrounded the place. The Highlanders secured the fort, burnt four armed vessels that lay in the bay, carted a vast quantity of stores across the ice to Prescott, and having destroyed the fortification, retired to Canadian soil.

The Canadian loss in the gallant affair amounted to eight killed and fifty-two wounded, most of them struck down on the ice by the raking grape-shot.

TECUMSEH, WAR-CHIEF OF THE SHAWNEES.

A few tame buffaloes where once roamed countless thousands; a few patches of ragged forests where once waved a continent of forests; a few red men, tamed but not civilised, where once the smoke from many villages of wigwams and tepee curled through green branches and drifted into the blue sky. The triumph of the white man in North America has been won by the extermination of well-nigh everything indigenous to the continent. The very climate has changed. Europeans from Spain, France, Holland, and our own island kingdom set foot on American soil only to fly at the throat of all things un-European. Beasts, wild-flowers, forests — all have been dislodged; streams diverted, rivers bridged, railways set to crawl over the face of nature, land laid bare to the glaring sun, and a unique continent turned into a second Europe. But the most deplorable sacrifice to white man's convenience was the sacrifice of the forests and the Children of the Forests.

Some of the grandest figures in American history are Indians. Among these Pontiac and Tecumseh stand out in commanding proportions, and it is a strange coincidence that both of these mighty warriors, during the years in which their greatest deeds were done, had their wigwams pitched on the banks of the Detroit river. Pontiac, than whom no greater war-chief ever swung the tomahawk, personally directed the operations against Fort Detroit, then garrisoned by British soldiers, and conducted the greatest siege that is recorded in the history of the red man. Tecumseh, the next striking figure in Indian history, fought on the banks of the same stream side by side with the British, whom his great forerunner had attempted to expel from American soil. As a striking figure of the War of 1812, this Tecumseh may be placed shoulder to shoulder with Sir Isaac Brock, hero of Queenston Heights, whom he knew and loved. Tecumseh was a born leader, eloquent in speech, lofty in principle, and brilliant in war. His death in the battle of the Thames caused a thrill of sorrow to pass through Canada, sorrow only less intense than that which moved the Canadians when they heard of the death of Brock on Queenston Heights.

Tecumseh, war-chief of the Shawnees, was born about 1770. His earliest recollections were of war, for his people, turbulent and fierce, found themselves in unending trouble with the Americans. He was twenty years old when General Harmer, commanding a large body of American troops, was sent to punish his tribe. The Shawnees met the Americans, and the cruel fight that resulted was altogether disastrous to the white men. They were forced to fight at great disadvantage, and finally had to take to heels to escape a general massacre. Next year General St. Clair undertook to avenge Harmer's defeat, and the end of this expedition was that the Americans were again almost annihilated. This, of course, could not last. The United States Government, two years later, fitted out a column, giving the command to General Wayne. Ample troops for the war were placed under the general's care, and Wayne most effectively administered the punishment which in the previous attempts had failed to be given. The Shawnees lost a greater part of their territory and a large number of their best warriors.

The disaster to his people had a curious effect on the mind of Tecumseh. At that time a young and no doubt unimportant buck, the defeat rankled in his heart without in any way cowing his independent nature. A great hatred for the Americans grew in his breast, and he formed a determination to overwhelm them in the west and drive them east of the Alleghanies. To do this he saw clearly that he must not begin by leading one tribe to war against the soldiers, but that all Indians on the continent must be formed into a confederacy and made to act in concert. It was a dream cherished by most of the great Indian chiefs, but none set about its accomplishment with clearer intelligence and sterner determination to surmount all obstacles than Tecumseh.

His resolve once formed, he without loss of time set out to preach the crusade among the

neighbouring tribes. His oratory, rich in the metaphor which the Indian loves and thrilling with martial fire, touched the hearts of the restless warriors; and when in 1804 Tecumseh's brother, the then chief of the tribe, proclaimed himself a prophet sent by the Great Spirit to lead the Children of the Forest back to their original ways of life and ancient heritage, and at the same time renounced the chieftainship in favour of Tecumseh, the young warrior found himself at the head of a splendid band of warriors, which his own and his brother's fame, ringing through the land, was causing to be increased every day by ambitious spirits from friendly tribes. So threatening did the movement among the Indians appear to the United States that the President instructed General Harrison, himself President in after years, to see Tecumseh and learn his intentions.

This was the first meeting between Harrison and Tecumseh. They last came face to face in the swamp-lands of the valley of the Thames in Canada, and Tecumseh, fighting like a mountain-cat, fell riddled with buckshot.

This first meeting threw into relief the character of the Indian war-chief. Both Americans and red men arranged to meet unarmed. Tecumseh at the head of his warriors appeared at the appointed place punctually. One of General Harrison's officers offered a chair to the chief, saying—

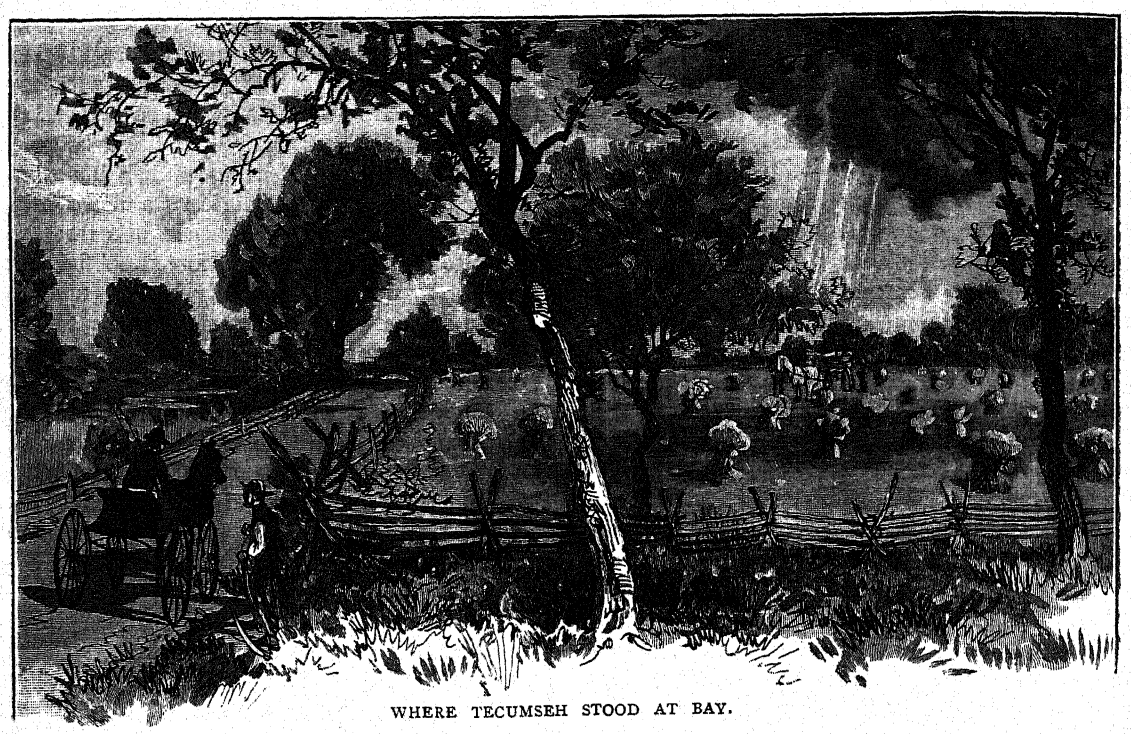
"Warrior, your father, General Harrison, offers you a seat."

Tecumseh gazed into the sky before answering:

"My father! The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother. She gives me nourishment, and I will rest on her bosom."

Having spoken, he flung himself on the turf.

The interview was short and unsatisfactory. Tecumseh refused to relinquish his idea of forming a confederacy, unless the President, on behalf of the United States, undertook to keep the white man within the boundaries already occupied by him.



WHERE TECUMSEH STOOD AT BAY.

Immediately after the interview the Shawnee chief set out to preach his favourite scheme to the Indians of the south. During his absence his tribe got into further trouble with the troops, and were again sorely cut up and defeated. Tecumseh returned home, gathered around him the warriors who had escaped destruction, and, the War of 1812 breaking out, he hastened with his band to Detroit, there to place himself at the disposal of the Canadians. From that day to the day of his death he led his braves with a judgment and brilliancy scarcely equalled in the annals of Indian warfare.

To Tecumseh and his warriors fell the distinction of striking the first telling blow in the War of 1812. An American army commanded by Hull had crossed to Canadian soil, expecting to easily subdue the western part of Canada. Hull's army depended on the west for supplies, and Tecumseh, knowing this, beset the road leading from Ohio, and ambushed a large army behind the stockades of Detroit, leaving Tecumseh to return triumphantly to Amherstburgh. This was a characteristic beginning to a war for the most part fought in the bush.

Fresh from his victory over Van Horne, Tecumseh, war-chief of the Shawnees, met for the first and last time Brock, commander of the forces in British North America. It is recorded



"SPRANG OUT OF THE MORASS AND FLEW AT THE THROATS OF THE RENOWNED RIFLEMEN" (*p.* 243).

convoy under Van Horne. The Americans were taken by surprise, but held their ground bravely against Tecumseh and his warriors. A fierce fight followed, but the Indian chief had the advantage of position, and moreover his braves were used to fighting in the woods. Under green trees and among tangled underbrush, as in the marsh-lands, none could war so well as the Indian. After fighting the fight of despair, Van Horne's little army was scattered; most of the troops were killed and important despatches captured. At the news of this disaster Hull retired from Canada, and shut his

that the two took a great liking to one another. Brock certainly looked upon Tecumseh as a remarkable man, in whom all trust could be placed. Un-Indianlike, the Shawnee chief scorned liquor. He had been a heavy drinker in his youth, but seeing how liquor was carrying off his people he renounced its use. In victory he refused to plunder, and his valour was above suspicion. Brock and Tecumseh planned the storming of Fort Detroit, although the force they had for the purpose was far weaker than that under Hull, who held the fort. Tecumseh undertook the cutting-off of the fort from all

communication with the outside world, and with his thousand warriors completely surrounded Detroit, besetting every highway and path; and when Brock summoned Hull to surrender, Tecumseh drew in his circle of ferocious followers, and their war-whoops, ringing from the woods and re-echoing from the old stockade, hastened the American general's resolve to open the gates. From that day to the day of his death Tecumseh was looked upon by friend and foe alike as one of the great leaders in the war. The Canadians found him an invaluable ally, and the Americans a leader to be reckoned with. Few Indian chiefs ever had such responsibilities placed on their shoulders by the white man as had Tecumseh. It is scarcely too much to say that Brock looked to the Shawnee to hold the territory of Michigan and defend Western Canada from attack. Proctor, who commanded the few troops Brock could spare from his hard task at Niagara, no doubt held actual command, but Tecumseh was the fighting force. And right well he did his duty.

In January of 1813, Proctor and Tecumseh led out their small force and surprised a brigade of Harrison's army, killing close upon 400 men, and capturing Brigadier Winchester, three field-officers, nine captains, twenty subalterns, and more than 500 men. Considering the small armies in the field at this time, the number of killed was appalling. Unfortunately some Indians, losing control of themselves, commenced to massacre the wounded, and a number of unfortunate American soldiers were in this way done to death before the red men could be brought under control.

News of this action spread among the tribes of the forest and plain, and Tecumseh's band was swelled by volunteers from near and from afar—bucks anxious to see fighting or to avenge the blood of killed tribesmen. Proctor, elated with the success of his offensive operation, determined to pursue the forward policy, and with 1,000 regulars and militia, and 1,200 Indians, he in April laid siege to Fort Meigs. At this siege Tecumseh again distinguished himself by cleverly leading Colonel Dudley and 400 American troops into an ambush, with the result that half were slain and the remainder captured. Although Proctor found it impracticable to continue the siege, he managed during the operation to take 550 prisoners, and the slain of the American forces were estimated at about 500 men. After this General Harrison's army was strengthened to such proportions that the small army of Canadians and Indians found it impossible to act on the offensive with any success, and when Commodore Perry in a gallant action swept the upper lakes of the British fleet, Proctor found himself compelled to evacuate Fort Detroit and retreat towards Niagara. Against this movement Tecumseh protested in one of the finest examples of Indian oratory that has been handed down to us from a time not so long passed, but passed for ever, when the Indian was still a great orator and a sturdy warrior. In the course of his speech he protested strongly against any retreat not preceded by a defeat. To quote a few sentences from his oratory:—

"Father, listen! our fleet has gone out; we know they have fought; we have heard the great guns; but we know nothing of what has happened to our father with that arm. Our ships have gone one way, and we are much astonished to see our father tying up everything and preparing to run the other.

"Father, listen! the Americans have not yet defeated us by land; neither are we sure that they have done so by water; we therefore wish to remain and fight our enemy should they make their appearance.

"Father! you have got the arms which our Great Father sent for his red children. If you intend to retreat give them to us and you may go. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."

The Great Spirit willed, and Tecumseh left his bones on Canadian soil.

Proctor began his disastrous retreat on September 28th. The country through which his route lay is as peculiar in its way as any on the North American continent. Once upon a time this tract of land was covered by Lake St. Clair, but through the ages the water receded from the face of the earth, leaving a great alluvial plain of waving reeds and coarse grasses, the paradise of the wild duck. Through this the Canadians and Indians made their way, and, coming to the River Thames, set out along its northern bank through an open forest.

Closely following on their footsteps came General Harrison with 3,500 men, 1,500 of these Kentucky riflemen mounted on horses that understood the woods as well as any woodsman. Proctor found it impossible to make much progress owing to the terrible state of the ground; and Harrison, with his mounted men, soon caught him up.

On October the 5th the little band of regulars and Indians was forced to halt and prepare for battle. The position he secured was a favourable one. On his left the River Thames flowed, deep and treacherous. On his right, in the security of a swamp, lay Tecumseh and his warriors, delighted at the prospect of another meeting with their foe. The small force of regulars were deployed from river to swamp, and all was ready for the appearance of Harrison.

Tecumseh held a position that appealed to the Indian heart. A tangled mass of underbrush, long grass, and gnarled swamp-oak hid him from view; underfoot the soil shook like jelly and scarcely would bear the weight of a moccasin foot, being quite impossible to horsemen. In such a place the mighty warrior awaited in all confidence the time when he might spring whooping from his cover to fall upon the flank of the Americans. The last words he spoke to Proctor as he was about to retire to the fastness of the marsh-lands were, "Father, have a big heart!"

Notwithstanding the telling position he had secured, Proctor neither took ordinary precautions to escape surprise nor did he or his men display valour in the fight. At the first charge of the American horsemen, and before the Indians had an opportunity to begin the battle according to the arrangements come to between Proctor and Tecumseh, the regulars broke and ran. In fact, many did not go to the trouble of attempting to escape, but threw their weapons on the ground and surrendered.

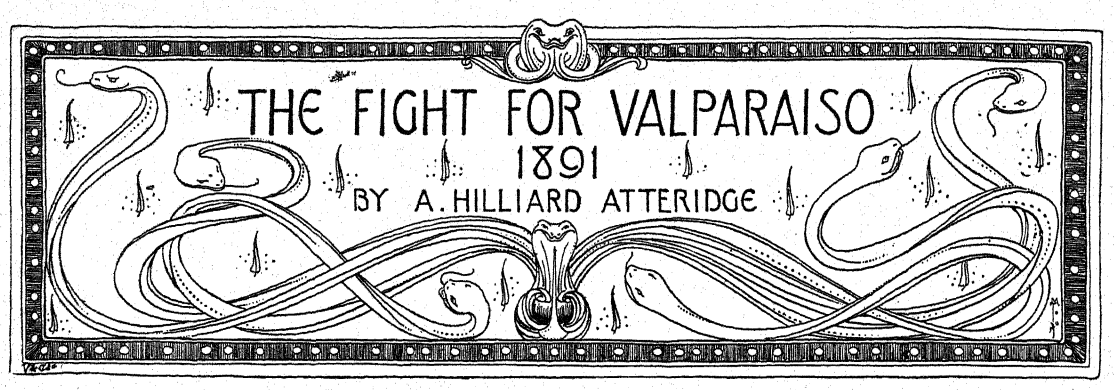
Tecumseh saw what happened, and his rage was great. He and his warriors might very well have withdrawn and saved themselves, for no army could hope to catch the red man in the woods; but instead of doing this he resolved to give battle, and at the head of his bucks sprang out of the morass and flew at the throats of the renowned riflemen. The Kentucky men, hunters and trappers every one of them, were familiar with Indian tactics, and used to fighting under trees. They met the Indian charge with great coolness, and although badly cut up, held their ground.

In the savage struggle that followed, the great Shawnee Tecumseh met instantaneous death, being riddled with buckshot. His death put a stop to all fighting. The Indians quickly melted away among the trees, leaving their chief dead on the banks of the muddy Thames.

Tecumseh's end was one after his own heart. Pontiac died from a tomahawk-blow delivered, it is said, in a drunken squabble; but Tecumseh died with tomahawk in hand, the heat of battle in his brain, and his face to the foe.



A COUNCIL OF WAR.



THE history of most of the South American republics, since their successful revolt against Spain in the first quarter of the century, has been diversified with frequent civil wars. Here the party that has been beaten at the elections tries to reverse the verdict of the polls by an appeal to arms; there a president develops into a dictator, and answers the protests of the local congress with rifle bullets. A playful exaggeration described the condition of a Spanish republic by saying that there was a revolution in the capital whenever it was too hot to work. But there is one South American State which is a notable exception to this condition of affairs. In Chili there was an abortive attempt at insurrection in 1851, but for nearly forty years from the day of its failure the country enjoyed internal tranquillity. It supported Peru in its resistance to Spain in the sixties. It carried on a successful war with the same sister republic at the end of the seventies, gaining thereby extension of territory and some reputation for hard fighting by sea and land. But this long period of internal peace and growing prosperity closed when in 1890 an ambitious president tried to usurp something like dictatorial power. Balmaceda was by all accounts an able man, and many of his ideas as to the lines on which the wealth of the country could be developed were excellent. But unfortunately he tried to make himself the arbitrary master of the State instead of its constitutional head, and towards the end of the year he brought matters to a crisis by throwing into prison some of the leading men of the majority in the Congress, which opposed his views.

On January 1st, 1891, the Congress, with the exception of his few personal adherents, formally declared that Balmaceda had violated the Constitution. Those leaders of the majority who were still at liberty and many of their followers then went on board the fleet, which had through its officers promised to support the Constitution against the would-be dictator. The army, however, for the most part stood by Balmaceda, and the fleet steamed away to the northwards, and took possession of Iquique, which became the temporary capital of the provisional government, while Balmaceda was for the time supreme at Valparaiso and Santiago and throughout the south and centre of the Republic. Coquimbo marked the northern limit of his power, and for a time the rival claimants to the dominion of Chili were indeed at war, but unable to strike any effective blows at each other. The difficult nature of the country between Coquimbo and Iquique, the fact that the Congressists commanded the sea, and the fear that a large withdrawal of his forces from the south would lead to a rising against him, all combined to prevent Balmaceda from attempting to do more than stand on the defensive. The Congressists, on the other hand, though they bombarded Coronel and other points on the coast held by their rivals, had only a small untrained and badly armed land force at their disposal, and could therefore make no serious attempt to drive Balmaceda from the capital and the great port of Valparaiso. The dictator, through his agents in Europe and the United States, set to work to obtain a fleet, and the Congressists imported arms and rapidly levied an army in the north. It was a race between them to see which would first be ready for effective action. The dictator had nearly all the organised machinery of the regular government at his disposal, maintaining himself by something like a reign of terror in Valparaiso. The Congressists, though nominally rebels, were really preparing to defend law, order, and the constitution against their worst enemy.

Fortunately for Chili, the Congressists secured the help of a remarkable man to form, train, and direct their new levies. Emil Körner had learned the soldier's business in that excellent school the general staff of the Prussian army. He had seen war on a grand scale in France in 1870-71, and he had come out to Chili to act as a professor in the "Academy of War" or Staff College of the Republican army. Refusing to give his adherence to Balmaceda, he made his way to the headquarters of the insurgents at Iquique, and was at once appointed chief of the staff to General Del Canto, who commanded their land forces. For three months Colonel Körner worked night and day. He superintended the training of the recruits. He gave lectures and practical instruction to the officers. He drew up and had printed a little book with elaborate diagrams on the modern infantry attack. He imported some thousands of Männlicher repeating-rifles, and armed his best regiments with this terribly effective weapon. Finally he compiled and issued a series of maps of the country in which the army was to operate, and drew up a plan for the coming campaign. The Männlicher had never yet been used upon the battlefield, and the struggle for the possession of Valparaiso would therefore be, from the scientific soldier's point of view, an interesting experiment. By the beginning of August the Congressist leaders decided that the time for action had come. Körner would perhaps have wished for a little longer time for preparation, but Balmaceda had purchased a powerful ironclad and some other warships in Europe, and their arrival would deprive the Congressists of the great advantage of an unchallenged command of the sea, which indeed was the first element of success in their plan of campaign.

The Congressist or Constitutional army was less than 10,000 strong. There were three infantry brigades, varying in strength from 2,500 to 3,000 men, a couple of batteries of mountain-guns and a few field-pieces, six squadrons of cavalry, mustering in all less than 700 sabres, three companies of engineers, and a detachment of sailors from the fleet with six Hotchkiss machine-guns. None of the infantry had had the Männlicher rifle in their hands for more than six weeks; some of them had only enlisted a fortnight ago. It was a daring enterprise to throw such a force as this on a hostile coast within a few miles of a great city held by a regular army at least 25,000 strong. Körner, in advising the attempt to be made, trusted partly to the effect that would be produced by the new rifles, partly to the notorious fact that the Balmacedist army was in part composed of recruits



VALPARAISO.

enlisted by force, and old soldiers whose sympathies were not with the dictator, but who were terrorised into following his generals by the frequent military executions of those who showed the least hesitation in obeying orders, the least leaning towards the Constitutional cause.

The troops embarked at Iquique, Caldera, and Huasco in the second week of August. They were crowded on board of seven large steamers and three war-ships, these last being the ironclad *Almirante Cochrane* (named after the British admiral who did so much for South American freedom) and the cruisers *Esmeralda* and *O'Higgins*. The members of the provisional government were on board of the ironclad, together with General Canto, Colonel Körner, and the staff. All went well, and at noon on August 19th the fleet assembled at the appointed rendezvous at sea, sixty miles west of the port of Quintero, the destined landing-place. The orders were that the fleet was to approach Quintero under cover of the darkness of the next night. The steam launches of the war-ships were to go into the bay and drag it, to make sure that there were no torpedoes laid down. At dawn the vanguard battalion was to surprise the little town; the rest of the army was to disembark under the cover of the guns of the fleet; and, as soon as it was complete, it was to march southwards for Valparaiso, distant about fifteen miles. The men were to land carrying three days' provisions, and the infantry were to have 150 cartridges in their pouches, the small bore of the new rifle making it possible to carry this large supply of ammunition without overloading the men.

When the sun rose on Thursday, August 20th, it was found that instead of being off Quintero the fleet had, through miscalculating the drift of a current, been carried ten miles to the northward of the port, the mistake resulting in some loss of valuable time. The harbour was found to be clear of torpedoes, and the only garrison in the town was a few dragoons, who retreated southwards as soon as the boats of the vanguard put off from the side of the steamer. The dragoons tried to drive away with them a large flock of 3,000 sheep, but, on being pursued, they abandoned this valuable prize to the Congressists. The telegraph office was occupied, and the wires cut, but before their flight the Balmacedists had got off some long messages to Santiago and Valparaiso. It was a bad piece of negligence on the part of the invaders that they had not landed small parties above and below the town to cut the wires in the dark.

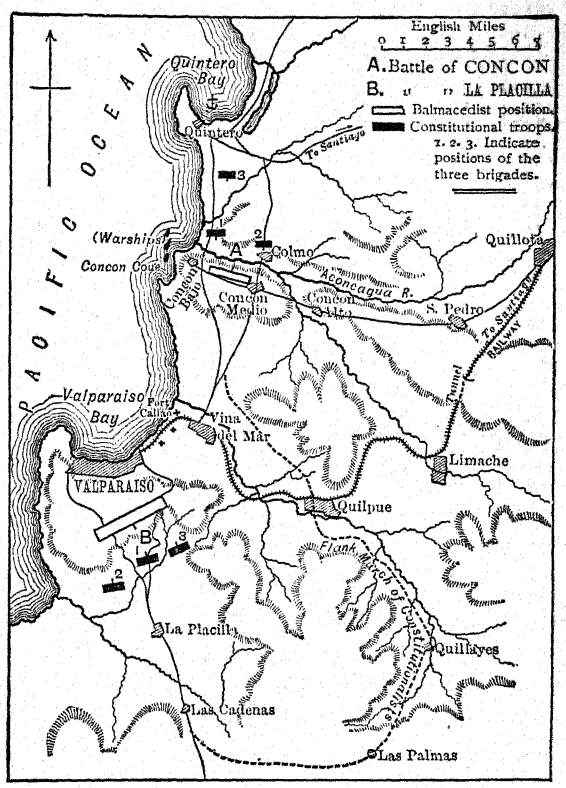
The disembarkation at Quintero had been timed for 5.30 a.m., but the fleet did not reach the bay till seven, and it was not till half-past nine that the first boatload of troops were towed to the shore. At ten the vanguard began its march southwards towards the Aconcagua river, but it was not till twelve hours later that the last of the troops were ashore, and the march of the third brigade did not begin till midnight. The Aconcagua, which is fordable at several points, runs into the sea through a valley about half a mile wide, the parallel lines of heights on either side being from 450 to 600 feet high. Rumour said that the dictator's troops were concentrating on the southern heights to dispute the passage, and the scouts pushed on in advance by the Congressists confirmed this report. They found the enemy holding a position on the southern hills, with his left near the sea on the heights above the village of Concon Bajo, and his right about two and a half miles further inland. His force was estimated to be about 11,000 strong, with several batteries of cannon and machine-guns. It was certainly pushing daring to the verge of rashness to attack such a force in such a position, with inferior numbers and hardly any artillery. But General Canto and Colonel Körner decided that the risk of inaction would be still greater. It would dispirit the volunteers, it would add to the strength of the enemy's forces, and finally there was the danger of a break in the weather. Levied in the rainless districts of the north, the Congressist army was formed of men who could not be expected to carry on a campaign in wet weather without suffering serious losses by sickness, and being reduced to a state of depression that would not leave much inclination for fighting in the survivors. They were good soldiers, these volunteers of the Constitution; but, like the French duellist with the umbrella, though they did not mind being shot they had not bargained for catching cold.

Soon after sunrise on Friday, the 21st, the Congressists began to throw shells from their mountain-guns across the valley into the Balmacedist lines. Their object was to make the dictator's batteries reveal their positions by opening in reply, and soon Körner's staff-officers were able to note, not only the points where the enemy's guns were, but also the positions into which he was moving his infantry battalions. While this desultory cannonade was echoing

along the valley, the fords of the Aconcagua were reconnoitred, and it was finally decided that Körner was to send across the first brigade by a ford, partly sheltered from the enemy's view and fire, near the village of Concon Bajo, and attack the Balmacedist left, while Canto, with the two other brigades, crossed higher up at Colmo and attacked their front. The fleet was to steam close in to the shore near Concon Cove and support the right attack with its long-ranging guns. It was the battle of the Alma all over again on a small scale. Like Gortschakoff, the Balmacedist generals, Barbosa and Alcérreca, did not oppose the actual landing, but disputed a river crossing lying between the invaders and their objective; and in the actual fight Körner's advance from Concon Bajo was exactly parallel to Bosquet's attack on the Russian left near the sea, while Canto's advance with the two other brigades represented the main frontal attack of the English and French armies.

The attack from Concon Bajo had the great advantage of the support of the fleet. Alcérreca saw that this would be so, and strongly urged Barbosa, who was his senior, to give battle at a point further from the coast; but his colleague had an utter contempt for the new levies of the Congressists. As he saw them advancing on the morning of the battle of Concon, he said, using a Chilian expression of contempt—"They are four cats. I shall sweep them back to their ships this very morning!"

A little after eleven the battle began in earnest. Signals from the shore told the fleet where to direct its fire, and the *Cochrane*, the *Esmeralda*, and the *O'Higgins* working their guns as safely as if they were at target practice, searched with their shell-fire every hollow in the hills near the coast where the dictator's reserves might be concentrated. At the same time a battery of mountain-guns opened from Concon Bajo on the small bodies of the enemy who were watching the ford, and a company of rifles advanced against them, and for the first time the rapid fire of the repeating-rifle was heard on a battlefield. Under this shower of bullets and shells the Balmacedists fell back, and the 1st brigade, in a long column of fours, plunged into the river at the ford. Before they advanced the men threw down their packs and cloaks, going into action with only their haversacks, water-bottles, rifles, and ammunition. The ford was nowhere more than waist deep, and as the column reached the opposite bank regiment after regiment extended into fighting formation. As the first line reached the crest of the height a large flag was displayed, a signal to the ships to cease firing, for after this their shells would have been as dangerous to friends as to foes. All the high ground near the sea was clear of the enemy, but supported by a battery of artillery, the Balmacedists held the further edge of a ravine which ran across the hill, nearer to Concon Medio, and against this the attack of the first brigade was directed, while the cavalry crossed by the ford and, riding up the heights, protected its right,

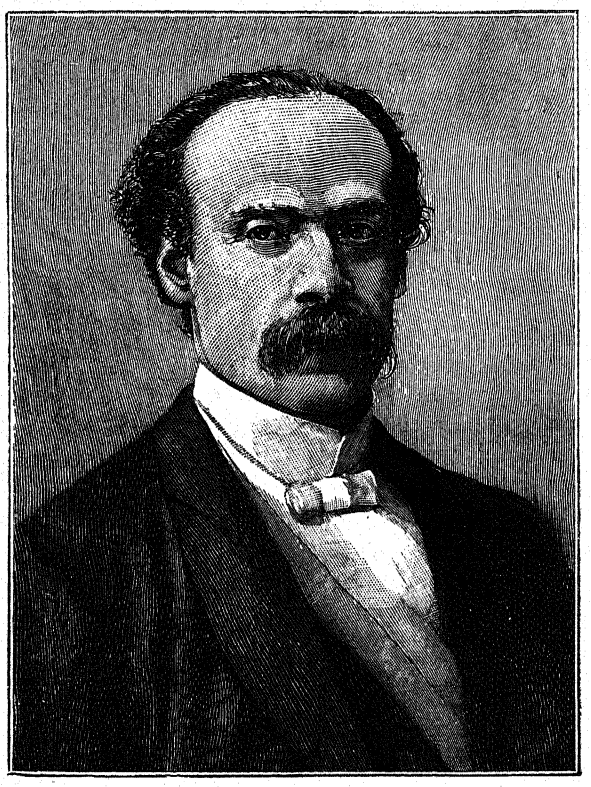


which was threatened by a mass of Balmacedist lancers.

Meanwhile Canto had heard the firing towards the sea, and took this as a signal to begin his own attack at the ford of Colmo. Covered by the fire of a mountain-battery and the machine-guns landed from the fleet, the first battalions of the 2nd brigade forded the Aconcagua. The 3rd brigade was still far from the field, but messengers were despatched to hasten its march, and especially to urge the artillery to push on as rapidly as possible. The Colmo ford was not at all as good a place for crossing as the ford of Concon Bajo. The bottom was irregular, the current was strong, and the place was under fire from the Balmacedist position. Several men were

shot down in the water, and still more were swept away by the current, or missed the ford and were drowned. But nevertheless the Congressists pushed on; and once across, the very steepness of the river bank sheltered them as they formed for attack.

There was now a sharp infantry fight in progress at two points—on the Congressist right, where the 1st brigade was steadily forcing back the Balmacedists along the ridge, and between Colmo and Concon Medio, where Canto with the 2nd brigade was struggling for the possession of the long green hillside above the river. At both points the rapid fire of the new rifle told strongly in favour of the attack; but it had also its dangers and drawbacks, for the regiments first engaged, partly trained as they were, did not husband their cartridges, and though they had 150 to begin with, they were soon beginning to run short of ammunition. This was especially the case on the right. The Iquique regiment had got to within two hundred yards of the Balmacedist battery, and the gunners were firing case-shot. The guns were in imminent danger, when the fire of the attack all but ceased. Their ammunition was gone, and they would have had to fall back if at that moment the cavalry had not come to the rescue. The two squadrons that charged had not quite three hundred sabres, but they decided the fight on this part of the field. Sweeping round the flank of the infantry they dashed with a wild cheer in amongst the guns and captured the whole battery, the Iquique men coming on with their bayonets fixed the moment the rush of horsemen stopped the fire of the guns.



PRESIDENT JOSÉ BALMACEDA.

In the attack of the 2nd brigade cartridges had run so short that the men searched the bodies of the dead and wounded for further supplies. Here it would have gone badly with the attack had not part of the 3rd brigade arrived, tired after their night march, but with their pouches well filled with cartridges. The Balmacedists had been gathering round Concon Medio for a counter attack, when in their front the sudden outburst of heavy volley firing from the newly-arrived battalions, and on the left the sight of their own troops retiring in confusion followed by Körner's 1st brigade, told them that the battle was lost. While the mass of the Balmacedist army retired towards Valparaiso, some 1,500 threw down their arms and were made prisoners. Others dispersed in various directions, and altogether Barbosa did not muster more than 3,000 men by evening out of the 11,000 that he had put in line of battle in the morning.

In the battle of Concon the victors lost 869 men, of whom 216 were killed, 531 wounded, and 122 returned as "missing." Of these most were drowned, or shot and swept away by the river during the difficult passage of the Colmo ford. Of the Balmacedists 1,648 fell in the battle, of whom 833 were killed and 815 wounded. It will be noticed that the number of killed and wounded was nearly equal, those killed on the spot being slightly in the majority. No previous battle since firearms were invented showed any such result. This was largely the result of some of the Balmacedists having fought behind breastworks, where if a man was hit it was by a bullet through the head. On the other hand, comparatively few of the wounds inflicted by the Männlicher had fatal results after the battle. There were not many bullets to extract—most

of them had gone through, making a small clean wound with very little bleeding, and if no vital part was penetrated there was generally a rapid recovery. Most of the wounded were out of hospital by the end of September.

After the fight many of the prisoners took service with the Congressist army, and the guns captured by the cavalry proved a very welcome reinforcement to its artillery. If Canto and Körner could have followed up their victory by an immediate march on Valparaiso the war might have been ended next day; but this was out of the question, because most of the regiments had fired away so much ammunition that there were not ten cartridges per man left. The machine-guns and the mountain-batteries had also nearly exhausted their supplies. And it was not so easy to refill the empty pouches and limbers. The disembarkation of the baggage animals and the transport of the ammunition columns had been going on slowly at Quintero, and it was with the utmost difficulty that a moderate supply of shell and cartridges was put on the road for the captured positions. The troops bivouacked for the night on the ground they had won, and here there was another difficulty. Many of the men had eaten all their reserve rations on the march, others had thrown them away. Supplies had to be hunted up in the neighbourhood during the evening after the battle. Then, too, nearly all the infantry were without their cloaks and packs. They had thrown them down before they entered the fords. They shivered through the night for the want of them, and those who recovered them next day were fortunate. Some had to wait for them till the end of the campaign.



"THEY DASHED WITH A WILD CHEER IN AMONGST THE GUNS AND CAPTURED THE WHOLE BATTERY" (*p.* 248).

After the battle, the 1st brigade had pushed on to a point about ten miles from Valparaiso. It was not till noon on the 22nd that the ammunition supplies of the army were brought up to 120 cartridges per man. By this time it had

been ascertained that the strong position of Vina del Mar, north of Valparaiso, was entrenched and held in force by the Balmacedists. All night trains had been moving along the railway between Quilpue and Vina del Mar, bringing up troops from the direction of Santiago. In the afternoon firing broke out in the Balmacedist lines, and later on came the sound of regular volleys. The Congressist staff rightly guessed that there had been an unsuccessful attempt at mutiny in the enemy's camp, promptly followed by military executions. During these last days there was a reign of terror in the camp and in Valparaiso, and counting on the notorious disaffection of many of the dictator's troops, the Congressist leaders resolved to try the effect of a surprise attack on the Vina del Mar position at dawn on the 23rd.

But the Sunday morning saw the first failure of the Congressists. The troops destined for the attack did not reach their positions till the sun was already risen, and then surprise was out of the question. There were no signs of a revolt among the garrison of the lines, which had been further reinforced by rail during the night. When the artillery of the attack opened, it was answered by a still more powerful artillery in the lines, and on the left of the defence the heavy guns of Fort Callao co-operated in this cannonade. The fleet stood in towards the bay, and engaged the northern forts, but was unable to produce any effect upon them. By nine o'clock it was decided that a successful assault on the lines was out of the question ; the fleet steamed out to sea, the infantry withdrew to their bivouacs of the night before, and the artillery retired with them. But Colonel Körner had already suggested, and Del Canto had accepted, a new plan for the capture of Valparaiso. The army was next day to march to Quilpue, cut the railway there, and then moving round to the south of Valparaiso, attack the city on the side where Balmaceda had no entrenched position ready for his army, and where the forts could not co-operate in the defence.

"The only road practicable," writes Colonel Körner in his official report, "was through Quilpue and the farms of Las Palmas and Las Cadenas. The practicability of this road depends entirely on the state of the weather : very good when it is dry, it becomes boggy after a little rain. A much more serious inconvenience was the distance which had to be traversed—rather more than twenty-eight miles. An army well trained in marching could do the distance without difficulty in twelve hours ; but the Constitutional army had not had time to become trained to this work. Besides, volunteers, always ready to fight, submit without difficulty to instruction in fighting, but by no means so readily to the more arduous training in forced marching, which is the only means by which one can, in time, form a 'marching army.' Accordingly, it was necessary to allow two days for this relatively short distance."

The actual time taken was even longer. Körner was anxious to mislead the enemy as to his intentions, and accordingly on the Monday the 1st brigade pretended to be preparing for an attack on Vina del Mar, while the other two marched on Quilpue. When they had seized the town, the 1st followed them. The railway was torn up and the tunnel of Limache blocked by sending a locomotive into it, blowing the engine up on the line, and wrecking a quantity of rolling stock on top of it. At Quilpue a committee of gentlemen had arranged to watch the station for the three previous days and nights, counting the carriages that passed through and estimating the number of soldiers they contained. They told the Congressist staff that Balmaceda must have concentrated about 14,000 troops, including some Indians. The Congressist force numbered now about 10,000 men.

Tuesday was a day of rest, and endeavours were made to lead the dictator to expect an attack along the railway line. At dawn on the Wednesday the march was resumed. Soon after it began a regiment of 300 hussars deserted from the dictator and joined the popular forces. The hot hours of the middle of the day were given to rest, and in the evening the march from Las Palmas to Las Cadenas was resumed, but little progress was made in the darkness : the ground to be traversed was cut up with streams, marshes, and woods ; and at last the troops bivouacked without reaching the ground where the generals had hoped to attack the enemy soon after daybreak. The battle was therefore adjourned till the next day—Friday, the 28th.

The troops were concentrated on Thursday morning. In the afternoon a council of war was held in a farm-house, where Körner, a piece of chalk in his hand, explained, with the help of a rough diagram drawn upon the floor, what each was to do in the next day's fight. The enemy held a succession of ridges, steep-sided, and with narrow summits, which run out into the plain

near the village of La Placilla. Körner knew the ground well. As professor at the Staff School he had directed tactical exercises upon it, and he judged that if one extremity of the line were briskly attacked the enemy would find it difficult to move up supports from the rest of his position on account of the deep ravines that traversed it. The hill on the enemy's right approached by the La Placilla road was chosen for the point of attack.

The battle of La Placilla was short, sharp, and decisive. The artillery began to exchange fire about 7.30 a.m. on Friday. An hour later the 1st Congressist brigade, always to the front, moved up from La Placilla, with the 2nd to support it on the right, while the 3rd kept the rest of the Balmacedist line in play. The troops had been warned to husband their ammunition this time, and not to open fire till they were within 400 yards of the enemy, which is point-blank distance for the long-ranging Männlicher. So, silently and steadily, with a few skirmishers in front, the 1st brigade went up the hill, finding some difficulty in passing lines of deep pits and entanglements of barbed wire prepared for its reception by the enemy. At last it got within the prescribed range, and the volleys of the repeating-rifle rang out.

To its left, the 2nd brigade had made a bad mistake. Seeking for cover from the storm of fire that came down from the heights, its leaders had diverged from the true direction, and had got too far towards the sea, with the result that there fell upon the 1st the full weight of all the strength that Barbosa had massed on the height above Placilla. The gallant regiments of the brigade were giving way under this pressure, when again the Chilian horsemen turned the day in favour of the popular cause. Six squadrons, which had gained the heights in rear of the advancing infantry, charged the Balmacedist right. The enemy broke before the storm of horsemen, and this respite enabled the 1st brigade again to advance, while the 2nd came up on its left, and the 3rd pressed forward on its right. The enemy gave way in all directions. The collapse of the right decided the fate of the whole line. Barbosa and Alcérreca fell while they tried to stem the rout —perhaps shot by their own men. A little after ten the fight was all over. Thousands surrendered where they stood; the rest were driven back into the streets of Valparaiso, where no further resistance was attempted, and where the Congressist troops, as they marched in with the stains of battle upon them, were hailed by cheering crowds as a rescuing army.

For all night long disbanded soldiers, released criminals, all the scum of the great city, had been burning, looting, and killing, Balmaceda having given the city up to pillage when he saw the impending collapse of his ill-gotten power. The foreign warships had landed armed parties to protect the European quarter on the high ground above the town. In the city below whole blocks of houses had been burned. No wonder that Canto's sturdy volunteers marched in to the sound of ever-repeated "*Vivas!*" for the Constitution and for the victors. Canto was the hero of the moment. Beside him rode, all unrecognised by the crowd, the studious German staff-officer who had organised the army of the Congress, and showed it the way to victory.

The fight had cost the victors much more loss than the battle of Concon. They had 485 killed and 1,124 wounded. Of the Balmacedists 941 had been killed and 2,422 wounded; the killed showing nothing like the same proportion to the wounded that had been the feature of the losses at Concon. Balmaceda had not shared the dangers of either fight. When the victors marched into Valparaiso most of his colleagues had taken refuge in the consulates and on board the foreign warships. He himself was crouching in the hiding-place in which some days later he was found dead, slain by his own hand.



INKERMAN has been rightly called the "Soldiers' Victory," but it might be still more justly styled "The British Soldiers' Battle." It was from first to last—from its unexpected opening at early dawn, through all its changing episodes in the hours before noon and until mid-day brought the crisis, through attack and counter-attack, offence and defence, onslaught and recoil—one of the finest feats of arms accomplished by British troops, one of the chiefest glories of our long and eventful military annals. It takes rank with Agincourt, Rorke's Drift, the defence or Lucknow; with Plassy, Meanee, Waterloo: equal to the best of these, overshadowing some, surpassing others; in its way unique—a bright and shining tribute to the warlike courage of a nation already laurel-crowned.

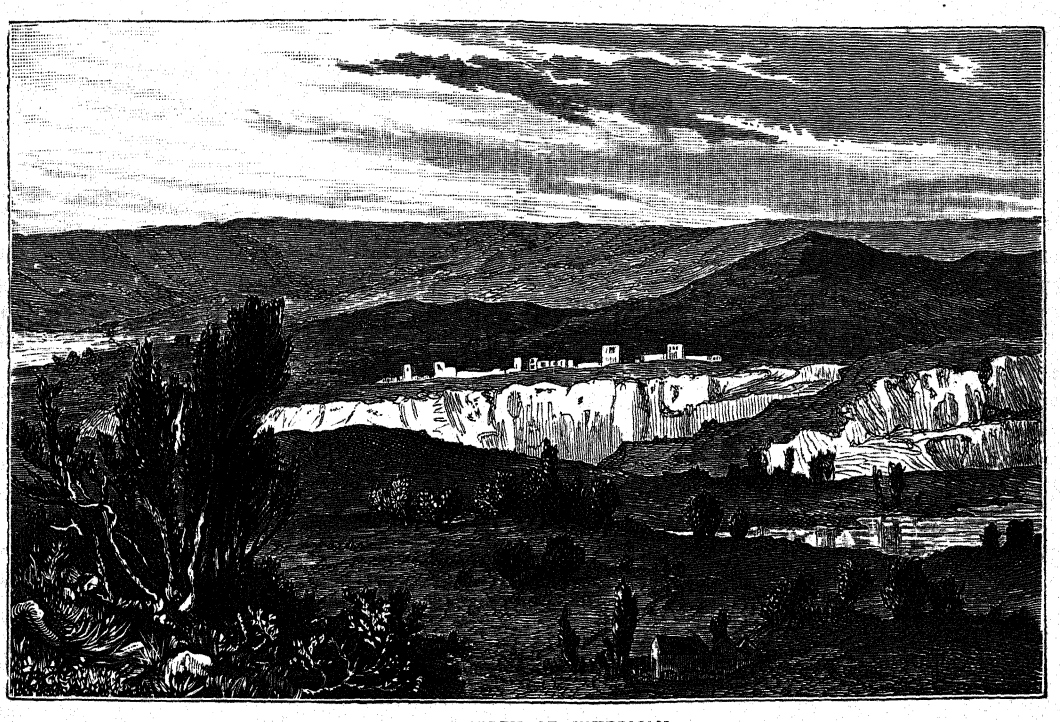
Many British battles have been won against great odds, under tremendous disadvantages; but none have better shown our inflexible, unconquerable tenacity than Inkerman. It was fighting for safety, too: our backs were to the wall; had we been defeated at Inkerman our army would have been swept into the sea: but these great issues were not fully realised by the rank-and-file. They knew they must win the day: that was their business, as it always is. But the fact that they were so near losing it made no great difference to them—all they thought of was to come to blows, to try conclusions with the enemy, to charge him, bayonet him, shoot him: always supremely indifferent to his vast numerical superiority, and quite undismayed by his courage.

So it was that the strange spectacle was seen of a handful resisting thousands, of a weak company charging through battalion columns, of stalwart soldiers engaging a crowd of the enemy single-handed and putting them to rout. When ammunition ran short, as it often did in the deadliest episodes, our men tore up great stones and hurled them at the foe; a few scores of gunners, when hard pressed, fought on with swords and rammers and sponges and sticks, even with fists—for the story of the Clitheroe bruiser who felled Russian after Russian with knock-down blows is perfectly true. Men so eager for the conflict found officers as willing to lead them; there was no hesitation, no waiting to re-form, to rejoin regiments; any broken body gathered round any commander, all were ready to stand fast and die, go forward and die, do anything but retire. "What shall I do?" asked Colonel Egerton, at the head of his bare 200, when pitted against unknown numbers. "Fire a volley and charge!" at once answered the brigadier; and his aide-de-camp, young Hugh Clifford, sprang to the front to be in with the first flight. General Pennefather, at the end of five hours' fighting, when he had lost more than half his small force, did not abate his confidence one jot: if Lord Raglan now would only give him a few more men, he said, he would finish the battle out of hand and "lick the enemy to the devil." Waterloo was "hard pounding," as Wellington quietly remarked afterwards, but it was nothing to Inkerman.

The battle of Inkerman was brought about by the restored confidence that great and overwhelming reinforcements gave the Russian generals inside Sebastopol. After the successful landing, the victory of the Alma, the unimpeded flank march to the south side of the still incomplete fortress, the allied English and French had achieved no fresh triumphs. Prudence had overruled the daring but not quite unwarranted counsels to go straight in against Sebastopol; an immediate attack was deemed too dangerous, the golden opportunity passed, and it became necessary to sit down before the stronghold and reduce it by the slow processes

of a siege. The allies were thus planted in a corner of the Crimea, committed to the highland or upland of the Chersonese, as it was called, the only ground they could possibly occupy when attacking Sebastopol from the south side—ground that no one would have selected had choice been unfettered, for it was rugged, inhospitable, very extensive, and above all exposed on one flank right round, almost to the very rear. Balaclava, the British base of supply, at a distance of six miles from the front, lay open to attack by an enterprising enemy, and almost the whole length of road which connected it with the British camp. How fully the Russians realised this, how nearly they overbore the weak resistance offered by the Turks who defended this vulnerable point, how nobly a handful of British cavalry spent itself in beating back disaster, has been told in the story of Balaclava. That glorious battle, gained at such terrible cost, was only the prelude, however, to another more tremendous effort; for the Russians, although foiled in this first attempt, felt strong enough and bold enough for a second. They were encouraged to fresh endeavours by their own gathered numbers and the knowledge that their enemies were growing daily more and more unequal to the transcendent task before them.

Prince Mentschikoff, who commanded the Russian forces in and about Sebastopol, exultantly foresaw the complete annihilation of the allies. He believed that they were at the end of their tether. In his reports to St. Petersburg he declared that the enemy never dared now to venture out of his lines, his guns were silent, his infantry paralysed, his cavalry did not exist. The Russians, on the other hand, were once more enormously in the ascendant; troops had been pouring into Sebastopol continuously all through the month of October; a whole army corps had arrived from Odessa; two other divisions were close at hand on the 2nd November, and by the 4th, the eve of the battle of Inkerman, the total of the land forces assembled in and around the fortress must have been quite 120,000 men. This total was just double that of the allies, including the Turks, available for all purposes, including the siege of a great fortress, which alone might claim the whole efforts of the army. No wonder, then, that Mentschikoff was full of confidence, that he counted upon an easy triumph, nothing less than sweeping the allies off the upland into the sea. "The enemy," he wrote, "cannot effect his retreat without exposing himself to immense losses. Nothing can save him from a complete disaster. Future times, I am confident, will preserve the remembrance



THE VALLEY OF INKERMAN.

of the exemplary chastisement inflicted upon the presumption of the allies." Two of the Czar's sons were hurried post-haste to the Crimea to stimulate the enthusiasm of the troops and witness their splendid triumph.

Some inkling of the impending disaster—prematurely so called, as was soon to be proved—crept out and gave general uneasiness even at a distance from the theatre of war. Friends in Russia warned friends in England to anticipate terrible news. The great effort approaching was prepared under the direction of the Czar himself, and was of a nature and extent to deal an overwhelming blow. In the Crimea itself vague intelligence reached the allied commanders that a terrible struggle was near at hand. Reports of the reinforcements arriving, of the stir and activity within the fortress, the repair of roads, the mending of bridges, all the indications that are plain as print to the experienced military intelligence, warned Lord Raglan and General Canrobert to be on the look-out for another momentous battle, for which, in truth, they were but badly prepared.

Some idea of the disproportion between the armies about to come into collision will rightly be given here, so that we realise at once how overmatched were the allies, how marvellous therefore was their prolonged resistance and eventual triumph on that now historic 5th November, the Inkerman Sunday which in British annals has eclipsed that other anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. It has been said above that the Russian forces totalled 120,000 in all. Of these rather more than half, or 70,000 men, were actually present in the field. All took part in the action, but some only as covering forces or engaged in feints: these numbered some 30,000; the remainder, just 40,000, composed the attacking columns, and fought the battle of Inkerman. The whole allied strength that day upon the upland of the Chersonese was 65,000, but barely a quarter of these numbers could be or, as a matter of fact, were used in the coming action. From first to last the total French and English forces on the ground were just 15,683—half of each, but more exactly 7,464 English and 8,219 French—and of the latter 3,570 were actually engaged. There is no mistake or exaggeration in these figures, which are based on official returns on both sides. It must, moreover, be carefully borne in mind that only a proportion, and a small proportion, of these 15,000 were on hand in the early stages of the fight. For hours the brunt of the battle fell upon the 2nd division, which was barely 3,000, although opposed to 40,000, and the reinforcements came to them in driblets slowly and affording but meagre assistance and relief. It is from the extraordinary tenacity shown by our soldiers in their prolonged and indomitable resistance against such tremendous odds that such great glory was achieved at Inkerman.

The allied weakness, of which Lord Raglan was fully aware, was caused by the stress laid upon their forces by the siege operations and the need for protecting their communications. The troops, taking them from west to east and so to the south and rear, covered a front which was twenty miles long. Before Sebastopol the French were on the left, the English on the right; but General Canrobert, always anxious for the rear of his position, kept a large force on the heights above the Tchernaya valley, and the English perforce garrisoned and defended Balaclava. Hence on the right flank of the British front, round about Inkerman as it came to be called (although the real site of old Inkerman is on the opposite side of the Tchernaya river), the defence was greatly impoverished, being limited in the first instance to a few weak battalions of the 2nd division. Its immediate support—none too close—was a brigade of the Light Division under General Codrington on the Victoria Ridge adjoining, but on the other side of a wide rough ravine; behind, and three-quarters of a mile off, was the brigade of Guards, twice that distance the 2nd brigade (Buller's) of the Light Division; the 4th and 3rd divisions, fronting Sebastopol and more or less appropriated to the siege works, were two or three miles removed from the extreme right flank. A French army corps under Bosquet was, however, within the lesser distance, holding the eastern heights which gave General Canrobert so much concern. But the forces thus described made up the sum total of the allied armed strength, and every portion had its particular place and specified duties. None could well be withdrawn from any part without denuding it of troops or dangerously weakening the long defensive line. There were, in fact, no reserves, no second line to call up in extreme emergency to stiffen and reinforce the first. The allies were fighting with their backs to the wall. Retreat was impossible because there were no fresh troops to interpose and cover it.

The weakness of this 2nd division in such an isolated and exposed position had long been a source of serious misgiving. Its commander, Sir De Lacy Evans, deemed his force—weakened,

moreover, by constant outpost duty—to be perilously small. He called it "most serious." Sir George Brown, who commanded the Light Division, was equally solicitous. Lord Raglan, the general-in-chief, knew the danger too: he reported home that his men of the 2nd division were well posted, "but there were not enough of them." But he was ever buoyant and hopeful, anticipating no great trouble, yet alive to his perils and fully prepared to meet them. "We have plenty to think of," he wrote to the English War Minister, "and all I can say is that we will do our best." Strange to say, that best did not include any artificial strengthening of the position by entrenchments. The ground was admirably suited for defence, and might have been made all but impregnable—or, at least, capable of withstanding even determined attacks. Earthworks would have gone far to redress the balance of numbers telling so heavily against the allies; but only one meagre barrier was erected, and even this was destined to prove of inestimable value in the battle. The prompt use of the spade was not then deemed an essential part of a soldier's field training, and, as the opening of the trenches before Sebastopol had entailed much labour of that kind, the troops were spared more of it, even although indispensably necessary as everyone now knows.

The Russian general had not failed to detect the inherent defects in the British line or to note carefully its weakest point. Upon this he based his plan of operations. He meant to envelope and crush the exposed right flank by vastly superior numbers, while well-timed demonstrations that might be expanded into attacks should occupy the allied forces at other parts of the field. This simple and perfectly plausible scheme was to be worked out as follows:—

1. Two great columns, making up a combined strength of 40,000 men, with 135 guns, were to constitute the main, the most weighty, and as it came to pass, the only real attack. Both were drawn from the newly-arrived 4th or Dannenberg's Army Corps. One, called the 10th Russian Division, commanded by General Soimonoff, which had entered and was actually quartered within Sebastopol, was to take one flank, the left of the English position; the other, under General Pauloff, the 11th division, still outside the fortress and lying north of the Tchernaya river, was to attack the English right.

a. Soimonoff's force was strengthened by other regiments in garrison, and its infantry strength was 19,000, his guns 38 in number. He was to issue from Sebastopol at a point between the Malakoff Hill and the Little Redan, then follow the course of the Carenage ravine, and to come out on the northern slopes of Mount Inkerman, where he was to join hands with—

b. Pauloff, who, marching from the heights of Inkerman on the far side of the Tchernaya, was to cross that river and the low swampy ground that margined its course by the bridge near its mouth. This general commanded 16,000 infantry and had with him 96 guns. His orders were to ascend the northern slopes of Mount Inkerman and push on vigorously till he met with Soimonoff.

When thus combined, the whole force of 40,000 (including artillerymen) was to come under the direction of the Army Corps commander, General Dannenberg, and his orders were to press forward and carry all before him. It was confidently expected that nothing could withstand him—that he would "roll up" the weak opposition of the English right, beat all that he encountered, and sweep victoriously onward right past the Windmill Hill to the eastern heights in the rear, and within easy distance of Balaclava.

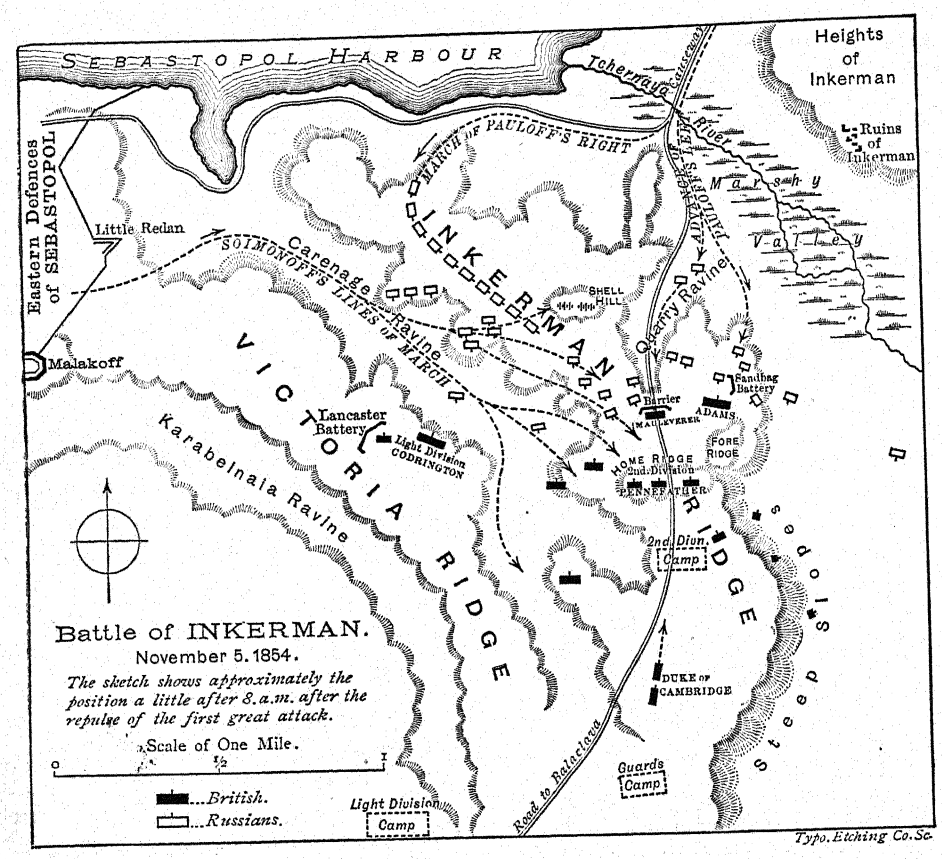
2. Meanwhile, Prince Gortschakoff, who now commanded the army hitherto known as Liprandi's, in the valley of the Tchernaya, and had under him a force of 22,000, with 88 guns, was to "contain" Bosquet—occupy his attention, that is to say, by feints and false attacks upon his position, so that he should be held to these heights and unable to reinforce the English right. Later, when the main attack had prospered and Dannenberg's victorious troops were seen well to the south of Windmill Hill, Gortschakoff's demonstrations were to be converted into a real attack. He was to go up against the heights with all his force, drive back Bosquet, join hands with Dannenberg, and the Russians would then be in triumphant possession of the greater part of the Chersonese upland. After that the siege must be raised, the allies must be swept off the plateau, destroyed, taken prisoner, or hurried into disastrous flight upon their ships.

3. A third conditional operation was entrusted to the troops remaining in garrison, under the command of General Moller. He was to closely "watch the progress of the battle," cover the right of the attacking troops with his artillery without attempting to reply to the fire of the allied siege-guns. Whenever confusion showed itself in the trenches, due to the great wave of

victory setting from the eastward, he was to move out in force, attack and seize the siege-batteries.

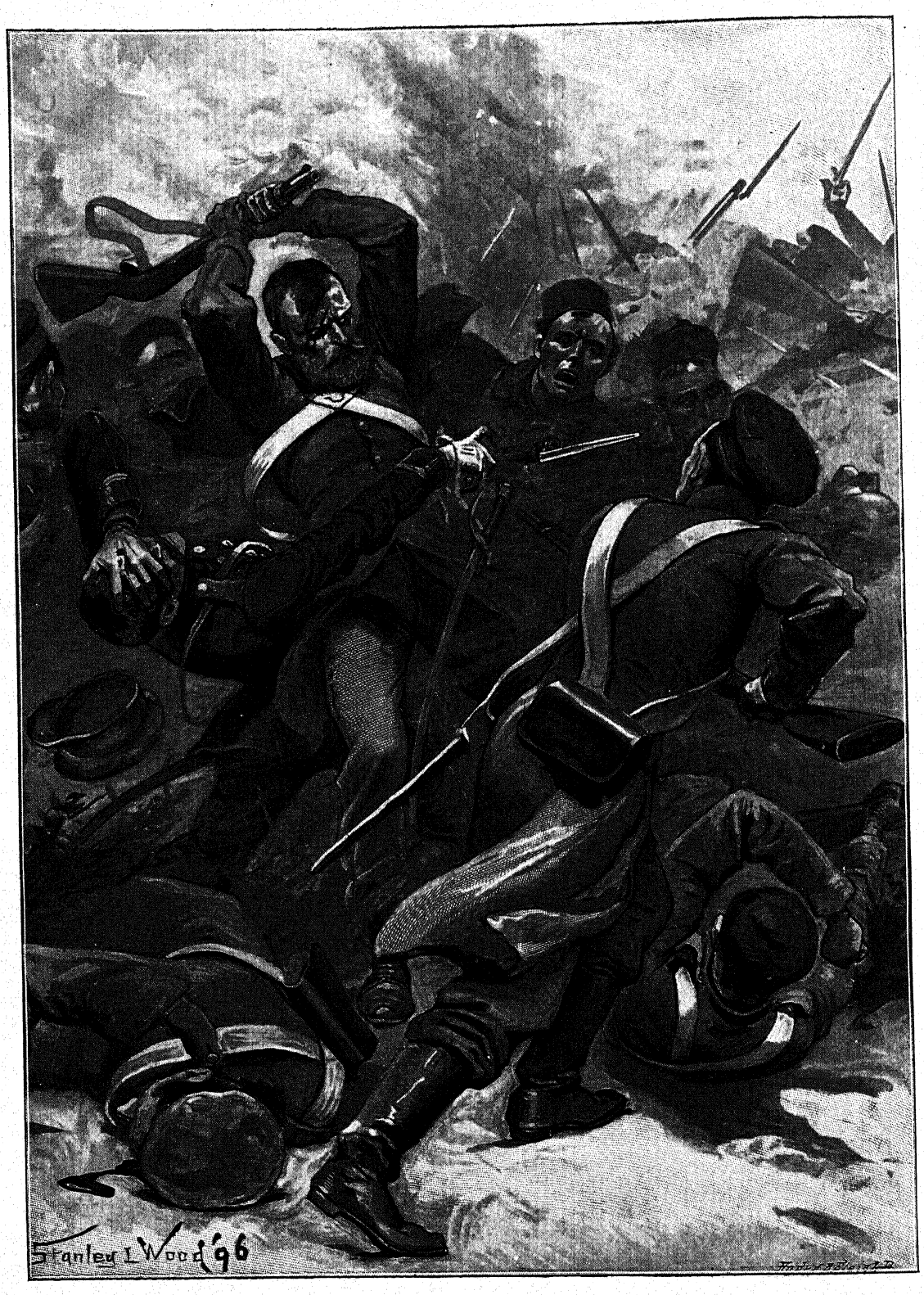
Capable military critics have not failed to condemn the foregoing plan of operations. It erred, in the main attack, by trusting too entirely to numbers, crowding great masses of men on ground not spacious enough to hold them. There was not sufficient room, indeed, upon the Russian battlefield for half the forces engaged. Moreover, this ground, imperfectly known to the men who held it and might have carefully studied it, was cut in two by a great ridge, which divided the two columns intended to join forces, and prevented their combined action. General Dannenberg appears to have realised this difficulty and wished his two generals, Soimonoff and Pauloff, to act independently, the former directing his efforts against the Victoria Ridge, altogether to the westward of Mount Inkerman, and leaving the latter ample space to manœuvre. But Dannenberg's wishes were not distinct orders, and Soimonoff, obeying Mentschikoff, the general-in-chief, held on to the original plan.

Again, Gortschakoff's *rôle* condemned him to play a waiting game, and give no effective help until that help was no longer urgently required. He was to do nothing, in fact, until the main attack had actually succeeded. The longer the enemy resisted, the longer he remained inactive. Had he exerted a stronger pressure, had his feints been pushed with more insistence, he would have paralysed the movement of the French with Bosquet, and by the very direction of his attack weakened the English defence at Inkerman. "His advance was, however, left to depend upon a contingency that never occurred" —and while he waited for it his 22,000 men were of absolutely no use in the fight.



A brief description of the theatre whereon this great performance was played should precede any account of the varying fortunes of the day, and details will be best understood by referring to the plan.

The battle of Inkerman was mainly fought on a long ridge of ground running from south to north and a little west of north, with many spurs jutting out on each side of it, the intervals between them dropping into long hollows or ravines. This ridge has come to have the



"THIS SMALL BODY OF HEROES TORE THROUGH THE MASS" (*p.* 260).

general title of Mount Inkerman. A second ridge nearly parallel to it but separated from it by the Carenage ravine, and which is known as the Victoria Ridge, played a secondary part in the engagement, but the brunt of the business was transacted on the first-named, and at about its central point, where another smaller crest crosses it, christened by Mr. Kinglake the Home Ridge. This lesser ridge trended forward at its eastern end, forming a right angle, and the salient was called the Fore Ridge. A road—the post-road from Balaclava—intersected the Home Ridge, and just above where it dropped into the Quarry Ravine the advanced pickets had thrown up a small breastwork—a mere stone wall or shelter-trench, which was known as the Barrier. This was some 400 yards in advance of the Home Ridge. At nearly double that distance, and much lower down the eastern slope, there was another shelter, once a more ambitious work, constructed of sandbags to hold two 18-pounder guns, and hence known as the Sandbag Battery. It was useful neither for defensive purposes, as the wall was ten feet high and there was no means of looking over it, nor, for the same reason, as a lodgment to favour assailants. But its possession was nobly contested by the soldiery of all the nations engaged, and it gained the dread name of the "Slaughter-house" from the French in consequence of the losses incurred there. This sandbag battery stood on a salient spur known as the Kitspur, to the north-east or right spur of the Home Ridge; to the left or north-west was another — the Miriakoff spur, which also was the scene of a determined struggle. The whole surface of the field of battle was thickly covered with brushwood and low coppice, amidst which crags and rocky boulders reared their heads. In some places the woods gathered into dense forest glades, and in others the ravines were steeply-scarped quarries difficult of access.

Soimonoff started at 5 a.m. amid darkness and mist, which so favoured his march that he reached Mount Inkerman unobserved, and then and there seizing its highest point, Shell Hill, he placed his guns in battery on the crest quite unknown to our outposts. The night had been reported unusually quiet, although some of our people fancied they heard the rumbling of distant wheels—the wheels, in fact, of Pauloff's artillery. Just before dawn, too—it was Sunday morning—all the bells of Sebastopol rang out a joyous peal, not for worship, but to stimulate the courage of the pious Russian soldiery. But our outpost duty in those days was imperfectly performed, and the enemy was on top of our pickets before the alarm was raised. They were pressed back fighting, while the guns on Shell Hill opened a destructive fire. General Pennefather, who was in temporary command of the 2nd division, realised at once that serious events were at hand. It was not in his nature to retreat before the coming storm. He was a "fine fighter"; in another rank of life he would have been in his element with a "bit of a twig" at Donnybrook Fair. "Wherever you see a head, hit it" was his favourite maxim in war; and now, where a more cautious leader would have drawn off and lined the Home Ridge in defensive battle, he thrust forward with all his meagre forces to meet the Russian attack. This daring system was greatly aided by the state of the atmosphere; in the fog and mist no notion of the pitiful number of their opponents reached the Russians, and the handful of English forgot that they were unsupported and so few. Pennefather's plan, born of his fighting propensities and indomitable pluck, found favour with his superiors, for when presently Lord Raglan, the English commander-in-chief, came upon the ground, he did not attempt to interfere, but left the audacious Irishman the uninterrupted control of the fight.

They were meagre indeed—these first English defenders of Mount Inkerman. Pennefather had of his own barely 3,000 men all told, and only 500 men came up in the first instance to reinforce him. But he sent all he had down into the brushwood out in front till it was filled with a slender line. Meanwhile Soimonoff, waxing impatient and having all ready, was determined to begin without waiting for Pauloff's co-operation. His guns on Shell Hill had "prepared" his advance, and soon after 7 a.m. he sent three separate columns against the left of our position on Home Ridge. The first of these, on the extreme right, under road column, as it was called, got a long way round, when it met a wing of the 47th under Fordyce and a Guards picket under Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, before whom it turned tail; the second column had no better fortune on the Miriakoff spur; the third, following up the course of the Miriakoff glen, encountered a wing of the 49th under Grant, who at once gave the order to "fire a volley and charge." His counter-attack was delivered with such determination that it carried all before it; the Russian column was fairly broken up and driven helter-skelter under the guns on Shell Hill.

Now Soimonoff came on in person at the head of twelve battalions, nearly 9,000 men. His aim was the centre and left centre of our line, and for a time he made good progress. But the first supports, those from the Light Division, arriving, Pennefather at once used them against Soimonoff. He sent on the 88th Connaught Rangers, 400 of them who, feeling the whole weight of the attack, recoiled, and retreating left the three guns of Townshend's battery in the enemy's hands. Then the 77th under Egerton, but led also by the brigadier Buller, came up and caught Soimonoff's outside column—caught it and smote it so fiercely that it fled and was no more seen on the field. These Russians were 1,500 strong. Egerton had no more than 250, but he never faltered, and his men, answering like hounds to his cry, tore straight on at the run and smashed in with irresistible fury. There was an interval of raging turmoil in which the bayonet made fearful havoc; then the Russians ran, Egerton pursuing at the charge to the foot of Shell Hill. About this time General Soimonoff was killed. Egerton's action had wide-reaching consequences. Through it the abandoned three guns were recovered, the 88th rallied, the 77th themselves or their remnant held fast for hours the ground it had secured. These combats disposed of about half the forces Soimonoff had put forward in this attack. The remainder had advanced courageously against our centre by both sides of the post-road; but they also were beaten back, partly by the fire of our field-guns, partly by the spirited charge of a couple of hundred men of the 49th under Bellairs.

Thus in less than an hour Soimonoff's great effort was repulsed; he himself was slain, and his men driven off the field. For this portion of the 10th Russian division never regained cohesion as a formed military force. It was no mere defeat but an absolute overthrow, in which regiments melted away and the whole force was ruined. Many excuses have been offered for their want of success: the dense mist giving exaggerated value to the handful that faced them, they perhaps thought the enterprise too difficult. It is also certain that the English fire was murderously effective upon these dense compact columns of attack; some were absolutely decimated, others lost nearly all their officers, and all were so shattered and disorganised that no part of them returned to the fight. They ought, nevertheless, to have done better; with such greatly superior forces, backed up by the incessant fire of a formidable artillery, success would probably have awaited bolder and braver men.

Meanwhile a portion of Pauloff's division had arrived by a shorter and more direct road, while the rest had circled round after Soimonoff. Some of these people of Pauloff's were at once attracted by the Sandbag Battery, and, soon taking it from the sergeants' guard that held it, made this hollow vantage-ground their own. A mass of men, three great columns, supported this attack, and Pennefather sent General Adams against them with the 41st Regiment. He went forward in extended order with a wide front of fire, and the Russians soon fell away; those in the battery evacuated it; the columns supporting broke and dropped piecemeal into the valley. In this splendid affair 500 men disposed of 4,000. Again, at the Barrier, which the rest of Pauloff's men approached with great determination, a small body, the wing of the 30th Regiment under Colonel Mauleverer, achieved an equal triumph—that of 200 over 2,000. Here it was the British bayonet that told, for the men's firelocks were soaking wet and the caps would not explode. But Mauleverer trusted to the cold steel. Officers leapt down daringly in among the Russians; men followed at the charge: the head of the leading column was struck with such impetus that it turned in hasty retreat, causing hopeless confusion in the columns behind, and all fled, a broken throng of fugitives, hundreds upon hundreds, chased by seven or eight score.

This ended the first Russian onslaught. Half Soimonoff's division was beaten out of sight; 6,000 men were lost to Pauloff. At least 15,000 out of 25,000 were "extirpated," as the Russians admit in their official accounts, and this by no superior generalship but by the dogged valour, the undismayed resistance, of just 3,500 Englishmen. It was a good omen for the issue of the day's fighting, but the end was not yet, and a further terrible stress was still to be imposed upon our overmatched troops. Supports, such as they were, had now begun to arrive. The alarm had spread across the upland rousing every soul, and in every camp near and far the assembly sounded, men rushed to arms, half-dressed, fasting, eager only to hurry into the fight. Some of the Light Division, as we have seen, had been already engaged. General Codrington with the rest was in battle array, holding the Victoria Ridge with scanty forces. The Guards brigade, 1,200 men, under the Duke of Cambridge, was approaching, 700 already close

to the Home Ridge; the 4th division under Sir George Cathcart, 2,000 strong, was also near at hand. These, with the field-batteries, raised the reinforcements to a total of 4,700 men. Two French battalions had been despatched to support Pennefather, although from some misunderstanding they were not utilised, and Bosquet, who had come up with them, returned to the Eastern Heights, where he was still menaced by Gortschakoff. It was not until much later in the day that General Bosquet realised that the Russians in front of him were only pretending to attack, and then he hurried with substantial forces to Mount Inkerman. But until then he allowed himself to be tied, ineffectively, to the wrong place, giving no assistance in the main fight and certain to be "rolled up" in his turn if that fight ended disastrously for the English.

General Dannenberg had now assumed the chief command, and, undaunted by the first failure, he set about organising a fresh attack. He had at his disposal 19,000 fresh and untouched troops: Soimonoff's reserves and Pauloff's regiments which had come round by the lower road. The latter, 10,000 strong, were sent against the English centre and right, their first task being the re-capture of the Sandbag Battery. General Adams was still here with his 700 men of the 41st Regiment, and he made a firm stand: 4,000 men attacked him again and again with far more courage and persistence than any Russian troops had yet shown; and at last, still fighting inch by inch Adams fell back, leaving the battery in the enemy's hands. Now the Guards came up under the Duke of Cambridge, and replacing Adams, went forward with a rush and recovered it, only to find it a useless possession. It was presently vacated by one lot, re-entered by the Russians, recaptured by another lot, and then again the Russians, imagining it to be an essential feature in our defence, concentrated their forces to again attack it. Once more they took it, once more the Guards returned, and with irresistible energy drove them out. Thus the tide of battle ebbed and flowed around this empty carcase, and to neither side did its possession mean loss or gain.

The 4th division, under Sir George Cathcart, had now arrived upon the ground. He had just 2,000 men, and of these four-fifths were speedily distributed in fragments to stiffen and support Pennefather's fighting line just where he thought they were most required. With the small residue, not 400 men, Cathcart was ready for any adventure. There was a gap in our line between Pennefather's right and the Guards struggling about the Sandbag Battery, and this opening Cathcart was desired to fill. The order came direct from Lord Raglan, who was now in the field; but Cathcart thought fit to act otherwise, believing that there was an opening for a decisive flank attack. He meant to strike at the left of the Russians, and leaving his vantage ground above he descended the steep slopes with his 400 men. The offensive movement was taken up by the troops nearest him—Guards, 20th, 95th. All our men gathered about the Sandbag Battery rushed headlong like a torrent down the hillside, and following up this fancied advantage, jeopardised the battle. For the gap which Cathcart had been ordered to occupy became filled by a heavy column of Russians, who took our people in reverse and cut them completely off. "I fear we are in a mess," said Cathcart, taking in the situation; and almost directly afterwards he was shot through the heart. Only by a desperate effort, a series of personal hand-to-hand combats fought by small units courageously led by junior officers, even by non-combatant doctors, did our men regain touch with their own people. They were aided, too, by the opportune advance of a French regiment, which took the interposing Russians in flank and drove them off. But if this mad adventure of Cathcart's escaped the most disastrous consequences, its effect, nevertheless, was to still further break up and disseminate our already weakened and half-spent forces.

All this time Dannenberg had been pressing hard upon our centre. Here his attacking column met first Mauleverer with his victorious army of the 30th, and forced them slowly and reluctantly back, but was itself repulsed by a fresh army of the Rifle Brigade and driven down into the Quarry. Thence it again emerged, reinforced, and moved by the right against the Home Ridge. It was in these advances that they penetrated the gap just mentioned and got upon the rear of Cathcart and the Guards. But the westernmost columns were charged by a portion of the 4th division, the 21st and 63rd regiments, overthrown and pursued; while the Russian attack on the right of the Home Ridge was met by General Goldie with the 20th and 57th, also of the 4th division. Both these regiments were notable fighters, with very glorious traditions: the "Minden yell" of the 20th had stricken fear into its enemies for more than a century, and the 57th "Die Hards" had gained that imperishable title of honour at Albuera.

"Fifty-seventh, remember Albuera!" was a battle-cry that sent them with terrible fury into the Russian ranks, and these two gallant regiments hunted their game right down into the Quarry.

Once more the most strenuous efforts of the enemy had failed, with what a cost of heroic lives history still proudly tells. Dannenberg, however, if disheartened was not yet hopeless. He knew that the allies were hard pressed; if he himself had suffered so had they, and more severely. He had still 10,000 men in hand; many of them, although once worsted, were still not disorganised or disheartened, and his reserves — 9,000 more — were still intact, while guns a hundred in number held the mastery from Shell Hill. Of the English forces, never more than 5,000 strong, half had been destroyed or annulled. True, the French had come upon the ground with two battalions, 1,600 men; but Bosquet, with the main part of his command, was still a long way behind. Dannenberg resolved to make another and more determined attack upon the centre of the English position, aiming for that Home Ridge, as it was called, which was the inner and last line of the allied defence.



MARSHAL CANROBERT.

The Russians came on with a strength of 6,000 assailants, formed, as before, in a dense column of attack. One led the van, the main trunk followed, flanked by others, and all coming up out of the now memorable Quarry Ravine. Pennefather had some 500 or 600 to hold the ridge, remnants of the 55th, 95th, and 77th regiments, and a French battalion of the 7th Léger, with a small detachment of Zouaves. These were very inadequate forces, and the Russians, pushing home with more heart than they had hitherto shown, crowned the crest and broke over the inner slopes of the ridge. The 7th Léger had not much stomach for the fight, but were rallied on by the Zouaves and the men of the 77th, still led by the intrepid Egerton. By this time the main trunk column of the enemy had swept over the Barrier at the head of the Quarry, and the small force of defenders retired sullenly behind the Home Ridge.

Now the position seemed in imminent danger, and this was, perhaps, the most critical period in the battle. But the advance of the Russians, although in overwhelming strength, was checked by another daring charge—that of a handful of the 55th (thirty, no more) under Colonel Danberry, who went headlong into the thick of one of the rearmost Russian battalions. This small body of heroes tore through the mass by sheer strength, as if it were a football scrooge, using their bayonets and their butt-ends, even their fists, fighting desperately till they "cleft a path through the battalion from flank to flank, and came out at last in open air on the east of the great trunk column." The noise of tumult in the rear and the vague sense of discomfiture and defeat shook the leading assailants, and the Russians first halted irresolute then turned and retired. At this time, too, one of the flanking columns, moving up on the Russian right, encountered the 21st and 63rd regiments, and was promptly charged and driven back by these regiments, which re-possessed themselves of the Barrier and held it. Then the Russian left column, worsted by our artillery and the French 7th Léger, also retired.

It was now but a little past 9 a.m., and as yet the battle, although going against the Russians, was still neither lost nor won. They still held the ascendant on Shell Hill, still had their reserves. Lord Raglan, on the other hand, could not draw upon a single man, and Bosquet's main force was still a long way off. Now, too, the French got into some difficulty upon our right above the Sandbag Battery, and were in imminent danger of defeat. Moreover, the Russians made a fresh effort against the Barrier, coming

up once again out of the Quarry. The Barrier was held by the 21st and 63rd, but the stress put upon them was great, and Pennefather sent on such scanty support as he could spare —fragments of the 49th, 77th, and Rifle Brigade. Great slaughter ensued in this conflict. General Goldie, who was now in command of the 4th division, was killed, and other valuable officers.



"ONCE MORE THE GUARDS RETURNED, AND WITH IRRESISTIBLE ENERGY DROVE THEM OUT" (*p.* 259).

The Russian artillery did deadly mischief, but now, by Lord Raglan's unerring foresight, it was to be met and overmatched by our guns. At an earlier hour of the morning he had sent back to the Siege Park for a couple of eighteen-pounders, guns that in the enormous development of artillery science we should think nothing of nowadays, but which at Inkerman were far superior to the Russian field-batteries. So eager were our gunners that these two famous eighteen-pounders were dragged up to the front with "man harness," by some hundred and fifty artillerymen and a crowd of eager officers. The guns were placed in a commanding position and worked splendidly under the very eyes and with the warm approval of Lord Raglan. They soon established a superiority of fire and spread such havoc and confusion among the Russian batteries on Shell Hill that the power of the latter began to wane. Victory, so long in the balance, was at last inclining to our side.

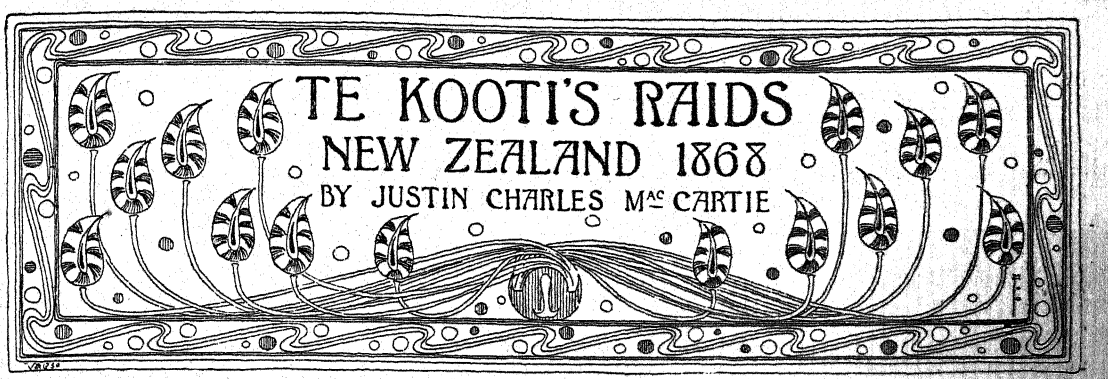
Still the battle was not won. If the Russians did not renew their attacks, they still held their ground; and Bosquet, coming up presently with his whole strength, made a false move which nearly jeopardised the issue. The French

general, having with him 3,000 infantry and 24 guns, "hankering after a flank attack," reached forward on the far right beyond the Sandbag Battery and the spurs adjoining. Here he fell among the enemy, found himself threatened to right and to left and in front, and, realising his peril, hastily withdrew. Happily, the Russians did not seize the undoubted advantage that mere accident had brought them by Bosquet's injudicious and hazardous advance. Had they gathered strength for a fresh and vigorous onslaught upon our right, they might perhaps have turned the scale against us. The French were clearly discomfited and out of heart for a time. Then as the Russians made no forward move, Bosquet regained confidence; he threw forward his Zouaves and Algerines, and these active troops came upon some Russians which were slowly climbing the slopes, and hurled them down again in great disorder. Our old friends the 6th and 7th French regiments, the earliest on the field, advanced along the post-road towards the Barrier, where they were covered by us. This, briefly told, was the sum total of the French performances at the battle of Inkerman.

It is well known to all who study war that, when the crisis of a battle comes, victory is for him who has the best disposable reserve in hand. Of the forces now engaged the French alone were in this happy situation; the English were all but exhausted. Lord Raglan, as has been said, had not a spare man. As for the Russians, Gortschakoff's supineness had robbed his comrades of the assistance of 20,000 men, and the general-in-chief, Mentschikoff, although close at hand on the field, did not see fit to bring up the reinforcements from the garrison of the town. But now Marshal Canrobert, never a daring leader, was moved to desist from the fight. When he learnt that the English were all but spent, he would do nothing more, although he had a very large force of all arms now up and well in hand. No arguments, no appeals of Lord Raglan's would move him. "What can I—what can I do?" he asked querulously; "the Russians are everywhere." Had it been left to the French, the field would have been abandoned to the Russians, who were still in possession of the greater part of Mount Inkerman, and the battle would have been practically drawn.

On the other hand, a vigorous onslaught by the still fresh and untouched French might have carried the Flagstaff bastion and led to the capture of Sebastopol itself. But Canrobert was not the man to take so great a risk or jeopardise so many lives. It was left to Haines, who still held the Barrier, to move up against Shell Hill. Lord West seconded him in this bold endeavour, a young lieutenant of the 77th, Acton by name, also went on with a mere handful, and Colonel Horsford came on in support with the remnant of the Rifle Brigade. All this time, too, Lord Raglan's 18-pounders were dealing death and destruction among the Russian batteries; and at last Dannenberg, under stress of this "murderous fire"—they are his own words—decided to limber up his guns and retire his whole force. This, in fact, was done, and about 1 p.m. the Russians threw up the sponge.

If in this grand contest the allies were greatly outnumbered by the Russians, the latter suffered the most, their losses being four times as great as those of the victors. They had 12,000 killed and wounded, a large proportion of them left dead upon the field, among them 256 officers. The English lost 597 killed, 39 of them officers and 3 general officers; 1,760 men and 91 officers wounded. The French lost 13 officers and 130 men killed and 36 officers and 750 men wounded. These figures show plainly on whom the brunt of the fighting fell, and the enormous losses of the Russians was mainly due to the density of their columns of attack and the superiority of our musketry and artillery fire. A very large part of the English infantry at Inkerman were armed with the new-fangled Minié rifle, and what powerful aid was afforded by the two 18-pounder guns has been already shown in the course of the narrative.



BECAUSE of his ruthless massacres of unarmed men and helpless women and children, the name of Te Kooti has been held in detestation throughout New Zealand since 1868; and in consequence it is not surprising to find but little disposition to dilate on his undoubted abilities amongst the Pakehas (white men) who have chronicled his doings, though the Maoris dwell fondly on his prowess.

A great leader of men this celebrated Maori undoubtedly was, and, more than that, an organiser of no mean ability, a first-rate military leader, and finally a man of such hardihood, steady courage, and resource, that his exploits would seem well-nigh incredible did they not form part of the well-authenticated history of New Zealand.

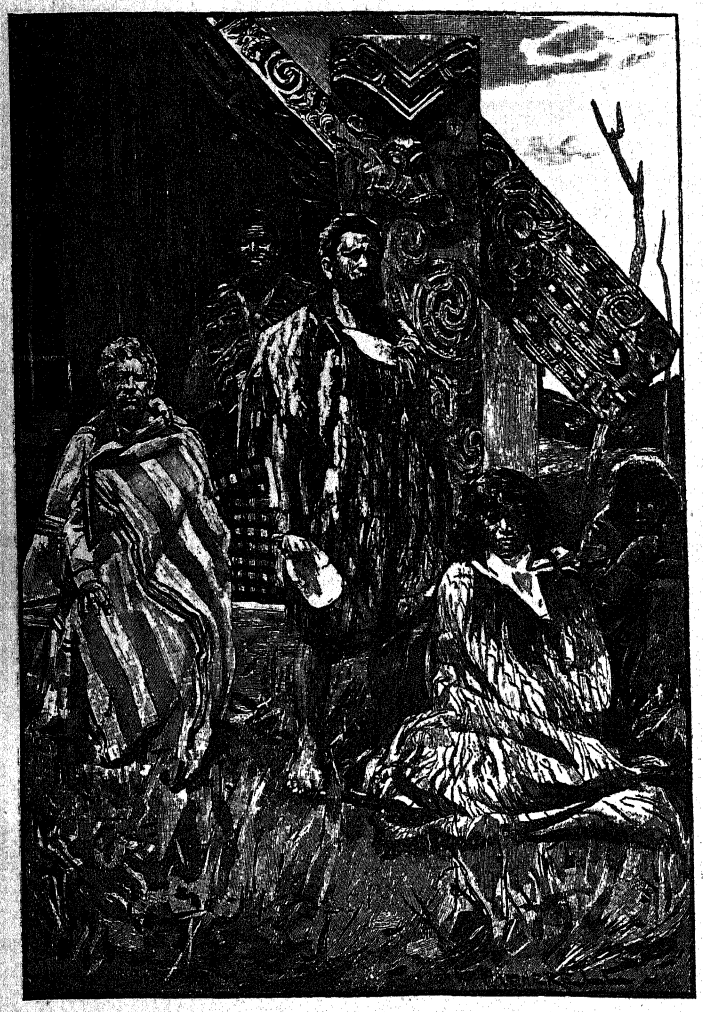
Himself *tangata tutua* (a common man) he yet acquired a mastery over the jealous and suspicious Maoris, who preferred to be led by a chieftain of undoubted birth, and managed to keep faithful to himself men of different tribes, whose hereditary disposition was to take opposite sides. Badly provided with arms and food, followed by only a few hundred men at most, and traversing a savage and inhospitable country, he yet managed to maintain a constant struggle against the Government of New Zealand, and many Maori chiefs friendly to the whites, for over three years, during the greater part of which period hundreds of armed men were in the field against him, and rewards ranging from £500 at first to £5,000 in the end, were offered for his apprehension.

Te Kooti Tu Ruki Te Riki-Rangi, to give him his full title, was of the Ngatikahungunu tribe of Maoris, which was settled on the East Coast of New Zealand, in the Hawke's Bay and Poverty Bay districts, and therefore was one that came early into contact with the whites, who spread down the east coast from Kororareka in the north—the nearest port to Sydney.

Europeans were first located in New Zealand in 1792, or four years after the establishment of New South Wales, from which colony New Zealand was first settled; and as Te Kooti was not born till about the year 1833, it will be readily understood that he was in no sense a "wild" Maori, as were most of the Uriweras, Waikatos, and other tribes, but, on the contrary, a man well acquainted with the ways of Europeans from his youth up. For some years he served as a sailor on a schooner trading between Poverty Bay and Auckland, and earned the reputation amongst the whites of being a turbulent and troublesome man. During the Maori war of 1866 a number of Hauhaus* were besieged by a mixed force of Europeans and "friendlies" in a pah at Waerenga-a-hika, near Poverty Bay, and amongst the besiegers was Te Kooti, who was then a stalwart and vigorous man of about thirty-three years of age. When the final assault had been made and the pah captured, a large number of prisoners were taken, and at this time a friendly Maori chief named Paora Parau was seen holding Te Kooti by the collar and presenting a pistol at his head. Asked his reason for thus treating a man who was an ally, he declared that Te Kooti had supplied ammunition to his (Te Kooti's) brother, who was one of the besieged, and was, therefore, a traitor to the cause he pretended to serve. Te Kooti indignantly denied this accusation, but it was apparently believed by the whites, for it was repeated by a settler, and Te Kooti was then placed amongst the Hauhau prisoners and taken to Napier, where he made three distinct appeals,

* Hauhaus were fanatical Maoris whose religion was a strange jumble of native and Biblical creeds. They continually ejaculated the word "Hau" in battle, believing that thereby they secured immunity from wounds.

through Mr. Hamlin, to the Government to be tried, or, at all events, told definitely of what crime he was accused; but all in vain, and finally he was, with about 150 of the most dangerous of the Hauhaus, shipped away from Auckland to the Chatham Islands, which lie some 400 miles



GROUP OF MAORIS.

to the eastward of New Zealand, in latitude 44° S.

Thus Te Kooti, an ally of the Europeans, found himself treated as an enemy, and sent without trial away from his native land. He repeatedly asked to be released, and it is said that a promise to release all the prisoners at the end of two years was made; but when that time came the Government steamer *St. Kilda* arrived at the Chatham Islands with seed potatoes, ploughs, and provisions for the prisoners, which looked to the latter very much as if their exile was to be continued for ever. Te Kooti lost all faith in Pakeha promises, and hatched a plot with the other prisoners to escape after the steamer had departed. A schooner, the *Rifleman*, belonging to, or chartered by, a Mr. Hood, was lying at anchor at the island, and it was determined to seize her and sail to New Zealand. The guard over the prisoners had been reduced from 35 to 9 men, under the command of Captain Thomas, and these few men were easily overpowered and their arms taken from them. Captain Thomas was marched into the court-house between a double guard of Maoris, armed with carbines, and made to open an iron safe containing about £500 in coin, which money was seized, and together with 40 or 50 stands of arms, and some provisions taken on board the *Rifleman*, the mate and crew of which were threatened with instant death if they attempted any resistance to the seizing of the ship. All the prisoners—163 men, 64 women, and 71 children—embarked, and the European mate and crew of the schooner (the captain was on shore) were ordered to navigate her to New Zealand—or be shot.

The alternative was not a pleasant one, and seeing that Te Kooti meant exactly what he said, they hauled up the sails and steered out of the bay. The escape had been managed with the loss of only one life, as Te Kooti had made his men promise to respect the lives of the Europeans if they made no resistance. The man killed was one of the guards, who was tomahawked by a Hauhau, named Tomoana Tiki-Tiki, through some jealousy on account of the latter's wife, and therefore Te Kooti was in no way responsible for the deed. Another, more cruel, must be laid to his door, however, for on a dead calm prevailing just when they had passed out of the bay, Te Kooti declared that Tangaroa, the god of the ocean, was angry, and required a sacrifice, and this he conveniently found in a relation of his own, an old man who had warned the Pakehas of the intended rising. Despite his cries, the old man's hands were tied together and he was thrown

overboard. Singularly enough, a breeze at once sprang up, and the Maoris sailed away, snapping their fingers at the outwitted Pakehas, who could not even pursue, as Te Kooti had, before embarking, cut the cable of the only other ship in port—the ketch *Florence*—and set her adrift, having previously forced her crew to land.

These events took place on July 4th, 1868, and six days later—namely, on July 10th—the *Rifleman* arrived at Whareongaonga, six miles south of Gisborne, on the New Zealand coast. During the voyage Te Kooti, fully armed, remained on deck almost the whole time; and a jealous watch was kept on the mate and crew, who were not even allowed to cook their own food, this office being performed for them by one of the escapees, a half-caste named Baker. Directly the anchor dropped, all the Maoris, save those told off to guard the crew, landed, and at once set about discharging the cargo of the schooner, which Te Kooti had no diffidence about annexing. Working all night, the cargo was landed by the next morning, and the crew were then released, and, setting sail on their ship, departed to Wellington, some 250 miles distant, instead of giving warning at the nearest settlements on the coast.

Consequently it was only by chance that Major Biggs, the resident magistrate at Poverty Bay, heard of the landing. He lost no time in taking action, however, and, on July 12th, set out with a force of eighty friendly Maoris and forty Europeans, and coming up with Te Kooti's band, found them strongly posted in a position which enabled them to guard their stolen goods.



"TE KOOTI FELL ON THEIR CAMP AND CAPTURED ALL THEIR HORSES" (*p.* 266).

To the demand to surrender Te Kooti gave a scornful reply, but stated his determination not to molest anyone if he were allowed to depart in peace. Major Biggs, on receiving this answer, gave the order to attack; but the friendly Maoris, who composed the greater part of his force, refused to move, giving as their reason that the enemy were too strongly posted; and the same evening Te Kooti avoided Major Biggs's force, and retreated inland over marvellously rough country, carrying all the loot taken from the schooner. When the escape was discovered,

Major Biggs despatched Mr. Skipwith with a few friendly Maoris to dog the rear of the escapees and watch all their movements.

Meanwhile the commander himself fell back and collected reinforcements, with which four days later he marched to Paparatu, where he hoped to intercept Te Kooti on his march inland. A camp was formed, and for four days the force waited, but there was no sign of the enemy, and, supplies running short, Major Biggs departed to hurry up the reliefs who were bringing provisions.

While he was away Mr. Skipwith arrived, and declared that Te Kooti was advancing, but slowly, as his followers were very heavily laden.

On the morning of the sixth day Captain Westrupp, who was commanding in the absence of Major Biggs, sent out three scouts, who were very soon seen returning at speed as if pursued. The force was now ordered to get under arms, and cheerfully obeyed, though the men had had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours except an old boar, which they consumed, skin and all, to the last morsel.

A picket had previously been posted in a strong position on a hill commanding the spur up which Te Kooti would have to advance, and to the support of this picket Captain Westrupp sent a strong force; but before they could arrive Te Kooti had captured the hill and driven the defenders down the slope, and there was now nothing to be done but endeavour to retake the position. Charging up the hill, the Europeans managed to secure possession of a small ridge, which was separated from the higher ridge occupied by the Hauhaus by a small gully, across which a continuous fire was exchanged.

When this had continued for some time, a European volunteer, to whom the name "Billy the Goose" had been given by his comrades, was shot dead, and another was severely wounded.

Te Kooti's men now managed to take their opponents in flank, and soon wounded two others. Encouraged by these successes, they made a number of feints as if they were about to charge with fixed bayonets, but the Europeans stood firm and were not to be intimidated. Ammunition began to run short, and anxious glances were cast in the direction from which Major Biggs with the reliefs was expected, and with joy the exhausted men at length saw figures on the distant track. Alas! for their hopes, however, the reliefs proved to be only nine friendly Maoris, "most of whom were excessively drunk," says the historian, they having broached a cask of rum which was amongst the provisions they carried. Te Kooti now executed a flank movement which utterly routed his foes, for, marching round the force that had been keeping him engaged, he fell on their camp and captured all their horses, saddles, baggage, and accoutrements to the value of £1,200, and forced them to hastily retreat, leaving two men dead on the field and carrying away ten more wounded out of a total force of fifty. Te Kooti lost only two men, and his first encounter with the Europeans was thus a marked success for him. He made himself comfortable with his followers in the camp of the Pakehas—whose swords, horses, provisions, etc., made their conquerors rich indeed—and when his men had rested sufficiently, he leisurely resumed his march.

Meanwhile weak, famished, and embarrassed by their wounded, two of whom had to be carried every step of the way, the Europeans retreated over a country of terrible roughness to Tepatoho, where they were joined by Colonel Whitmore with thirty Napier volunteers, and on the day following the meeting the pursuit of Te Kooti was taken up, but long before he was overtaken he had been intercepted by another force at Te Korraki, and had again defeated his enemies. This force was raised by Mr. Deighton, R.M., and Mr. Preece, Clerk to the Bench at Wairoa, and was composed of Europeans and friendly Maoris. After scouring the country in various directions, this force, which had been joined by Captains Wilson and Richardson, at length (on July 24th) came in sight of the enemy, who were seen descending a distant spur of the Ahimanu range.

Te Kooti's victory at Paparatu had brought him fame amongst the Maoris, and he had now fully 200 men under him; and his force, as it descended the hill with its long train of women, children, and horses, looked formidable indeed to the few Europeans and their lukewarm Maori supporters. The latter, indeed, thought it *too* formidable, and sixty of them under Paora Te Apatu incontinently bolted, leaving a very weak contingent indeed to oppose the confident Te Kooti, who assured his followers that he was "an instrument in the hands of Providence and appointed to carry out its instructions," and generally worked on their superstitions.

When Paora Te Apatu fled, the Europeans were obliged to follow, but next day (July 25th) the whole force advanced against Te Kooti across the Hangaroa river, and a smart action followed; but in a very short time Te Kooti

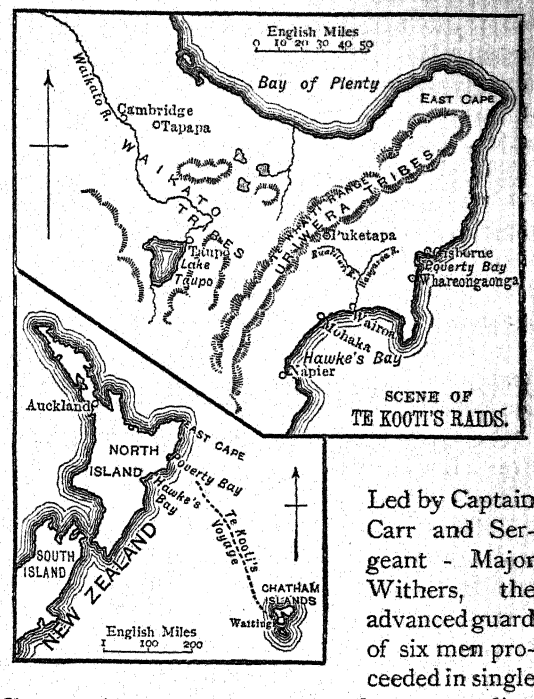
threw forward his left flank against the position held by Paora Te Apatu, whereupon that redoubtable warrior *again* fled with fifty of his tribe, and this time kept on running till he vanished in the dim distance. Mr. Preece and Captain Richardson were then obliged to fall back to the next hill, which they held until evening, when their ammunition gave out, and they were deserted by Rakiora and some of his men. Seeing the chief moving off in the direction of Te Kooti's force, Mr. Preece asked him where he was going. "To get a drink of water," he replied; but, says Mr. Gudgeon, the historian, "he must have gone a long way, for he was absent four years!"

The Europeans and friendlies now retired to Te Wairoa, having lost two men (Maori allies) killed and several wounded, and Te Kooti resumed his march in triumph.

His success now began to cause great alarm to the whites. Government took action: the militia were called out, and Colonel Whitmore's force was strengthened. The Te Wairoa force under Captain Richardson and Mr. Preece was reorganised and brought up to a strength of 200 men by the accession of a body of friendly Maoris under Ihaka Whanga. On the 2nd of August the advanced guard reconnoitred all the country about Te Reinga Falls, when it was discovered that Te Kooti had crossed the river and had made off in the direction of the Papuni. Captain Richardson had received orders not to follow the enemy in this direction; so he returned to Te Wairoa, but had hardly reached there when an orderly arrived and instructed him to follow up Colonel Whitmore's march with twenty picked men and a store of ammunition.

While the Te Wairoa force had been reconnoitring, marching, and counter-marching, Colonel Whitmore had been steadily following Te Kooti's tracks, which pursuit he had taken up after the Paparatu fight as already stated.

He had with him the Napier and Poverty Bay volunteers and some friendly Maoris—in all 130 men; while Major Fraser, with fifty armed constabulary, was following another line of pursuit along the Hangaroa track. The division with the colonel had very rough work, as they were exposed to violent snowstorms on the Ahimanu range, and ran out of provisions before they reached the Waihau Lakes, where Major Fraser joined with his constabulary, and reported that Te Kooti's trail led in the direction of the Ruakituri gorge. The colonel determined to follow at once despite the lack of provisions, but the Poverty Bay volunteers, who had something of a grudge against the commander, refused to go any further, and Colonel Whitmore was obliged to continue the pursuit with a greatly reduced force, consisting of fifty armed constabulary, a few volunteers, and about sixty friendly Maoris. Up the bed of the Ruakituri river the force marched, finding camp after camp of the Hauhaus; and at length, on the evening of August 8th, when the men were thoroughly exhausted, the enemy, some 250 strong, were found posted in the Ruakituri gorge.



Led by Captain Carr and Sergeant-Major Withers, the advanced guard of six men proceeded in single file up the narrow gorge, and on rounding a bend were suddenly received with a volley from the Hauhaus, who were posted only fifty yards away. No damage was done, and the advanced guard managed to get under cover; but the main force, which stood in a long line in the river bed, was more exposed to a raking fire from Te Kooti's men, who lined the base of the hill and river bend. Several men were killed, and Captain Tuke was severely wounded in an attempt to scale the banks and get the force out of the trap in which it was caught.

The advanced guard could not be supported, and being hotly pursued by the enemy, was forced to leave its shelter in the thick scrub and fall back on the main body, its leader, Captain Carr, and Mr. Canning, a volunteer, being killed in this retreat.

Having got rid of the advanced party, Te

Kooti quickly worked down on the main body through the scrub, and very nearly succeeded in cutting off its retreat. In this onslaught he was himself, however, shot in the foot, and this wound affected his health for the remainder of his life. The friendly natives under Henare Tomoana now beat a retreat, leaving the Pakehas to their fate; and seeing that they were greatly outnumbered, the latter also fell back, and after awaiting further attack at an island a mile and a half in the rear of the gorge, finally retreated to their camp at Te Reinga. Only a few of the strongest men reached the camp that night, however; the rest, utterly exhausted and almost starving, lay down in their tracks and passed a miserable night in the desolate bush—rain falling in torrents on their unsheltered and emaciated bodies.

The loss of the assailants was five killed and five wounded, while Te Kooti had eight men killed and three wounded—one of the latter being himself as stated above.

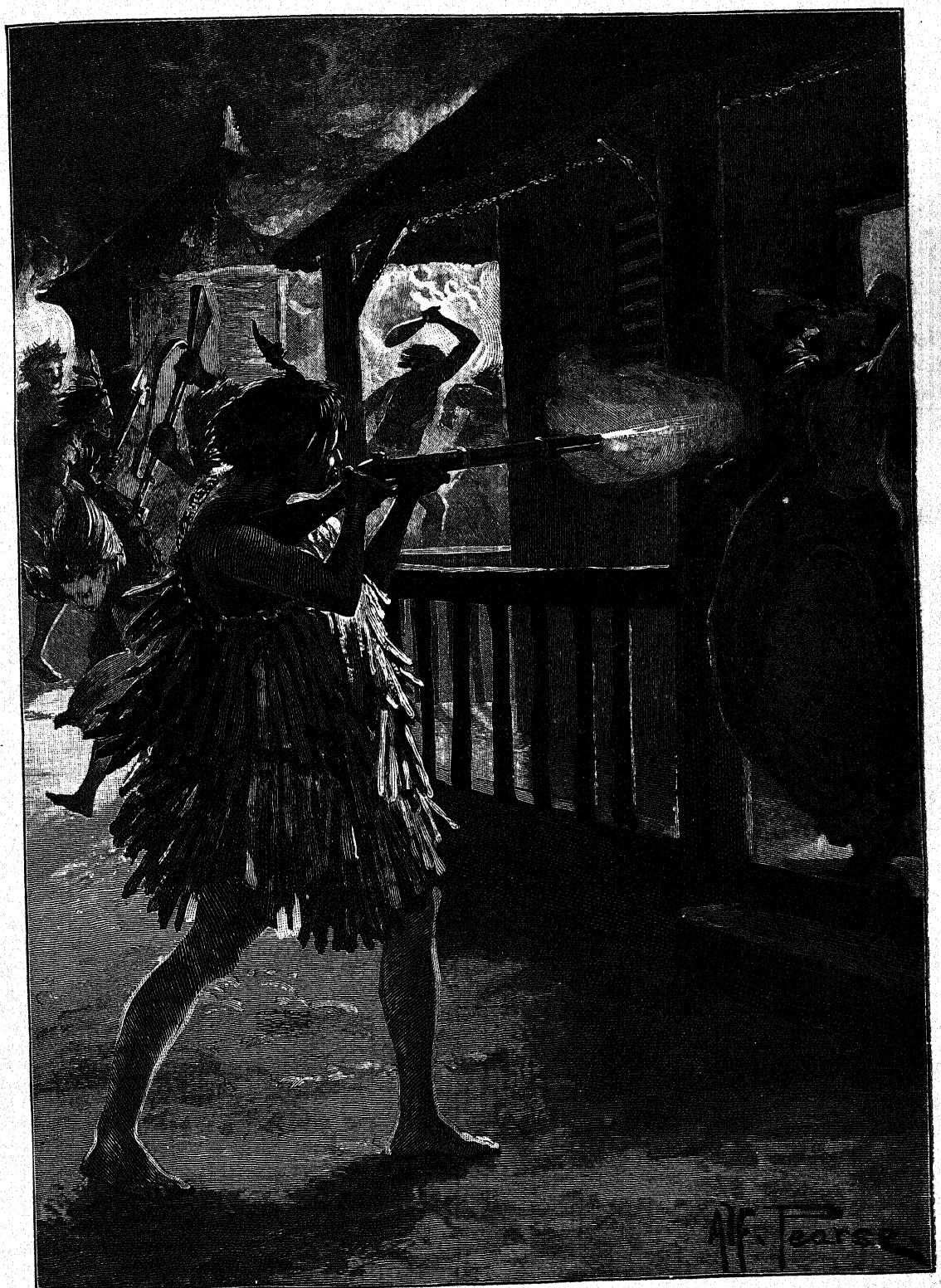
The indomitable Maori had now won his third fight, and disdaining to retreat any further, he formed a camp at Puketapa, near the scene of the fight, and occupied it from August 8th to October 28th, during which time he proclaimed himself saviour of the Maori people, and sent messengers all over the North Island urging the tribes to rise and join him.

Their defeat at the Ruakituri gorge was a fatal one for the Europeans, for it reduced their prestige amongst the Maoris, increased Te Kooti's *mana* (or fame), and caused that leader to give up his idea of retreating to some safe place where he could live in peace, and substitute for it a scheme of relentless war against the Pakehas, whom he evidently hoped to exterminate altogether. The dreadful massacres which followed, and which have made Te Kooti's name execrated in New Zealand, would probably never have taken place if the Ruakituri affair had inflicted a severe check on the daring Maori. That Te Kooti was a cruel and heartless man has already been shown by his treatment of his luckless old relative on the *Rifleman*, and here a later atrocity of his may be mentioned.

Shortly after Paparatu, Colonel Whitmore despatched an orderly, named Brown, to Wairoa; but unfortunately for himself the man was intercepted by the Hauhaus, and brought before Te Kooti, who ordered his instant execution. He was shot, and his body, with that of his dog, was thrown into a ditch, where some days later Colonel Whitmore's pursuing column found the remains.

Being left unmolested, Te Kooti occupied himself in constructing a pah at Puketapa, in extending his influence amongst his followers, and in securing recruits. In this last matter he was very successful. Te Waru and Reihana, chiefs of the upper Wairoa tribes, joined him secretly while pretending friendship to the white man, and Nama, with forty men of the Temaionarangi tribe, joined him openly. Rigid discipline was kept up in Puketapa by Te Kooti, who would not even allow his men to eat or smoke except at stated times. "There is a time for all things," he said. His punishment for disobedience was death, and such ascendancy had he acquired over his turbulent followers that they dared not dispute his orders openly, but being well-nigh starving, would often steal from the pah into the open, where they would shoot their horses for food. No better proof of Te Kooti's wonderful force of character could be found than the fact that he kept together at Puketapa some hundreds of turbulent Maoris under conditions of discomfort, and such privation, that when he finally broke camp and started on his great raid, some of his men dropped in their tracks and died from the sheer weakness of starvation, their skeletons being found long afterwards by the Europeans. Te Kooti would allow no interference with his authority in Puketapa, and a Uriwera chief who resented his dictation found himself in a position of danger and fled from the pah, only to be pursued, brought back, and slain by the ruthless Te Kooti. After this none dared to question his authority, and he stood the acknowledged leader. The position he held at Puketapa enabled him to descend with ease either on the settlements at Poverty Bay or those at Te Wairoa, and as it was known that he had vowed vengeance on the Pakehas, much anxiety was felt by the settlers. Men were set to watch the tracks by which the Hauhaus might come, but Major Biggs seemed lulled into a state of false security, and a movement at Poverty Bay to erect a fort, or place of strength, to which the settlers could retire in the event of attack, fell through, and Te Kooti met with no opposition when he arrived.

By the end of October he had completed all his arrangements, and his terrible raid on Poverty Bay commenced. Setting out with his half-starved force from Puketapa, and having with him many of the Uriwera tribe in whose country he then was, he marched to Pahekeheke,



"THE HAUHAUS SHOT OR BAYONETED THEM—MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN—AS THEY ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE' (*p.* 270).

where he was joined by the chiefs Nama and Te Waru and their men, and thence the united force swept down on the plains. Many of Te Kooti's half-starved men were very weak, so he left his main body at Pukepuke with the women and children, continuing his march with about 200 of the strongest men. The village of Patutahi was captured, and its people forced to join the Hauhaus, who next moved on to the white settlement at Matawhero.

At midnight on the 8th of November, 1868 (some say the 9th of November), the Hauhaus crossed the Patutahi ford and entered the settlement. The first house they reached was that of Mr. Wylie, and the owner was seen seated by a table writing; but Te Kooti felt so sure of this victim, whom he specially hated, that he determined to deal with the other settlers first and then return for Wylie. The Hauhaus now broke up into parties, and, going to house after house, roused the settlers, and then shot or bayoneted them—men, women, and children—as they attempted to escape. To give the details of the massacre would be impossible in the compass of a brief chapter, but what happened in the case of Major Biggs—the unfortunate victim of over-confidence—may be related as showing the *modus operandi* of the Hauhaus. When the latter reached Biggs's house, they knocked at the door as if they were peaceful visitors, and the owner asked them what they wanted. "We want to see you," they replied; and Biggs suspected that the long-dreaded raid had come. He opened the door, at the same time calling to his wife to escape by the back, but she refused to leave him. The Hauhaus fired, and the Major fell dead on his own verandah. They then rushed in, and tomahawked Mrs. Biggs, her baby, and the servant.

Captain Wilson's case may be quoted, for, though similar to Major Biggs's in most respects, it yet exhibits the treachery of the Hauhaus in a stronger light. Wilson defended his house with a revolver, and the assailants thereupon adopted the easy plan of burning him out. They set fire to the house at either end, and then offered to spare the lives of Wilson and his family if he would surrender without further opposition. He did not set much value on their promises, but, as the alternative was being burned alive, he accepted the offer, and, with his servant, a man named Moran, was led towards the river bank. Suddenly a Hauhau rushed at Moran and killed him with a blow from a hatchet, and at the same moment Captain Wilson was shot in the back. Mrs. Wilson and the children were then bayoneted, but one little boy escaped, and, concealed in the scrub, was witness to the awful tragedy. Poor Mrs. Wilson was not killed, though she was repeatedly stabbed, and beaten with the butts of muskets; and, after the murderers had gone, she managed to crawl to the barn, where her little boy fed her with eggs as best he could, and kept her alive for seven days till relief came. But her wounds were too severe and the shock of the tragedy too great for recovery to be possible, and she died shortly afterwards at Napier.

The work of slaughtering and plundering went on during the night and early morning, and was continued throughout the district at intervals for two days until twenty-nine Europeans and thirty-two friendly natives had been slain, and the terrified survivors fled to Gisborne, whence the women and children were shipped to Napier; and the men fortified the place in daily expectation of attack, but none was made. Te Kooti, contenting himself with what he had done and with looting and burning the houses of the settlers, finally retreated with great piles of plunder heaped up on the carts taken from the unhappy settlers.

Here may be related what had happened in the case of Mr. Wylie, whom Te Kooti had fondly hoped to "make sure of" on the first night of the massacre. Alarmed by the sounds of firing, Wylie and some other settlers had managed to make good their escape; and, when the Hauhau leader returned for his cherished vengeance, he found the house empty and his hoped-for victim flown. Raging, he searched the house, and, finding some promissory notes signed with Wylie's name, he proceeded to *eat* them, under the delusion that they were money belonging to Wylie, whom he determined to injure in *some* way if he could not kill him. He had hopes of a more satisfactory vengeance yet, however; and, flinging himself on his horse and followed by twenty mounted men, he dashed off in the direction he believed the fugitives had taken. Galloping up to the native village by the ford on the river, he ordered the chief, Tutari, to point out the way the settlers had gone; but the brave old man refused to do so, whereupon the infuriated Te Kooti ordered him to be killed with his two children, which bloody deed was performed before the eyes of the wife and mother, who in turn was threatened with death if she did not give the information required. She saved her life by pointing out the direction,

and, swearing that he would cut little pieces off Wylie when he caught him, Te Kooti galloped off with his savage followers, all drunk with liquor and slaughter, and ripe for even more horrible atrocities than they had yet committed. When they had gone several miles, however, they learned that the woman had outwitted them and set them on the wrong track, and, furious, they returned to the settlement, while Wylie and the other escapees made their way to a place of refuge.

The savage Poverty Bay massacre naturally made Te Kooti the best-hated man in all New Zealand — by Europeans and friendly Maoris alike—and from that time on, for several years, a fierce and determined pursuit of him over mountains, rivers, and lakes, through bush, swamp-land and fern, was maintained by whites and natives; but though always outnumbered, repeatedly surrounded, hungry, wounded, and ill-supplied with ammunition, he escaped again and again, and fighting ever, retreated from fastness to fastness, and eluding his pursuers, swooped down on distant settlements, bringing murder and ruin in his train, till his name became a veritable terror to the young colony, to whose financial burdens he was adding at the rate of five hundred pounds a day. "One thousand pounds a day" was the cost of the Maori wars at this date, and of this sum Te Kooti must have been responsible for fully one-half, if not more.

Within a few days of the massacre, Lieutenant Gascoigne collected a force of Europeans at Turanganui (Gisborne), and was joined by Henare Potae and his friendly Maoris, and a week later by Major Westrupp and Captain Tuke, who came from Napier with 300 friendly Maoris.

The force set out for Matawhero, where the melancholy duty of burying the bodies of those slain by the Hauhaus was performed, and then marched in hot pursuit of Te Kooti. On November 21st his rear-guard was overtaken at Patutahi, and two of them were shot. Quantities of loot which the Hauhaus had been unable to carry away were found here, and also the dead bodies of friendly Maoris shot by Te Kooti's orders.

At Pukepuke more bodies were found, and the carts and sledges of the murdered settlers. The trail grew warm, and on the evening of November 23rd the pursuers came up with the main body of the Hauhaus on the Te Karetu Creek. A furious fire was at once opened, but the assailants were beaten back with a loss of five killed and twelve wounded, amongst the former being Hamuera Teiroa and Karauria, two chiefs of the friendlies. Twenty Hauhaus were killed, but the enemy held the position, and the assailants were obliged to retire to a ridge twelve hundred yards from the Hauhaus, who were strongly entrenched.

Rifle-pits were pushed towards the entrenchments, and for a whole week heavy and continuous firing was kept up, and a number of men on both sides were killed and wounded. Te Kooti now executed one of his daring outflanking movements, and sixty of his men under Baker, the half-caste, captured the base of the attacking force's supplies at Patutahi, carried off eight kegs of ammunition and a quantity of provisions, and so alarmed the force at Te Karetu that the attack was on the point of being relinquished; but on December 1st powerful reinforcements arrived from Te Wairoa—namely, 370 friendly Maoris, under the renowned chief Ropata—and on the following morning a fierce attack was made on the Hauhau entrenchments. Forty Wairoa natives, under the command of Mr. Preece, commenced the assault, and being presently aided by the Ngatiporu, under Ropata, drove the Hauhaus out of two lines of entrenchments into their last line of rifle-pits on the creek. The toils had now closed about Te Kooti, and it seemed as if an early vengeance for the Poverty Bay massacre was to be taken. Three columns of attack were formed, the Wairoas on the left, Ngatiporu in the centre, and Napier tribes on the right, and a furious rush was made for the Hauhaus' last position. They stood for a moment, but the fury of the attack was too much for them, and they broke and fled across the river, under a terrible flanking fire from the left column, which killed thirty-four and wounded many more. This flanking fire, however, *saved* Te Kooti, for the Ngatiporu were unable to cross it in pursuit, and Te Kooti, weak, worn, and lame from the wound in his foot received at Ruakituri, was carried up the river bed on a woman's back! and got clear away, though hundreds thirsting for his blood were just behind. What would have happened to him had he been captured may be judged by what occurred in the case of Nama, his ally, who was wounded, but taken alive. His complicity in the Poverty Bay massacres and other atrocities had rendered him particularly objectionable to the Wairoa and Ngatiporu friendlies, and they settled all scores by roasting him over a slow fire, the Europeans "looking the other

way" apparently. Fourteen dead Hauhaus were found in a single pool in the river, and one of these was floating with his face out of the water in such a singular manner that Hami Tapeka, a Ngatiporu, was much surprised, and gently prodded the "corpse" with his bayonet. "It"



TE KOOTI.

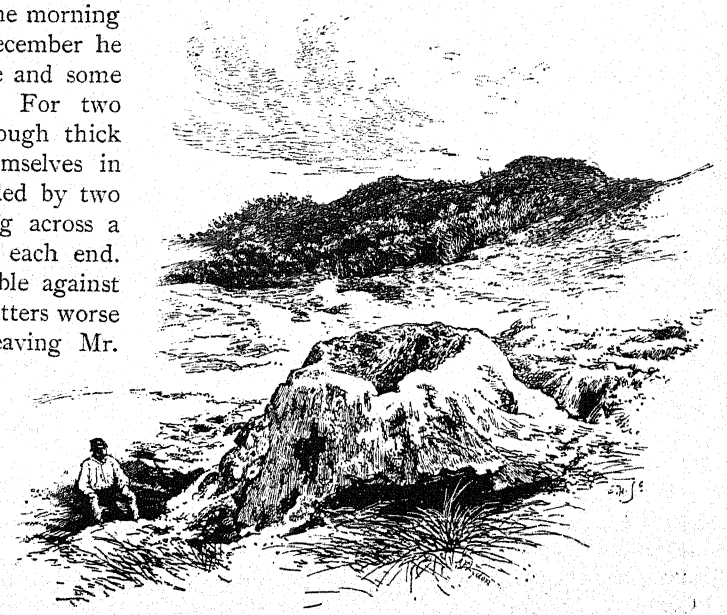
started up out of the water very much alive, and would have escaped but for the prompt action of Hami, who made certain of matters this time by an ounce ball from his musket.

In this action two Europeans were wounded, in addition to the casualties amongst the friendlies. After this severe defeat Te Kooti made good his escape to a pah which seems to have been previously prepared, on the highest point of the bush-clad mountain of Ngatapa.

This pah Ropata discovered on the morning after the fight, and on the 5th of December he proceeded to attack it with his tribe and some Wairoa natives under Mr. Preece. For two miles the force wound upwards through thick bush, and then suddenly found themselves in front of the pah, which was defended by two lines of strong earthworks extending across a small flat and resting on a cliff at each end. The position was, in fact, impregnable against such a small force; and to make matters worse many of Ropata's men retreated, leaving Mr. Preece and a few men to make the attack, which they gallantly did, and actually stormed the outer earthwork, but were ultimately forced to retreat. Ropata was in such a towering rage with the men who had deserted him that he refused to have anything more to do with them, and was retreating in dudgeon to the coast when he met Colonel Whitmore with 300 constabulary marching to his relief.

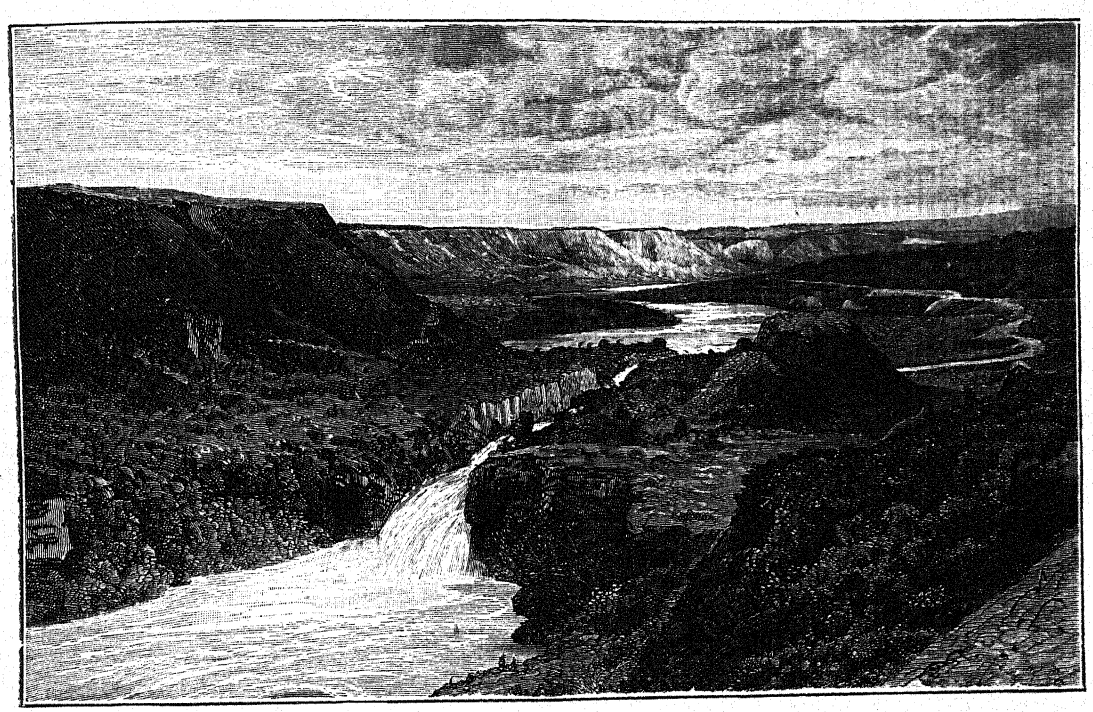
Even then he would not turn back, but promised to return later with recruits, and Whitmore went on alone. His scouts brought in news that Te Kooti was burning his whares (huts) on Ngatapa, and rashly concluding that this was but a prelude to retreat, Colonel Whitmore drew off his forces to the coast, whereupon the ever-vigilant Te Kooti, well served by his spies, swooped down from his mountain on the settlements, where he killed young Mr. Wylie (son of his old enemy), Mr. Fergusson, and a friendly Maori, and plundered various homes. Hearing of this raid, Colonel Whitmore endeavoured to cut off Te Kooti's retreat; but the skilful Maori easily eluded him, and retired again to his fortress on Ngatapa, which he strengthened, and then calmly awaited attack.

On December 24th Colonel Whitmore marched on Ngatapa, and on the 30th was joined by Ropata with 370 friendlies. Te Kooti had chosen his position well. Ngatapa was a conical hill rising to a height of 2,000 feet from a mass of bush-clad hills, and was crowned by the pah, which was defended in front by three lines of earth and fern-tree parapets, with ditches in front in the European style. These parapets abutted on steep scarped slopes at either end; the outer line was about 250 yards long and seven feet high; the second line was shorter as



THE CROW'S-NEST, TAUPO.
(From a photograph by Burton Brothers, Dunedin.)

the peak contracted; the third line was a huge work fourteen feet high, and dotted all over with loopholes formed with sandbags, through which loopholes the enemy could fire with but little risk of being injured themselves. Each line was joined to the next by protected passages, through which the defenders could retire. The rear of the work was situated on an almost perpendicular cliff, and altogether Ngatapa would have been a formidable position for the best-disciplined troops to attack, especially when Ropata attacked the pah from the rear with fifty picked men, and in the teeth of the defenders this division commenced to scale the cliff, a heavy fire being kept up by the Hauhaus and replied to by a large force of European and Maori coverers. Finally, with a loss of eight men, Ropata's stormers climbed the cliff, broke into the trenches, and seized the first line of defence. Te Kooti was now apparently doomed, for he was surrounded on all sides save one—a nearly precipitous cliff—by a force greatly out-



IN THE TAUPO COUNTRY.
(Photo, Warren.)

held by such a bold and skilful leader as Te Kooti.

On January 1st, 1869, the assault was commenced with spirit, and in a very brief space the only supply of water available for the defenders was captured. Rifle pits were carried within 100 yards of the outer line of defence, and the artillery having brought up a mortar opened a hot fire with shells which had to be carried on men's backs for a distance of three miles over a country of extreme roughness. The siege was pressed vigorously, and a very heavy fire was kept up on both sides, Captain Brown of No. 7 constabulary division being shot dead on the 2nd, and Captain Capel being seriously wounded on the 3rd. On the 4th numbering his hungry and weakened band. He had very little food, and no water at all, for several days, and would have been obliged to surrender but for rain opportunely setting in and enabling the defenders to catch sufficient water in blankets and shirts to keep themselves alive.

A storming party, 200 strong, formed in the trench taken by Ropata, and sat down to wait for morning, but at 2 a.m. a Maori woman within the pah called out that *Te Kooti had gone!* And so he had, with all his men and women, except those wounded. In the morning it was found that the defenders had slipped away by means of the one unguarded and supposedly impassable side, and were now miles off in the

bush. The enraged Ropata at once set out in pursuit, and, as the Hauhaus from want of food were obliged to break up into small parties, he captured 120, all of whom he summarily shot; but Te Kooti and many of his men easily escaped and proceeded to visit the Uriwera tribe, with whom they remained unmolested for some time.

A number of his men returned to their homes, and the indignation of the settlers became extreme when they saw red-handed Poverty Bay murderers walking about unmolested in their midst; and a Mr. Benson, who had lost relatives in the massacre, openly shot a Maori whom he knew to have had a hand in the murders of his friends. Next day Benson was requested by a constable to sit as a juror in the inquest held on the Maori's body. "But I shot him," said Benson. "I have nothing to do with that," replied the guardian of the peace; "all I have to do is to find jurymen, and if you don't attend, I'll summon you!" Benson then proceeded with eleven other intelligent jurymen to try himself, and, having gone into the box and given evidence against himself, he, with the others, retired to consider the verdict, which was soon found, and ran as follows:—"*Shot by some person unknown, and serve him right!*"

The foregoing pages will give a fair idea of Te Kooti's fighting methods, wonderful skill, and great hardihood, and space will only permit of a hurried glance at the remainder of his stirring career.

In April, 1869, operations were recommenced against him and his allies, the Uriweras. After some desultory fighting, he was brought to bay at Tauaroa by Major Mair and 400 men; but again he escaped in the night with all his men, and early in May swooped down on Mohaka on the coast, and, taking the Huka pah by treachery and courage combined, killed there in cold blood seven Europeans and fifty-seven Maoris, and looted the whole settlement. He nearly lost his own life here, however, for Heta, one of the defenders of the pah, when he recognised the Hauhau's treachery, said, "If I die, you die too," and, raising his rifle, fired point-blank at Te Kooti, who was, however, saved by one of his men, who struck up the muzzle. Heta was at once shot, and a general massacre followed.

Te Kooti next besieged the pah Hiruharama, but this held out gallantly, though it was largely garrisoned by little Maori boys and girls, who had to stand on boxes or mounds of earth in order to fire over the parapet. Trooper Hill and a few Maoris managed to charge through Te Kooti's men and supplement the garrison of the pah. All night Hill, curiously armed with a double-barrelled gun, a rifle, and a long spear, stood at a threatened angle of the pah, physically supported by two full-grown men, two little boys, and three girls, and morally supported by the Maori parson of the pah, who "came round every hour and prayed for his success," says the historian. Provisions were very short, and, having received in forty-eight hours (as a great favour) from his Maori friends a pannikin of tea, one apple, and a biscuit, Sergeant Hill was not sorry when Te Kooti's bugles sounded the retreat, and the siege was raised. For his conduct in defending this pah Hill received the New Zealand Cross.

Te Kooti's next murderous raid was on Opepe, where, by treachery, he cut off from their arms and slew nine European troopers.

He then withdrew to Taupo, and was joined by the chief Te Heu-heu, and it was feared that Tawhiao, the Maori king, would join him with the powerful Waikato tribes, so the Government put a price of five hundred pounds on Te Kooti's head, and offered five pounds for every rebel Maori captured and one pound for every Maori killed in fair fight, a policy politely deprecated by the British Minister for the Colonies, Earl Granville, but defended by the New Zealanders, who reproached Britain with deserting them in the hour of their greatest need, and hinted at a determination to throw off allegiance to that country and seek assistance from the United States of America. It must be recollected that Te Kooti was dealt with without British assistance, which had been freely accorded in the earlier Maori wars.

Te Kooti was pursued with the most unrelenting vigour, and to describe all his hairbreadth escapes would be impossible in a few pages.

On October 3rd, 1869, he was defeated at Pourere by Colonel McDonnell, with a loss of seventy men, and was himself severely wounded by a ball which struck him as he was taking a cap for his rifle from his waistcoat pocket. The bullet wounded the thumb and forefinger, cut the third finger clean off, and then passed through the fleshy part of his side. He retreated into the King country, but was after a time forced to leave by the Waikatos, and was again surrounded; but just when his capture seemed certain, he eluded his pursuers and made one of his raids on a native settlement on the Wanganui River. Hotly pursued by 600 men, he was next heard

of near the settlement of Cambridge in the Waikato, and from this place he wrote to the Government asking for peace; but there was to be no peace for him—just yet, at all events—and Colonel McDonnell, with a force of 600 Maoris and Europeans, was soon on the trail. On January 24th, 1870, McDonnell defeated Te Kooti, who was posted in a strong position at Tapapa, and shortly afterwards surrounded his supposed retreat with nearly 800 men, but in a few days word was brought that Te Kooti was at Kuruni, many miles away.

All through February the pursuit was kept up, and short of provisions, worn and exhausted, Te Kooti seemed in desperate case, but he managed to reach the Uriwera country in safety, and in this wild country the pursuit could not be continued for lack of provisions, and once more the hunted Maori gained a respite.

Not for long, however, for the Maori chiefs, Ropata, Te Kepa, and Topia, in the pay of the Government, with their men, were close to him early in April, but before they could come up with him he swooped down on the Opape settlements and carried off 170 friendly Maoris and also forty guns, some ammunition and provisions, of which he stood much in need. He then retired to a pah at Maraetahi, but on April 24th this was captured by the pursuers, and Te Kooti lost eighteen men killed, many who were taken prisoners, and a great reserve store of ammunition which he had "planted" near the pah.

He retreated to the wild bush country of Te Wera on the borders of Uriwera, and thence suddenly made a raid on Tolgoa Bay with forty or fifty men. Here he killed several friendly Maoris, and was instantly pursued by a mixed force of Europeans from Poverty Bay and friendly natives. Traced to Mauganahau, his camp was completely surrounded, and some of the Europeans got within thirty yards of it and plainly saw Te Kooti—whom they well knew and hated. They could easily have shot him, but it was thought better to wait till morning and capture all in the camp.

In the end one of the friendly Maoris fired his musket as if accidentally, but undoubtedly with the intention of warning Te Kooti, for whom almost all the natives had a sneaking regard, and in a moment the much-sought-for chief had vanished in the bush, though his wife Huhaua was captured.

Te Kooti was now left in peace till January, 1871, when Ropata once more set out in search of him in his forest lair in Te Wera, and on the 25th of that month the column reached the watershed between the two coasts. As an example of the difficulties encountered by those who pursued Te Kooti, the following extract from Mr. Gudgeon's work may be given:—

"Te Rakiora, late Hauhau and personal friend of Te Kooti, acted as guide, and although he was travelling in his own country, so dense was the forest that he lost his way continually, rendering frequent halts necessary that he might climb trees so as to get the general direction of their march. Nothing could be worse than the travelling through this country. Thick scrubby bush, interlaced with supplejacks, covered the hillsides, which were excessively steep, so that for days the column had to follow the narrow beds of mountain torrents, over slippery rocks, where a false step might be fatal, for each man carried nearly forty pounds of biscuits, besides blankets, ammunition, etc. None of these things could be replaced in a black birch forest, where a rat can barely live, and where the traveller will hardly ever hear bird or insect."

The truth of this description can be vouched for by those who, like the present writer, are familiar with the New Zealand bush.

After following Te Kooti's traces through this terrible country till the 2nd of March, Ropata's men, who had been living on hinau berries for some days, knocked up, and he had to relinquish the pursuit, but took it up only a week or two later. This time he found a cave, in which Te Kooti had hidden six rifles, two watches, and some money, but the owner was not seen, though defiant letters from him were found in one or two of his lairs. In June, 1871, four parties resumed the pursuit, the leader of one being a European—Captain Porter; but they were down to hinau berries again by the middle of July, and had to return.

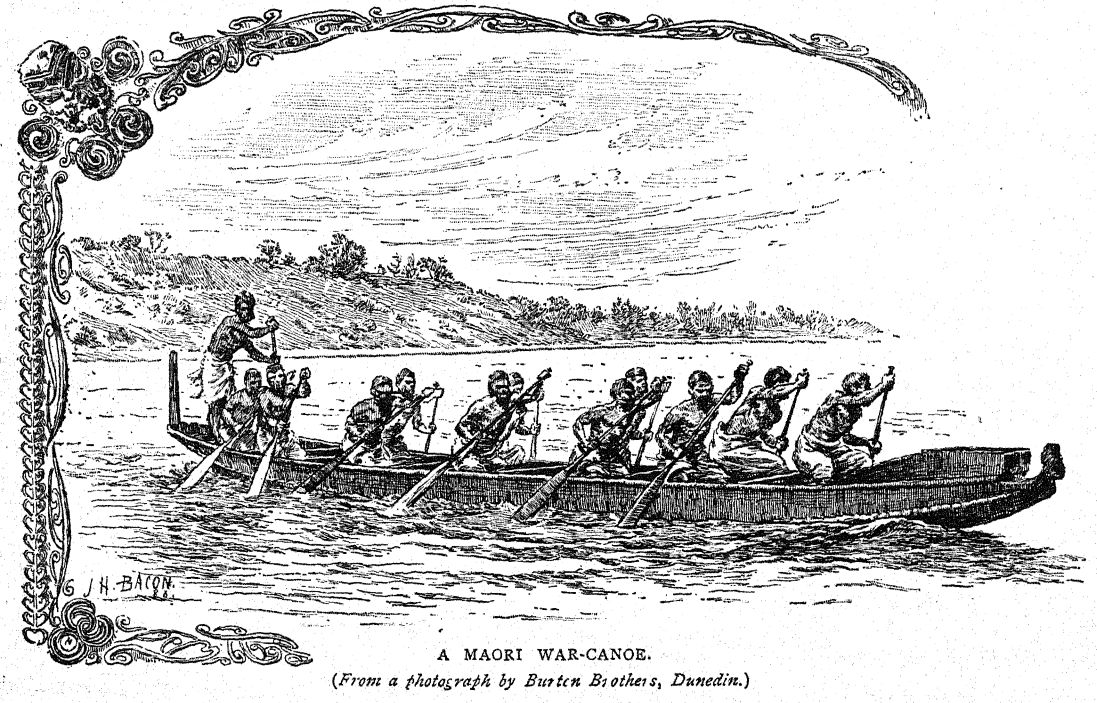
In August the pursuit was resumed in two columns, and this time Captain Porter and Henare Potae surrounded at night Te Kooti's camp, in the wildest part of the Uriwera country, and lay on their arms waiting for light. A dog scented the ambush and barked; a woman, who was recognised as Te Kooti's wife Olivia, chased it with a stick, and at the same time Te Kooti's voice was heard asking what had alarmed the dog. "Nothing," said someone, and again all was quiet. Surely they had him now!

No; the inevitable warning musket was fired, Te Kooti shouted "Ko Ngatiporu, tenei kia whai morehu" (It is the Ngatiporu, save yourselves), and hurling himself bodily through the back

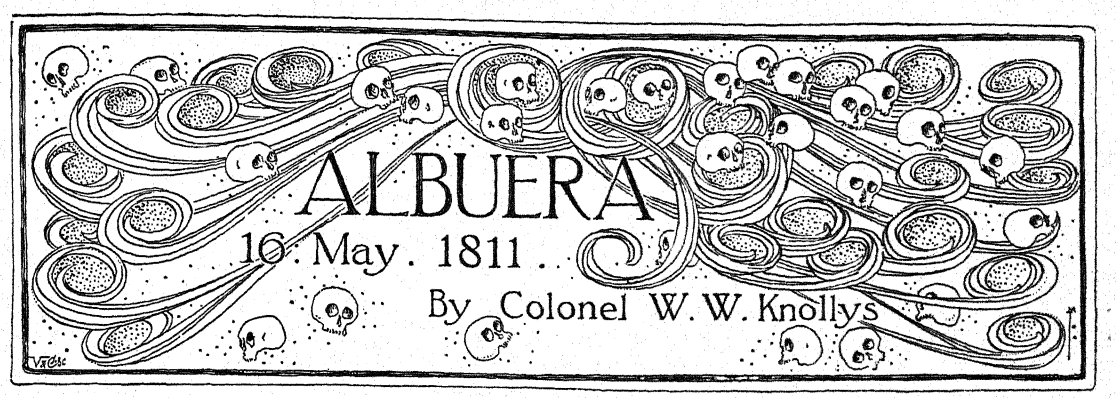
wall of his hut (he was far too wary to escape by the door, which he knew would be watched), he disappeared in the bush, and never again did European or friendly Maori have a chance of securing vengeance for all Te Kooti's bloody deeds and outrages. He escaped across the Taupo plains to the King country. His *mana* was now great, both as a fighting-man and a preacher, and the powerful Waikatos rallied round him in such numbers that it was hopeless for the Government to continue the pursuit, which would have involved them in a general war with the natives. At this time the reward for Te Kooti's apprehension was £5,000, and this remained in force till 1883, or for nearly twelve years after his escape, during which time he lived peaceably in the territories of Tawhiao, the Maori king. In 1883 he was pardoned by the Government, and from that time to his death lived quietly at his settlement—Otema, on the Waipa river—of which a writer in the *New Zealand Graphic* says :—

"Otema was, perhaps, without exception, the fairest sample of what discipline and good management will effect, even amongst Maoris. The whares were well built and clean, the fertile soil under careful and systematic cultivation, the people observed very regular habits in their domestic duties . . . under Te Kooti's supervision. At the settlement hospitality was shown to European visitors by Te Kooti himself."

The old guerilla's health was completely broken down towards the end, as a result of the terrible privations of his warlike years. He was bowed down and prematurely aged, and was afflicted with a harassing cough and constant asthma. How many men could have lived through his experiences at all, though? He avoided those Europeans who regarded him as an object of vulgar curiosity, but "his bent and battle-worn figure, and his straggling white beard, with a slouch hat on his head, were familiar to many colonists whose business brought them into contact with him." He died at the age of about sixty, in April, 1893, at Ohima, on the east coast, when "his once turbulent spirit passed away on the evening-tide"—the *tai po*, as the Maoris say. The old Maoris liked to "go down with the sun."



A MAORI WAR-CANOE.
(*From a photograph by Burton Brothers, Dunedin.*)



THE battle of Albuera, because of its sanguinary nature, and the fact that Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, has enwreathed its memory with some of his most picturesque sentences, stands out as one of the prominent and popular episodes of war. If the eloquent Napier has described it so ably, it may be asked, why repeat a well-told tale? Napier, though anxious to be just and accurate, often allowed himself to be influenced by prejudices for or against corps and persons, and has not been free from this defect in his account of Albuera. Many think that he displayed prejudice, not to say virulence, towards Beresford; and, as a matter of fact, a violent and heated controversy between the commander and the historian followed the publication of the "Peninsular War."

Before we come to the battle and the events which led up to it, let us glance for a moment at the antecedents and personalities of the two opponents, Marshal Soult and Lord—then Sir William—Beresford.

Soult, universally recognised as one of the ablest of Napoleon's lieutenants, born in 1769, was the eldest son of a provincial notary. Fairly well brought up, he was destined for the law; but his father's death, when he was still only a boy, caused the idea to be abandoned. He is said by some to have been of Jewish origin; but we can find no confirmation of the statement. In 1785 he enlisted in the regiment of "Royal Infantry," and, thanks to his education, he became six years later a sergeant. The revolution gave him an opening, and, in 1791, he was appointed instructor to the 1st Battalion of the Volunteers of the Bas Rhin. He soon obtained the rank of adjutant-general, and in 1794, after the battle of Fleurus, he was made general of brigade. During the following four years he saw much service in Germany under Jourdan, Moreau, Kleber, and Lefebvre. In 1799, promoted to general of division, he distinguished himself in Massena's Swiss campaign, especially at the battle of Zürich. In the following year he was second in command to Massena when that general conducted his magnificent defence of Genoa. In 1802 he was appointed one of the four generals holding the position of colonel in the Consular Guard. Though one of Moreau's officers he was discreet, acute, and pliable enough to attach himself to his old chief's rival, Napoleon; and in 1803 was given by the latter the command of the camp of Boulogne. In 1804 he was one of the first marshals created, and in the following year mainly contributed to the victory of Austerlitz. He subsequently greatly distinguished himself in Germany and Spain; and when, in 1813, Wellington was about to invade France, he was sent to withstand him, and carried out an offensive-defensive campaign with remarkable energy and ability. At the first abdication of Napoleon, Marshal Soult—Duke of Dalmatia—declared himself a royalist, and was appointed Minister of War by Louis XVIII. On the emperor's return from Elba Soult joined him, and was major-general—or chief of the staff—during the Waterloo Campaign. On the second restoration of Louis XVIII. Soult was exiled, but was, after a short time, allowed to return to France, was re-created marshal in 1820, and again played the part of a fervent royalist. After 1830 he became a partisan of constitutional royalty; but in 1848 he again changed, and was once more a republican. This was his last tergiversation, for in 1851 he died. The Duke of Wellington had a great respect for his talents as a commander, and was doubly cautious when opposed to him.

Beresford, the illegitimate son of the first Marquis of Waterford, was born in 1768. Having spent a year at the military academy of Strasburg, he was in 1785 gazetted ensign to the

6th Foot, which regiment he joined in Nova Scotia. While out shooting in that colony, he met with an accident which caused the loss of his left eye. He took part in the defence of Toulon, and also served in Corsica, but it could not be said that during his first ten years of soldiering that he had gained much experience in the field. Ten years, however, from the date of his first commission, and at the early age of twenty-seven, he found himself lieutenant-colonel commanding the 88th Regiment. Money and interest had pushed him on. In 1800 he landed in Bombay, and, having become full colonel, was appointed brigadier in the force despatched to Egypt under Sir David Baird. When, however, after a long voyage and a terrible march across the desert Sir David arrived at Cairo, the struggle was over. In Sir David Baird's expedition to the Cape of Good Hope Beresford accompanied his old chief as brigadier, but in the conquest of the Dutch dependency he saw no fighting.

In the following year, however, Sir Home Popham, without any orders from Government, prevailed on Sir David to send a small force with him to effect the conquest of Buenos Ayres. Beresford obtained the command of the land forces, which were brought up by troops at St. Helena to 1,025 men, besides a naval brigade, 800 strong. Ascending the river Plate, he landed twelve miles from that city on June 26th, behaved with the audacity and courage of a Cortez, and was everywhere victorious. On the day of disembarkation he drove off an opposing force, capturing four guns, and on the morrow entered the city, expelling its garrison of Spanish militia. The Spaniards, however, rallied from the blow, and, collecting troops, compelled Beresford, after a short struggle in which he showed the personal courage for which he was always conspicuous, to capitulate. Arriving in England, he was fortunate enough to find that the enthusiasm at his original success had not been altogether extinguished by his subsequent ill-fortune. Promoted to the rank of major-general, he was sent to hold Madeira for Portugal. A year later he was ordered to Portugal and commanded a brigade in Sir John Moore's glorious but unfortunate campaign. In 1809 he was appointed to the command of the Portuguese army. It was not an unsuitable appointment. He was in the prime of life, was of commanding stature and fine presence, had seen—if not much actual fighting—a great deal of active service, was a good disciplinarian, and possessed some acquaintance with the Portuguese and their language. His success in organising and disciplining the Portuguese army is universally admitted. He took part in the campaign of 1809 in Northern Portugal, and in September, 1810, was present at Busaco. In December of that year, Hill having gone home on sick leave, Beresford was given by Wellington the command of the Anglo-Portuguese troops on the left bank of the Tagus. At the end of the following March he was ordered to relieve Campo Maior and besiege Olivenza and Badajoz. His force consisted of 20,000 infantry, 2,000 cavalry, and eighteen guns. His enterprise opened well. It is true that Campo Maior had been captured by the French on March 21st, but Beresford, thinking that he might surprise the captors, moved towards it on the 23rd. On the 25th his advanced guard, consisting of cavalry supported by some infantry under that gallant and capable man Colonel Colborne—afterwards Lord Seaton—who commanded a brigade in the second division, arrived unexpectedly in sight of the town.

Latour-Maubourg, learning that the British were close at hand, evacuated the place in haste and confusion, his force consisting of some 1,200 cavalry, three battalions, a few horse-artillery guns, and a battering-train of thirteen pieces. The advanced guard followed in hot pursuit, Colborne being on the right at some distance, while the 13th Light Dragoons, under Colonel Head, supported by two squadrons of Portuguese cavalry under Colonel Otway, took the shortest line. The heavy cavalry, *i.e.* the 3rd Dragoons and 5th Dragoon Guards, under Major-General the Hon. Sir William Lumley, were mustered on the left, but at first close up. With the 13th Light Dragoons, Colonel Head had only five troops with an aggregate of 203 of all ranks with him, one troop being detached to skirmish. When he drew near, two bodies of French cavalry appeared from the rear of their infantry, one body charging the Portuguese under Otway, the other the 13th. The former appear to have held their own, but there is no record of their performances. With respect to the 13th, they and their opponents charged with such fierceness that they rode right through each other, many men on both sides being dismounted in the collision. Both French and English sought at once to re-form, but the British being quicker, were among their adversaries before the latter had got into order, and a severe hand-to-hand fight ensued. One French squadron wheeled inwards and fell on the flank of the 13th, but were driven off. Finally the French cavalry,

though largely superior in number to those immediately opposed to them, were, for all practical purposes, disposed of. The French infantry squares had with their fire taken part in the combat, but without any substantial effect. Disregarding this fire, the 13th, believing that they would be supported by the heavy cavalry, threw themselves on the French artillery, cutting many of them down, and then galloped forward in pursuit of the fugitives, partly of design with a view to cutting off the whole party, partly carried away by the excitement of their success. Reaching the bridge of Badajoz, they were fired on by the guns of the fortress, and obliged to fall back. On their return they encountered the flying French artillery. Sabring many drivers, they captured both guns and baggage. Continuing their retreat, the 13th found themselves in face of the unbroken French infantry and the remnants of the beaten French cavalry. Seeing no appearance of support, being now few in number, and men and horses alike being exhausted, the gallant Light Dragoons abandoned all, save one, of the captured guns, and, making a detour, escaped.

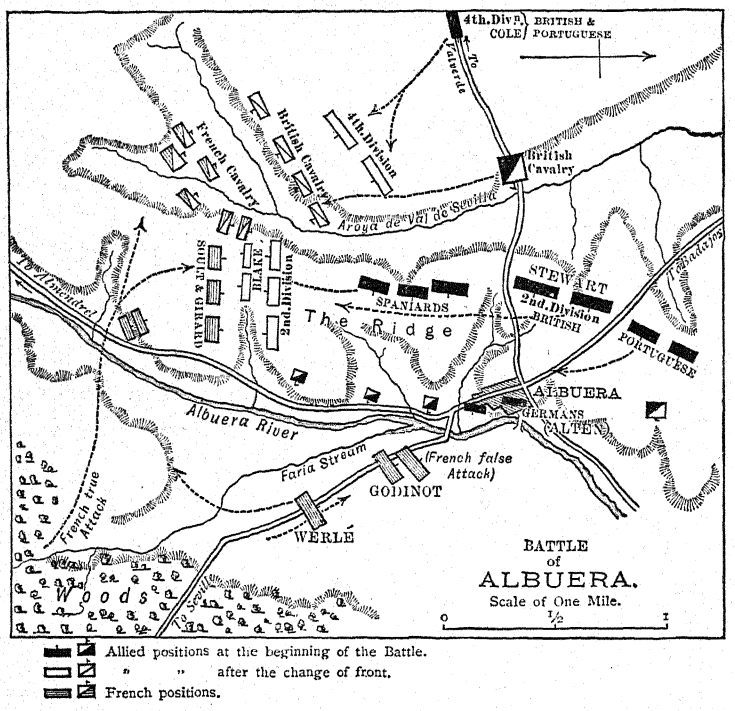
Their loss in this brilliant scuffle was 12 men killed and 33 of all ranks wounded, and 20 of all ranks missing, amounting to within a fraction of 30 per cent. of their total strength. The loss of the French on this occasion was 300 of all ranks killed, wounded, or prisoners. Among the killed was Colonel Chamarin, of the 26th Dragoons, who was slain in single combat by Corporal Logan, of the 13th. The corporal had killed two men of the French 26th Dragoons, which so enraged the colonel that he dashed forward and attacked him. Both adversaries were well mounted and good swordsmen, and seem to have been allowed to fight the matter out without aid or interference by their comrades. The deadly duel was short but sharp. Probably the hard hitting of the Englishman was too much for the scientific swordsmanship of the Frenchman, who, after the manner of his countrymen, preferred the point to the edge. Twice did the corporal cut the colonel across the face, and on the second occasion the latter's helmet came off, leaving his head exposed. The Englishman's opportunity had come, and with one mighty blow he nearly cleft the Frenchman's skull asunder, the edge of the sword passing through the brains as far as the nose.

It has been held that Beresford on this occasion neglected to follow up this success. His excuse was that it was reported to him that the 13th had been cut off; he would not therefore risk further loss in his small force of cavalry by allowing the Heavy Dragoons to charge. The information was incorrect, and even had it been accurate surely the last chance of saving the regiment would have been to have at all events made a demonstration with the two heavy regiments.

Though the affair had not been so successful as it might have been owing to Beresford's moral timidity, it must nevertheless have exercised a depressing effect on the French. Instead, however, of profiting by that effect and following up his blow, he contented himself with blockading Elvas, alleging the want of supplies, shoes, and bridging material. There never yet was wanting a plausible excuse for doing little or nothing. Be in this case, however, the argument valid or not, the effect was that the French had time given them for placing Badajoz in a state of defence.

Beresford, ordered by Lord Wellington to cross the Guadiana at Jerumenha, encountered great difficulty from the want of materials for a bridge. However, his commanding engineer, Captain Squire, was a man of energy and resource. With timber obtained from the neighbouring villages he constructed a trestle pier on each bank, filling the interval with five Spanish boats. The bridge was completed on the 3rd April, and the troops were assembled with a view to crossing at daybreak on the 4th. Unfortunately, during the night there was a freshet, which swept away the trestles and rendered the neighbouring ford impassable. No more materials were to be found. Squire, however, did not recognise the word "impossible." With the boats, therefore, he constructed a flying bridge for the cavalry and artillery, while with the few pontoons in his possession and some casks found in the neighbouring villages, he made a light bridge for the infantry. Beresford's force commenced the passage late on the 5th April, and by the evening of the 6th all the troops were across the river. On the 7th, Latour-Maubourg, who had hitherto occupied himself mainly in collecting food, forage, and money contributions, took the alarm, and advanced to prevent Beresford from crossing the Guadiana, but found his adversary not only over the river but occupying a strong position on the eastern side of it. The French commander was therefore compelled to fall back. Beresford was at this time either joined or came practically into close communication with several fragments of

the Spanish armies, but he was cautious, and prudently was not thereby stimulated into undertaking a vigorous campaign, for the success of which he would have been dependent on the loyal co-operation of allies whom a bitter experience had proved to be unreliable. He therefore constructed entrenchments at the bridge head, and directed that the bridge itself should be solidly reconstructed. Having taken these precautions to secure his communications, he invested Olivenza with a portion of his army, while with the remainder he advanced to Albuera.



On the 15th April Olivenza surrendered, on which Beresford advanced towards Zafra, his object being to drive Latour-Maubourg over the Sierra Morena and to cut off General Maransin, who, having defeated Ballasteros, was pursuing him towards Salvatierra. Receiving, however, information of the approach of the allies, Maransin managed to elude the columns which were threatening to prevent his retreat.

Whilst these movements were taking place, a smart cavalry action occurred on April 16th near Los Santos between two regiments of French cavalry, advancing from Llerena to collect contributions, and the British cavalry. The brigade consisted of the 4th Dragoon Guards, the 3rd Dragoons (now 3rd Hussars), and the 13th Light Dragoons, the brigadier being Colonel the Hon. G. de Grey. The accounts of this spirited cavalry action are very meagre. The numbers were about equal, but the French were broken and hunted for six miles with a loss in prisoners alone of 200 men, every attempt made to rally being baffled. The regimental records of the 13th Light Dragoons—which, by the way, claim all the merit for that regiment—says nothing about the casualties, but the records of the 3rd Dragoons admit some loss but say that it was "very little." That the 13th Light Dragoons were, if not chiefly, at all events hotly engaged is proved by the fact that the French commander, whose gallantry excited the admiration of his opponents, was killed by Private James Beard of the regiment.

On the 18th April, Latour-Maubourg fell back to Guadalcanal. About this time the army was joined by General Alten with his brigade of two light infantry battalions of the King's German Legion. On the 21st Lord Wellington himself arrived at Elvas, and Beresford hastened to meet him. The commander-in-chief, drawing the infantry nearer to Badajoz, demanded that the Spanish troops should co-operate in carrying on and covering the siege, and laid it down that, if Soult advanced to the relief of the place, he was to be fought at Albuera. The Spaniards, in accordance with their usual practice, were slow in carrying out an agreement. Lord Wellington therefore hurried northward again in order to withstand Massena on the Agueda, leaving directions with Beresford that he was not to undertake the siege until he was reinforced by him or obtained the co-operation of the Spaniards.

After his departure Beresford fixed his headquarters at Almendralejos, and, finding that the French were sweeping the country between the two armies of forage, he sent Penne Villamur with a brigade of Spanish cavalry, reinforced by five squadrons, and Colonel Colborne with his brigade, to which had been added two Spanish guns and two squadrons, to put a stop to these French parties. Colborne and Penne Villamur not only accomplished this object, but also

induced Latour-Maubourg himself to fall back. On the 5th May, the Spaniards having at length consented to perform their part in the siege of Badajoz, the investment of the town was begun, and, being completed on the 7th, batteries and trenches were constructed with energy. Owing to the want of proper siege materials and a sufficient number of trained sappers and miners, the operations were carried on at a disadvantage and at the cost of much loss of life.

Soult, on the 10th May, started from Seville with the view of relieving the beleaguered fortress. He had with him 3,000 heavy dragoons, two regiments of light cavalry, a division of infantry, and a battalion of grenadiers. On the following day he was joined by Marasin, and on the 13th picked up Latour-Maubourg, who was at once appointed to the command of the heavy cavalry. On the 14th he was within thirty miles of Badajoz, and on the 15th arrived at Santa Marta. Beresford's information was good, for on the night of the 12th of May he received intelligence of Soult's approach. He at once suspended all operations against Badajoz, and on the following day, in spite of the remonstrances of his engineers, he raised the siege under cover of the 4th division and a body of Spaniards. On the same day, after a conference with Blake at Valverde, he finally decided on giving battle to Soult at Albuera, the Spanish commander promising to bring his army into line before noon on the 15th. On the morning of that day the British army occupied the left of the selected position, but there was no sign of the approach of Blake. About 3 p.m. on that day the whole of the allied cavalry came in hurriedly and in some confusion, closely followed by the French light cavalry. In plain English, the allied



"SABRING MANY DRIVERS, THEY CAPTURED BOTH GUNS AND BAGGAGE" (*p.* 279).

cavalry were driven in, effecting their retreat in so unmilitary a fashion that they only sought to reach the main army, and abandoned the wooded heights in front of the position. Yet on two recent occasions the British cavalry brigade had displayed the most heroic valour, and the discredit of the manner in which Beresford's horsemen rejoined him may fairly be attributed to the incapacity of General Long, commanding the whole of the allied cavalry, who, feeling the responsibility too much for him, surrendered that day his command to General Lumley.

Beresford promptly formed a temporary right wing, and at once sent to hasten Blake and his own detached troops. Blake was so slow that his main body did not reach the ground till 11 p.m., and his rear-guard not till 3 a.m. on the 16th. Orders were at once sent to call in Cole and Madelen's Portuguese brigade. By some mischance the message did not reach Madelen at once, but Cole with his two brigades, the infantry of the 5th Spanish army, and two squadrons of Portuguese cavalry, arrived at 6 a.m. on the 16th. The Spanish infantry joined Blake's army, the Portuguese cavalry joined Otway's brigade of Portuguese cavalry in advance of the left, while Cole formed up in rear of the 2nd division. Colonel Kemmis's brigade of the 4th division marched to join Beresford *viâ* Jerumenha, and consequently did not arrive till the 17th.

The position occupied by the allies consisted of a ridge about 4½ miles long, having the Aroya de Val de Sevilla in rear and the Albuera river in front. In front of the right of the position of the allies was a wooded hill, lying in a fork formed by the junction of the Faria stream with the Albuera river. All these streams seem to have been easily passable above the village, but there was a bridge near Albuera in front of the left centre of the allies, where the road to Valverde crossed, and another where the same road crossed the Aroya de Val de Sevilla, commonly called in English descriptions Aroya. The position was first occupied as follows :—On the extreme left came General Hamilton's division of Portuguese with their left on the road, which at Albuera quits the Valverde road to go to Badajoz. On the right of the Portuguese came the 2nd division, under Major-General the Hon. W. Stewart, and consisting of the brigades of Colonel Colborne, Major-General Houghton, and Colonel the Hon. A. Abercrombie. On the extreme right, on the highest, broadest, steepest part of the position, were the Spaniards under Blake. The allied cavalry were drawn up, the main body across the Valverde road in rear of the Aroya and the 2nd division. The remainder of the cavalry were distributed along the Albuera river from in front of the allies' right to a spot beyond the Badajos road and below the village of Albuera. Major-General Alten, with his brigade of Germans, held the village.

The numbers on both sides were approximately as follows : The allies at—Spaniards 12,000, Portuguese 8,000, British 7,500, guns 30 ; French, 20,000 infantry, 3,000 cavalry, and 40 guns.

About 9 a.m. on the 16th a heavy force of French light cavalry and Godinot's division of infantry were seen, accompanied by artillery, advancing to attack the bridge in front of the village of Albuera. This force was followed by Werlé's division. The assailants were stoutly resisted by Alten's Light Brigade and the four guns of D Troop Royal Horse Artillery—two guns had been left at Lisbon—under Captain Lefebure. It soon became evident, however, that the real attack was on the right, not the left of the allies, for Werlé did not follow Godinot closely. Indeed, soon after 8 a.m., some French cavalry had issued from the Ilex wood, opposite the prolongation of the allies' right, and crossed the Albuera. Beresford therefore sent an order to Blake, as a measure of precaution, to form all his second and part of his first line on the broad elevated plateau running at right angles to the general direction of the allies' position. He at the same time directed Stewart with the 2nd division to take ground to his right in order to support Blake. General Hamilton was ordered to move to his right and, while sending one brigade forward to support Alten at the village and bridge, to hold the other in readiness to carry assistance to any part of the field where it might be needed. The two Portuguese regiments of light infantry under Colonel Collins were attached to General Hamilton's division. The heavy cavalry, 3rd Dragoon Guards and 4th Dragoons, and D Battery Royal Horse Artillery under the personal direction of Major-General Hon. William Lumley, the brigadier being Colonel the Hon. G. de Grey, were placed on a small plain in rear of the magnificent brook called the Aroya de Val de Sevilla. The 4th division was drawn up in *échelon* to the cavalry about 100 yards to their left rear. The 13th Light Dragoons were posted above the bridge to watch the enemy, while Otway's cavalry were drawn up below the bridge on the extreme left watching the French.

Napier says that the Albuera was fordable both above and below the bridge, but there are other statements to the effect that below the bridge it was not fordable on that day. At all events, even if the French did not try and cross below the bridge, Otway was well posted to fall on their flank should they pass at the bridge.

While these changes of position were taking place, the rain came down and helped to screen the advance of the French infantry through the wood and over the Albuera on the right; but Beresford was soon shown clearly what the intentions of Soult were, for Werlé, leaving only a battalion of grenadiers and a few squadrons to watch Otway, rapidly countermarched and hastened to join the main body of the French army, while the light cavalry, galloping along the bank of the Albuera, crossed it and placed themselves on the right of Latour-Maubourg's heavy cavalry. Godinot, however, continued the fight at the bridge either with the view of distracting the attention of the allies or watching for a chance to cross the river. Beresford, as soon as he saw Werlé's countermarch, rode in all haste to Blake, who, vain and punctilious, had refused to obey the first order carried by Colonel Hardinge, whom he told with great heat that the real attack was at the village and bridge. He had similarly disregarded a second message, and, when Beresford arrived in person, the Spaniards still occupied their original position. At this moment, however, the obstinate old don had it pointed out to him by a German officer on his staff that heavy French columns were appearing on his right. Yielding to the evidences of his eyesight, Blake proceeded to change front, but, to quote Napier's words, "with such pedantic slowness, that Beresford, impatient of his folly, took the direction in person." Unfortunately, the movement was too late, and, before the Spaniards could be drawn up in order on the summit of the before-mentioned plateau, the French were upon them. Whatever may have been the conduct of the Spaniards later in the day, it is conceded that at this period of the battle they behaved gallantly, and fell back fighting and in fairly good order. Beresford strove to induce them to recapture the plateau, but failed; so ordered Stewart's division to pass through the Spaniards and drive away the French. Colborne's brigade was at the head of the division. It is difficult to ascertain in what formation the brigade advanced. We know that every regiment was in column of companies, but whether in a line of contiguous columns or in mass, *i.e.* one regiment in rear of another, we cannot say. Colborne, a cool, skilful, and experienced soldier, wished to deploy before ascending the hill, but General Stewart, full of ardour, would not wait for this manœuvre, and the brigade advanced in column of companies, each regiment deploying in succession as it reached the summit. The Buffs on the right were first formed, and opened fire; the 48th on their left were the next to deploy, then the 66th. Somehow or another the 66th, while still in column, were rear rank in front. Though under a heavy artillery fire, they countermarched on the move with the utmost precision, and then wheeled into line and opened fire on the enemy, who were in close column. The 66th were ordered to charge, but had not advanced far when the "halt," followed by the "retire," was sounded. Immediately afterwards the order was given to advance again. Probably the 48th likewise fired and advanced at the same time. We know that the Buffs did. Suddenly a fearful catastrophe occurred. It would seem that the Buffs were ordered to re-form column and with their right wing to cover the rear of the brigade. They were consequently faced about, when suddenly four regiments of Polish Lancers and light cavalry fell on the right flank of the brigade and swept along it. The authority for this statement is the late Colonel Clarke, who commanded a company of the 66th in the battle. He says that in his regiment the men formed groups of six or eight, the officers snatching up muskets and joining them. A fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued, the French infantry having taken advantage of the confusion to take part in the struggle. In a few minutes two-thirds of the brigade were killed, disabled, or captured, and six of our guns taken. Fortunately, the 31st was still in column at the moment, and was thus able to hold its ground. The French cavalry owed their success to the fact that, owing to the thickness of the atmosphere and the cloud of smoke, they had been able to approach unseen, and, even when perceived, were mistaken at first for Spanish cavalry. The conduct of the Polish Lancers—as afterwards at Waterloo—was most brutal. They gave no quarter, and even speared the disabled. One young officer, Ensign Hay of the 66th, was first pierced right through the body by a Polish lancer, who afterwards repeated the thrust; this time, however, the point of the weapon was caught on the breast-bone. Another lancer attacked Beresford himself, but the latter, being a powerful man, avoided the thrust, and, seizing

his adversary by the throat, cast him from his saddle. According to the narrative of the Marquis of Londonderry in his history of the Peninsular War, another lancer, who attacked the Portuguese staff, was disposed of with more difficulty. To quote the exact words, "A very different fate attended the personal exertions of the Portuguese staff. They, too, were charged by a single lancer, who knocked down one with the butt of his pike, overset another man and horse, and gave ample employment to the entire headquarters before he was finally despatched. These heroes declared that the man seemed possessed by an evil spirit, and that, when he fell at last, he literally bit the ground."

The Buffs, being on the right of the brigade, were the first to suffer from the furious rush of the French cavalry, and an heroic defence was made of their colours. Ensign Thomas that day carried the regimental colour: called upon to surrender his precious charge, he replied sternly that he refused to do so, but, being thereupon mortally wounded, the colour was captured. Ensign Walsh carried the King's colour, and, when the regiment was broken, the sergeants of the colour party were slain valiantly defending it. Left alone and anxious to preserve his charge, he made an attempt to carry the colour to the rear. Pursued by several lancers, he was overtaken, surrounded, wounded, and taken prisoner. At that instant Lieutenant Latham, who had seen his peril, rushed up, and, before the French could carry off the colour, had seized it. A host of foes, emulous of the glory of capturing a standard, fell eagerly upon the gallant Latham, who was soon bleeding from several wounds, but who, defending himself valiantly with his sword, refused to yield. A French hussar grasped the colour staff with his left hand, and, rising in his stirrups, aimed a vigorous blow at his head. He failed to cut him down, but inflicted a grievous wound, severing one side of his face and nose. The indomitable Englishman, however, would not even then give in. The French horsemen, crowding round, strove to drag the colour from him, calling fiercely on him to yield the trophy. His reply was, "I will surrender it only with my life." His words were unintelligible, but his meaning was plain, and a hussar with a vigorous cut severed his left arm. Not vanquished yet, Latham dropped his sword, seized the colour with his right hand, and continued the struggle, which must have ended quickly and fatally for him, had it not been that his adversaries in their eagerness to secure the prize jostled and impeded each other. He was, however, at length thrown down, trampled on by horses, and pierced by lances. At this critical moment a charge of British cavalry took place, and the French horsemen fled without having attained their object. Latham, though desperately wounded, exerted what little strength remained to him in tearing the silk from the staff and concealing the former under his body. He then swooned. A little later in the day the 7th Fusiliers passed over the spot where Latham lay apparently dead, and Sergeant Gough, espying the colour, took it up and eventually restored it to the Buffs. After a time Latham came to himself, and, crawling down to the brook, was found striving to quench his thirst. Removed to a neighbouring convent, his wounds were dressed, and he ultimately recovered. Ensign Walsh managed to escape and rejoin his regiment, when he told the story of Lieutenant Latham's conduct. The officers of the regiment, proud of the intrepidity of their comrade, subscribed 100 guineas for a gold medal commemorating Lieutenant Latham's exploit, and this medal he was allowed by the Horse Guards to wear. He was promoted for his heroism to a company in another regiment, and brought back to the Buffs as a captain.

The Prince Regent granted him an interview when he arrived in London, and, with that graciousness of manner which distinguished him, and that nobility of mind which he occasionally displayed, induced Latham to undergo an operation by an eminent surgeon for the diminution of the disfigurement caused by the wound in his face, his Royal Highness undertaking to pay the heavy fee. It is a singular fact that, though few men have ever been so seriously injured and survived, in the official returns of the battle of Albuera Latham was returned as "slightly wounded."

It is always difficult to follow the course of a battle and give the correct sequence of events. The difficulty is particularly great with regard to Albuera. Napier's account is eloquent, brilliant, and full of dramatic force, but it is not clear. Nor are other accounts more intelligible, and there has been much controversy with regard to certain points. After consulting many books, we have come to the conclusion that the story is in the main as we are about to tell it.

Colborne's brigade having been cut to pieces alike by the musketry and grape from their front as by the charge of cavalry on their flank and along their rear, the confusion was excessive.



"A FIERCE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT ENSUED" (*p.* 283).

So great, indeed, was the disorder that the Spanish persisted in firing straight to their front, though there were British soldiers between them and the enemy. Indeed, at one period of the action a Spanish battalion and a British battalion exchanged shots for some time under the belief that they were foes. Beresford did his utmost to induce the Spaniards to advance, but they would not move; and it is stated in all accounts of the battle that Beresford, having appealed to the officers in vain, at length seized a Spanish ensign and carried him with the colour he bore some distance to the front, but the fellow ran back as soon as released. To have actually carried him Beresford must have dismounted; so what probably really took place was that the marshal, while on horseback, seized the ensign by the collar and dragged him forward. Whilst this was going on, the French cavalry had pretty well surrounded the remains of Colborne's brigade, which, as we have mentioned above, it had broken up with the exception of the 31st on the extreme left. Among other damage Captain Cleeve's battery, having accompanied Colborne's brigade on its right, was ridden over and the six pieces captured; they were, however, all, except one howitzer, eventually recovered.

It was at this critical moment that General Lumley sent four squadrons of the heavy brigade, supported by the fire of Captain Lefebure's four horse artillery guns, to fall on the French cavalry. The latter apparently did not wait for the shock, but retreated. The next act in the drama was the advance of General Houghton's brigade, accompanied by General Stewart, who, warned by the catastrophe which had just occurred, deployed the regiments before they advanced, the 29th being on the right, the 48th on the left, and the 57th in the centre. The weather, which had been wet and misty, now cleared a little. Houghton's brigade established itself on the hill, and the 31st fought by its side. The fire was dreadful, musketry being fired at close, and grape at half, range. Stewart was twice wounded; Houghton, after having been several times wounded, at length, struck by three bullets, fell and died; Colonel Duckworth, of the 1st battalion of the 48th, was killed; Colonel White, of the 29th, was mortally wounded; Colonel Inglis, of the 57th, was severely wounded, and the 29th men fell in swathes. Two-thirds of each of the three regiments were on the ground; ammunition was beginning to run short. Werlé's division was coming up in support of the French. Lumley, powerfully aided by his four horse-artillery guns, made valiant efforts against the superior numbers of the French cavalry, but could only just manage to hold them in check. Lefebure's battery was from time to time ridden through, and one of its guns was for a short time in the possession of the enemy; it was, however, soon recovered.

The battle, by all the rules of the game of war, was lost, and Beresford himself was of that opinion. From the vague and somewhat conflicting accounts it would seem that Beresford, having ridden to the bridge in front of Albuera to ascertain why a brigade of General Hamilton's Portuguese division for which he had sent had not arrived, found that it had been moved further to the east—the left of the line. He then ordered Colonel Collins to advance to the attack of the hill.

We have the positive assurance of the late Sir Alexander—then Major—Dickson, commanding the Portuguese artillery, and who was at the bridge at the moment, that he was ordered to retreat with his artillery towards Valverde, and Baron Alten by order withdrew from the village for a moment. Fortunately, Colonel Hardinge (afterwards Lord Hardinge) was at his elbow, and, gathering from his manner and orders what his intentions were, he said, "I think, sir, I ought to tell you that you have a peerage on the one hand and a court-martial on the other," and Beresford, after a moment's reflection, said, "I will go for the peerage." Either on general instructions or on his own initiative, knowing what the general wanted, he directed General Cole to attack with the 4th division, and, as soon as he saw his left brigade—the Fusilier brigade—approaching the left of Houghton's brigade, "I went to Abercrombie," commanding Stewart's 3rd brigade, "and authorised him to deploy and move past Houghton's left. While Houghton's brigade held the hill, Myers and Abercrombie passed the flanks on the right and left, and made a simultaneous attack on the enemy, who began to waver and then went off to the rear. Myers and Abercrombie, in my opinion, decided the fate of the day." The above is a literal extract from Lord Hardinge's own journal.

The Fusilier brigade was on the left of Cole's division, and Hervey's Portuguese brigade of Cole's division on the right. We are told that Colonel Hawkshawe, with a battalion of the Lusitanian Legion, flanked the advance. Cole brought his division up somewhat obliquely,

his right being thrown forward. What the position of Captain Sympher's battery, belonging to the 4th division, was we are nowhere told, but we know that, when Cleeve's battery was captured by the French cavalry, three guns of a British battery were also captured. The only British field-battery was Captain Hawker's. It must have been, then, three of his four guns, which fell temporarily into the hands of the enemy.

An interesting little book, called "Rough Notes of Several Campaigns," by Sergeant S. Cooper, of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, who was present at Albuera, says that six nine-pounders were on the right of the division. Now, either there were only four guns, in which case they constituted Captain Hawker's battery, or there were six guns, in which event they were Captain Braun's Portuguese battery of Hamilton's division. Colonel Collins's brigade was probably somewhere in this part of the field, for we know that he himself was badly wounded.

Hervey's Portuguese brigade of Cole's division behaved with great gallantry, and repulsed a charge of the French cavalry; but the brunt of the fighting was borne by the Fusilier brigade, consisting of two battalions of the 7th, and one battalion of the 23rd Fusiliers had been previously deployed, and advanced steadily in line under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery. As they neared the hill, the French executed a charge on some Spanish cavalry in front of the brigade. A volley fired into the mass of the combatants checked the French, and the Spaniards, galloping round the left flank of the brigade, took no further part in the action. The brigade, continuing its progress, gained the summit of the hill, and then ensued a furious duel. The French guns vomited forth grape in a continuous stream, while under cover of their fire the heavy French columns strove to deploy, but the musketry of the brigade swept away the heads of their foes' formations, though not without suffering fearful loss themselves. Myers, the brigadier, fell stricken to death. Cole, the commander of the division, and Colonels Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe were all disabled, and many other officers, together with hundreds of men, were killed or wounded.

The brigade, indeed, seemed on the point of being vanquished by annihilation. To quote Napier's eloquent words, "The Fusilier battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships. But, suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights." Firing and advancing, the brigade pressed steadily but slowly onward, leaving behind it a constantly expanding field of dead and wounded men. In vain did Soult encourage his splendid troops; in vain did the latter fight with the historical gallantry of their race; in vain did the reserve, pushing to the front, strive to stem the ebbing tide. Our men were not to be denied, the French reserve was swept away by the fragments of the leading combatants, and, again to quote Napier, "the mighty mass gave way, and like a loosened cliff went headlong down the steep. The river flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and fifteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal field." It is but common justice to record that the conduct of Abercrombie's brigade at the crisis was as gallant as that of the Fusiliers. Indeed, all the British, Portuguese, and German troops behaved splendidly. The battle began a little before 9 a.m., and ended about 2 p.m., the fighting during the remainder of the day being confined to a desultory distant cannonade and an occasional exchange of musket shots between the advanced troops. Beresford, though he had driven his adversary over the river, had suffered too heavily to permit of following up the victory. Indeed, he was in some apprehension of a renewed attack on the morrow.

The field of battle presented a dreadful sight. Major Dickson, writing of the scene, said that on the hill, where the battle chiefly ranged on a space of 1,000 by 1,200 yards, "there were certainly not less than 6,000 dead or wounded." In Colborne's brigade the Buffs lost 4 officers and 212 men killed, 13 officers and 234 men wounded, and 2 officers and 176 men missing. The 29th had only 2 captains, a few subalterns, and 96 men left. The 48th and the 66th also suffered heavily. In Houghton's brigade, as we have seen, the general was slain, as was also Colonel Duckworth; whilst Colonel White was mortally, and Colonel Inglis and Major Wray were severely, wounded. In fact, every field-officer of the brigade was either killed or wounded, so that at the close of the action the brigade was commanded by Captain Cemétière—strange to say, of French origin—of the 48th Regiment. In this brigade the 29th lost 7 officers and 77 men killed, 13 officers and 232 men wounded, and 11 men missing. The 1st battalion 48th Regiment also lost heavily. The 57th lost,

out of 30 officers and 570 men, 20 officers and 420 men, and was brought out of action by the adjutant, who in the morning had been fourteenth in seniority.

The last-named regiment received on this occasion the honourable name of the "Die Hards," which has survived till this day. At Inkerman, at a critical period of the battle, when a heavy Russian column threatened the weak remnants of the 57th, Captain Stanley, who commanded, called out, "Die Hards, remember Albuera!" and the men, responding, made a gallant and successful effort. The sobriquet was gained under the following circumstances:—The regiment, when on the top of the fatal hill, was losing officers and men every second. The regimental colour had twenty-one holes in it, the Queen's colour seventeen, the latter also having its staff broken. Ensign Jackson, who carried it, being hit in three places, went to the rear to have his wounds dressed. On his return he found Ensign Kitch, who had succeeded him, severely wounded but obstinate in refusal to give up his charge. Many companies had all their officers killed or wounded, and, owing to the heavy losses, the line presented the appearance of a chain of skirmishers. There is a tradition in the regiment that on the following morning after the battle the rations of No. 2 company were drawn by a drummer, who carried them away in his hat. Captain Ralph Fawcett, a young officer of only twenty-three years of age, although mortally wounded, caused himself to be placed on a small hillock, whence he continued to command his company, calling out from time to time to the men to fire low and not to waste their cartridges. Colonel Inglis, commanding the regiment, being struck by a grape-shot which penetrated his left breast and lodged in his back, refused to be carried to the rear, and remained where he had fallen in front of the colours, urging the men to keep up a steady fire and to "*die hard*."

Marshal Beresford, in his despatch, said that the dead, particularly those of the 57th, were to be seen "lying as they had fought in the ranks, and every wound in front."

General Stewart was twice hit, but would not quit the field. General Houghton, who had received several wounds without shrinking, at last fell dead, as we have mentioned, pierced by three bullets, whilst cheering on the men of his brigade. Early in the morning, hearing of the enemy's advance, he hurriedly turned out in a green frock-coat. Whilst on horseback in front of his brigade, his servant came up with the general's red coat. Without dismounting, Houghton with the utmost coolness made the exchange of garments, though at the time he was under the fire of the French artillery.

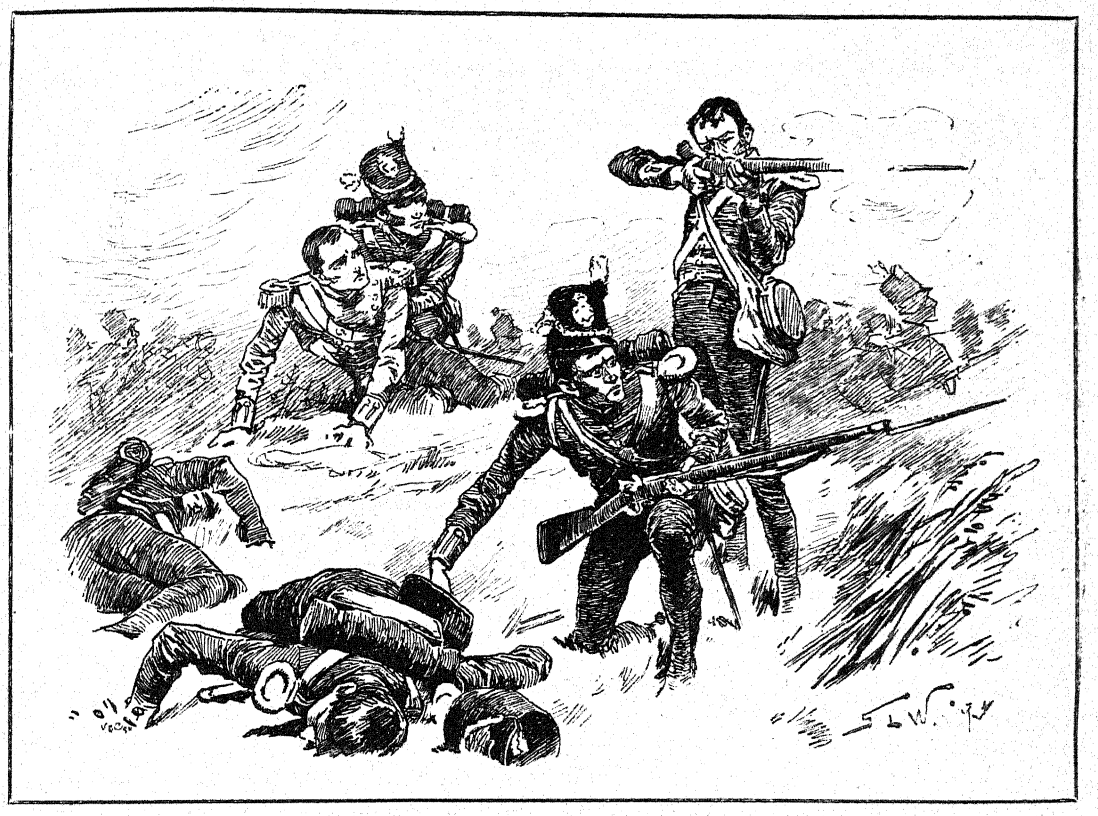
In the Fusilier brigade the Royal Fusiliers went into action with 31 officers in each battalion. Of these the 1st battalion lost 4 killed or died of their wounds and 10 wounded; while in the 2nd battalion there were 3 officers killed and 13 wounded, 1 sergeant and 63 men were killed, and 14 sergeants and 263 men were wounded. In the 2nd battalion, which went into action 435 non-commissioned officers and men strong, the losses were—killed, 1 sergeant and 46 men; wounded, 16 sergeants, 1 drummer, and 269 men. From the account of the late Sergeant Cooper of this regiment, we learn that, when the Fusiliers had mounted the hill, there were constant cries of "Close up!" "Close in!" "Fire away!" "Forward!" Sergeant Cooper relates as an illustration of the great opinion which the army even then entertained of their illustrious leader that, when he (Cooper) was going into action, a comrade said to him, "'Where's Arthur?' meaning Wellington. I said, 'I don't know. I don't see him.' He replied, 'Aw wish he were here.' So did I."

The 23rd Fusiliers lost 2 officers and 74 men killed, 12 officers—of whom 2 died subsequently of their wounds—and 245 men wounded, and 6 men missing. At the end of the action one company was commanded by a corporal.

The gallant leader of the Fusilier brigade, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir William Myers, Bart., was among the slain. Through the interest of his father, who was a lieutenant-general, he was granted a commission while still a child, and in 1800, when barely sixteen, joined the Coldstream Guards from half-pay. Wounded at the landing in Egypt in 1801, in the following year he became a lieutenant-colonel, and very sensibly spent the next two years at the senior department of the Royal Military College. At the end of 1804, being only twenty years of age, he obtained the command of the 2nd battalion Royal Fusiliers. The two battalions of the regiment being sent to Portugal in 1809, they were, with a battalion of the 23rd Fusiliers, formed into a brigade, the command of which was given to Sir William Myers, scarcely then twenty-five years of age. At Talavera the brigade and its young brigadier played a distinguished part, and Sir William was recognised as one of the most rising officers in the army. Albuera cut short his

promising career, and it is asserted that his letters betray a presentiment of his approaching fate. When ordered to advance, he turned to his brigade, exclaiming with exultation, "It will be a glorious day for the Fusiliers." His horse being shot under him, he proceeded on foot till a second horse was brought. He had scarcely mounted the latter when he received a bullet which struck him in the hip, passing obliquely upwards through the intestines. He did not fall, but kept on encouraging his men. At length it became necessary to take him from the saddle, and he was borne off the field by a party of Fusiliers. He wished a hut to be erected over him, but his servants, anxious to obtain for him the comfort of a bed, carried him to Valverde, a distance of ten miles. On the road he passed by a mule carrying the body of General Houghton to be buried at Elvas. He thereupon expressed a wish to be buried where he died. He did not, however, expire till the next day, when he breathed his last at the age of twenty-six, and was buried close to Valverde.

It may here be mentioned that a company of the 5th battalion of the 60th Rifles was present at the battle of Albuera, attached to the 4th division, and suffered some loss on the occasion.



"CAPTAIN FAWCETT, ALTHOUGH MORTALLY WOUNDED, CONTINUED TO COMMAND HIS COMPANY" (*p.* 288).

The total casualties of the British and Portuguese was 984 of all ranks killed, 2,095 wounded, and 565 missing. The loss of the Spaniards was nearly 2,000; that of the French was about 9,000, including five generals.

During the night of the 18th, Soult retreated, much to Beresford's relief, for the circumstances of his victory had brought with them little exhilaration.

The Fight of the Arickaree Fork

16-26: Sep.r 1868. By Angus Evan Abbott

IN writing an account of a Red Indian campaign one finds considerable difficulty in conveying to the reader's imagination anything approaching any adequate idea of the severity of the fighting, or even a clear picture of the field. The great value of the Red Indian as a warrior lay in his level-headed recognition of facts. No plan of battle can be drawn to describe an Indian contest, unless, indeed, it be a map of a thousand or so square miles of territory. The red man never took up a position with the intention of holding it a moment longer than it afforded him ample protection from the white man's bullets; for his triumphs consisted in the main of masterly retreats, punctuated here and there by subtle ambush and lurid massacre.

A United States general, given the job of punishing the tribes of the West for outrage committed, had as disagreeable and dangerous a task on his hands as his worst enemy could wish him. Hard riding, a long series of unsatisfactory skirmishes lasting over many days and hundreds of miles of rugged, ragged country, all the while straining every nerve to bring about a definite battle which never would come; chasing, one may say, a most dangerous will-o'-the-wisp; and then, when all was over, little glory won, nothing to show but bad wounds, decimated ranks, and graves like links in a great chain running across the bad lands. In the end there were no prisoners to march to the forts, for the warriors once disheartened, faded from sight as completely as a rainbow when the shower is over. As a strategist no less than as a brave, prudent, fearless fighter, the red man is to be admired.

In a few of the more important Indian campaigns, however, the forces on occasion became so concentrated as to admit of the arrangement of soldiers and warriors. In the fight of the Little Big Horn, for instance, when General Custer and his 7th Cavalrymen were annihilated, the battlefield is known, as is also the case in the frontier fight of which this is a record. This is the account of a wonderfully plucky defence, during a siege which lasted for nine days, of a little island in the Arickaree Fork of the Republican River, by Colonel (now General) George A. Forsyth, of the United States Army, and fifty picked frontiersmen, besieged by Chief "Roman Nose" and some 1,000 Sioux warriors.

The long-settled East had just been linked to the great West by the construction of the Union Pacific Railway, and population, like a tidal wave, surged over the broad prairies. It soon became apparent that white and red could not live together in peace. It consequently was imperative that the boundaries between the territories to be occupied by the Indian and those for the Caucasian should be sharply defined.

The Sioux—in fact, all Western tribes—were nomads of the most pronounced type. For centuries they had followed the buffalo in their range over thousands of square miles of prairie; their cities of wigwams were constantly shifted. Abroad on the prairies all was freedom. Astride his shaggy pony the red man galloped from dawn into the rim of night, across undulating plains, rich in grasses and flowers; around him grazed countless buffalo and herds of wild deer; the prairie chicken flew from beneath his pony's unshod hoofs, the prairie dog sat atop his burrow and watched him pass, the prairie hawk stained its dark shadow across his path. All for him was space and fresh air, wildness and freedom. So when the navvy marched into his domain spinning from his store the long straight lines of glittering steel, the Sioux saw their ancient hunting-ground invaded, and angry runners preached war in every camp.

They who had never learned to exist within restricted limit were asked to give up the prairie

to the hated pale-face. Without a moment's warning war-parties of painted braves descended upon the little settlements, the outposts of civilisation, and soon the nights were ablaze with the light of burning cabins and stake fires. War followed.

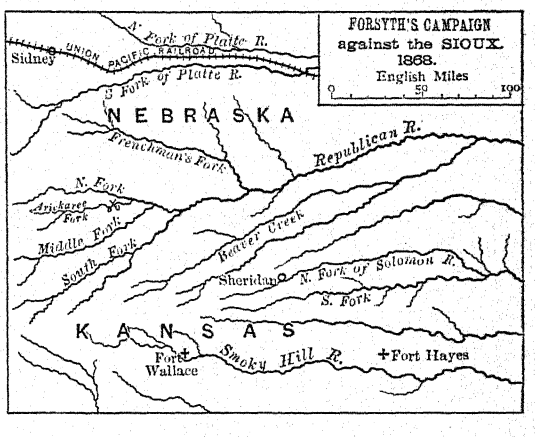
When it became known that the United States Army was in for a serious campaign against the Indians, many officers serving in districts not affected by the war, officers who were unlikely to be called upon for service, but who, nevertheless, were anxious to have a hand in the work, applied to General Sheridan for a command. Among these was Brevet-Colonel George A. Forsyth, a man whose account of the affair at Arickaree Fork shows him to be as gifted a writer as he proved himself gallant soldier. Sheridan must have had considerable confidence in Forsyth, for one hour after the colonel made his application for active service he was handed the following letter :—

"Colonel,—The general commanding directs that you, without delay, employ fifty (50) first-class hardy frontiersmen to be used as scouts against the hostile Indians, to be commanded by yourself, with Lieutenant Beecher, 3rd Infantry, as your subordinate. You can enter into such articles of agreement with these men as will compel obedience."

It is probable that the colonel in his most sanguine moments did not dream of so congenial an undertaking as this of recruiting frontiersmen for the exciting and diversified business of scouting against the savage Indian tribes of the West. However that may be, he lost not a moment in getting his men together. In two days at Fort Harker he enrolled thirty grisly scouts, and, marching to Fort Hayes, enrolled twenty more, thus completing his complement.

The American frontiersman was a definite type, almost as unique a man as the Red Indian himself, and, unfortunately, is as certain to disappear as is the red man. Indeed, the latter must long outlive the frontiersman. The one has the short life of an individual, the other the comparatively long life of a race. The frontiersman was a strange blending of the virtues and vices of the white and red, spending half his time in the frontier villages and forts and half in the wilds scouting, hunting, trapping, prospecting; extravagantly exuberant in his drinks, careless of his own or another's life, yet cool-headed and resourceful in danger, and when he found himself compelled to give up his life, selling it as dearly as possible; a dead shot, a weather prophet, a topographical expert, a pony connoisseur, an Indian thought-and-sign reader. No other nation has produced his like. He was a compound of the virtues of courage, coolness, and common-sense. To lead fifty such men was to lead an army.

On August 29th, 1868, Colonel Forsyth got his marching orders. They read: "I would suggest that you move across the head-waters of Solomon to Beaver Creek, thence down that creek to Fort Wallace. On arriving at Wallace, report to me by telegraph at this place." "This place" was Fort Hayes in Kansas, and the order was signed by Major-General P. H. Sheridan. So away rode the little company of frontiersmen and soldiers, no doubt expecting to meet with some few adventures, but little dreaming of



taking part in such a stirring drama as Fate had in store for them.

To be sure, all were mounted. Soldiers afoot were of no practical use against the wily Sioux. A force to be effective had to move rapidly, for Indians were given to covering an incredible distance in a short space of time. So each trooper was equipped with "a blanket apiece, saddle and bridle, a lariat and picket-pin, a canteen, a haversack, butcher-knife, tin plate, and tin cup. A Spencer repeating-rifle (carrying six shots in the magazine besides the one in the barrel), a Colt's revolver, army size, and 140 rounds of rifle and 30 rounds of revolver ammunition per man—this carried on the person." Besides these fighting materials, four mules were loaded with camp kettles, 4,000 extra rounds of ammunition, picks, shovels, medicine, and rations. As it turned out the mules not only carried the food on their backs, but themselves were used up as such.

Of the little company which set out on this

roving journey into the Indian country, Colonel Forsyth, as has been told, was leader, and his second in command was Lieutenant Fred H. Beecher, a nephew of the pulpit orator Henry Ward Beecher. J. H. Mooers, of the Medical Department, U.S.A., joined the party as surgeon. Abner T. Grover, a splendid Indian fighter, held the position of chief scout, and Sharp Grover acted as guide. The others were, of course, picked men—hunters, trappers, plainsmen ; and the whole, although not soldiers in the accepted sense of the word, were organised into a company of cavalry. It is interesting to know that one of these, Martin Burke, had been a British soldier, and served in India. But with four exceptions only, Forsyth tells, all were Americans born.

At a rattling pace the little band set off across the prairie, and, when the fort sunk below the horizon, the soldiers found themselves quite out of touch with all things pertaining to civilisation. On every side were buffalo quietly grazing, wolves slunk through the long prairie grass, antelopes sprang nimbly out of the way to stand gazing with great eyes at the strange cavalcade. To the frontiersmen, however, these were sights familiar in the last degree, and no bullets were sent after the retreating game. The men rode on more serious business. For some days—indeed, until September 5th—the command scouted the country without learning much of the movements of the "hostiles," and ultimately reached



SIOUX SQUAW.



SIOUX INDIAN.

Fort Wallace without striking adventure. But here they found serious news awaiting them. The Governor of the State of Kansas telegraphed that the settlers in Bison Basin were urgently in need of protection. Following on the heels of this alarming news came word of a massacre at Sheridan, a small place some thirteen miles from Fort Wallace. Colonel Forsyth, with his little band, made for the scene of the outrage without losing a moment.

The Indians had disappeared. The scouts carefully examined the ground about the scene of the massacre, and came to the conclusion that the bucks who had taken part in the attack numbered about twenty-five. A scouting party merely, an offshoot from the general body of warriors, no doubt somewhere in the vicinity. To follow the trail was to come up with the main body. So, keeping a vigilant watch ahead —and indeed on all sides, for the red man is a master of the art of surprise—Forsyth's command struck the trail and pushed forward.

Following the tracks of this war party proved to be no easy matter. It soon became evident the bucks had discovered that they were being pursued, for at a point the scouts found that the party had dispersed, the hoof-prints of their ponies opening like a great fan, radiating off in a score of leads. This was unfortunate. Instead of a certainty the scouts had now to depend on a shrewd guess. Towards the Republican River seemed the most likely direction

for the warriors to head, and towards the Republican River rode the scouts. For five days they continued their march before happening upon a clue. This proved to be what Colonel Forsyth calls a "wickie-up"—young willows some feet apart bent over and tied so as to afford support for blanket or buffalo-skin, and forming a rather snug night's lodging for a buck on the war-path. After this discovery the command came upon other important Indian "signs," and soon a trail became so plainly marked as to be followed with ease.



"ASTRIDE HIS SHAGGY PONY THE RED MAN GALLOPED ACROSS UNDULATING PLAINS" (*p.* 290).

As the scouting party continued on the tracks of the Indians, the trail became cleared, for at frequent intervals it was noticeable that other bands of warriors had joined the first war party, or at least taken up the same trail; and after the Republican River had been crossed and the Arickaree Fork reached, the trail became a veritable road, so many ponies, cattle, warriors, squaws, and dogs had tramped along it. Many lodge-poles, strapped to the sides of the shaggy Indian ponies and trailing behind, had scored deeply into the soil, and everything betokened a great gathering of warriors and squaws at no great distance ahead. Some of the scouts grew suspicious of the trail, and suggested to their leader that everything pointed to their meeting with more bucks than the fifty of them could well take care of in a fight; but Forsyth, while admitting the soundness of their reasonings, decided that as the Government had sent him out to fight he would offer battle, irrespective of the number of the enemy he might meet.

Early in the evening of September 16th Colonel Forsyth halted his command to spend the remaining daylight in putting all things in order for a dispute, which he felt sure would soon take place. The scouts all that day had followed the windings of the Arickaree, and had reached the middle of a valley rich in pasture. The waters of the Arickaree were low at this point, running not more than a foot deep, and in the centre of the stream rose a small island.

about seventy yards from either bank, but only some few inches above the shallow water, an island covered with long rank grasses. The scouts, now that they knew themselves to be in the immediate neighbourhood of Indians, were specially particular about everything pertaining to their efficiency and safety. Each man personally attended to the tethering of his horse, driving the pin deep into the ground, and giving the lariat an extra knot so that, should the Indians during the night try their old game of stampeding the horses, their attempts would fail. Not only this but the beasts were hobbled. Sentries were carefully posted, and men lay down beside their horses, each with his rifle in his arms.

That night Colonel Forsyth could not sleep, but time after time arose and made the rounds of the sentries posted among the bushes and along the bank of the quiet stream. The night was cold, and the line of the high ground was clearly marked against the sky. Many sounds were on the air, but not one of them brought to the minds of men used to all the cries of prairie and forest the suggestion that Indians were near at hand.

At length the eagerly-looked-for dawn flushed the eastern sky. The stars one by one faded into the pale light, the lines of the hills grew gradually more distinct against the sky, and from the bushes and the long sedge grasses birds and beasts stirred drowsily. Forsyth stood beside a sentry, neither speaking a word but both keeping an eagle eye for any sight of the foe and a sharp ear for sound. In Indian fighting the early dawn is quite the most dangerous time. Indians move little at night, but the morning is their favourite season for attack, on the chance of taking a sleepy camp by surprise. Of a sudden Forsyth and the sentry cocked their guns. Each had seen a moving object out in the darkness. The next instant the report of their rifles rang out on the morning air, the sleeping men sprang to their posts, and spilling over the hills came mounted Cheyenne, Ogallalah, and Brulé-Sioux, led by the great fighting chief, "Roman Nose." As the outposts of the scouts, firing their rifles, ran in to the main body, the Indians swept down the slope, yelling ferociously and beating drums to stampede the horses.

But the stampeding party met with a reception for which it was evidently not prepared. The scouts, first taking a turn of the lariats around the left arm so that there could be no breaking away of horses, levelled their rifles and fired such a volley into the shrieking savages as to quite put a stop to a charge never intended to be a fight, but arranged only to cause the horses to break away and so leave the scouts in the hands of their foes. Seeing their design frustrated and that the scouts were wide awake and in fighting trim, the Indians careered off out of range, and galloped back to a position on the rising ground, appearing in the half-light of morning like uncanny blotches of black on the shoulder of the sullen hill. The only spoils they secured were two mules and two horses.

In the few minutes of confusion in the enemy's ranks the scouts saddled and bridled their mounts. Although the first charge had been successfully withstood, the outlook was far from comforting to Forsyth and his lion-hearted men. As the light increased, it was seen that the whole country—valley and hillsides—was alive with warriors on horseback and on foot. To charge the Indians meant annihilation; to retreat was utterly out of the question, for the scouts found themselves surrounded completely. The only thing left was to take up a position and defend it to the last.

It turned out to be a lucky accident, indeed, that the scouts had bivouacked on the particular spot chosen the evening before, and equally fortunate were they in that the Indians had failed to realise the strategical value of the little sand island out in mid-stream as a place for entrenchment. Forsyth saw that he was in for a desperate siege. In a moment the idea of entrenching his command on the island occurred to him. The water, being only a few inches deep, in itself, of course, afforded him no protection, but the river bed was at least free from bushes, behind which the Indian riflemen might take refuge and "pot-shot" at his camp. Besides this, the bucks must charge across a considerable stretch of "clear country" before they could come at the scouts, and during this passage the latter would undoubtedly make good practice. There was no time to lose. Forsyth gave the order promptly, and promptly it was obeyed. A few of the best shots clapped down in the long grass to cover the retreat, and the remainder, leading their horses, made off as fast as they could run for the island. Once there the animals were tied in a circle, and the men, throwing themselves at full length, opened fire across the stretch of rippling waters, while their companions, who had gallantly held back the savages, ran in.

The instant the movement was successfully accomplished the Indians discovered the mistake they had made in overlooking the island, and with a savage yell the circle of bucks narrowed in, the warriors dismounting and running forward towards the banks shooting with deadly accuracy at the little force on the island. One scout already lay dead, and a number more were sorely wounded, while the poor horses, tethered there on the island, presented a fair target to the savages, and were being riddled with bullets as they plunged and screamed at the lariats in pain and madness. Meanwhile the scouts kept wonderfully cool heads on their shoulders, and fired not oftener than they were reasonably likely to make the bullets tell on the dark-skinned warriors. It did not take the Indians long to realise that the scouts' position could not be carried all at once; so they fell back to shoot at longer range until such time as their chiefs could decide on a definite plan of action.



CHEYENNE INDIAN.

The cessation in the hot firing allowed the frontiersmen to breathe. During the interval of comparative inaction the scouts, using their knives and pans and hands, scooped little pits in the sand, about two feet deep and long enough for a man to lie in at full length. The sand so displaced was thrown up into tiny breastworks, each man making his own miniature fort. Colonel Forsyth, bolt upright in all the fire, superintended the placing of every man under his charge. At length all were in their proper places, and the leader, whose every action had been level-headed in the last degree, decided not to expose himself any longer now that the occasion for doing so had passed, but instead to seek protection in one of the pits.

Strange to tell, the very moment he had stretched himself at full length, a bullet struck him in the right thigh, giving him a ragged and excruciatingly painful wound. For a time he lay panting and unable to speak. The bullet for the moment shattered his nerves. Nor did the gallant colonel's misfortunes end here. No sooner had he got control of himself after the staggering blow than, in giving an order, he was under the necessity of exposing his left leg. By luck or by splendid shooting no one can say which, a redskin's bullet crashed through the bone between the ankle and knee. This was indeed the hardest of hard luck. As he quaintly puts it in his account of the battle, "In my present condition, with my left leg broken and a bullet in my right thigh, I was for the nonce, save for the fact that I still retained command, something of a spectator." Scarcely a comfortable condition in which to begin a defence which Fate destined to last for nine long days!

All this happened before eight o'clock in the morning. So far the Indians had got much the worst of the fight, for the scouts were unequalled shots. But the latter had no great cause to rejoice, for their position was dangerous in the extreme.

The next definite point in the dispute was the cracking of the colonel's skull by a bullet, his thick felt hat perhaps saving his life. By this time the scouts must have begun to think that their leader was in for all the wounds and misfortunes. But a far worse catastrophe followed. Dr. Mooers, who from the moment the trouble began had conducted himself with the greatest bravery, shooting with unerring skill, and working at the temporary fortifications as hard as any man of the whole company, was struck by a bullet squarely in the forehead. He fell across his little sandbank. The poor fellow lingered unconscious for three days, then died a soldier's death. This was a terrible blow to all, but more particularly to the wounded.

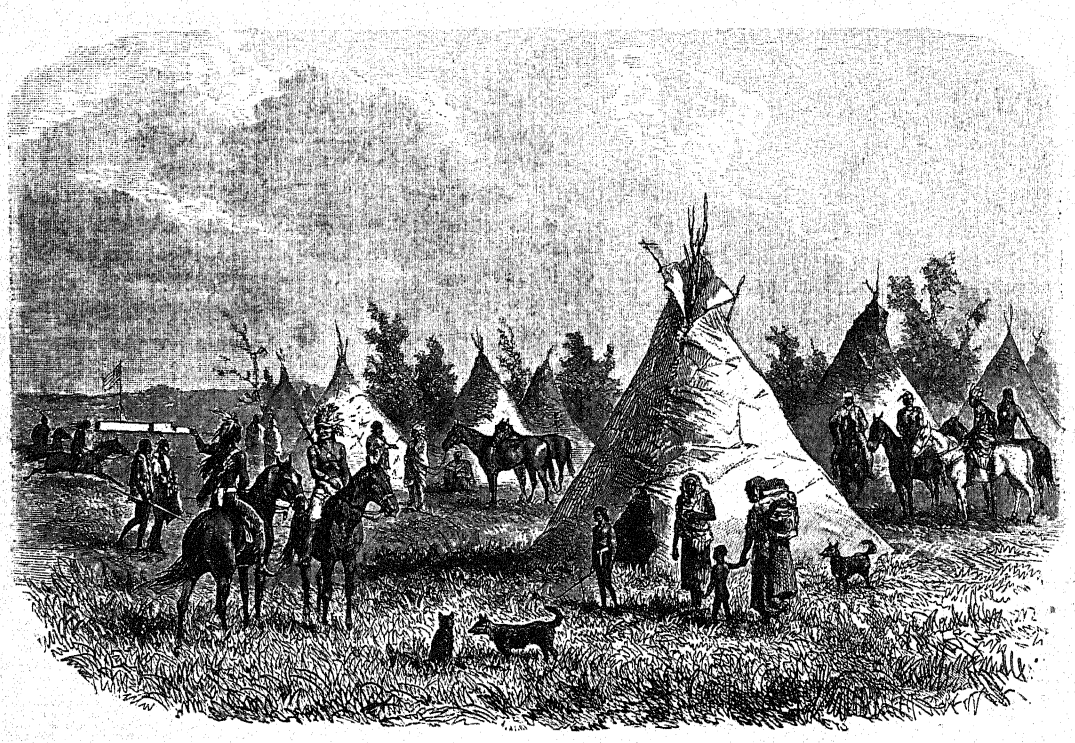
The sun rose in the heavens, and shortly after eight o'clock an ominous silence fell upon the battlefield. The mounted warriors had for some time been making off over the brow of the hill, and the bucks, lying behind the bushes and banks, only fired desultorily. The scouts at once suspected that a grand charge was brewing

The Indians, confident in their numbers, had made up their minds to ride over the American command and annihilate it at one decisive blow.

During the short space of comparative quietness Colonel Forsyth—who, although desperately wounded, still retained command and fought on with Anglo-Saxon pluck—ordered his men to make ready to resist a charge. Nor was the order given a moment too soon. From behind the rising ground there appeared a host of mounted warriors, fantastically caparisoned in feathers and beads and flaming colours, and at their head rode the grand chief, "Roman Nose." He and his warriors rode barebacked, their feet twisted in the horsehair lariats that encircled their horses, their left hands grasped bridle-rein and mane, and in their right they carried their rifles.

"His face was hideously painted in alternate lines of red and black," writes Colonel Forsyth of "Roman Nose," "and his head crowned with a magnificent war-bonnet, from which, just above his temples and curving slightly forward, stood up two short black buffalo horns, while its ample length of eagles' feathers and herons' plumes trailed wildly on the wind behind him; and as he came swiftly on at the head of his charging warriors in all his barbaric strength and grandeur, he proudly rode that day the most perfect type of a savage warrior it has been my lot to see." After clustering them on the brow of the hill and seeing that all were in position, this chief (a man of six feet three in height and naked but for a sash around his waist) led on his four hundred bucks down the slope and straight for the scouts' stronghold, while the women, children, and unmounted warriors crowded the adjacent heights and added their shrill cries to the din made by clattering hoofs and the war-whoops of the charging men.

At the word of command the scouts sprang from their sandpits, lined up, and prepared to receive the furious host that was rapidly approaching. To be ridden over meant instant destruction. Old plainsmen, trappers, and scouts as they were, they were quite alive to the great danger. At the instant the galloping column came shouting, screaming, within range the scouts, now reduced to forty, taking cool aim, fired a volley into the ranks. The only answer to this was a wild hoarse shout of war-whoops; but, although some horses sprang into the air and some warriors disappeared into the stream, still the charge came on. The next volley from the frontiersmen played greater havoc with the rapidly approaching savages; the third volley proved murderously effective, and horses and



INDIAN WIGWAMS.

men fell in a row, but still the rearward savages urged on their snorting ponies. At the fourth volley the chargers were staggered; their medicine-man with a death cry drops from his horse into the water; at the fifth, "Roman Nose," great war-chief, flings his arms into the air, and with



"AT THE FIFTH VOLLEY, 'ROMAN NOSE' FLINGS HIS ARMS INTO THE AIR AND FALLS DEAD."

his splendid steed falls dead; the sixth volley, and the charge is stopped; at the seventh and last the infuriated braves turn tail completely shattered, and make off helter-skelter, defeated, maddened, and leaderless, leaving the stream strewn with their dead. The splendid steadiness of the scouts had saved the position.

A few minutes after this grand charge had been repulsed, Lieutenant Beecher, second in command of the scouts, lay down, placed his head on his arm, and, murmuring "My poor mother!" died. Poor fellow! he had survived the slaughter-pens of Gettysburg only to die of a shot wound in his side away west on the plains.

Before night fell a second, but somewhat half-hearted, charge was defeated, and the first day's doings concluded. Lieutenant Beecher, Surgeon Mooers, and three scouts were dead, two more scouts fatally stricken, and sixteen wounded, mostly severe wounds, and the commander with a bullet in his thigh, a leg broken, and his skull cracked. The outlook must have been far from cheerful.

All the night the Indians were busy removing their slain from the stream, and the shrill wailing cries of the squaws and children, mourning for the dead, sounded on the night air. During

the hours of darkness the dead horses were cut up for food, and portions buried in the sand to keep the meat sound as long as possible; their saddles were used to build breastworks, the wounds of the men were dressed, and Pierre Truedeau, an old trapper, and Jack Stillwell, a nineteen-year-old youth, undertook to steal through the Indian lines and make away for assistance. Those who could of the men then ate some raw horseflesh, and made the best of an anxious night.

The second day of the siege found the scouts much better able to hold the island on account of the fortifications erected during the night. But the day proved warm and close, and the wounded suffered severely, while the smell from the dead horses soon grew obnoxious. There was great wailing in the Indian camp continuously, the women loudly bemoaning the death of so many braves. The Indians, while using no exceptional means to carry the island, kept up a harassing fire all day long. That night two more men were despatched for assistance. It was seen that the warriors had received such a bitter check on the first day that they desired to try no more charges, and had determined on starving the scouts out.

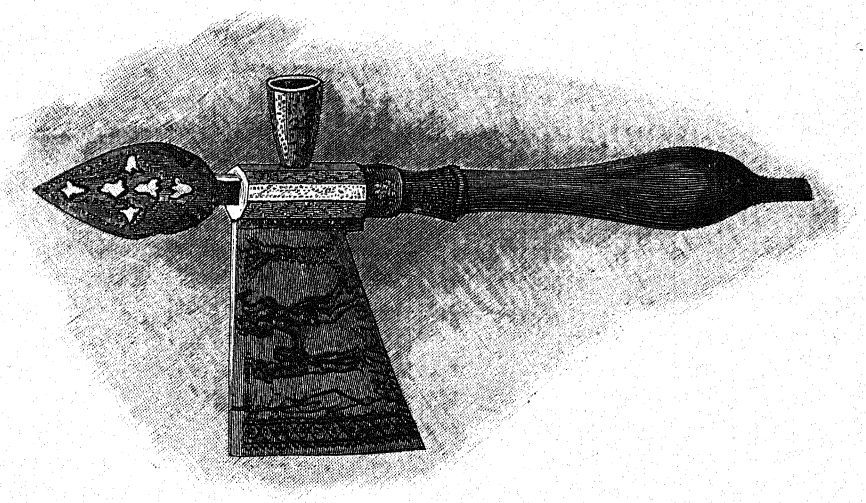
On the third day of the siege the Indians made an attempt to find out the condition of the Americans by advancing under the protection of a flag of truce, but the scouts were up to all the red men's strategy, and drove them away. When darkness came down, two scouts again started off for assistance.

The fourth day turned out to be broiling hot. Wounds, only attended to in an amateurish way became well-nigh unbearable, the horse-meat turned putrid, and many of the men grew delirious. Colonel Forsyth took his razor out of his saddle-bag, and himself cut deep into his thigh, and at last managed to extract the buried bullet with his fingers. None of his men would do the job as the bullet lay so near to an artery, but as the pain was maddening he took all risks by attending to the matter himself. The Indians, fortunately, were getting very tired of the task, and although they still fired on the island, they did so from a respectful distance, so that the scouts were able to move about more freely. They boiled the putrid horse- and mule-flesh, and by "peppering" it well with gunpowder managed to swallow enough to keep life in their bodies. A tiny coyote, too, unwarily approached within the range of a scout, with the result that a bullet put an end to its miserable existence, and its bones boiled and boiled and boiled until every particle of nourishment was extracted. The fifth and sixth day passed quietly, the Indians having pretty well withdrawn, only leaving enough warriors to prevent the company from quitting the island. Two more days, feverishly hot, and of intense suffering to the wounded, who bore their hurts as stoutly as men could. Indeed, these frontiersmen were brave to the last degree, although, truly, their condition was abjectly pitiable. For instance, one had an eye shot out, the bullet lodging in his head, but he only ceased firing long enough to wrap a handkerchief around his brow. There were two frontiersmen named Farley in the company, father and son. The father at the beginning of the fight received a mortal wound, but although quite unable to stand, he lay on his side, and fought through the entire first day. His son, about the same time that his father received his death-blow, was shot through the shoulder, but said nothing about the desperate wound until the day's fighting was done. And, again, a marvellous accident happened to a man named Harrington. He received a flint arrow-head fairly in his frontal bone—so firmly driven into him, indeed, that it seemed altogether out of the question that anyone but a surgeon could remove it. However, some time later a bullet cut across his brow, struck the arrow-head, and both bullet and flint fell at his feet. He, too, bound a handkerchief around his brow, and continued to fight with the best of them.

The ninth morning of the siege dawned. Well and wounded were alike, in great straits. Starved and overwrought, ragged, nerves unstrung, footsore, cramped, and many delirious, it is easy to understand what a wild shout of joy arose from the long sedge grass of the sand island when over the brow of a neighbouring hill came galloping a troop of cavalry, and rocking and rattling across the rough ground a string of ambulances, the drivers flogging the mules into a furious run. Colonel Forsyth admits that he could not trust himself to watch the arrival of succour, but curled himself up in his sandpit, and pretended to read a novel he happened to have in his kit. A few minutes after being sighted, Colonel Carpenter and his troop of the 10th Cavalry came splashing across the shallow river and swung to the ground to grasp the hand of the gallant Forsyth, while troopers and frontiersmen alike sent up a great cheer. A surgeon was soon busy among the wounded, and, these attended to, the loaded ambulances

made off for Fort Wallace, more than a hundred miles away.

In the fight at Arickaree Fork of the Republican River the Indians lost close upon one hundred of their finest warriors, including the chief of all, "Roman Nose." Of the frontiersmen and scouts more than one-half were killed and wounded. Had they not been a picked body of men, trained to Indian warfare, alert, well led, and dead shots, there is no doubt the whole command would have been, like Custer's, wiped out.



INDIAN TOMAHAWK PIPE.

THE TRAGEDY OF KHARTOUM

19 JAN:—6 FEB: 1885. BY CHARLES LOWE

IN a previous article on "The Desert Fights —Abu-Klea and Abu-Kru," it was set forth how, in the autumn of 1884, the Gladstone Government resolved on despatching a military expedition, under Lord Wolseley, to relieve and rescue General Charles Gordon—the Bayard of the nineteenth century—and the Egyptian garrison of Khartoum, which was besieged by the Mahdi, or False Prophet of the Soudan, with 20,000 of his fiercest warriors.

It was shown how, after incredible exertions in ascending the Nile and struggling with the difficulties and dangers of the "cataracts," this expedition at last attained to Korti about the end of the year, where intelligence reached it of the pressing peril of the gallant Gordon and his garrison; how then the expedition was divided into two forces—one, under General Earle, called the River Column, which was detached to occupy Berber, and on the way inflict condign punishment upon the Monassir tribe for the treacherous murder of Colonel Stewart and his companions, whom Gordon had previously sent down to Dongola; and the other, known as the Desert Column, under Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart, to make a bold and rapid dash across the Bayuda waste of sand and scrub with intent to establish a foothold at Metamneh, on the Nile, whence, with the aid of Gordon's steamers from Khartoum, it would then ascend the river and relieve the beleaguered garrison.

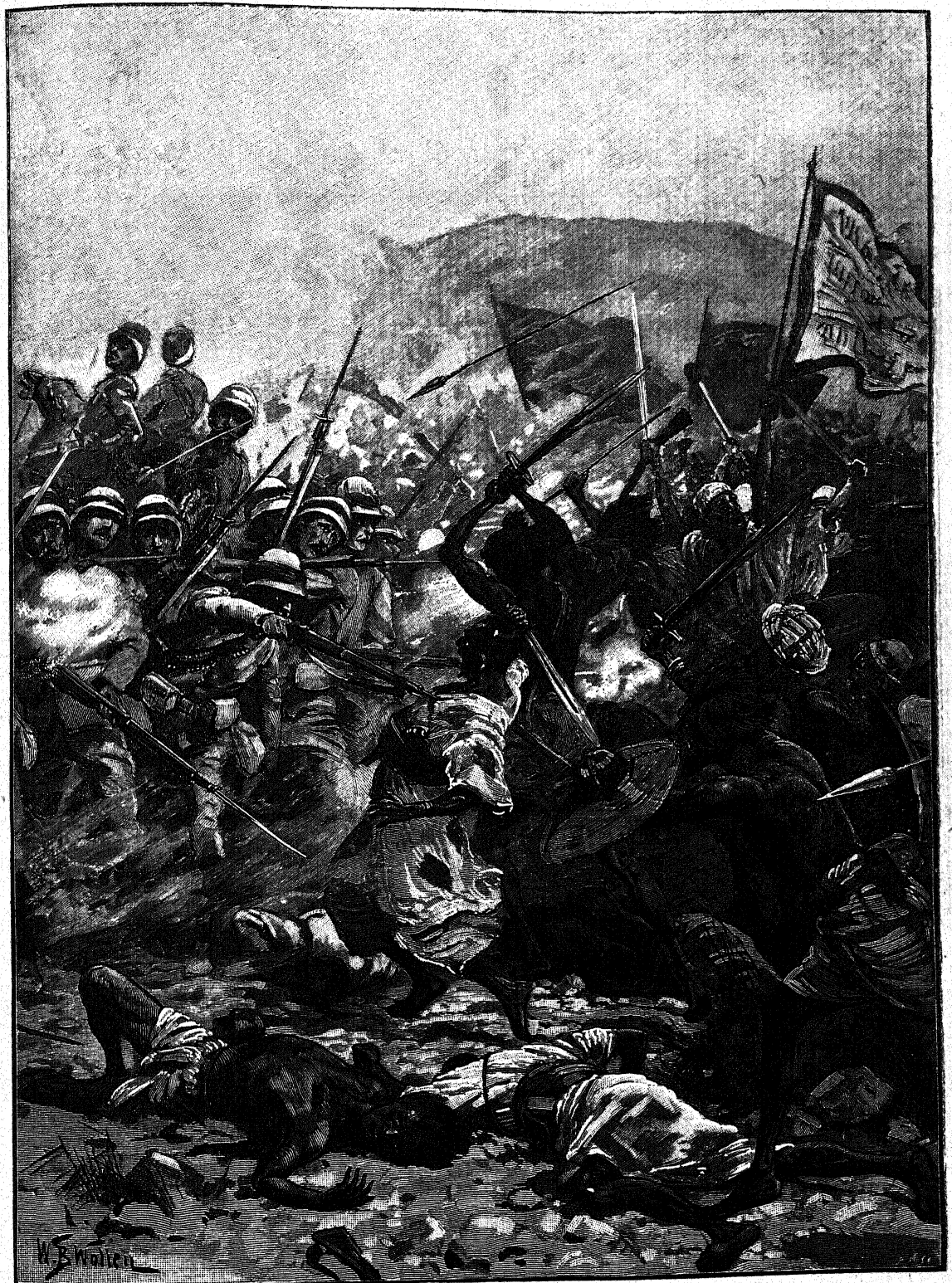
It was also shown how this Desert Column, composed of picked men from all the *élite* regiments of the British army, with a superb detachment of Bluejackets, yet aggregating less than 2,000 combatants—how this eager and audacious column, mounted on camels, pushed across the parched Bayuda Desert, and covered itself with glory by vanquishing all its foes: hunger, thirst, sleeplessness, and, worse than all, the fanatical spearmen of the Mahdi; how at Abu-Klea (17th January), when marching in square 1,500 strong, it was suddenly set upon, as a lighthouse rock is assailed by raging seas, by a roaring flood of more than 5,000 death-despising savages; and how, after only about five minutes' desperate and bloody hand-to-hand fighting, in the course of which it lost the heroic Colonel Fred Burnaby and 168 officers and men killed and wounded—being all but submerged in this human deluge of the desert—it at last raised a rousing cheer in token of victory.

The further difficulties of the march were then narrated: the incidents of the zeriba, or extemporised fortalice, near Abu-Kru, including the death of two war-correspondents and the fatal wounding of the commander of the column; the final march of the fighting square for the river; the scattering of a second onset of Mahdist warriors with a few well-directed volleys; and the final arrival of the square on the banks of the river, the sight of whose blessed waters was hailed by them with as much enthusiasm as had been the distant Euxine by the home-returning soldiers of Xenophon after their perilous and toilsome march through the mountains of Armenia.

That night (Monday, 19th January, 1885) the flying column bivouacked as best it could on the bank of the river, sleeping as it had never slept before—all but the surgeons, who, though tired to death, were heroically unremitting in their attentions to the wounded.

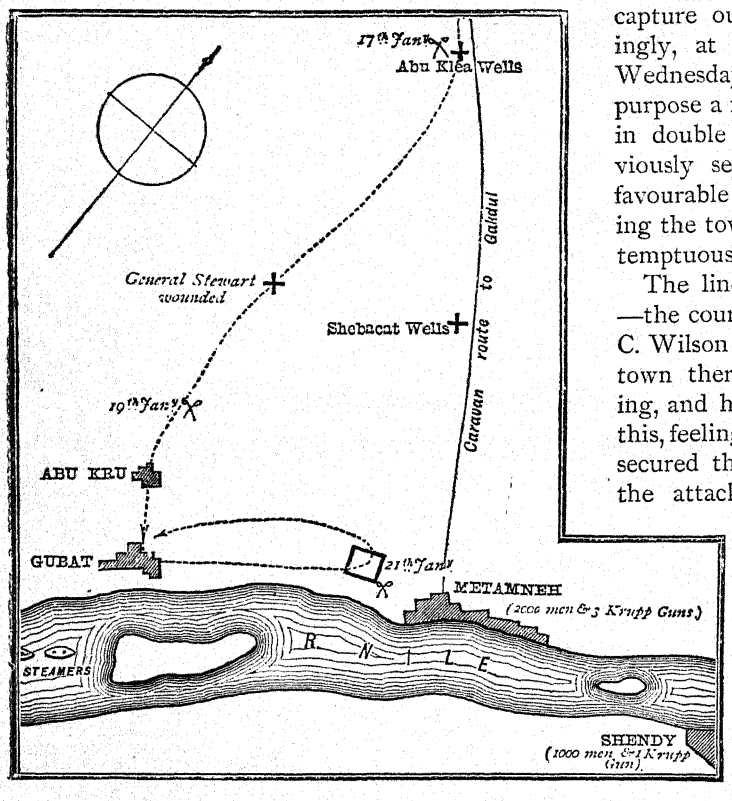
Early next morning the men were again paraded to return to the zeriba. On the way the village of Gubat was burned, and at about eight o'clock, the enemy offering but little resistance, the entrenched position was reached once more.

While the square was on the march the day before there had been considerable fighting at the zeriba, but ultimately the Arabs had been



"FIVE MINUTES DESPERATE AND BLOODY HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING" (*p.* 300).

compelled to give way before the fierce and well-directed fire from rifles and guns alike. Breakfast was just ready when the flying column was seen returning, Colonel Talbot, commanding the Life Guards, walking as composedly in advance through the scrub as though he were returning from a field-day in Queen Anne's Walk. On the column coming up it was received with befitting cheers, for it had done its work well, or "tastefully," as was remarked by an Irishman of the Royal Sussex.



An hour later the whole force moved away in columns of regiments from the zeriba, taking as much of the stores as possible, and leaving behind a guard of fifty men. Five-and-twenty wounded soldiers had to be carried on hand-stretchers, for hundreds of camels had been lost. The enemy dared not again to attack the force, which reached the river village of Abu-Kru by nightfall. The wounded were placed under cover in the huts, and the outlying houses were loopholed for defence, whilst the troops settled down for the night on the ground outside.

Sir Charles Wilson had been ordered to occupy Metamneh as a basis of operations, and thence ascend the Nile without delay to the relief of Gordon. But Metamneh he occupied not at all, and his ascent of the Nile he only commenced after the lapse of four precious days. How was this? What were the circumstances which had thus compelled the commander of the relief column to play the apparent part of a Fabius Cunctator, and imperil the achievement of the object for which this column had already made such heroic efforts and sacrifices?

As for Metamneh, Sir Charles Wilson had come to the conclusion that the political effect of not taking it would be so great that its capture ought to be essayed; and accordingly, at the first glimmer of dawn on Wednesday, the 21st, he paraded for this purpose a force of 1,000 men, which advanced in double column. Sir Charles had previously sent a summons of surrender on favourable conditions to the Emir commanding the town, but this was treated with contemptuous silence.

The line of advance was from west to east—the course of the Nile at this part—but Sir C. Wilson had heard that on the north of the town there was a large Government building, and he determined if possible to attack this, feeling convinced that if it were only once secured the place would be his. Accordingly, the attacking columns under his command were given a direction which should bring them, by a detour, over against the north instead of the west front of the town; but what was his astonishment, on looking back from a point to which he had ridden forward to confer with Barrow and his reconnoitring hussars, at beholding his advancing columns marching due south instead of north by east! Boscawen, the second in command, sent to explain that he had seen a body of dervishes moving on the south side of Metamneh in the direction of the camp, and had deemed it advisable to strike away across to intercept them. Sir Charles himself could discern no dervishes in the direction indicated, and doubtless concluded—just as Cæsar did in the case of Publius Considius, his scouting-master in the war with Dumnorix the Æduan—that Boscawen "had seen what, as a matter of fact, he had not seen" (*renuntiasse pro viso quod non vidisset*).

Neverthless, thinking that the dervishes might possibly be lurking among some cotton bushes

in the plain between the town and the river on the south side, he acquiesced in the new direction which had been given to his troops of assault, who now began to skirt the town on the south side. Hitherto the Arabs had given no sign, but now their fire was drawn by the daring Mr. Bennett Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, who had ridden on towards a point where, with the true instinct of the war-correspondent, he had suspected a possible source of interest. The troops now advanced in square in case of a sudden rush of spearmen, and the enemy opened a brisk fire from loopholed walls. Occasionally the square halted, and the men lay down whilst skirmishers were sent out to reply to the fire of the enemy; while Sir Charles tried his guns, though they produced no effect on the mud walls, the shells going as clean through them as revolver bullets through a target of cardboard.

Presently, however, Barrow sent to say that he could see some large flags in the rear, and that he was certain they were on steamers, and the ubiquitous Burleigh rode off to meet them. Sir C. Wilson also sent Stuart-Wortley to communicate with them, and, to the exceeding joy of all, they turned out to be four vessels which Gordon had sent down from Khartoum to co-operate with his relievers.

"The steamers," wrote Mr. Burleigh, "were a curious sight. Three of them were about the size of large river-steamers, and the fourth was even smaller than a Thames penny-boat. The hulls of all four were of iron; the sides and the bridge were boarded up like a London street bill-hoarding. In place of their pine-boards, however, there were heavy sunt-wood timbers, two or three inches thick, and as impervious to rifle bullets as steel plates. In the forward part of each vessel a raised wooden fort had been built, the inside plated with old boiler iron. Projecting through a port-hole, closed against bullets by an iron plate when necessary, was a short brass-rifled gun four inches in bore, such as are used by the Egyptian army. On the main deck another gun was placed. Gordon must have lavished hours and days of hard labour to get the material together for making these four steamers into iron- or wooden-clads so strong that they could safely run the gauntlet of the rebel cannon and rifle fire."

Meanwhile Sir C. Wilson had withdrawn his force to a village fronting the west side of Metamneh—first north, then south, then west; and no sooner had he begun this retiring movement than the enemy opened on him from an advanced battery with blind shell, though luckily only one came into the square. "I heard the rush of the shot through the air," he said, "and then a heavy thud behind me. I thought at first it had gone into the field-hospital, but on looking round found it had carried away the lower jaw of one of the artillery camels, and then buried itself in the ground. The poor brute walked on as if nothing had happened, and carried its load to the end of the day."

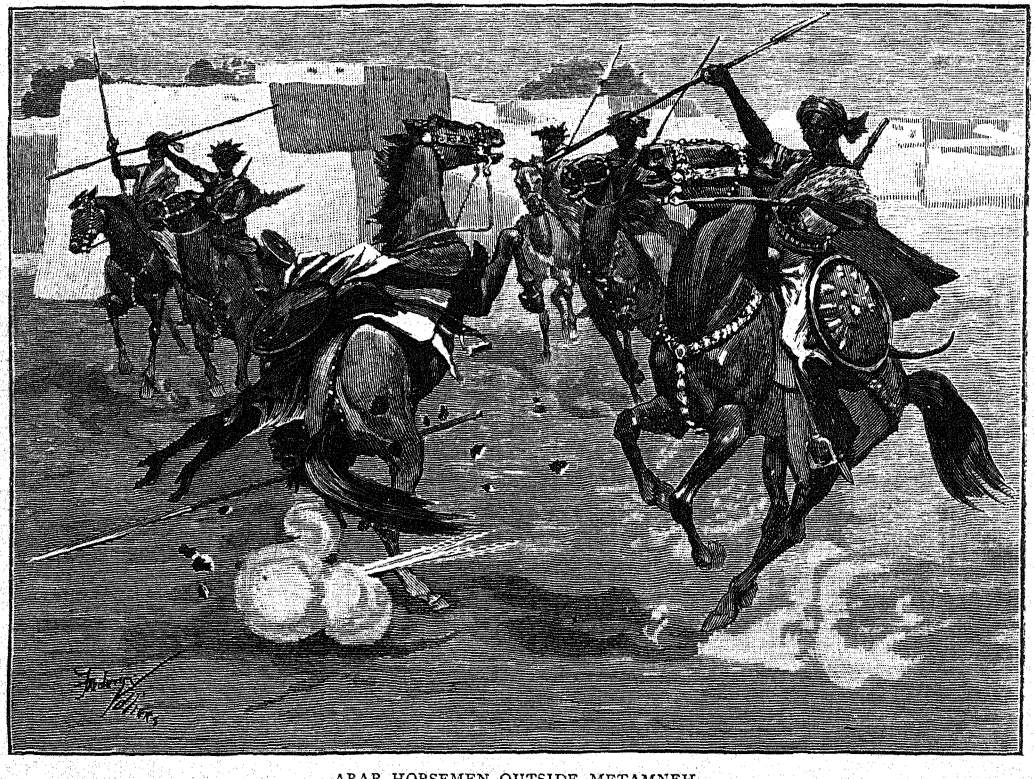
The sudden appearance of the steamers had produced quite a stage effect; and the black troops on board, hastening to disembark and eager for the fray, were lustily cheered by Tommy Atkins, who was not in a particularly pleasant frame of mind at having thus been made to pass the morning hours in imitation of the storied king of France and his thirty thousand men. The swarthy Soudanese, who behaved like perfect children in their joy at the prospect of their being able to show a thing or two to Tommy Atkins, came on as keen as possible, and ran four guns into action at once. "Being sent to their guns with orders," said Lieutenant Douglas Dawson, of the Coldstreams, "I stayed with them for half an hour, while they made some first-rate practice on the town, and though the gun-fire drew down the bullets pretty thick, they didn't appear to mind a bit. It seemed extraordinary what good troops the master mind of Gordon had made out of such rough material. Never have I seen men so pleased as they were at meeting us. Gordon's name mentioned was like that of a god whom they worshipped. It was even difficult for these enthusiastic allies to retire, as we explained to them that we did not intend for the present to attack the town."

For, alas! that was the conclusion to which Sir C. Wilson had now been forced by a calm survey of all the circumstances of the situation. Lord Cochrane, of the 2nd Life Guards, pleaded very hard for leave to storm the town, and, under cover of the smoke from the windward side, drive the Arabs into the river, but Sir Charles did not think the result would justify the risk. Boscawen managed the withdrawal cleverly and well, without confusion or hurry, and always giving the enemy a chance to attack if they wished. Shortly before the withdrawal began, Poë, of the Marines, received a dreadful wound in the thigh, necessitating amputation very high up. Ever since leaving Korti he had worn a red coat, almost the only one in the force, and this had made him too conspicuous to the marksmen of the enemy. He was shot while standing up

in the open talking to his men, who were lying down.

By the time the force had returned to Abu-Kru its involuted line of march resembled as nearly as possible the figure eight. The intended attack of Sir C. Wilson on Metamneh had resolved itself into a mere reconnaissance in force; and he himself admitted that the moral effect of this was bad, giving the enemy fresh heart. But he was not without his substantial reasons for what he had done. By death and wounds the effective force at his disposal had already been decimated, and he could therefore ill afford to risk the further diminution of his combative strength, the less so as he now had reason to fear that bodies of the Arabs were advancing against him from Khartoum as well as Shendy—north and south. Besides, even if he had taken Metamneh, he estimated that the force at his disposal, after deduction of the loss in storming, would be insufficient to hold it against all comers. For these and other reasons he decided not to press the attack. But, after all, he had established himself on the Nile with Gordon's steamers at his service, and *that* was the main thing.

These steamers had brought down with them Gordon's diaries up to the 14th December (it was now the 21st January), together with a note in the beleaguered hero's own handwriting, dated 29th December: "Khartoum—all right; can hold out for years." Where, then, was the hurry? Ah, but there was another letter from Gordon to a private friend, Watson, dated 14th December (the date of the last entry in his diary), in which he said he expected a crisis within the next ten days, or about Christmas day! And now it was nearly a month after Christmas!



ARAB HORSEMEN OUTSIDE METAMNEH.

Gracious heavens! was this not enough to fill the relieving force with the keenest apprehension, and rouse to the very utmost all the energies of its commander? Gordon's "Khartoum—all right" note was evidently a blind: the real stress of his position was conveyed in his private letters; and thus, rightly discerning the situation, Sir C. Wilson resolved "to carry out the original programme and go up to Khartoum."

At once? No, various circumstances seemed to render this impossible, and, indeed, unnecessary. To begin with, a rumour had reached Sir C. Wilson that a hostile force was approaching from the south, and it therefore behoved him—so he thought—to descend the Nile in

one of Gordon's steamers and inquire into the truth of this report, as "I would not leave the small force in its position on the Nile without ascertaining whether it was likely to be attacked." Moreover, in spite of Gordon's gloomy forebodings, Sir C. Wilson knew that, although Omdurman—on the left bank of the White Nile over against Khartoum—had fallen, Khartoum itself was still holding out; while he also calculated that the besieging pressure on the town would be relieved by the large number of men detached by the Mahdi to meet the English, and that news of their victories would be sure to have penetrated into Khartoum and given fresh heart to Gordon and his garrison.

In Wilson's opinion there was nothing to show—and he questioned the commanders of the steamers carefully—that the crisis at Khartoum, which had been deferred from the 25th December to the 19th January (it was now the 21st), would be hurried on, "or that a delay of a couple of days would make much difference." Besides, Lord Wolseley had ordered that Lord Charles Beresford was to man Gordon's steamers with his Naval Brigade, and take Wilson with a few red-coats up to Khartoum. But the officers of the Naval Brigade, like the heroic fellows that they were, had all been killed or wounded, save Beresford; and Beresford was so ill that he could not walk.



KHARTOUM.
(*Photo, R. Buchta.*)



MAJOR-GENERAL GORDON, C.B., R.E.

Not, therefore, to the immediate relief of Gordon at Khartoum in the south, but to the carrying out of an aquatic reconnaissance towards Shendy in the north, did the commander of the Desert Column now address himself. He was accompanied by Lord Charles Beresford, who had to be helped on board and placed on a seat in the cabin, and by two companies of mounted infantry under Major Phipps. The result of the reconnaissance, which was not without its lively risks and incidents, went to show that the English had nothing to fear from any force advancing southwards towards Metamneh, for several days at least; and as a token of their gratitude for

the valuable information which they had thus gleaned, the three steamers, before returning, hauled off into mid-stream and threw sixty shell screaming and crashing into mud-built Shendy. The bolder spirits of the party had pleaded hard with Wilson for leave to land and storm the place outright ; but again, as at Metamneh, the combative impulses of these fiery Hotspurs were repressed by the just and cautious reasonings of their sagacious commander.

Thus, then, passed Thursday, the 22nd. Before leaving the steamer by which he had gone down to Shendy, Wilson ordered preparations to be made for a start to Khartoum next day—the 23rd. But, alas! unexpected difficulties again cropped up, rendering it impossible for the two selected steamers to be got under weigh. For it was found that the engines had to be overhauled, wood had to be collected as fuel, rations drawn for the crews, pilots selected for the cataracts ; and, above all things, those crews had to be assorted in conformity with the express instruction of General Gordon, who insisted strongly on our taking actual command of the steamers, and removing from them all Pashas, Beys, and men of Turkish or Egyptian origin, whom he describes as "hens." "So the hours slipped by," said Sir C. Wilson, "and we failed to make a start" (on the 23rd).

Nor was it till eight o'clock on the following morning (Saturday, the 24th) that the two steamers at last began to churn the waters of the Nile and head for Khartoum, amid the parting cheers of the lads they left behind them. These vessels were the *Bordein* and the *Telahawiyeh*. On board the former were Sir C. Wilson, accompanied by Khashm-el-Mus, Captain Gascoigne, ten men of the Royal Sussex, one petty officer, one artificer R.N., and 110 Soudanese troops, the "hens" having all been weeded out. The *Telahawiyeh* carried Abd-el-Hamid, Captain Trafford, and ten men of the Royal Sussex, including a signaller, Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley, one artificer R.N., and eighty Soudanese troops ; but she also had in tow a nugger laden with dhura (grain) for the famished garrison of Khartoum, and fifty additional Soudanese soldiers.

It had been originally intended to send fifty men of the Royal Sussex up to Khartoum, but Sir C. Wilson did not feel justified in taking with him an escort of more than twenty. Happy fellows, to be thus chosen for such an honourable and risky enterprise, and greatly envied by the war-correspondents, who, for all their hard pleading, were not allowed to share their peril. Lord Wolseley had particularly wished the escort to enter Khartoum in red coats, and these had been sent to the front. But somehow or other they had been lost or looted ; so a call had to be made for scarlet tunics, and a sufficient number were raised from the Guards or the Heavies, though these hung rather loosely on the less massive frames of the men of Sussex.

"Now, what was it we were going to do?" wrote Wilson. "We were going to fight our way up the river and into Khartoum in two steamers of the size of penny-boats on the Thames, which a single well-directed shell would send to the bottom ; with crews and soldiers absolutely without discipline, with twenty English soldiers, with no surgeon—not even a dresser—and with only one interpreter, Muhammed Ibrahim, still suffering from a flesh wound in his side."

The filth in the steamers was something indescribable, the stench which rose up from the holds overpowering, and the rats countless and ubiquitous, no place or person being too sacred for them. With such a motley crew, moreover, the noise on board was sometimes deafening, and King Kurbash had frequently to assert his sway. The top of the deck-house or saloon in either boat was assigned to the ten Sussex men, with their arms and ammunition, kits and food, who were thus in a kind of citadel which could command the whole ship in case of a mutiny or anything going wrong.

All kinds of botheration occurred to impede the progress of the steamers. For they were heavily loaded and the water was low, and they could only move by day. They had to stop frequently to take in more firewood (village houses having to be pulled down for this purpose), to parley with friendlies, or to clear the banks of foes, and more than once they ran aground. It was a novel sensation, said Wilson, going to sleep on a steamer hanging on a sunken rock, with water running like a mill-race all round her. On such occasions the disastered steamer had practically to be emptied, hauled off, and re-loaded, causing a most exasperating loss of time.

In this manner three days were spent, and on the evening of the 26th two Shagiyeh friendlies came on board the *Bordein*, who reported that for the last fortnight there had been hard fighting round Khartoum—Gordon always victorious ; that the advance of the English was much dreaded ; and that the Shagiyeh tribe were only waiting for the turn of the tide to join the

British. Alas! by this time, if they had only known it, all was over, and Gordon had already won at once the hero's and the martyr's crown.

More cataracts, sand-shoals, mountain-gorges —not unlike the "Iron gates" of the Danube—stoppages to take in wood, trepidations, *tracasseries* of all kinds, dropping shots from the river banks, counter-fusillade from the slowly-moving steamers—until, on the afternoon of the 27th, a native on the left bank hailed the *Bordein*, shouting out that a camel-man had just passed down with the news that Khartoum was at last taken, and Gordon killed. Incredible! So much so, that "we dined together in high spirits at the prospect of running the blockade next day and at last meeting General Gordon after his famous siege"—a siege which had lasted for 317 days, or only nine days less than that of Sebastopol.*

Starting at 6 a.m. on the 28th, the steamers had advanced to a point whence the towers of Khartoum could at last be descried in the far distance—Wortley and his signaller with the heliograph now getting ready to try and attract Gordon's attention!—when another Shagiyeh shouted out from the bank that Khartoum had been taken, and Gordon had been killed two days before.

Soon afterwards a heavy fire was opened on the steamers from four guns and many rifles at from 600 to 700 yards. The bullets began to fly pretty thickly, rattling on the ships' sides like hailstones, whilst the shells went screeching overhead, or threw up jets of water in the stream around. "Our men replied cheerily, and the gun in the turret was capitally served by the black gunners, who had nothing on but a cloth round their waists, looking more like demons than men, in the thick smoke; and one huge giant was the very incarnation of savagery drunk with war."

This was at Halifiyeh, and, after the gauntlet of Arab fire had here been run, the large Government House at Khartoum could be seen plainly above the trees. But where was the Egyptian flag which Gordon, for nearly a year, had ever kept flying upon his topmost roof? Not a trace of it now visible; nevertheless, Wilson would not yet believe in the worst, and pressed on up stream with his boilers strained almost to the bursting-point, and further threatened by the guns of another battery which, with a heavy rifle fire, now opened upon him from the right bank above Shamba, and blazed away at his vessels until they were within range of the guns of Omdurman.

And what is that fire from a range of rifle-trenches on Tuti Island, fronting Khartoum at the confluence of the Blue and the White Niles? Wilson, always in the optimist vein, thought that the island might still be in the hands of Gordon's men, who had thus begun to co-operate with the steamers. But, alas! no. Drawing near to address them and ask for news, Wilson was driven back into his turret by a shower of hostile bullets. Mahdist riflemen those, and no mistake.

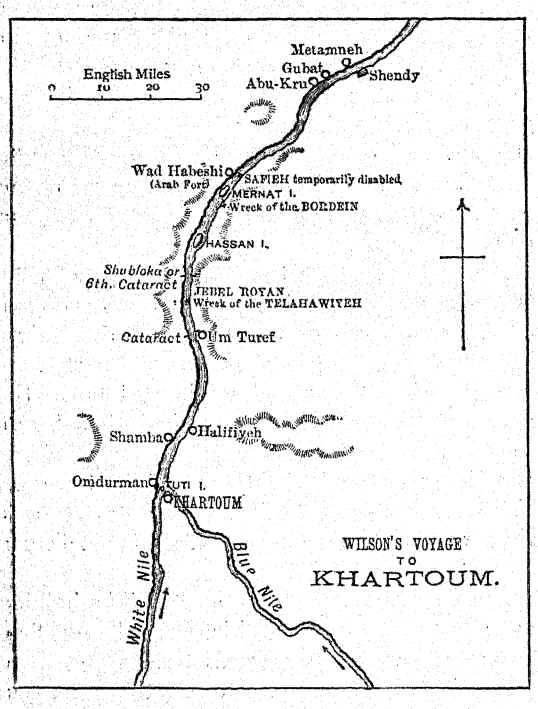
But might not Khartoum itself still be holding out? Forward again, and let us see! But "no sooner did we start upwards than we got into such a fire as I hope never to pass through again in a penny-steamer"—nothing to greet the score of English red-coats but the roar of hostile guns, the continuous roll of musketry from either bank, the loud-rushing noise of Krupp shells, the grunting of a Nordenfeldt or a mitrailleuse —such a devils' concert and carnival of welcome as English red-coats had not got for many a day. No flag flying in Khartoum, and not a shot fired on shore in aid of the steamers. Could the most eager and optimistic of Wilsons fail at last to read the true significance of all that?

Certainly not; seeing was now believing. "I at once," wrote Wilson, "gave the order to turn and run full speed down the river. It was hopeless to attempt a landing or to communicate with the shore under such a fire. The sight at this moment was very grand: the masses of the enemy with their fluttering banners near Khartoum; the long rows of riflemen in the shelter-trenches at Omdurman; the numerous groups of men on Tuti; the bursting shells, and the water torn up by hundreds of bullets and occasional heavier shot—made an impression never to be forgotten. Looking out over the stormy scene, it seemed almost impossible that we should escape."

The Sussex red-coats had been very steady under all this *feu d'enfer*, and done much execution among the ranks of the enemy. All on

* On the 9th December Gordon had written in his diary: "We are only short of the duration of the siege of Sebastopol 57 days, and we had *no respite*, like the Russians had during the winter of 1854–55. . . . Of course, it will be looked upon as very absurd to compare the two blockades, those of Sebastopol and Khartoum; but, if properly weighed, one was just as good as the other. The Russians had money—we had none; they had skilled officers—we had none; they had no civil population —we had forty thousand; they had their route open and had news—we had neither."

board had very narrow escapes from bullets and bursting of shells—Wilson's field-glass, for



example, being shattered in his hand; but, fortunately, the enemy's gunners were bad shots. Some of the Soudanese soldiers did things which, if they had been English, would have entitled them to the Victoria Cross, and the Sussex drummer picked up and threw overboard the burning fuse of a shell which had burst overhead.

When the steamers got clear of the last guns, after having been under fire more or less for four hours, it was past 4 o'clock; and then it was, the tension of the fight being over, that all on board realised to the full the terrible nature of the situation.

As for the Soudanese, they were all in the depths of despair at the thought of the ruin in which the fall of Khartoum must have involved their families; and Khashm-el-Mus, their chief, collapsed entirely.

So would Wilson, too, he said, had it not been for the thought of how he was to get his steamers down the cataracts again—a much more dangerous business than that of bringing them up—down to Abu-Kru with the awful news that Khartoum had fallen, and that Gordon was undoubtedly dead. Sir Charles had been acting as chief of the Intelligence Department before the command of the Desert Column devolved upon him by the wounding of Herbert Stewart, and now here he was racing down the Nile on his battered penny-steamer, the bearer of these terrible tidings.

The steamers continued their down-stream course until dark—the *Telahawiyeh* had grounded but soon got free and followed her consort—when they made fast to an island south of Jebel Royan. From this place messengers, in the Mahdi's uniform, were sent to ascertain the fate of Gordon, and on their return they stated that the town had fallen on the morning of Monday, the 26th, through the treachery of Faragh Pasha, that Gordon himself had been killed, and the town given over to a three days' pillage. Faragh Pasha had originally been a black slave, whom Gordon freed and entrusted with the command of the Soudanese troops. This ungrateful scoundrel, it was said, had opened the gates and let in the roaring flood of Mahdist murderers.

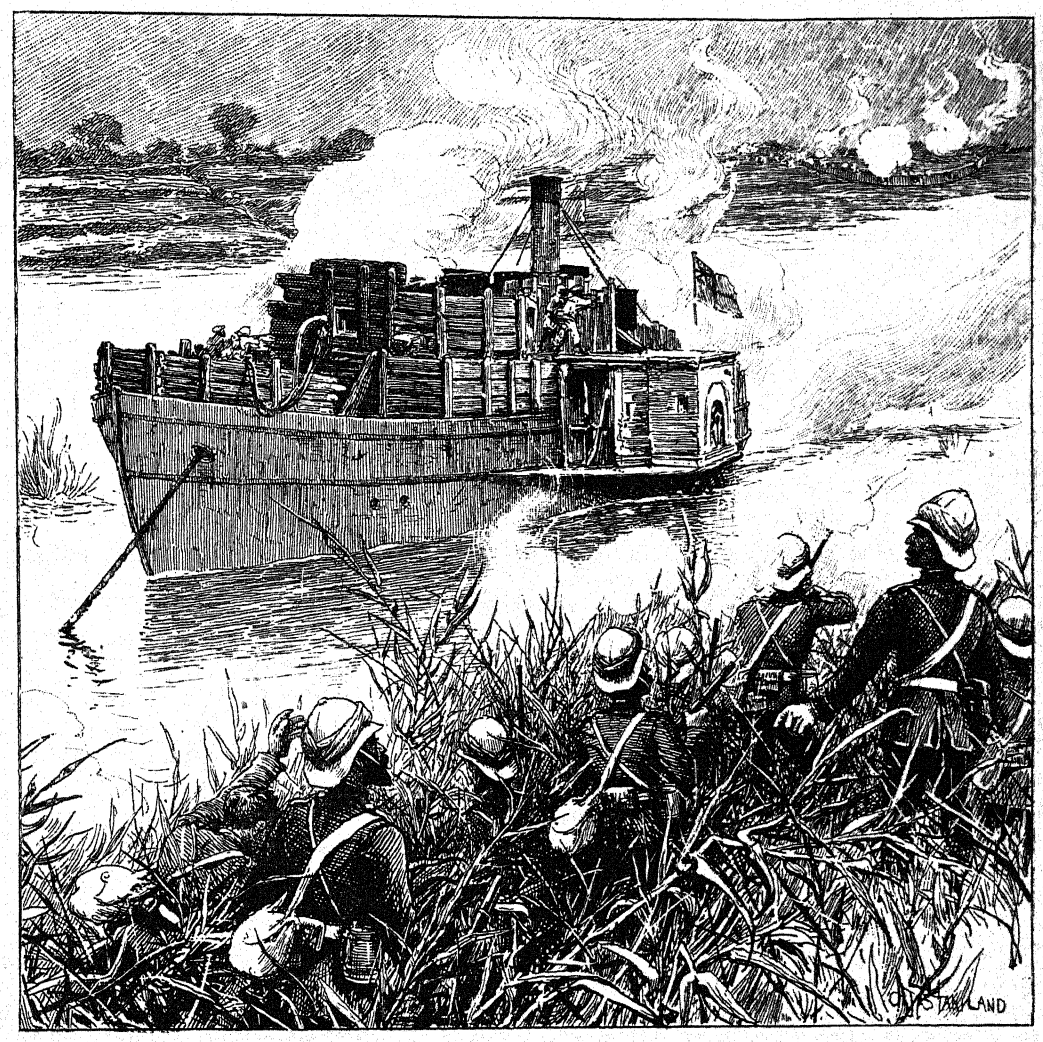
In what particular manner Gordon himself had met his doom is still subject to some little doubt. All the best evidence tended to prove that he was killed at or near the palace, where his body was subsequently seen by several witnesses. The only account by a person claiming to be an eye-witness relates: "On hearing the noise I got my master's donkey and went with him to the palace. We met Gordon Pasha at



SIR CHARLES WILSON.

the outer door. Mohamed Bey Mustafa, with my master, Ibrahim Bey Rushdi, and about

twenty cavasses, then went with Gordon towards the house of the Austrian Consul Hansel, near the church, when we met some rebels in an open place near the outer gate of the palace. Gordon Pasha was walking in front leading the party. The rebels fired a volley, and Gordon was killed



"BERESFORD ANCHORED HIS WING-CLIPT LITTLE VESSEL AND LAY STERN ON TO THE ENEMY" (*p.* 311).

at once; nine of the cavasses, Ibrahim Bey Rushdi, and Mohamed Bey Mustafa were killed; the rest ran away."

The massacre in the town lasted some six hours, and about 4,000 persons at least were killed. Major Kitchener, of the Intelligence Department, who made very careful inquiries into the circumstances of the fall of Khartoum, came to the conclusion that the accusations of treachery were the outcome of mere supposition. In his deliberate opinion the city fell, not through the opening of the gates by Faragh Pasha, but from sudden assault when the garrison were too exhausted by privations to make proper resistance. If such were the case, the fact disposes completely of the reasoning of those who argued that, even if Sir Charles Wilson had been able to start at once from Metamneh instead of after a delay of four days, he would not have been in time to save Gordon by stiffening the courage of his garrison with the presence of his red-coats, who were but the *avant-couriers* of more to come.

But "Too late! Too late! by only a couple of days!"—such were the cruel, the crushing words which ever rang in the ears of Wilson and his companions as they did their downhearted best, amid their disaffected and almost mutinous crews, to steer their steamers down through

cataracts, sunken rocks, and sandbanks far more treacherous than Faragh Pasha, back to Abu-Kru with the woeful burden of their tidings. Danger after danger were overcome, and the hearts of all had just begun to beat more blithesomely when shock, crash, wrench—the *Telahawiyeh* struck heavily on a sunken rock opposite Jebel Royan and commenced to sink.

The rock lay in mid-stream in front of a sandbank, and the catastrophe was caused by a dispute between the captain and the *reis* (pilot) as to which side of the shoal they should take the steamer. The captain held up his hand one way the *reis* the other, and the helmsman, puzzled what to do, kept straight on, thus hitting the rock.

The *Bordein* at once lay to, and, by the cool exertions of the English officers, most of the stores were saved from the *Telahawiyeh*, and no lives lost—nothing but most of the ammunition.

That same night a messenger from the Mahdi, riding on a white camel, under a flag of truce, overtook and boarded the *Bordein* with a missive from his master confirming the fall of Khartoum and the killing of Gordon, and summoning all to surrender and embrace the faith of the Prophet. "Do not," he said, "be deceived and put confidence in your steamers" (alas! only one now) "and other things, and delay deciding until you rue it; but rather hasten to your benefit and profit before your wings are cut."

The answer returned to this masterful summons was of an evasive kind; but the colloquy between the messenger and the crews had a very bad effect, and the natives now began to desert.

This mutinous movement, indeed, was only checked by an opportune, if unfounded, rumour that the English had now taken Metamneh, and that their reinforcements were already swarming across the desert.

Countless dangers of navigation were now surmounted, and by 10 a.m. on the morning of the 31st January the descent of the last rapid was accomplished, leaving a clear stretch of unbroken water all the way to Metamneh. The one difficulty still ahead was the running the gauntlet at Wad Habeshi, where it was known that Feki Mustapha—bad luck to him!—had a large force and a battery. All was going on well and the worst of dangers were thought to be over, when, at 3.30 p.m., while steaming along in smooth water, the *Bordein*, in descending the channel to the west of Mernat Island, struck heavily on a sunken rock and at once began to fill. Everyone, Wilson included, thought that the long-deferred end had now come. Had native treachery been at work here, too?

The sinking steamer was laid alongside a sandspit running out from an island, situated about fifty yards from the larger one of Mernat. Guns, ammunition, and stores were landed with all alacrity, and Captain Gascoigne was sent to select a suitable place for a zereba on Mernat Island, commanding the smaller one, against which the *Bordein* was beached. Finding the position wholly unsuitable for defence, Wilson at first thought of making a forced march down the right bank of the river to opposite Abu-Kru, while sending on Stuart-Wortley in a boat to report upon the situation and beg for a steamer to be sent up to protect their flank. But it was impossible to do anything with the native troops, and so he had to content himself with securing his position on the island as best he could, and despatching Wortley down stream to beg for succour from the Desert Column.

At 6.45 p.m. Wortley started in the ship's boat, having with him four English soldiers, including the signaller, and eight natives. His start was timed to enable him to pass Feki Mustapha's fort at Wad Habeshi in the interval of darkness between sunset and moonrise. He rowed on to within about half-a-mile of the fort, and then, shipping his oars, ordered the crew to lie down in the bottom of the boat, which, floating down stream, gradually neared the enemy's position. So near did it drift to the shore that the men's faces could easily be distinguished as they sat over their camp fires, and they were even heard discussing whether the black object which they saw upon the stream was a boat or not.

Suddenly their doubts were dispelled by the rising of the moon on the eastern horizon in a straight line behind the boat, which was thus at once rendered plainly visible. The shout which followed this discovery soon warned the crew that further concealment was useless, and springing to their places they pulled away with a will amidst a rain of bullets which ploughed up the water on every side, but did no harm. A few hundred yards brought them to another island, by following the right side of which they were enabled to continue their journey under cover for a considerable distance, and on again emerging into the main channel, they found that they were only followed by a few camelmen, apparently with rifles. At 3 a.m. on the 1st February the party reached the camp of the Desert Column.

"No member of our small force," wrote Lieut. Douglas Dawson, "will ever forget this morning. Just at dawn I was waked by someone outside our hut calling for Boscawen. I jumped up and went out to see who it was, and then made out, to my surprise, Stuart-Wortley, whom we all thought at Khartoum. I looked towards the river, expecting in the faint light to see the steamers; then, seeing nothing, and observing by his face that there was something wrong, I said, 'Why, good heavens! where are the steamers? What is the news?' He said, 'The very worst.' Then it all came out."

* * * * *

Holla there! A Beresford to the rescue! Scottish Gordon had started to relieve Khartoum; English Wilson had followed to relieve Gordon; and now in turn it was necessary for Irish Beresford to rush to the rescue of Wilson.

Though not yet quite recovered from his illness, the gallant Lord Charles—"fighting Charlie" Napier's successor by name and nature in the Navy—at once offered to embark upon the most perilous enterprise which the campaign had yet entailed; and by two o'clock on the day on which Stuart-Wortley had reached the camp of the Desert Column with his doleful and distressing news, Beresford was steaming up the Nile as fast as ever the boilers of the *Safieh* could carry him and his combatant companions, consisting of a portion of the Naval Brigade under Lieut. Van Koughnet, twenty picked marksmen of the Royal Rifles, with two Gardners and two 4-pounders. And now let Feki Mustapha and his gunners at the Wad Habeshi battery, which intervened between the *Safieh* and the scene of the *Bordein* wreck—let Feki and his swarthy gunners have a care of their ugly heads.

The ascent of the *Safieh* was marked by no particular incident till the third morning, when the Arab earthworks at Wad Habeshi were sighted, and beyond them in the distance the funnel of the disastered *Bordein*. When within 1,200 yards of the fort, Lord Charles opened fire with his bow-gun, which was at once replied to by the Arabs; and then, full-steam ahead, he proceeded to run the blockade of the battery, just as at the bombardment of Alexandria he had carried his little *Condor* close under Arabi's guns and battered them out of action. Owing to the shallowness of the water, it was necessary for the *Safieh* to pass within eighty yards of the river-bank redoubt; but into the embrasures of this redoubt Beresford's gunners and riflemen rained such insufferable showers of shells and bullets that the Arabs were totally unable to fire their pieces fronting towards the river.

No sooner, however, had the *Safieh* passed up—200 yards or so—to a point whence it was impossible for it to concentrate such a hail of missiles on the fort, than the Arabs wheeled one of their guns to an up-stream embrasure and sent a well-directed shot clean through the steamer's stern and into one of its boilers—of all places in the boat. A cloud of dense steam at once poured out, scalding severely all those in the stokehole; and the column of vapour was perceived afar off by Wilson and his party, who, concluding that the vessel was in dire extremity of some kind, made haste to descend the right bank and co-operate with it against the Feki Mustapha gentry on the opposite shore.

In the paddle-wheels of the *Safieh* there was still revolving power enough left after the bursting of her boiler for her to be moved a wee bit further up stream, and then, heading towards the right bank, Beresford anchored his wing-clipt little vessel and lay stern-on to the enemy at about 500 yards' range.

Here was a nice predicament for a penny Nile-steamer to be in! But, then, there was a "fighting Charlie" on board, and that made all the difference in the world. On the bursting of the boiler the Feki Mustapha clanjamfrie had raised a yell of triumph that might have been heard at Cairo, but this was shouting before they were out of the wood. Nevertheless, what mattered all their shouting, when their shooting, which was the main thing, was made impossible? From eight o'clock in the morning till sunset, so heavy and continuous a fire was kept up from the crippled *Safieh* that the Arabs were never once able to bring a gun to bear upon her, while their rifle practice during all these twelve long and anxious hours was of a kind that would certainly have disqualified them for competition at Bisley.

As, however, under cover of the night the Arabs might haul their guns up stream to a position that would prove fatal to the *Safieh* with the break of day, Lord Charles saw that his boiler must somehow be repaired by morning light, and that meanwhile he must delude the enemy into the belief that he meant to desert his ship, so as to make them think it not worth their while to shift the position of their guns.

The morning dawned, and lo! by this time the damaged boiler had been repaired by the

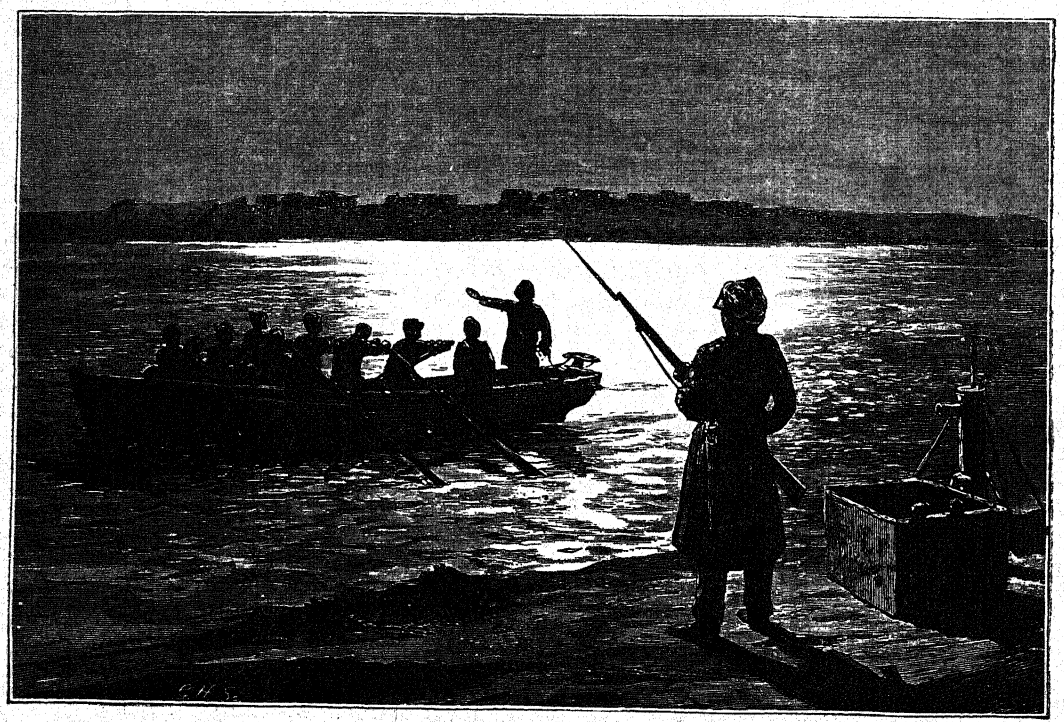
heroic efforts of Mr. Henry Benbow, chief engineer, who, working almost alone upon it, and under fire—which killed a petty officer and wounded Lieut. Van Koughnet—had again succeeded in supplying the little vessel as with wings of steam. At this discovery the Arabs at the redoubt raised another deafening yell, accompanied by a hail of bullets; but presently they were to be made to yell for a totally different reason.

For, sending the revivified *Safieh* about 200 yards up stream so as to have ample turning room, Lord Charles put about and darted down again past the redoubt, raining such a storm of various projectiles into its front embrasures as precluded the bare possibility of its guns being laid and fired on the passing vessel. A few hundred yards further on the *Safieh* came upon the nugger of the *Bordein* full of sick and wounded, under Captain Gascoigne, hard and fast upon a rock, on to which it had drifted in its nocturnal passage down stream. Under a sharp fire from the enemy the nugger was lightened and taken in tow, and a little further down Beresford was able to embark Sir Charles Wilson and his party, who had descended the right bank and formed a zeriba.

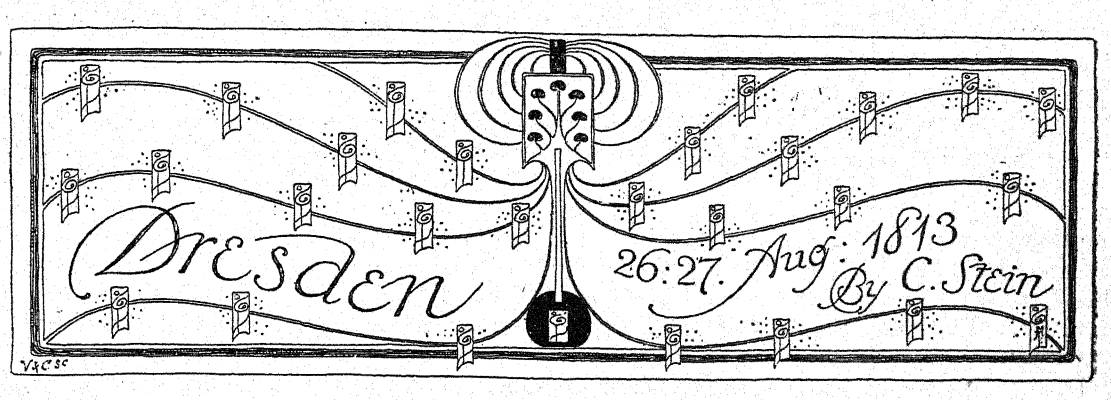
At a quarter to six o'clock on the evening of the 6th February the *Safieh* safely reached the camp of the Desert Column, Lord Charles Beresford being received with great cheering on account of his dashing exploit, "which we all look on," said Lieut. Dawson, "as the most brilliant business of the expedition."

On the following evening Sir C. Wilson set out for Corti to communicate in detail to Lord Wolseley the tragic story of his attempt to reach Khartoum; but by this time the news had reached England, and divided the hearts of the people between sorrow for the fate of the gallant Gordon and admiration of the heroism which had been so vainly displayed by the soldiers of the expedition to save him.

How the other half of that expedition, under General Earle, comported itself at the battle of Kirbekan, and how the Desert and the River Columns again united at Corti, must form the subject-matter of a separate story.



BRINGING THE NEWS OF GORDON'S DEATH TO METAMNEH.



AFTER the battle of Lützen, on the left bank of the Elbe, in the beginning of May, 1813, the allied Russo-Prussian forces, retiring before Napoleon, were obliged to recross that river, to evacuate Dresden, and to fall back into Silesia. They were again defeated with heavy loss at Bautzen and Wurschen on the 20th and 21st May, thus losing the line of the Oder. In one month the young and hastily-organised French army had been victorious in three great battles, besides several minor engagements of advanced guards. At the same time Marshal Davout had retaken Hamburg and Lübeck, and on the 29th May the French eagles were seen everywhere triumphant from Hamburg to Breslau. The honour and prestige of French arms, which had suffered so grievously in the Russian campaign, were completely re-established, and the coalition of European Powers which menaced the French Empire was paralysed, the monarchs in flight, their armies in disorder. But the legions of Napoleon were themselves worn out with constant effort, and required repose to give them time again to consolidate. The position of the Crown Prince of Sweden, Bernadotte, the renegade French marshal, was threatening in Pomerania; the death of his old and trusted comrade, Duroc, had saddened the emperor; and at the instance of Austria, till then neutral, Napoleon consented to an armistice, which was signed on the 4th June.

But the policy of Austria was opposed to Napoleon. Confident in her strong armaments and her position on the French right flank, she felt that, if she cast her sword into the scale, she must be the arbiter of future events. The Russo-Prussian coalition had failed because it had been surprised, before its complete development, by Napoleon's inconceivable rapidity of action. Even now the number of combatants which it could put into the field was nearly equal to that of the French armies. With the additional forces that could be raised during an armistice and with 130,000 men which Austria could dispose of, the numerical odds against the French Emperor would be almost overwhelming. Fully alive to these facts, the diplomatists of Austria, in arranging an armistice and in providing that during its continuance a congress should be assembled at Prague to consider conditions of peace, resolved to insist upon such cessions by Napoleon as would bring the sway of France within normal limits and restore to other European nations the influence of which they had so long been deprived. Austria, in fact, let it be known that her neutrality was at an end, that it was for her to decide on the future of Europe, and that she would make common cause with Russia and Prussia unless the terms formulated by the congress at Prague were accepted by the French Emperor. Hard these terms were, including demands for the cession of Illyria and the greater part of Italy, the return of the Pope to Rome, the yielding up of Poland to Russia, the evacuation of Spain, Holland, and Belgium and the re-establishment of the Confederation of the Rhine; but it is certain that even the proud spirit of Napoleon hesitated for a time whether he should not accept them. On one hand he had an immense army with his own unequalled genius to direct it; on the other he saw the advantages and indeed the necessity of peace to France worn out by long years of war. One of his ministers, whose name is unknown, struck the note which gave a key to his final decision, saying, "Ah, sire, and your glory!" How could he, who had distributed so many sceptres, descend to the level of the crowd of kings, conquered or created by himself? The die was cast. The 10th August, the day when the armistice expired, passed without his acceptance

of the proposals made to him, and Austria, with Russia and Prussia, forthwith declared war.

In the presence of enemies so formidable, whose united forces numbered nearly 500,000, Napoleon found it necessary to remain on the defensive. His own army, including the Imperial Guard as a reserve, did not much exceed 300,000 combatants, and was distributed from the frontier of Bohemia, following the course of the Katzbach, to the Oder. The time of the armistice had been employed on both sides in preparing for war, in completing, organising, and instructing the troops, and both the French and their allied enemies were fresh and ready to enter on a new campaign.

The army of Austria was the factor of the future which Napoleon had principally to consider. If it marched on Dresden, it would temporarily be checked by the 1st and 14th Corps under Vandamme and Gouvion St. Cyr until the emperor could rush to their assistance. If it moved into Silesia, the whole French army would be gathered to meet it at Goerlitz or Buntzlau. In any case, Dresden was the base of Napoleon's system, as the bridges at Meissen and at Königstein enabled the French to manœuvre on both sides of the Elbe. The town was therefore put into a defensible condition, and made secure against a *coup-de-main*. The old fortifications were repaired, the faubourgs were fortified and covered by advanced works, field fortifications were constructed between the Hopfgarten, the public park, and the Elbe, and the park itself was made available for the occupation of several battalions.

Shortly before this time the French army had suffered a severe loss, which not only deprived it of the services of a singularly able and experienced officer, but also shook its *moral* as showing that entire confidence could no longer be placed in soldiers of foreign extraction, even though they wore the uniform of a French general. General Jomini, a Swiss by birth, the chief of Marshal Ney's staff, deserted to the allies, taking with him the field states of the French army and complete notes of the intended plan of campaign. Jomini owed everything to Marshal Ney, who had raised him from a very humble employment to the high position which he occupied. Basely did this man betray the trust reposed in him, and it was to the astonishment of every one that the Emperor Alexander of Russia rewarded his treason by making him his aide-de-camp. Even the Emperor of Austria was so shocked by seeing Jomini present at a dinner given by Alexander that he exclaimed, "I know that sovereigns are sometimes obliged to make use of deserters, but I cannot conceive how such a one can be received into their personal staff or found at their table."

Having thus transferred his services, and, as said before, bringing with him Napoleon's orders for the movement of his several army corps, Jomini urged the allied sovereigns to commence hostilities two days earlier than had been their intention, so that time should not be given to the French Emperor to alter his plans. He is also credited with having given them the sage advice always to fall upon the French armies wherever their great commander was not. With what fatal effect that advice was followed in the ensuing campaign history may tell. It no doubt inspired the allied movements in the campaign's commencement, though for that time these movements were not crowned with success.

The first blow was struck by the impatient and fiery Blucher, who hurled himself upon the French army under Marshal Macdonald in Silesia. His intention was to draw Napoleon himself to that part of his line of defence and to retreat before him, while the main Austro-Russian-Prussian army of 200,000 men, under Prince Schwartzenberg, which had been concentrated at Prague, would then be able to attack Dresden opposed only by the great warrior's lieutenants.

The plan was only partially successful. The emperor, indeed, met Blucher and drove him back, but he had divined the intended movement of Prince Schwartzenberg upon Dresden and prepared to return to the defence of that town by forced marches, at the head of the 2nd and 6th corps of infantry and the whole of his guard, together with the 1st corps of cavalry and the Polish cavalry. Vandamme was also directed to march with the first corps of infantry upon Königstein, and, restoring the bridge there, to threaten the enemy's flank.

The great allied army crossed the chain of the Erz Gebirge on the 22nd August, and debouched by Gottleuba, Altenberg, Sayda, and Marienberg. The only French troops then in front of them were the 14th corps, 20,000 strong, commanded by Marshal St. Cyr, which occupied the environs of Pirna, about eighteen miles from Dresden. Weak as this force was, it was in the hands of one of the most able captains who had been produced by the many previous years of war. Gouvion St. Cyr, of tall and dignified figure, sparing of speech, but when he spoke clear,

concise, and trenchant, had a calm and methodical mind. War was for him an art to be loved, and, constantly studying it, he aimed to carry it on purely by rule. He calculated military issues not only by the place, the circumstances, and the numbers engaged, but by the character of the enemy opposed to him and that of the chiefs and soldiers whom he commanded. He knew always how to gain the confidence of his subordinates, to mould them to his purpose, to inspire them with pride in themselves, and, in the midst of the greatest perils and privations, to raise their courage to the level of his own. He sought glory, but it must be gained by following principles, otherwise for him it lost its value. He preferred to succeed by prudently-calculated and wisely-combined manœuvres, leaving as little as possible to chance; and he was often known, by able strategy, to turn a stubborn and prolonged defensive into an offensive, unforeseen and victorious. This great soldier had the fault that he did not show all his value except in a position of separate command. Independent by elevation of character as well as by pride in his own abilities, he ill brooked an equal and still less a superior. Caring not to share his glory with anyone, he but coldly seconded his chiefs, and gave to his equals the smallest measure of support.

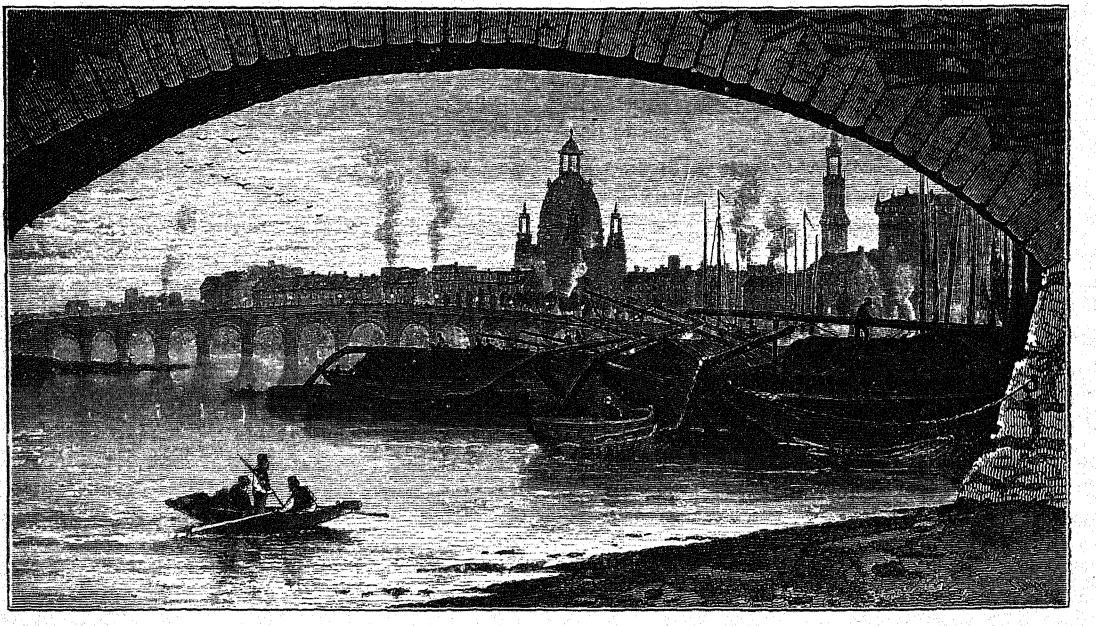
Such as he was, no better man could have been found to carry out the task which now fell to him. He knew that the emperor would hasten to secure Dresden, but that time was above all things necessary. With a weak corps of 20,000 men he had to check the overwhelming masses of the allies till an adequate force could be present to give them battle. No finer tactical display could be possible than his gradual withdrawal to the defences of Dresden, inflicting heavy loss on his enemy during three days of fighting, and then placing his troops behind the works which had been already prepared. Admirable as his dispositions were, however, and brilliant as was his leadership, he owed much of his success to the delays of Prince Schwartzenberg, who, proverbially slow and cautious in the field, would not risk, even against a feeble enemy, a bold attack on Dresden till the corps of General Klenau had come into line. If the Austrian commander-in-chief had nerved himself to use fully the crushing forces already under his hand, he might have cut the French line of communication and secured the passage of the Elbe before Napoleon appeared on the scene with the men drawn from Silesia.

On the morning of the 26th August the situation was this—Marshal St. Cyr with his corps was holding the field-works which protected Dresden, while the great allied army, still hesitating to make a determined attack, occupied in strength the heights of Zschernitz and Strehlen to the south of the town, while at the same time spreading themselves out towards both flanks.

Napoleon was hastening towards the threatened town at the head of the troops which were to secure its defence. Even then an attack in force by the allies would have been successful, and in the race for the possession of the important position they might have outstripped the succours which were toiling breathlessly to the critical point. But still Schwartzenberg delayed to grasp the prey which was really in his power; still the columns of his army stood inactive. The opportunity slipped away, not again to return. At nine in the morning the French Emperor arrived on the outskirts of Dresden. He paused for a moment to inspect the battery which had been placed on the right bank of the Elbe to flank the left of the French position, and ordered that it was to be strengthened by the first pieces of artillery which should arrive. Then he pressed on to the front of St. Cyr's line, and by twelve o'clock he had mastered all the details of the situation. His presence produced a magical effect upon the sorely harassed 14th corps, and everywhere shouts of "Vive l'Empereur" gave voice to the renewed confidence of the soldiers, who felt that they were no longer called upon to struggle against hopeless odds.

An hour or two after mid-day Prince Schwartzenberg at last resolved that he would no longer wait for the arrival of General Klenau's corps, but would move forward to the attack. Three cannon shots gave the signal, and at once six columns, each covered by the fire of fifty guns, threw themselves against the entrenchments of Dresden. The combined discharge from such a formidable artillery was crushing in its effect, and, making the outworks untenable, gave for a time an easy success to the infantry columns. General Colloredo carried the main redoubt in the centre of the French line; General Kleist obliged the troops who had occupied the park to fall back upon the faubourg; and the corps of General Wittgenstein debouched near the Elbe, threatening to turn the left of the French position. The whole of the reserves of the 14th corps were now engaged, and the shot and shell of the attack were falling in the streets of Dresden. A few short hours earlier such an assault so delivered must have driven St. Cyr into hopeless

retreat, but now it was too late. Even while the allied armies were making their effort, unknown to them masses of French soldiers were entering the town and forming for battle. The Old and Young Guard were both there, the infantry division of General Teste, the cavalry of Latour-Maubourg had moved to the extreme right, and a numerous artillery was ready to come into action. Napoleon, who had been watching the progress of events, judged that the time had come to show the hidden strength upon which the allies had unwittingly closed. The French centre was secured by the old fortifications of the town, so he was at liberty to disregard that point and operate against the flanks of the enemy. Two divisions of the Guard, under Marshal Ney, were sent to the right, while two others, under Marshal Mortier, were directed to the left, where also were Teste's division and Latour-Maubourg's cavalry. The allies were surging up to the old walls, driving the 14th corps, still sternly fighting, before them. No thought had they but to sweep victorious over the frail battlements into Dresden, and, shouting "To Paris!" as their war-cry, their order was relaxed in the expectation that no further resistance would be met. Suddenly the gates opened and the stately battalions of the Guard appeared in battle array. It was like the apparition of Medusa's head. Startled into sudden discomfiture, the allies fell back before the charge of the sorties, which now issued from every gate of the city. They were driven out of the redoubts which they had taken earlier in the day, and in their retreat to the heights which they had occupied on the past night they suffered heavy loss from the charging squadrons of Latour-Maubourg. In the fighting of that one day Prince Schwartzenberg, while gaining no foot of ground, had lost 5,000 men killed and wounded, and nearly 3,000 prisoners. Thus ended a glorious day for France, but one whose glory for a time hung only on a thread, for, as has been seen, Marshal St. Cyr and his corps had made their last effort and fired their last cartridge before the Imperial Guard came to their assistance.



DRESDEN.

During the night the light infantry of General Metsko, forming the advanced guard of Klenau's corps, joined Schwartzenberg, and prolonged to the left the vast semi-circle occupied by his army. His right rested on the Elbe above Dresden, and he intended Klenau's corps to fill the gap between his left and the Elbe below the town. But Klenau's march was still delayed by the state of the roads; the position which he should have occupied was insufficiently held by Metzko, and the left of the allies was practically *en l'air*. The French also received a great accession of strength, for the corps of Marshals Marmont and Victor, with Nansouty's cavalry, had followed the Imperial Guard, and were now

at Napoleon's disposition. The night of the 26th was most trying to both armies. The rain fell in torrents, and both French and allies bivouacked in mud and water. A portion of the former were certainly able to find some shelter in the city, but the greater part of them had no such resource. How often has it happened that, on the eve of a great conflict, the soldiers who are to take part in it, and whose endurance and courage are to be tried to the uttermost, have been exposed to every hardship which can reduce their stamina and depress their spirits! In studying the great deeds recorded in history, how much our admiration of the heroes who performed them is increased by the knowledge of the surrounding conditions, to whose evil influence they rose superior!



"BOTH FRENCH AND ALLIES BIVOUACKED IN MUD AND WATER."

The morning of the 27th broke dull and overcast. No single gleam of sunshine cheered or warmed the chilled and famished soldiery who rose from their flooded resting-places. The allied army occupied a strong position on the heights surrounding Dresden, while the French occupied the plain immediately outside the town. So completely were the troops of Napoleon exposed to view, that Schwartzenberg could not fail to know how great was the advantage in numbers which the allies still possessed. Thus were the French marshalled: on the extreme left were two divisions of the Young Guard under Mortier, supported by Nansouty's cavalry; next to them was the 14th corps under St. Cyr; in the centre was the emperor with the infantry and cavalry of the Old Guard, two divisions of the Young Guard under Ney, and the 6th corps under Marmont; towards the right was Victor

with the 2nd corps ; and on the open ground on the extreme right was massed all the remaining cavalry under Murat, the King of Naples. Murat had only joined the army on the 17th August. For some months after he had suddenly given up the command of the shattered Grand Army during the retreat from Russia, he had been in disgrace with his great brother-in-law, and had even gone so far as to enter into negotiations with the English with the view of saving his crown of Naples if Napoleon's star had for ever set in the Russian snows. When the new French army was, however, organised and about to take the field, Napoleon sent Murat a message of forgiveness and a pressing invitation again to serve as a soldier of France. Whether the emperor did this in order to withdraw the King of Naples from the intrigues into which he had so unfortunately entered, or in order to give to his cavalry a chief worthy to lead them in battle, can never be known. Probably both motives influenced the invitation, which Murat accepted, again to prove himself the leading paladin of French chivalry, the most formidable cavalry officer who ever sat in a saddle.

The allied army was deployed, as we have seen, in a great semi-circle, having its centre on the heights of Zschernitz and Strehlen, with its right under Wittgenstein resting on the Elbe. Its left was, however, not complete, and only a part of General Ginlay's corps, with the divisions of Lichtenstein and Metsko, was pushed across the deep ravine formed by the river Weisseritz. If Klenau's corps had arrived, the left would have rested on the Elbe, and there would have been no want of natural strength in any part of the position. In the general arrangement the Russo-Prussian armies were on the right and the Austrians on the left.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 27th, Napoleon was himself at the outposts of his army reconnoitring the dispositions of Schwartzenberg. His keen glance soon detected the weakness of his enemy's left, and, anxious that the Austrian general should not have time to repair the fault which had been committed, he gave the order for the skirmishers and the artillery to commence the action all along the line. He resolved that he would seize the advantage of being the attacker—an advantage which, besides being so congenial to the spirit of a French army, gave him the initiative in selecting the scenes of bitterest combat. As on the previous day his most important movements were against the allied flanks. Marshal Mortier, with his divisions of the Young Guard, was directed against Wittgenstein, while Murat and his cavalry, with the assistance of Marshal Victor's corps, were to fall upon and roll up the Austrians on their weakly-held left. He himself, in the centre, intended to maintain a heavy fire from his artillery and light troops so as to engage the enemy's attention and cause them to anticipate other attacks from new directions.

One of the first shots fired in the morning inflicted a serious loss on the allies, shattering both legs of General Moreau, who was riding near the Emperor Alexander of Russia. Moreau, who had been one of the most illustrious generals of France, had been in exile for some years, having fled from his native land, suspected of complicity in schemes against Napoleon's power. Within the last few days he had taken service with the enemies of his country, and was now aiding them with his great military talents. It is yet uncertain how far Moreau was deservedly an exile, but there can be no doubt that the victor of Hohenlinden threw a dark cloud over the end of his life, whose beginning had been so glorious, by appearing in arms against France and advising her foes how best they might conquer her sons. He was removed from the field in a litter, and both his legs were amputated. Four days later he died in the house of a Saxon curé, cursing himself for his conduct and saying, "To think that I—I, Moreau—should die in the midst of the enemies of France, struck down by a shot from a French cannon!" A curious story, told of the manner in which the death of this celebrated man became known to Napoleon's army, may be mentioned here. On the evening of the 27th a French hussar found, after the battle, a magnificent Danish hound which seemed to be searching for a lost master. On the hound's neck was a collar with the inscription "I belong to General Moreau." This led to inquiries being made, when it was ascertained from people who had seen the event that Moreau had indeed been mortally wounded. A stone now marks the place, bearing the legend "*Hier fiel der held Moreau*" (Here fell the hero Moreau).

To return to the battle, it was never intended by Napoleon that the combat in which Mortier engaged should have more importance than attached to the object of keeping the enemy employed and uneasy. That marshal therefore did no more than take one village and, during the early part of the day, dispute the possession of another with the Russians. The real effort

was to be made on the French right by Murat and Victor, who were to crush the allied left and, if possible, cut off Schwartzenberg's line of retreat by the Freyberg road, throwing him back on the almost impassable mountain tracks which lead to Töplitz by Dippoldiswalde and Altenberg. This manœuvre would be seconded by Vandamme with the 1st corps, who, having been two days previously ordered to pass the Elbe at Königstein, was now pushing before him General Ostermann, the guardian of the bridges.

Murat and Victor, unlike some of the great French leaders on other occasions, acted without jealousy of each other, and gave that mutual support which doubles the tactical value of masses of infantry and cavalry. While Murat, with Latour-Maubourg's horsemen, made a long detour to gain the flank of the Austrians, Victor made a direct attack on their front and secured the Weisseritz ravine, thus cutting them off from the main body of their army. Then were the Austrian squares victims to the brilliant cavalry leader. Murat led the charges which he commanded with all the impetuosity and determination which had marked him in so many battles in so many lands. Never had he directed more effectively his "whirlwinds of cavalry." The Cuirassiers, familiarly known in the French army as "*les gros frères*," reaped most of the day's honours, and scattered the most solid formations in their path. Lichtenstein's division was driven back into the ravine by the squadrons of Bourdesoulle; the Austrian cavalry, which bravely strove to support Metsko's division, was overthrown by the dragoons of Doumerc, and Murat himself, charging Metsko's division, forced it to lay down its arms. All these movements lasted from ten in the morning till two. Rarely has cavalry ever produced such an effect on a battlefield. Rarely have cavalry and infantry worked together with greater unison for a common end. As Murat said in his report to the emperor, "the cavalry covered itself with glory, rending sword in hand the masses of troops opposed to it, in spite of a most stubborn resistance. The infantry charged the enemy with the bayonet, and the generals well directed in these difficult attacks the inexperienced bravery of their young troops." In these early hours of the day Murat took 6,000 prisoners and thirty pieces of artillery, besides inflicting on the enemy a loss of 4,000 or 5,000 killed and wounded. There was one circumstance which undoubtedly gave a considerable advantage to cavalry in the battle of Dresden. At that period all soldiers were armed with flint-lock muskets, which it was almost impossible to discharge if the powder in the pan became at all damp. As we have seen, there had been a continuous downpour of rain on the night previous to the battle, and, on the 27th August itself, the driving storm never ceased. The firearms of the Austrian infantry were, therefore, nearly useless, and the cavalry had nothing to fear from them in charging up to their formation. With reference to this an incident of the day is recorded. A body of Cuirassiers, commanded by General Bourdesoulle, found itself in front of a brigade of Austrian infantry formed in square, and summoned them to surrender. The enemy's general having scornfully refused, Bourdesoulle rode to the front, and called out that he knew that none of the muskets could be fired. The Austrian replied that his men would defend themselves with the bayonet and that with the greater advantage because the French cavalry, whose horses were struggling up to their hocks in mud, could not possibly deliver a charge with sufficient pace to make it effective.

"I will destroy your square with my artillery."

"But you have not any, for it is stuck in the mud."

"Well, if I show you the guns, now in rear of my leading squadrons, will you surrender?"

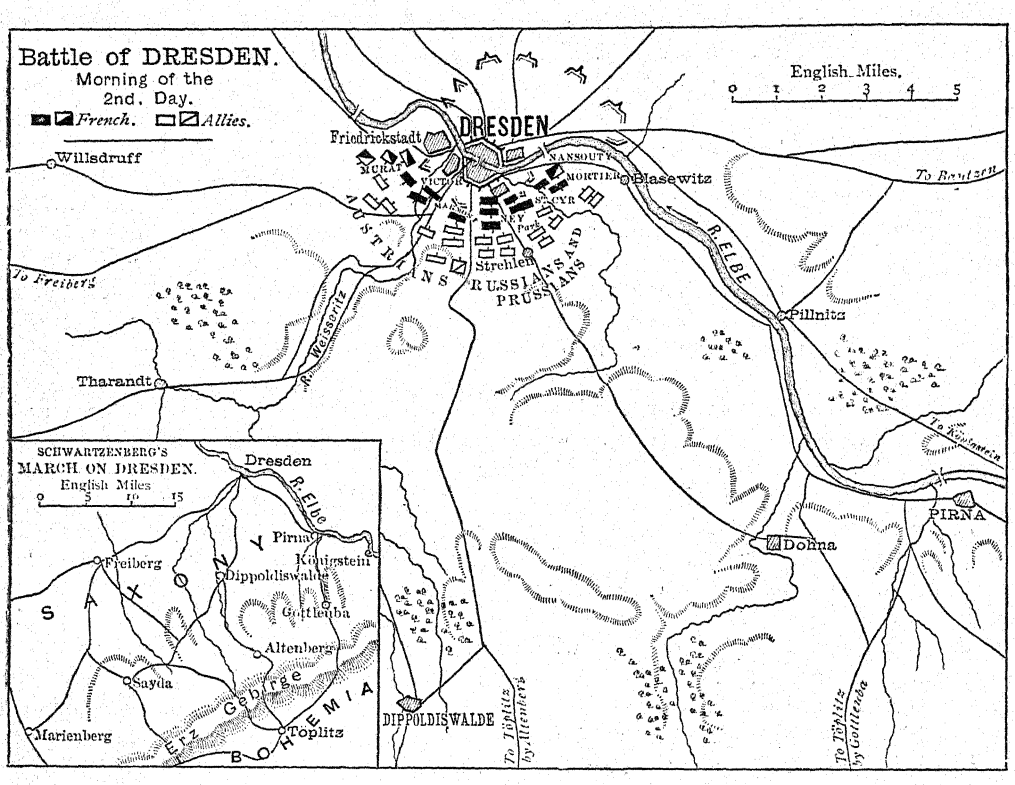
"Of course I must, for I will then have no means of defence left to me."

Bourdesoulle ordered the advance of a battery of six guns to a distance of thirty paces from the square. When the Austrian general saw the guns each with an artilleryman standing by it, portfire in hand, ready for action, he, perforce, surrendered at discretion.

Artillery, indeed, took a principal *rôle* on both sides during the whole of the 27th, and more markedly the French batteries, which were at all times able to accompany the other troops and to come into position wherever required. The foresight of Napoleon had specially provided for the difficulty to be expected in crossing ground soaked and heavy with wet, by doubling all the gun-teams, and for this purpose he had made use of the horses belonging to the transport waggons, which were for the time in safety within the walls of Dresden.

Learning the complete success of Murat's action on his right and that Mortier was surely, if slowly, thrusting back Wittgenstein on his left, Napoleon began to press the centre of the allies. Columns of attack were formed by the

14th corps, the cavalry of the Guard were pushed forward in threatening manœuvre, and the heavy cannonade from every available gun was redoubled. Ney, with the whole of the Guard, strengthened Mortier's forward movement. Above all, the emperor threw himself with his Guard into the battle, exciting every soldier by his personal presence and stimulating their valour by the electric vigour of his purpose. Superior as the allies still were in numbers to the French army, they were everywhere worsted. from his first blows, and now the whole French army was directed to complete its victory, of which the first results were the enemy's loss of 20,000 killed and wounded, 10,000 prisoners with 200 pieces of artillery, and caissons and several standards. Schwartzenberg was retiring on Töplitz by all the tracks and footpaths through the Bohemian mountains, and thither the defeated army was to be followed, there the last annihilating blow was to be struck. Vandamme, from his position near Pirna, was now to lead



Schwartzenberg saw his left crushed, his centre demoralised and barely holding its ground, his right rapidly giving way. Murat had cut his line of retreat by the Freiberg road, and Vandamme, with the 1st corps, was on the route by Pirna. Napoleon's strategy had been completely successful, and there were no roads open to the allied army but those through the mountains towards Töplitz. At four in the afternoon the Austrian general began his retiring movement, and soon Napoleon saw the great host which had threatened so much, melting away before him defeated and disheartened.

After his successes before two o'clock, Murat, still supported by Victor, had followed them up by pressing in pursuit of those who had escaped the pursuit. Ney, Mortier, the whole of the Guard were, on the morning of the 28th, marching to support him, while St. Cyr and Marmont were to join him by other routes. The fortune of the campaign, even the final event of the war, the empire of Europe, were to be decided at Töplitz. Nothing was wanting but to press forward and, having united the various corps, to strike one last blow. At mid-day on the 28th all were in movement. Immediately afterwards there was a general halt. Vandamme alone, who was acting independently, continued his march, alas! now unsupported. At this decisive moment, when all depended on his personal supervision and impulse, the health of the emperor broke down. Whether it was the long



"THE CUIRASSIERS REAPED MOST OF THE DAY'S HONOURS" (*p.* 319).

exposure to rain and storm, the anxieties of the closing days of the armistice, or the strain of war which at last took effect, cannot be known; but certain it is that the cord snapped, the physical and mental powers of Napoleon altogether gave way, the great strategy which he alone could have directed collapsed, and the pursuing movements of his army ceased. Vandamme marched on unsupported to be defeated and taken prisoner at Kulm, the first of the great series of misfortunes which now fell upon the French armies, leading to the invasion of France and the abdication of her ruler at Fontainebleau. The battle of Dresden was the last of Napoleon's great victories. Some transient gleams of success did afterwards from time to time fall upon his arms, but never again did he appear as an invincible conqueror. Never did French soldiers gain by their conduct more glory than on the 26th and 27th August. Never were such great deeds followed by sequel more disastrous.



MARSHAL GOUVION ST. CYR.
(*From the Picture by Vernet.*)



IN the spring of 1865, after four years of bitter and bloody civil war, the Great Rebellion was approaching its end. With the simultaneous defeats of Gettysburg and the surrender of Vicksburg on the 4th of July, 1863, the Confederacy had lost its chance of independence; yet, such was the stubbornness of the rebels, nearly two years more of battle, murder, and sudden death were to elapse before the closing scene at Appomattox Court-house. During the memorable "campaign of the Wilderness" from the beginning of May, 1864, to the beginning of the investment of Petersburg in the third week of June of the same year, Grant's losses had exceeded 40,000 men, and there is little doubt that the almost continuous slaughter of that awfully bloody period had told on the nerves of his soldiers of the Army of the Potomac. But for the resultant deficiency of ardour and an unfortunate miscarriage of orders, it is all but certain that Petersburg could have been carried with no delay and without serious loss. But the opportunity passed away. The defences of Petersburg were continually being strengthened, and for ten months the Armies of the Potomac and the James lay about Petersburg without gaining that city and the lines which were the complement of the defences of Petersburg and of Richmond. The delay was tedious, but the troops of the investment during the rigours of winter were comfortably hutted, fully supplied with warm clothing, and fed with unexampled profusion and punctuality. Lee's army, on the other hand, was gradually wasting away under unsupportable privations. His gallant men were in rags, worn with constant duty, attenuated by poor and scanty food, suffering from scurvy and other maladies, their spirit weakened by the certainty of ultimate inevitable defeat. The discrepancy of strength between the two armies was immense. Grant's effective at the beginning of the final campaign in the end of March, 1865, amounted to close on 125,000 men with 370 guns. On February 20th, the date of the last report of the strength of Lee's army, his total effective was 55,000 men, but between that date and the abandonment of Petersburg and Richmond on the evening of April 2nd the rebel force had been undergoing much demoralisation and suffering depletion by wholesale desertions. According to the Confederate estimate, Lee's marching-out strength from Petersburg did not exceed 35,000 men.

As the spring of 1865 opened it became daily more apparent that the catastrophe was imminent, and that a forced evacuation of the beleaguered cities was near at hand. To this day are easily to be traced the vast circuit of the fortifications and counter-fortifications round Petersburg, stretching from the James River at City Point for a distance to the south-west of more than five-and-thirty miles. Grant was strong enough with his immense force fully to man every yard of his triple and, in many places, quadrupal lines of entrenchments, and still have troops available for the active offensive. But it was far otherwise with Lee's scanty troops, who had to confront entrenchment with entrenchment, but who, too weak to hold continuous lines, had to be hurried almost without cessation from one threatened point to another, one poor, brave, ragged, hungry wretch called on to do the duty of three sturdy well-fed men.

Grant, in the campaign of the Wilderness, had suffered an experience so bloody at the hands of Lee, that before Petersburg, notwithstanding his overwhelming superiority in strength, he preferred the tedious comparative passiveness of a long siege to adventuring the doubtful issue of a strenuous and resolute assault in force. Lee, he realised, was scarcely the man

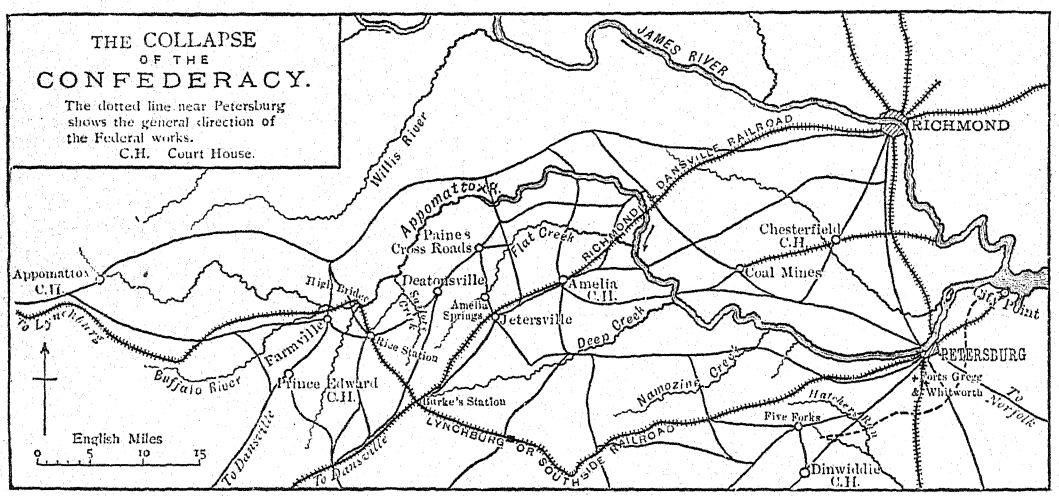
tamely to surrender as the result of a blockade. He would either fight to keep open his routes of supplies, or quit Petersburg and Richmond altogether and break out into the open. In the end of March there remained open to the Confederate army but two avenues of supply, the Southside and the Dansville railroads. Those roads were so important to Lee's very existence while he remained in Richmond and Petersburg, and of such vital importance to him even in case of retreat, that naturally he would make most strenuous efforts to defend the possession of them. But if he were to detach a portion of his scanty force on that errand, there was the risk that in protecting his extended right he should weaken his centre, on which point an assault on the part of the Federal force would then be almost certain to be successful; and, as a matter of fact, Grant had assigned his several corps to make that assault when the proper time should arrive.

On March 29th Grant moved out with all the available army after leaving sufficient force to hold the lines about Petersburg. Sheridan, with his magnificent corps of cavalry, 9,000 strong, was despatched to Dinwiddie Court-house away to the south-west, with instructions to move from that place by the road leading north-west to Five Forks, thus menacing the right of Lee's line. Grant reinforced Sheridan with Mackenzie's cavalry division and the 5th Corps, commanded by General Warren. The latter officer was so slow in his movements on the afternoon of April 1st that the ardent and impetuous Sheridan relieved him from duty and gave the command of the 5th Corps to General Griffin. On that day the Confederate General Pickett, with some 15,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry, lay entrenched along the White Oak road, looking southward for about a mile on either side of Five Forks, which was his centre and where his artillery was. About the middle of the afternoon Sheridan was close up to the point whence to make his designed assault on Pickett's position. The frontal attack he assigned to his own second-in-command, General Merritt; he himself led the 5th Corps to the attack on the left flank of the Confederate position. A momentary panic occurred in Ayres's division during its advance through the thick woodland. Sheridan rallied the faltering troops, encouraging Ayres's officers and men by his fiery enthusiasm, his reckless disregard of danger, and his evident entire belief in victory. He brought order out of confusion by his magnetic example, turned about the panic-stricken regiments, and brought their faces to the foe again. Then, when the line was steadied and was moving forward to the attack, he took his standard in his hand, and where the fighting was hottest led on the line, his famous black charger "Rienzi" plunging wildly under him—mad with the excitement of the roaring musketry, the hissing of the leaden shower, and the crashing of the troops through the woods. Balls riddled the flag, and the sergeant who had been carrying it was killed; but Sheridan seemed to have a charmed life. His dismounted cavalry and the 5th Corps went over the Confederate parapet almost simultaneously. At Pickett's centre, while the Confederate guns were emitting fierce blasts of canister, the Federals were swarming in like bees. Pickett afterwards told how, while he was trying to hold his own in the battery, a Yankee cavalryman, astride of a mule, jumped over the works and ordered him to surrender and be damned to him, and how he (Pickett) was almost surrounded before he could gallop away. With him rushed off the remnants of his force, followed at full speed for several miles by the fiery Crawford and the bloodthirsty Custer to the further side of the Southside railroad.

The Confederate troops at Five Forks consisted of Lee's two best divisions, and they fought stoutly; but nearly 6,000 of them were captured, and their losses on the field were heavy. They lost all their artillery, train, and ambulances, and the fugitives, losing their *moral*, threw away their arms. Grant's object was to break up and wreck this isolated moiety of Lee's army, and to drive away to the westward such portion of it as had escaped; and that this was accomplished so thoroughly was owing to Sheridan's skill and zeal. Untrammelled by orders, he recognised a great opportunity, planned and fought a great battle with intelligence, energy, and gallantry, and won a victory which had no equal in the war for completeness and productiveness of momentous events.

About 9 p.m. Sheridan desisted from further pursuit. He left his cavalry west of Five Forks, but the 5th Corps he brought back to the south-west of Petersburg and facing toward the town. On learning the result of Five Forks, Grant ordered the assault of Petersburg by the 6th and 9th Corps to be made at 4 a.m. of the 2nd. Then Wright and Parke advanced under heavy fire, cleared the parapets, and threw themselves inside the enemy's line. Parke could advance no further, but Wright swept everything before him up to the inner defences immediately sur-

rounding the city. On reaching Hatcher's Run, the 6th Corps faced about and moved towards Petersburg. The Southside railroad had come into the possession of the Federals, and the broken Confederate troops who had been in that vicinity fell back towards Petersburg, followed by the commands of Generals Wright and Ord. They had to pause in front of some advanced works closing upon the Appomattox river west of Petersburg. The most important of those were Forts Gregg and Whitworth. Both were exceptionally strong. Fort Gregg was enclosed at the rear with a ditch, ten feet deep and as many wide, and the parapet was of corresponding height and thickness. Fort Whitworth was of similar dimensions, but open at the gorge.



The 200 infantrymen in Fort Gregg made a desperate resistance, and although assailed by a whole division, it was not until Gibbon's men had succeeded in climbing upon the parapet under a murderous fire that the place was finally taken at the point of the bayonet. Fifty-five brave dead Confederate soldiers were found inside the fort, while the Federal loss in carrying it amounted to ten officers and 112 men killed and twenty-seven officers and 565 men wounded.

On the morning of April 2nd General Lee sent to the Government authorities in Richmond, informing them of the disastrous situation of affairs and of the necessity of his evacuating Petersburg that same night. President Davis was in church when he received Lee's message, which was immediately read by the officiating clergyman, and the service was interrupted, the congregation being dismissed with the intimation that there would be no evening service. The President and the members of the rebel Government left Richmond by train the same afternoon on their way for Dansville.

Lee's headquarters having been attacked by hostile infantry, were removed within the interior lines of defence, where he was greeted with shouts of welcome by his ragged but undaunted soldiers. Orders were given to hold the position, if possible, until night. At 3 p.m. Lee gave the final orders for a retreat, which began at 8 o'clock. Grant had not pressed his attack, and time was thus given for the Confederate troops to complete their preparations for departure. The artillery preceded the infantry, the waggon trains using the roads on which no troops were marching. Along the north bank of the Appomattox moved the columns through the gloom of the night, over the various roads leading to the general rendezvous at Amelia Court-house. By midnight the evacuation was completed, and then a death-like silence reigned behind the breastworks which for nine months had been "clothed in thunder," and which had so long kept at bay a foe of threefold strength.

As the troops moved noiselessly onward in the darkness that preceded the dawn, a bright light like a broad flash of lightning illumined the heavens for an instant; then followed the roar of a tremendous explosion. "The magazine at Fort Drewry is blown up," ran in whispers through the ranks, and again silence reigned. Once more the sky was overspread by a lurid light, not so fleeting as before. It was now the conflagration of Richmond that lighted the night-march of the soldiers of the Confederacy,

and many a stout heart was wrung with anguish for the fate of the city and its defenceless inhabitants. The columns from Petersburg and its vicinity reached Chesterfield Court-house soon after daylight of the 3rd. After a brief halt for rest and refreshment, the retreat was resumed with renewed strength. A sense of relief pervaded the ranks at their release from the lines behind which they had stood so staunchly for many weary months. Once more in the open field, they were invigorated with hope, and felt their ability to cope with the adversary. It was not until the morning of the 5th that all the troops reached Amelia Court-house, where a bitter disappointment awaited them. Through an unfortunate misapprehension of orders the provision train from Dansville destined for Amelia Court-house had been carried on to Richmond without unloading its stores, with the result that not a single ration awaited the hungry troops. A reaction from hope to despair fell upon the spent soldiers, and on Lee's noble countenance came a deeper shadow than it had yet borne. Grant was pursuing him with all haste. The only chance remaining to the Army of Northern Virginia was to reach the hill-country without delay, but a distance of fifty miles lay between it and adequate supplies. Yet no murmur came from the lips of the men to the ear of their beloved commander, and on the evening of that unfortunate day they resumed their weary march in silence and



RICHMOND FROM HOLLYWOOD.

composure. A handful of parched corn was now a feast to the worn veterans as they trudged on through the April night. On the morning of the 3rd the Mayor of Richmond had surrendered the city of Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, to the Federal commander in its vicinity, who at once proceeded to enforce order and to arrest the conflagration, while with great humanity he endeavoured to relieve the distressed citizens.

On the evening of the 2nd, Grant had given orders for the assault of the Petersburg and Richmond lines early on the morning of the 3rd, but when the troops were mustering it was discovered that the Confederates had abandoned all their entrenchments. Grant then issued his directions for the interception of Lee's retreat by whatever route he might take. General Sheridan, with his cavalry and the 5th Corps, was to hasten in a westerly direction, south of and near to the Appomattox River, and to strike the Dansville railroad between the bridge over that river and its crossing by the Lynchburg or Southside railroad at Burke's Station. General Meade, with the 2nd and 6th Corps, was to follow Sheridan. General Ord, with the 9th and 24th Corps and Mackenzie's cavalry, was to move along the Southside railroad to Burke's Station. The general pursuit began on the morning of the 3rd, but on the previous evening General Merritt, Sheridan's second-in-command, had been pursuing a detachment of rebel cavalry along the Namozine road towards Scott's Corners, north-west of Sutherland Station. Although Lee's main army was marching westward to the north of the Appomattox River, Anderson's corps had been directed to follow the road south of the river towards Amelia Court-house, on the way to which he was joined by the remnant of Pickett's force and the troops of the late General Hill, now under General Cooke. Anderson's flank and rear were covered by the cavalry of FitzLee.

On the morning of the 3rd, as Sheridan was riding to join Merritt at Scott's Corners, the evidences were very patent of the demoralisation of the enemy. Scouting parties of cavalry were constantly bringing in scores of prisoners from the woods on either side—gaunt, ragged, hungry fellows who would throw down their arms and express their gratitude for being captured. Arms, ammunition, knapsacks, and ragged clothing littered the line of march. Merritt was out beyond Scott's Corners skirmishing, but it was not until he reached Deep Creek several miles further on that he encountered a strong body of hostile infantry, which he attacked with spirit and success, driving it from the ford and pursuing it vigorously as it fell back towards the Dansville railroad to join General Lee's main army approaching Amelia Court-house. The 5th Corps followed Merritt all day, but was not engaged; and in rear of Sheridan's column rode General Crook with his cavalry division, the retreat of the enemy having relieved him from guard duty about Petersburg. During the day's ride on every hand were visible signs of the wreck of the Confederacy. The negroes were jubilant, grinning vast grimaces of delight. "Where are the rebs?" asked Sheridan of a grey-haired contraband, who was doing uncouth homage and flourishing wonderful salaams with a tattered hat. "Siftin' souf, sah—siftin' souf," answered the old man with an extra wide grin and quaint caper.

At daylight on 4th April Sheridan's command was again on the march, separating now into three columns for the covering of a wider territory. Merritt and Mackenzie struck off to the right in pursuit of the enemy which had retreated before them on the previous evening, Crook heading for the Dansville railroad at a point midway between Jetersville and Burke's Station, thence to advance along the railroad northward towards Jetersville, a station eight miles from Amelia Court-house; and the 5th Corps moving out direct for Jetersville. At Tabernacle Church Merritt had a sharp fight with a body of rebel infantry and cavalry, through which he found it impossible to force a passage, but he was able to seize a number of their waggons before they could hurry forward troops to protect them. The advance of the 5th Corps, after a march of sixteen miles, reached Jetersville late in the afternoon.

While Sheridan was at West Creek with the 5th Corps, a few miles short of Jetersville, a scout brought him the intelligence that Lee's army was at Amelia Court-house, and was moving thence down the railroad towards Jetersville. A despatch just written by General Lee's Chief Commissary, ordering 200,000 rations to be sent up from Dansville, was captured in the Jetersville telegraph-office by Sheridan's advance. Sheridan had it sent on in hopes that the Dansville Commissary should forward the supplies into the Federal lines, but despatches from other sources had reached Dansville to the effect that Federal troops had gained possession of the road, and therefore no supplies were sent forward.

On the evening of the 4th, when at Jetersville,

Sheridan realised that his ardour had brought him into a critical situation. He had with him only Crook's cavalry division and the leading division of the 5th Corps. Lee's army was at Amelia Court-house, only eight miles north-east of Jetersville, and the fact that the Confederate cavalry pushed a reconnaissance down upon Jetersville that same evening, although it was driven back by Crook, forcibly suggested to Sheridan that it might be followed by the mass of Lee's force. In effect at this juncture that commander had now his only opportunity for escape in the direction of Dansville. Across his path there stood at Jetersville, as has been said, a single cavalry division and the head of one corps of infantry, with no other force within supporting distance. Sheridan was prepared for a resolute stand in his Jetersville position, but he was conscious of his inferiority of force, and realised that Lee, with his whole army at his back, could sweep Sheridan's command out of his path. That accomplished, the road to Burkesville would lie open to Lee, and thence by way of Dansville he could effect a junction with Johnston's army in North Carolina.

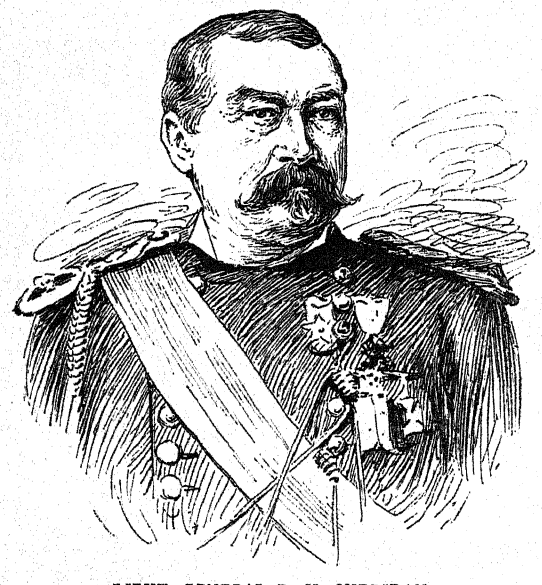
Lee's opportunity was fleeting. The whole of the 5th Corps reached Jetersville during the night of the 4th. Sheridan's galloper rode straight and fast back to Deep Creek, and gave his message to General Meade. That commander had the 2nd Corps in march on Jetersville at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 5th, the 6th Corps followed promptly, and both corps reached Jetersville on the afternoon of that day. Merritt's cavalry had arrived earlier, and so, on the afternoon of the 5th, all Sheridan's cavalry and three infantry corps were assembled at Jetersville—a strength far superior to that of the whole Confederate army, so that Sheridan no longer felt anxious as to the possibility of Lee's breaking through his lines.

On the morning of the 5th, since the enemy still made no demonstration, it occurred to Sheridan that Lee, having shunned a combat at Jetersville, was intending to pursue his retreat in a north-westerly direction. This speculation was so far correct that, on the 5th, Lee sent forward his spare artillery and trains by roads on the outward flank of the route his troops would take later on the march towards the Lynchburg objective. Sheridan sent out Davies's cavalry brigade towards Paine's Cross-roads, about eight miles north of Jetersville. There Davies found a waggon-train moving westward, escorted by a cavalry force; he attacked it, drove off the escort, burned the waggons, and captured five guns. The papers of General Lee's headquarters were burnt in the destruction of this train. Davies brought away 1,000 prisoners and several battle-flags, but he presently found himself hard pressed in flank and rear by a strong hostile force, which had moved out from Amelia Court-house to intercept him; and it was found necessary to hurry reinforcements in support of him, when some sharp fighting ensued.

There came in with Davies a negro bearing a pathetic little note, which a Confederate officer had entrusted to his care for delivery. It was dated Amelia Court-house, April 5th, and read thus: "Our army is ruined, I fear. We are all safe as yet. Theodore left us sick. John Taylor is well; saw him yesterday. We are in line of battle this afternoon. General Lee is in the field near us. My trust is still in the justice of our cause. General Hill is killed. I saw Murray a few moments since; Bernard Perry, he said, was taken prisoner. Love to all.—Your devoted son, W. B. Taylor, Colonel."

At sunset of the 5th, Longstreet's corps, the head of Lee's column, had crossed Flat Creek by the bridge at Amelia Springs. Lee still hoped, by a well-conducted night march westward, to get so far ahead that by passing through Deatonsville, Rice's Station, and Farmville he might reach Lynchburg. The march of the Confederate army was continued during the night, the head of Longstreet's column arriving at Rice's Station on the Lynchburg railroad about sunrise of the 6th, where it was joined by General Lee in the course of the morning. There Longstreet was to await the coming up of the rest of the army. Delays occurred, and Ewell was still at Amelia Springs at eight o'clock on the morning of the 6th. Gordon formed the Confederate rear-guard. The trains, which were long, kept to the roads on the outer flank of the troops, and were to cross Sailor's Creek near its confluence with the Appomattox, the troops crossing about two miles higher up on the road to Rice's Station. The bridges over Flat Creek, by which Lee's troops and train had crossed, were destroyed.

On the morning of the 6th, Sheridan's cavalry were out early, Crook heading for Deatonsville, Merritt following him, both moving in parallel line with the enemy's trains, and watching for an opportunity to break in upon his line. Definite information was obtained that Lee's main body had moved westward during the night, and two of his columns were visible on the march in



LIEUT.-GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN.
(Photo, C. D. Mosher.)

a north-west direction. Meade directed the 2nd Corps on Deatonsville, the 5th Corps on Painesville on the right of the 2nd, and the 6th to take position on the left of the 2nd. Bridges were rapidly built on Flat Creek, but some of the troops waded across with the water up to their armpits. The skirmishers of the 2nd Corps pushed forward eagerly, maintaining a sharp running fight with the Confederate rear-guard, which was continued over a distance of about fourteen miles during which several partially-entrenched positions were carried. The country was broken, consisting of woods with dense undergrowth and swamps, alternating with open fields, through and over which the lines of battle followed closely in the skirmish line with singular rapidity and good order. Artillery moved in the skirmish line.

The Confederate general Anderson halted in the morning of the 6th about three miles west of Deatonsville, at a point where the road forks, one branch turning sharp to the right down Sailor's Creek at about a mile's distance from it; the other branch is the road to Rice's Station and does not change its direction. At the forks Anderson thwarted Crook's effort to cut off the enemy's trains, and repulsed a second attempt on the part of Merritt. Pickett had crossed Sailor's Creek, and when the head of Gordon's corps, which was the rear-guard, began to arrive at the forks, Anderson crossed the creek and with Pickett formed across the road to Rice's Station, where they threw up some temporary breastworks. Ewell followed Anderson across the creek, halting upon it.

Merritt and Crook harassed the enemy's left flank, crossing the creek alongside of it. Custer found a weak point and broke in, destroying a number of waggons and several guns. Stagg's cavalry brigade remained near the forks, and later joined the 6th Corps in its attack on Ewell. Gordon, after the passage of the main trains of Lee's army, took the right-hand fork, covering them; and Humphreys, at the head of the 2nd Corps, pursued him closely. The running contest lasted for three miles longer, the track strewn with tents, camp equipage, baggage, and waggons. Gordon's last attempted stand was near the mouth of Sailor's Creek, where, just before dark, after a short sharp fight, the 2nd Corps possessed itself of thirteen battle-flags, four guns, 1,700 prisoners, and a mass of Confederate trains huddled in utter confusion, the whole of which were burned.

Beyond the creek on high ground General Crook found Anderson behind breastworks on the Rice's Station road, and presently Sheridan saw detachments of his cavalry making for Anderson's rear and flanks. In another moment a huge column of smoke shot up into the air, which told him that his troopers had fired the massed waggon trains which Anderson had been covering. For Sheridan's further information there came across the creek to him a galloping young cavalryman, who had just been charging



GENERAL LEE

with Custer beyond the crest, and had ridden through the enemy's line to tell of the doings of the cavalry.

By this time the 6th Corps was ready to take the offensive in earnest, and Sheridan gave the order to attack Ewell's position on the further side of Sailor's Creek. Seymour on horseback, commanding the right division, gallantly started his command, carried it through the stream amidst a storm of bullets, and in the teeth of a infantry rallied in their front; in their rear swept down the irrepressible cavalry of Merritt and Crook like a hurricane, Custer blazing in the van; and all was over for Ewell and his gallant unfortunates. For one bewildering moment they fought on every hand; but then they saw how hopeless was further fighting, and they threw down their arms and surrendered.

It was a great capture. Ewell himself was a prisoner; the whole of his command were



GENERAL GRANT READING THE TERMS OF SURRENDER (*p.* 331).

furious fire led his men up the slope. Ewell's gallant rebels dashed down on him at a run, and mingled with Seymour's men in the open; there was a moment of desperate fighting, and then the Federal division was borne back and hurled into the creek. A brigade of Confederate marines followed the retreating Union troops with an *élan* that never was surpassed: their standard-bearer led them on dauntlessly till he planted his flag-staff on the water's edge, where he defiantly waved the stars and bars. But as the ground was cleared of broken Yankees, eighteen guns opened a fire which mowed down the Confederate soldiers in sections. The Union reported either killed, wounded, or captured, except 250 men of Kershaw's division. Kershaw himself, Custis Lee, Semmes, Corse, and other general officers of the Confederacy were among the captives, with inferior officers by hundreds and enlisted men by thousands. The number captured was never ascertained, nor the loss in battle: Humphreys, the historian of the campaign, himself a participant in the day's fighting, estimates the total Confederate loss at 8,000 men with fourteen guns and a great number of waggons. Ewell frankly admitted to Sheridan that there remained now no more hope for the Confederacy, and he begged Sheridan to send

General Lee a flag of truce and a demand for his surrender in order to save any further sacrifice, a suggestion which Sheridan naturally ignored.

At dark on the 6th, Longstreet, with three divisions, marched westward to Farmville on the Appomattox, where rations were distributed to Lee's army, 80,000 having been forwarded thither to await its arrival. He then crossed to the north bank of the river, and on the morning of the 7th moved out on the road leading by way of Appomattox Court-house to Lynchburg, leaving some force on the river to delay the crossing of the Union forces. On the same day General FitzLee, with all his cavalry, followed Longstreet acting as his cover. Gordon's command and Mahone's division crossed the same morning by the High Bridge to the north side of the river, and followed Longstreet's route. The general movement on the part of the Federals was now in the direction of Farmville. On the morning of the 7th, General Ord followed Longstreet to that place, whither also Sheridan sent Crook. General Meade directed Generals Humphreys and Wright with the 2nd and 6th Corps to continue the direct pursuit of Lee's army as long as it promised success. The 2nd Corps, in the early morning of the 7th, crossed by the High Bridge east of Farmville in face of Mahone's Confederate division, and soon after noon came in contact with the enemy on the Lynchburg road. It having been ascertained that Lee's whole army, estimated at about 18,000 infantry, was in a strong entrenched position with artillery in place, General Gibbon with the 24th Corps, and General Wright with the 6th Corps, were ordered to cross the river at Farmville and attack Lee jointly with the 2nd Corps. But since no bridge at Farmville could be available by the evening, Humphreys attacked alone, only to be repulsed with considerable loss. By halting to fight on the 7th instead of pressing his retreat, Lee sacrificed his last chance. The purposeless detention had wasted invaluable time which he could not make up by night-marching, lost him the supplies awaiting him at Appomattox Station, and gave Sheridan and Ord time to post themselves across his path at Appomattox Court-house. It was on the evening of the 7th that there was sent from Grant to Lee the first letter of a memorable correspondence, the tone of which reflects on both the writers higher and truer honour than the most glorious victory either ever achieved. Grant's share in the correspondence is the finer. His spontaneous chivalry is very grand, especially as manifested in his final letter.

Pending the arrangements for a meeting of the two high commanders, the retreat and the pursuit were actively prosecuted on the morning of the 8th. Humphreys and Wright marched close on the heels of Lee's rear-guard, callous to Lee's requests that they should not press upon him while negotiations were going on for a surrender. About eleven o'clock the 2nd and 6th Corps had come up with Lee's army entrenched in the vicinity of Appomattox Court-house. They were being formed for attack when General Meade arrived, who sent a letter to General Lee suggesting a temporary truce, in view of the negotiations for a surrender. Lee halted for the night of the 8th in the vicinity of Appomattox Court-house.

On the 7th, Sheridan with his cavalry passed through Prince Edward's Court-house, leaving Crook to make a reconnaissance to Farmville; and, crossing the Dansville road and the Buffalo River, bivouacked near the Lynchburg railroad. Next morning he started due west, followed by General Griffin with the 5th Corps and General Ord with the 24th Corps, and moved rapidly toward Appomattox Station. On the way a scout met him with the intelligence that there were four trains of railway waggons at that station waiting Lee's arrival. An hour before sundown Custer, who was in advance, caught sight of the freight cars and the smoke of the locomotives. He promptly ordered his leading regiments to make a circuit to the left through the woods and regain the railroad in the rear of the trains; while he with the rest of his division rode straight down the road and made himself master of the long lines of waggons. They were being moved off towards Farmville when Sheridan came up, to be greeted by an artillery fire opened on him from the woods on his right. Custer captured most of the guns, and drove before him towards Appomattox Court-house the surprised and demoralised Confederate troops who were the advance of Lee's army, fighting far from their thoughts.

Early on the morning of the 9th, Crook's cavalry division of Sheridan's corps was out to the front, holding his ground stubbornly against heavy odds. But he was gradually being forced back; and, ordering Crook to retire slowly, Sheridan sent word to Ord and Griffin to hurry forward. Seeing the Federal troopers retiring and so apparently opening a way of retreat, the Confederate troops yelled, quickened their pace, and

doubled their fire. But their yell died away when the long lines of Federal infantry presently emerged from the woods in the Confederate front. Lee's soldiers fell back in utter surprise as the serried lines of Union troops reached the open ground with cavalry massed on either flank. The lines halted as there came out from Appomattox Court-house, now plainly visible, a horseman bearing a flag of truce, to ask for time to consummate the surrender. Sheridan consulted with Ord, who was his superior officer, and the two generals rode towards the Court-house through the groups of broken Confederates. They were met on the neutral ground by the Confederate generals Gordon and Wilcox, who asked for a suspension of hostilities, and added that General Lee was prepared to surrender his army. Longstreet joined the group with a letter from Lee to Grant, with which Sheridan immediately despatched a staff-officer to find the Union commander-in-chief. In no long time Grant rode up to where, at the end of the broad grassy street of the village, Generals Ord, Sheridan, and others were waiting to greet him.

"Is General Lee up there?" asked Grant.

"Yes," replied Sheridan.

"Well then, we'll go up," was Grant's terse remark: he never wasted words.

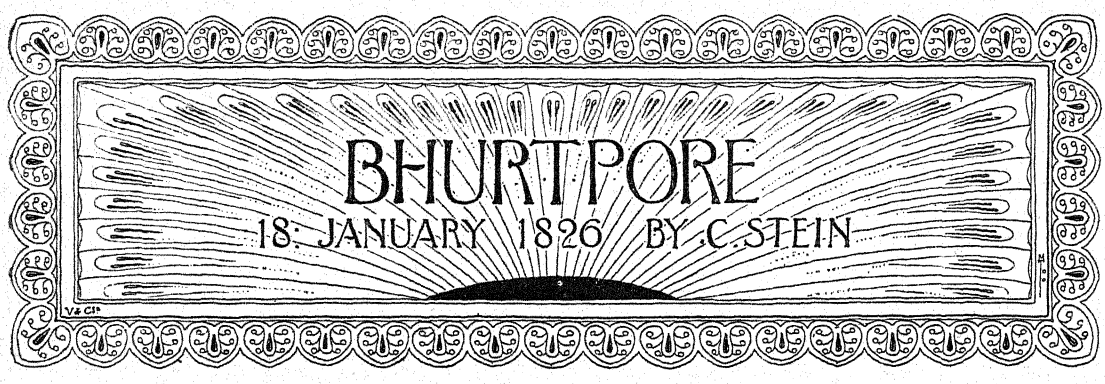
On the right-hand side of the street was Mr. McLean's house, and to it General Grant was conducted to meet General Lee. Ord and Sheridan, each with three or four staff-officers, accompanied him to the fence of the lawn, where all dismounted. Grant, with one or two officers of his personal staff, entered the house. The other officers sat down in the piazza and waited. The contrast in appearance between General Lee and General Grant was marked. The Confederate chief was a man of noble presence, of a tall, soldierly figure, with a full grey beard. He was dressed in full uniform of the rebel grey, with a high grey felt hat with gold cord, long buckskin gauntlets, high riding-boots, and a valuable sword. Grant was in rough garb, which was splashed with mud. He wore a soldier's blouse with the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant-general, and carried no sword. The two men fell into conversation about old army times in Mexico. The conversation grew so pleasant that Grant almost forgot the object of the meeting, and Lee had to recall his attention to the business in hand, suggesting that the terms of the surrender should be committed to writing. Grant took pen in hand and wrote swiftly. He voluntarily conceded everything to the broken soldiers of the Confederacy. Officers and men were to be paroled. The Confederate arms and public property were to be given over, with the exception of the officers' side-arms and their private horses and baggage. This done, officers and men were to be permitted to return to their homes. When Grant read the terms regarding the side-arms, horses, and private property of the officers, Lee remarked with some feeling that this favour would have a happy effect on his army. He then remarked that in his army the cavalrymen and artillerists owned their own horses. Grant replied that he would take it upon himself to instruct his parole officers to allow every man of the Confederate army who claimed a horse or mule to take the animal to his home; and Lee acknowledged with gratitude the humanity of the concession.

Lee in a sentence accepted the proffered terms, and in effect the great rebellion was now at an end. At Lee's request, and on his statement that for several days his men had been living exclusively on parched corn, Grant undertook to supply rations for 25,000 men, the remnant existing of the Confederate army. Then the two commanders saluted cordially and parted. As Lee stood in the porch while his horse was being bridled up, looking over into the valley towards his army, he smote his hands together several times in an absent manner, apparently unconscious of the Federal officers, who had risen respectfully as he came out, and seeming to see nothing until he was recalled to himself by his horse being brought up.

When definite intelligence of the surrender reached the Union lines, the firing of a salute of 100 guns in honour of the great event was begun, but Grant immediately ordered that it should be stopped. In his own words—words that honour him—he wrote: "The Confederates were now our prisoners, and we did not want to exult over their downfall."

As Lee rode slowly along his lines, his devoted veterans pressed around their chief, trying to take his hand, touch his person, or even lay a hand on his horse. The general, then, with head bare and tears streaming down his face, bade adieu to the army. In a few words he told the brave men who had been so true in arms to return to their homes and become worthy citizens.

Thus closed the career of the "rebel" Army of Northern Virginia.



"OH, you may bully us, but go and take Bhurtpore!" was, in the early decades of the century, a common saying among the petty chiefs and rajahs of Hindustan, when they were coerced by British rule. This powerful Jat fortress had, in 1805, been attacked by the great Lord Lake, but there that brilliant commander's career of victory was checked by the strong, well-armed works, staunchly held by numerous defenders, and he was obliged to withdraw his army after suffering heavy losses. Bhurtpore had thus, among the natives of India, acquired the character of being impregnable, and was considered to mark the limit of British conquest, to be the point from which the menacing tide of British sway must always recede.

In the later years of the life of Runjeet Singh,* the rajah who had successfully defended his stronghold against Lord Lake, that ruler had maintained pacific relations with the British Government, probably influenced by the strong measures for the settlement of Central India which had at that time been so effectually carried out. On his death, however, internal dissensions arose in the Bhurtpore state. He was succeeded by his son, Buldeo Singh, who, apprehensive of the ambitious designs of his younger brother, Doorjun Sal, applied to Sir David Ochterlony, British agent at Delhi, to recognise, in the name of the British Government, the heirship of his son, Bulwunt Singh.

After some consideration, Sir David Ochterlony, one of the wisest and ablest among the many wise and able men who have made our Indian Empire, consented to give the young prince, Bulwunt Singh, the desired recognition, invested him with a dress of honour, and acknowledged him as the heir-apparent to the musund. Soon afterwards Buldeo Singh died, not without suspicion of poisoning, and the troubles which had been apprehended broke out in the fashion so common in Eastern states. Doorjun Sal grasped the rule of Bhurtpore. The citadel was seized, the young rajah, Bulwunt Singh, was thrown into confinement, and English influence was defied. On this, Sir David Ochterlony, with the spirit and energy which he had ever shown in his long military and civil career, issued a proclamation to the people of Bhurtpore, urging them not to desert their rightful sovereign, who, he promised, would be supported by the authority of the British Government, backed by a strong military force which was even now being assembled.

Ochterlony's words were no empty threats, and he was on the point of marching on Bhurtpore to put down the usurper when his movement was arrested by peremptory orders from the Supreme Government. It is impossible to know why Lord Amherst, the then Governor-General, inflicted so great a slight, such a marked censure, upon a most distinguished public servant, who had only acted in the spirit of orders which he had received and in pursuance of a policy whose first steps had met with approval. It is to be feared that some inimical influence was brought to bear against Sir David Ochterlony. In any case the end of his long and distinguished career was clouded by the quasi-disgrace inflicted on him, and the high-spirited old general died within the year of a broken heart.

In 1825 the Indian Government was carrying on a war with Burmah. Its military operations in that country had not always been successful, and exaggerated stories of failure had reached the chiefs and peoples of India. Speculations

* He must not be confounded with the Sikh Runjeet Singh, "the Lion of the Punjab."

even were afloat as to the possible impending downfall of the Company's raj, and it was only upon the urgent advice of Sir Charles Metcalfe, the successor of Ochterlony at Delhi, that the additional serious business of crushing Doorjun Sal at Bhurtpore was at length decided upon. the purpose required, and orders were issued for the preparation of a very powerful army to be at the disposal of Sir Charles Metcalfe, in whose hands were placed the issues of peace or war. The safety of India was practically staked upon the action of this great civilian. It was his to



A GROUP OF JATS.

If this usurper's defiant attitude had not met with condign punishment, general commotion would have been stirred up in the whole of Upper India, and the prestige of English power would have been most gravely compromised. Although Sir David Ochterlony had previously collected a strong force, it was considered that, now that Doorjun Sal had had time to consolidate his power, this force was insufficient for restore Bulwunt Singh, by diplomacy and persuasion if possible, or, if these failed, to use the army at his disposal with promptitude and vigour. Never was confidence better placed, and in all the many onerous positions which Sir Charles (afterwards Lord) Metcalfe filled both before and after the Bhurtpore war, never did he acquit himself more ably.

The commander-in-chief in India at that time

was an old officer, in infirm health and unfit to take the field, who had long wished to resign. The intelligence of the probable necessity of war with Bhurtpore had reached the Court of Directors in England, and, in the appointment of a new commander-in-chief, it was above all things necessary to select a soldier of high reputation, who could be trusted with the conduct of great operations. The choice fell upon Lord Combermere, who, as Sir Stapleton Cotton, had been the able and daring leader of the British cavalry in the Peninsula, who had served in India in the last war with Tippoo Sultaun, including the taking of Seringapatam, and who in his early youth had gained experience and rapid promotion in the Flanders campaign of 1794. With regard to Lord Combermere's present selection, it is said that a deputation of East India Company's directors sought the Duke of Wellington, in order that he might indicate to them a commander likely to accomplish what even the victorious Lake had been unable to effect. In answer to their inquiries as to whom the great duke considered the most fitting person, he replied, "You can't do better than have Lord Combermere. He's the man to take Bhurtpore." It was well known that the duke's opinion of his cavalry general's capacity, despite his great services, was not high. When he named Lord Combermere, therefore, the astonished deputation could not help remarking, "But we thought that your Grace did not think very highly of Lord Combermere, and did not consider him a man of great genius."

"I don't care a d——n about his genius. I tell you he's the man to take Bhurtpore," exclaimed the duke. After this emphatic recommendation there could be no further doubt about the appointment, and in June, 1825, Lord Combermere sailed for India.

Bhurtpore is situated about thirty miles west of Agra, and is surrounded by a wide, sun-baked plain, whose surface is broken by a few insignificant eminences and some low rocky ridges. In 1825 the town was about eight miles in circumference, enclosed by an enceinte of thirty-five semicircular bastions connected by curtains. These fortifications were built of clay, mixed with straw and cow-dung, and, as this composition had been put together in layers, each of which was allowed to harden in the sun's rays before another was added, while the whole was strengthened by rows of tree-trunks buried upright, it was considered almost impossible with the artillery of the time to establish a practicable breach in the city walls. From the construction of the bastions enfilade was also very difficult in many cases. On some of the bastions there were cavaliers, and the body of the place was completely commanded by a citadel of very great strength, rising to a height of one hundred and fourteen feet above the level of the ground. Since the attack by Lord Lake many additions had been made to the defences. The enceinte had been strengthened, and one new bastion, the Futteh Boorj, the bastion of Victory, was said to have been built up on the skulls and bones of the thousands of the ill-fated "gora log" (white men) who had fallen in Lord Lake's attempt to storm the Jat fastness. Outside the enceinte was a strongly-revetted dry ditch a hundred and fifty feet broad and fifty-nine feet deep, and this could be filled with water by cutting the bund, or embankment, which separated it from the Moti Jheel (the Pearl lake), situated a short distance from the place. The garrison numbered 25,000 men, belonging to some of the most warlike races of India. Strong in position, armament, resources, and, above all, in the proud remembrance and prestige of former victory, truly Bhurtpore stood a formidable antagonist, challenging the full might of England's Eastern dominions.

The army of which Lord Combermere was about to take command had been assembled at Agra and Muttra. It was composed of nearly 30,000 men of all arms, including a powerful siege-train, and was drawn from the flower of the European and native armies. Major-General Reynell commanded the right wing at Muttra, and Major-General Nicholls the left at Agra. Everything that skill, prudence, and foresight could devise as necessary for the operations in view was carefully prepared, and the whole force was animated by the most confident spirit, the highest hopes that it would honourably accomplish its great task.

On the 5th December Lord Combermere arrived at Muttra. There he was joined by Sir Charles Metcalfe, who, having exhausted all peaceful means to induce Doorjun Sal and his followers to give way, now used the authority vested in him to set the army in motion, and placed the further conduct of affairs in the hands of the commander-in-chief. He himself remained with the army as a spectator of its operations. The movement from Agra and Muttra commenced on the 8th and 9th December, General Nicholls being directed to take up a position on the west of Bhurtpore, while

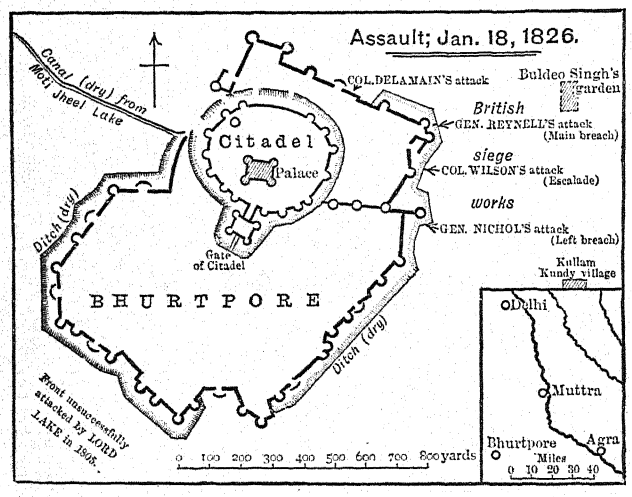
General Reynell, with whom was Lord Combermere in person, was to establish himself opposite the north-east angle, and it was expected that the two wings of the army would communicate on the 10th by the bund to the north of the town.

The first object to be secured was the safety of this bund. It was known that the enemy would at once cut it, as soon as Bhurtpore was seriously threatened, so as to let the waters of the Moti Jheel pour into the ditch. To frustrate such an attempt, the success of which would have added enormously to the difficulties of the siege, General Nicholls sent forward an advanced guard of the 16th Lancers and Skinner's Horse, supported by the 14th Regiment. This detachment arrived in the very nick of time. The bund was found strongly held by the enemy, who had just begun to make an opening, through which the waters of the Jheel were beginning to flow. Five minutes later it would have been impossible to stop the rapidly-increasing current. Skinner's Horse was at the head of the advanced guard, and without hesitation charged the Jats, who, taken by surprise, resisted obstinately, but were driven back to the town. They were followed so close by the irregular cavalry and the 16th Lancers that the enemy shut the gates upon their own men, for fear that their pursuers might force their way in with the crowd of fugitives. Meanwhile, by great exertions, the engineers managed to close the gap which had been made in the bund, and General Reynell provided for its future security by stockading it and making it a strong military position. This first exploit of the besieging army was afterwards held to be the fulfilment of a prediction made by Brahmin astrologers. These learned men had said that Bhurtpore could only be taken by an alligator, which should drink up the water of the ditch surrounding the town. The Sanscrit word for alligator is *Kombeer*, which in the eyes of the natives was sufficiently near to the name of the chief, who, if he did not drink up the waters of the ditch, at least prevented the ditch from being filled by the Moti Jheel. When Lord Lake attacked Bhurtpore, he had erred in thinking that the defences could be carried at once by *vive force*, and Lord Combermere, with the warning of the past before him, resolved not to break ground until a most careful examination had been made of the obstacles to be overcome. After the investment was completed on the 11th December, therefore, the following nine days were employed by him and the engineer officers under his command in reconnoitring every part of the fortress and its surroundings. The prolonged reconnaissances in different directions had besides the useful effect of diverting the enemy's attention from the point of attack eventually selected, and were profitably employed by the troops in making the many thousands of gabions and fascines which would be required in the siege works. On the 20th the examination of the scene of action was complete, the siege train and engineer park were all present, wanting in nothing, and Lord Combermere decided that the north-east angle of Bhurtpore's defences should be the point of attack. It was true that here the defenders would be able to concentrate the fire of the largest number of their guns, but this fire would only be effective while the besiegers were at a certain distance from the ditch. As they approached closer, however, the guns on the fortifications could not be depressed sufficiently to reach them, and they could only be fired at by matchlocks in the hands of men themselves exposed to the concentrated discharge of artillery and musketry from the parallels of approach. The great points in favour of selecting the north-east angle were that here the defences were totally unflanked, the ditch was more shallow than at other parts, and there was a ravine falling into the ditch, which gave cover to any parties who might have to descend into it.

The point of attack having been determined, it became necessary to seize two positions, hitherto held by the enemy, about eight hundred yards from the place and the same distance from each other—the village of Kullum Kundy and the pleasure-garden of Buldeo Singh. This was done with little loss, and both positions were strongly fortified and stockaded to serve as flanking supports for the line to be occupied by the engineer working parties. The line of investment was drawn closer round Bhurtpore, and, on the 23rd December, the first parallel was traced about six hundred yards from the ditch. It was about this time that one of those difficulties arose from the caste prejudices of the pampered Bengal sepoys which so frequently neutralised the value of their good service, which on more than one occasion produced grave disaffection, and which long years later culminated in the terrible catastrophe of 1857. The native infantry working parties detailed for the trenches objected to parading in camp with pickaxe and shovel and marching with their tools to the scene of their labours, on the score that this made them look

like low-caste coolies. They were, in fact, on the point of refusing to work at all. Fortunately, by a mixture of conciliation and firmness, Lord Combermere was able to overcome the difficulty before ill-feeling had time to spread. If it had come to a serious head, the siege must inevitably have been raised.

Heavy gun and mortar batteries were now constructed, and, from the morning of the 24th, a rain of shot and shell was poured on the defences and into the town of Bhurtpore. Offers had been made to Doorjun Sal of permission for all women and children to quit the doomed town under safe conduct, but it was not till the 25th that the rebel chief allowed all the women, not belonging to the royal family, to depart,

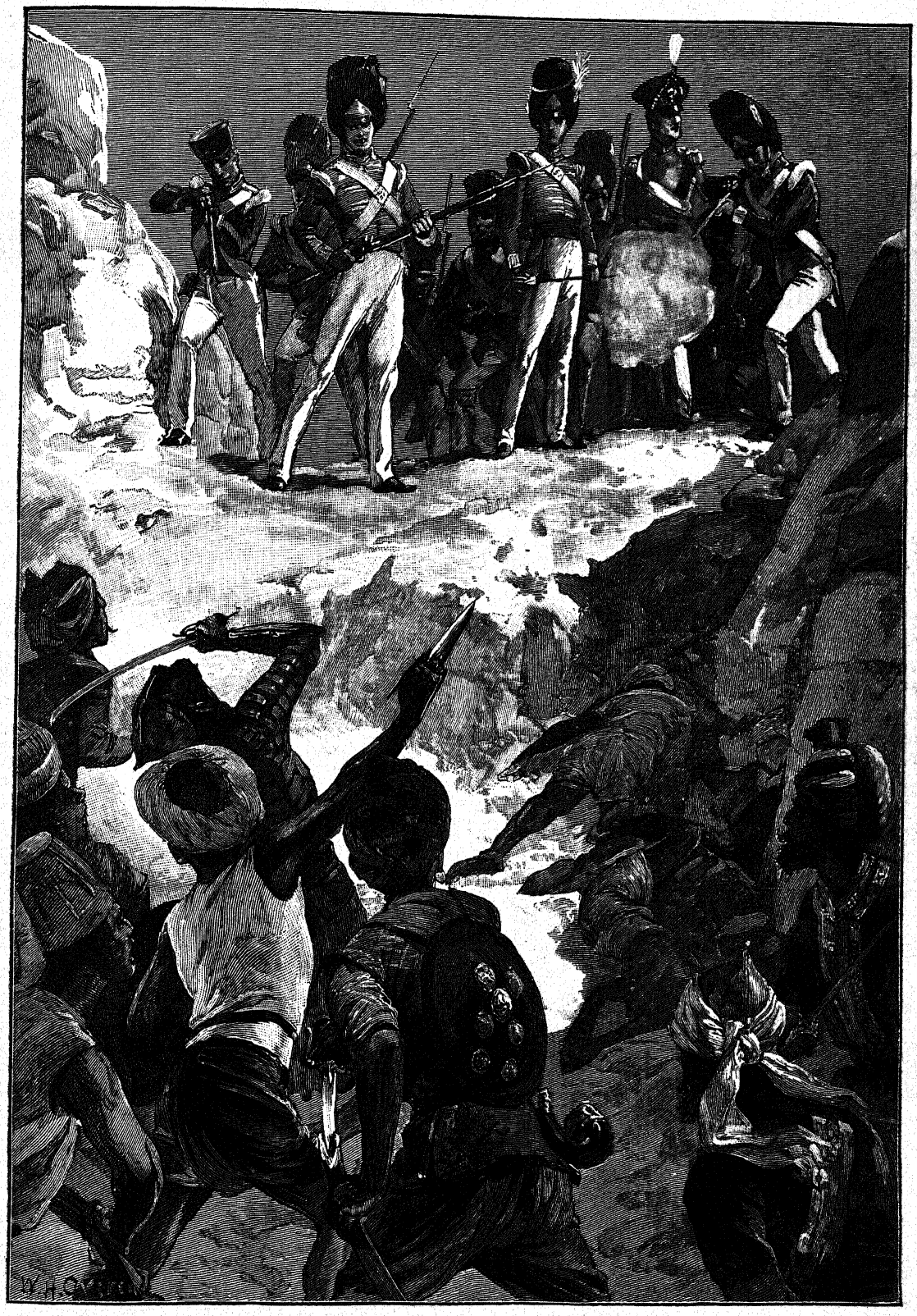


and these were suffered to pass through the besiegers' lines unscathed and unsearched. It was afterwards discovered that the fugitives had carried off immense treasures secreted about their persons. Nor were they the only persons who made good their escape. A large body of the enemy's cavalry made a vigorous sally at a weak point in the line of investment, and succeeded in cutting their way through to the open country.

On the 25th happened also a circumstance, fortunately almost unknown in the English army. A bombardier of artillery, named Herbert, deserted to the enemy. For his crime no possible motive could ever be discovered. He was a man of very good character, wore a Waterloo medal, and must have known the fate that awaited him when the city fell, as fall it certainly would. Not only did he desert, but he was afterwards seen laying the guns on the ramparts, laying them too with such good effect that Lord Combermere himself narrowly escaped death from a shot aimed by the renegade. Needless to say that at the close of the siege, when he fell into the hands of his former comrades, he was tried by court-martial and hanged.

As had been foreseen, it was possible to carry on the siege works without the men engaged in the trenches suffering much from the enemy's artillery fire. The guns of the defence could not be sufficiently depressed, and were really only effective when they were laid on the approaches and on the reserves of *matériel.* A long, heavy brass gun in the citadel constantly pitched its shot into the camps with such precision and damaging results that the tents had to be moved beyond its range. An ammunition tumbril in rear of the trenches was exploded by a chance shot, with the result that a large quantity of powder blew up and some storehouses with their contents were burned. In the beginning of the siege too the reliefs for the trenches used to march off at 4 p.m. The passage of such large bodies of men raised great clouds of dust above the trees and vegetation of the outskirts, at which the enemy, who knew the ground and distances perfectly, were in the habit of firing with fatal effect. On one occasion the 35th Native Infantry lost fifteen men by one shot, which struck the third section of the leading company and ploughed its deadly way through the column. The hour for the reliefs was immediately changed to dusk, when no tell-tale signs betrayed their movements.

From the 25th till the 31st the siege works were steadily and rapidly carried forward, the parallels and batteries crept nearer and nearer to the great ditch, till at last the counterscarp was crowned, and the last breaching batteries contemplated by the engineers were established. The operations were daily covered by sharpshooters, principally taken from the Ghoorka Sirmoor battalion, whose fire was so constant and accurate that scarcely a single enemy dared to raise his head over the parapet of the city's ramparts, and the musketry fire of the defence was thus almost completely subdued. The results of the unremitting discharge of the siege artillery were, however, not encouraging. So strong was the construction of the fortifications that but little effect was produced upon them, and the prospects of taking the town by breaching



"CARMICHAEL'S FOLLOWERS FIRED INTO THE DENSE CLUSTER OF MEN IN FRONT OF THEM" (p. 339).

alone seemed to become more and more remote. Efforts were redoubled, new and more powerful batteries were brought to bear, and for four more days the crushing storm of shot smote bastion and curtain so heavily that a great gap was at last formed, which, as it was seen from the counterscarp, appeared to offer a way for a storming party. So practicable did it seem that Lord Combermere, under the advice of the engineers, ordered an assault to be made on the 7th January. Among the troops detailed were 600 dismounted men from the different cavalry regiments with the army, eighty from the 11th Light Dragoons, the same number from the 16th Lancers, 200 from Skinner's Horse, and forty from each regiment of native cavalry. A touching story is told of the valour and faithfulness of the men of Skinner's Horse, one of the earliest formed of the many distinguished native irregular cavalry corps which have fought for England. They had served their gallant colonel for many long years in frequent wars, and obeyed and loved him, more as tribesmen do a chief than as paid soldiers follow an officer. The party for the assault was told off according to roster for duty, for the whole regiment had volunteered for the dangerous service. Skinner placed at their head Shadull Khan, one of his oldest, most faithful and trustworthy native officers, and then addressed them: "This is the first time of your going into danger when I cannot accompany you; but such is my affection for you all that I cannot allow you to part from me without carrying with you something dear to me." Then, taking his son by the hand, who had only lately entered the corps, he continued—"See, here is my son! Take him and gain for him such honour as you have won for his father." On this old Shadull Khan stepped forward, and, taking young Skinner by the arm, called out in reply: "Farewell, our own commander. Trust in God, who never deserts those faithful servants who do their duty, and who, please God, will now do their utmost to maintain the honour of the corps."

But the assault was not delivered on the 6th, and the cavalry were not, after all, called upon to ascend the breach. Curiously enough, it was not to the professional engineers that was due the countermanding of an attempt, which, even if successful, must have been attended with a tremendous sacrifice of life, but to Colonel Skinner, the grey-haired veteran of Indian war, who had twenty years before been present with Lord Lake at this very spot and whose sword had seldom been sheathed in the intervening time. He was attending Lord Combermere in a reconnaissance, and was by him asked his opinion of the breach. Skinner diffidently said that, though not an engineer, he did not believe it to be practicable, and that, from his experience of Indian sieges, he thought that the men of the assaulting force would sink up to their armpits in the loose rubbish. An engineer officer on the staff maintained that it was practicable, but said that he would soon ascertain the fact, and, gallantly rushing forward, crossed the ditch under the enemy's fire, examined the breach, and found it as Skinner had said. He returned, fortunately unscathed, and patting Skinner on the back, said, "Old boy, you are right and I am wrong."

The result of this and other reconnaissances was the determination no longer to place the chief reliance on the breaching batteries, but to make mines the principal feature of future operations. Some mining work on a small scale had already been done, and an attempt had been made to spring a mine under the north-east bastion. Owing to the smallness of the charge, however, very slight effect had been produced, but in the attempt a jemadar of native sappers gave an example of brilliant and devoted gallantry. It had been his business to fire the mine. The port-fire was, unfortunately, damp and ineffective, so the jemadar, reckless of results to himself in the performance of his duty, applied the match to the hose itself. So rapid, in consequence, was the explosion, that the unfortunate man had not time to withdraw himself from the influence of the mine, and was fearfully burned and injured. He was carried back to camp, where he lingered in agony for several days; but his last hours were comforted by immediate promotion, carrying a pension for his family, bestowed by Lord Combermere. His native comrades were much touched by this act of the commander-in-chief, and said that it was good to serve a general who "thought less of pice than of brave acts."

Lieutenant Forbes, of the Engineers, appears to have the credit of devising the great combined system of mines which was now to form the principal part of the future operations. A deep and heavily charged mine was to be sunk under the angle of the bastion, a subsidiary mine was to be placed under the right breach, so disposed as to improve the ascent and destroy the enemy's countermines, while a third mine was to blow in the counterscarp and facilitate the descent into

the ditch. It should be here mentioned that three breaches were now in process of formation, the main breach in the next bastion to the south and a smaller breach in the adjacent curtain. General Reynell's division was encamped in front of the first, while General Nicholls's division faced the remaining two.

The history of the siege after the 7th January is a record of continuous battery and bombardment, and of constant and persevering effort in mining and countermining. There was opportunity for many gallant deeds, and many gallant deeds were done. Did the enemy construct a gallery in the scarp which gave them easy access to the ditch, at once Captain Taylor and Sub-Conductor Richardson of the Engineers, with ten sappers, volunteered for the perilous duty of destroying it, and succeeded in their object, favoured by the good fortune which ever favours the bold. Did the general desire to know what operations the enemy were carrying on near the breach, forthwith a havildar with twelve Goorkhas crossed the ditch and gained the required information in the teeth of determined resistance. Over and over again we find the names of Captain Irvine and Captain Taylor of the Engineers mentioned for acts of cool and desperate daring which, in our more fortunate days, would have gained a Victoria Cross, but which were then held to be sufficiently acknowledged by a mere letter of thanks from the adjutant-general. And whenever there was any service requiring the utmost audacity and military prowess, the soldiers to whom it was most often confided were the Goorkhas, then a recent addition to our native army, who, equally formidable with the British musket as with their native weapon—the short, heavy, keen-edged kookrie—never failed in any task, however perilous. Well have these little mountaineers maintained on many subsequent battlefields the reputation which they began to build up at Bhurtpore, of being the bravest, the most loyal, and the best disciplined of the many native races which furnish soldiers for the service of England.

An exploit performed by Captain Carmichael of the 59th Regiment deserves more than passing notice on account of the soldierly spirit which dictated it and the brilliant completeness of its execution. A report had been brought by spies into the camp that the Bhurtporeans had cut trenches across the breach opposite to General Nicholls's division, and had otherwise so fortified it as to make it impregnable to the headlong onset of a storming party. General Nicholls was anxious to obtain exact information as to the truth of the report, but this could only be gained by personal inspection, in broad daylight and under the observation of the numerous defenders, whose muskets and spearpoints could be seen glinting on the ramparts. Captain Carmichael's intrepid spirit prompted him to volunteer to lead the small party which would undertake to clear up the well-guarded secrets of the defence. It was the highnoon of the sultry Indian day, the hour when it is the native custom to yield for a time to sleep and when the extreme vigilance of the enemy might be expected to be somewhat relaxed, that he chose for his heroic enterprise. The Grenadiers of his own regiment, the 59th, and a detachment of Goorkhas were on duty in the advanced trenches. No need to call upon such men for volunteers to follow him and share his adventure. All sprang forward eager to be chosen, and the only difficulty was to keep the numbers employed within the desired limits. The total number taken was only twelve, half of whom were 59th Grenadiers and half Goorkhas. Captain Davidson of the Bengal Engineers also joined the little party, which, headed by Carmichael, stole quietly out of the trenches. With breathless anxiety their rapid rush across the ditch to the foot of the breach was watched by their comrades left behind. At every pace it was feared that a hail of bullets would pour from the ramparts and sweep them away. But no, either drowsy or careless, the Jats gave no heed. Carmichael and his men cleared the wide ditch unnoticed and found themselves at the foot of the pile of stones and dried mud where the strong wall of the fortress had been shattered. They commenced the steep ascent and, scrambling on hands and knees, in a few moments stood within the fortification which they had so long watched from a distance. Startled into wakefulness by the sudden appearance of their foe so close to them, whom they doubtless took to be the head of a storming party, the Jats seized their arms and gathered for resistance. Carmichael's followers took full advantage of the surprise and deliberately fired a volley into the dense cluster of men in front of them. Then, as the smoke cleared away, they carefully surveyed the interior of the fort and noted all its features, having even the audacity, moreover, to pelt their enemy with the lumps of mud and stones which were to hand. The Jats realised at last how feeble was the party that insulted them, and rushed forward to punish their temerity. Carmichael's object

had been gained, however, and he plunged down the breach in retreat. There was a rush, in pursuit, of the exasperated enemy to the top of the breach, and the little reconnoitring band was in deadly danger from the many weapons about to be pointed at them. But the muskets in the English trenches were ready and aimed. Fingers were now on the triggers, and the first crowd of the enemy was swept away by the calculated discharge before they could use their matchlocks. The places of the first that fell were quickly supplied, but ever the heavy and well-aimed fire from the trenches flamed forth with crushing effect,



VISCOUNT COMBERMERE.
(*Photo, Mayall.*)

and, covered by the friendly storm which hurtled over their heads, Captain Carmichael and his men regained the shelter of their lines almost unscathed. The sole casualty was one grenadier, struck dead and falling into the advanced English trench, so nearly had he achieved safety. The result of the daring adventure was the knowledge that the breach, though a formidable obstacle, was not impregnable, a knowledge which was soon to be of inestimable value.

On the 17th January the engineers reported to Lord Combermere that the mines on which the issue of the siege depended would be ready that night. They were, as before noted, three in number: one under the angle of the north-east bastion, loaded with 10,000 lb. of powder connected by a train 300 feet long leading under the ditch; another, less heavily loaded, destined to improve and extend the breach; while a third, still smaller, was to blow in the counter-scarp. The hour of final and decisive action was at hand and the orders were given for the assault on the following day. Two columns were formed for the service, placed under Generals Reynell and Nicholls respectively, and these again were divided into smaller forces for the purposes of support and mutual assistance. The direction of the principal attack was given to General Reynell and was to be thus carried out:—The main breach was to be stormed by two brigades acting under General Reynell's personal command. The leading brigade, Brigadier McCombe's, was to be headed by the Grenadiers of the 14th Regiment, followed by a spiking party of artillerymen. The brigade was to consist of four companies of the 14th, the 58th Native Infantry, and 100 Nusseeree Goorkhas. Brigadier Patton's brigade, consisting of four companies of the 14th, the 6th Native Infantry and five companies of Goorkhas, was to support Brigadier McCombe in the first rush. After the top of the breach should be gained, the leading brigade was ordered to turn to the right along the ramparts; the other brigade to the left. This main attack was to be supported on its right by a column under Lieut.-Colonel Delamain, composed of two companies of the 1st European Regiment, the 58th Native Infantry, and 100 Goorkhas, which was to storm a small breach near the Juggeenah Gate.

General Nicholls's main attack was to be made on the left breach by Brigadier Edwards at the head of seven companies of the 59th Regiment, the 31st Native Infantry, and 100 Sirmoor Goorkhas. This, again, was to be flanked by a strong escalading attack under Lieut.-Colonel Wilson, which was to ascend the wall by ladders at a re-entering angle near the main breach. Other smaller subsidiary attacking parties were detailed, but every column, every storming party, received the most minute instructions, and no contingency was left unprovided for. Sappers with tools for breaking through walls of houses, men carrying ropes with nooses to be slipped over the beams in the rampart and thus to form hand ropes, artillerymen to spike the guns—all were ordered to be present, ready to follow the first stormers. Brigadier Fagan, with the 21st, 35th, and 15th Native Infantry, was ordered to support General Nicholls's attack, and a reserve column under Brigadier Adams was to be formed in the trenches to cover a retreat in case of failure.

At half-past four on the morning of the 18th the troops silently entered the trenches, where they were to remain hidden till the signal for assault was given. The most advanced parallels taken to keep the assemblage of soldiers hidden from the enemy with whom they were so soon to grapple hand to hand. Not a head was raised, not a bayonet was to be seen over the trenches,



"THE JATS, MAKING A FRANTIC LEAP FOR SAFETY, WERE BURIED IN ITS DEPTHS" (*p.* 343).

were not occupied, as it was feared that the *débris* of the exploding mines would cause many injuries to people within their influence. The commander-in-chief himself inspected each column, made sure that his orders had been carried out and that every precaution had been not a sound was to be heard in the still morning but the low hum rising from a mass of men quivering with excitement and with difficulty restraining their pent-up feelings. A little after eight o'clock an engineer officer reported to Lord Combermere that the mines were ready,

and the order was given that they should at once be fired. Every eye was turned to the points of the expected explosions, and followed with keenest suspense the lightly curling smoke, which showed the gradual ignition of the trains. At last with a mighty roar the two lesser mines exploded, doing all the work that had been expected from them. Alarmed by the sudden and mighty shocks and fearing an immediate assault, the garrison crowded to the angle of the bastion, the sunlight gleaming on their white garments, their armour, and waving weapons. Little did they think that death was even now leaping towards them, and that their time on earth was to be counted by seconds. Even as they gathered and shouted defiance, there was the convulsion of the great mine's explosion. The whole bastion heaved and rent. An ear-splitting crash like loudest thunder shook the air, and where the bastion had been, a dense cloud of dust and smoke arose, mingled with the bodies and limbs of the ill-fated wretches, with stones, timbers, masses of earth, and indefinable *débris*. To the authors of that terrible destruction the spectacle was appalling; among the sufferers by this gruesome expedient of cruel war were scattered broadcast confusion, dismay, and death in its most horrible forms.

Nor were the effects of the great explosion confined to the defenders of Bhurtpore alone. Even more far-reaching than was anticipated spread the shadow of death. Scattered fragments of the upheaval were hurled into the English trenches, where the stormers were lying ready for action and Lord Combermere himself was present in command. Two sepoys standing close by the commander-in-chief were killed. Brigadier McCombe was struck down, and Brigadier Patton, with Captain Irvine, Lieutenant Daly of the 14th, and nearly twenty men of the 14th, were either killed or wounded. When the echoes of the mighty crash had ceased, the whole scene was still hidden by the thick cloud of smoke and dust which hung like a veil over rampart, ditch, and trenches. As it slowly cleared away, the Grenadiers of the 14th and 59th were seen charging impetuously up the steep faces of the breaches. Staggered as the enemy had been by the mine, they yet gathered bravely in defence, and poured a heavy fire of grape and musketry on the attackers. Major Everard, who led the 14th, made good his ascent, and in a few moments the colours of the regiment were seen floating on the summit. The 59th were equally successful. Their band played the stirring strains of the "British Grenadiers" as they left the trenches. The breach was steeper, the fire to be encountered heavier than at the main attack, but, unchecked by difficulties, undismayed by the fierce resistance, they pressed stubbornly on till they also stood triumphant within the enemy's works. The remainder of the columns directed by Generals Reynell and Nicholls followed where the 14th and 59th had led the way. There was a moment of hesitation in one native infantry corps, but when General Reynell himself, standing on the top of the ruined bastion exposed to the heavy fire from the citadel, called out to them to follow him, they answered to the appeal and plunged with confidence into the fight.

As had been directed in orders, the head of General Reynell's column turned to the right to clear the ramparts as soon as the breach had been crowned, while the native infantry penetrated into the town and moved through it parallel to the storming party. The defenders of Bhurtpore rallied gallantly and, facing Everard and his Grenadiers in hand-to-hand conflict, disputed every inch of ground. There was no time for the actual combatants to load and fire. The *melée* was between tulwar on one side and bayonet and musket-butt on the other. Match-lock fire from the adjacent houses told heavily on the English, but still the 14th fought their way on, driving their enemy before them. And of that enemy many brave men died where they stood rather than step one backward pace. The Jat gunners in particular would not forsake the pieces which they had served so well, and, at the close of the fight, were almost to a man found lying dead, sword in hand, round their loved artillery.

It will be remembered that Lieut.-Colonel Delamain had been detailed to lead a column to the attack of a breach near the Juggeenah Gate on the right of General Reynell's main assault. He also had won his way into the town, though with heavy loss, as a mine had been fired by the enemy beneath the feet of his stormers and blown up many. His success was complete, however, and, clearing his path to his left along the fortifications he met Major Everard, who was coming in the opposite direction. And now one of the most terrible catastrophes of the day happened to the defeated but still desperately fighting Jats. Between Colonel Delamain and Major Everard there yawned a steep and narrow gorge, about sixty feet deep, and the two bodies of English troops arrived at the opposite sides of

this gorge, simultaneously pressing their foes before them. From both sides the Jats were driven backwards at the point of the bayonet towards the abyss and, either victims of shot or steel or making a frantic leap for safety, were buried in its depths. In a few minutes several hundreds lay piled at the bottom of the gorge, a helpless, groaning mass. To add to the horror of their condition many of them wore armour of quilted cotton, impervious to sword cut and even to musket ball. This armour had in many cases been set on fire by the close discharge of musket or pistol, and the wretched wearers were slowly roasted till death came as relief to their inconceivable torture. A noble attempt was made to rescue some of them and a few were extricated, but time and means were not available for the work of mercy, and, a few hours later, nothing was left but "a confused mass of burned and burning bodies."

It has been said how the 59th Grenadiers, at the head of General Nicholls's column of assault, carried the left breach. They were followed and well supported by the remainder of the column, and were, soon after entering the town, joined by Brigadier Patton's brigade of General Reynell's division. Colonel Wilson, who had been detailed to lead an escalading party, had little opposition to encounter, and, though he himself and about thirty men mounted the wall by ladders, the greater part of his command found it easier to enter the town by the breach.

All the storming parties were now in Bhurtpore, and while some of them cleared the circle of ramparts of their defenders, the remainder traversed the town in every direction, driving the enemy from their positions in the streets and out of the houses, from which a desultory fire was being kept up. Brigadier Fagan, who commanded General Nicholls's second brigade, following in support of Brigadier Edwards, found ample work for his force in quenching the last embers of resistance in the great city, and Brigadier Adams, who commanded the general reserve, when the success of the day was assured entered by the Agra gate to bring fresh and unbroken troops for the duty of keeping order. The fighting, which continued from house to house and from street to street, took a heavy toll of loss from Lord Combermere's army before all was quiet, and, amongst others, Brigadier Edwards received his death wound while bravely leading his men.

The commander-in-chief had himself shared to the full the toils and dangers of his army, and that he was not the first to mount the breach was less due to his own prudence and caution than to the more than verbal dissuasion and influence of his staff. The blood of the old Peninsular *sabreur* boiled at the sight of the stormers' charge, and, casting his dignity to the winds, he yearned to join personally in the first shock of conflict. He was induced, however, to wait and follow the leading sections, though even thus the enemy's bullets pattered on the ground as he passed over it. He made his way to the glacis of the citadel and summoned it to surrender. As no reply was given, he sent for a couple of twelve-pounders to blow open its gates, while some field-guns which had been dragged up the breach opened on it a heavy and well-directed fire. By three o'clock in the afternoon the twelve-pounders had arrived, and everything was prepared for blowing in the gate when a deputation came out with an offer of unconditional surrender. The 37th Native Infantry was sent for to take possession, and after brief delay they entered and the king's colour of the regiment was hoisted on the battlements of the citadel—a sight of joyous triumph, for it told the completion of the day's stern work.

Shortly afterwards the news was brought in that Doorjun Sal had been captured by the cavalry, which hemmed in every outlet from the town. When he saw the fortune of the day going against him, he had collected a vast amount of treasure, and with his wives and children, at the head of a picked body of horsemen, he had thought to cut his way to escape. But the toils were set too close, and he had to yield to Lieutenant Barbor of the 8th Light Cavalry. Every horseman of his escort had from 1,200 to 2,000 gold mohurs, equal to from £1,920 to £3,200, sewn in the lining of his saddle.

The loss of the garrison of Bhurtpore is estimated at about 13,000 killed and wounded during the siege, of whom 4,000 were slain in the assault. Most of the remainder were taken prisoners, the cavalry alone having captured 6,000 or 7,000 after the town was stormed. The British casualties during the siege and in the assault amounted to 1,050 killed, wounded, and missing, including seven officers killed and forty-one wounded.

Thus was captured the great fortress, a feat of arms which, though now almost forgotten, yields in brilliancy to few of our country's military achievements, and had an influence on the fate of England's rule in India that can hardly be exaggerated.

The Defeat of Abd-el-Kadr by the French

ISLY: August 14. 1844

By Major Arthur Griffiths

THE scene was an improvised garden in North Africa, just across the frontier line between Algeria and Morocco, on the banks of the river Isly. The time —night: a cool breeze had succeeded the torrid heat of day, and the French camp was alive with gaiety, brilliantly illuminated by many coloured lanterns which blazed upon the pink blossoms of the oleanders and the tamarisks.

A military "punch," as it is called by the French army, was in progress—a kind of festive entertainment given by the officers to some newly-arrived comrades.

The only thing wanting to complete success was the presence of the commander-in-chief.

Marshal Bugeaud—*le père* Bugeaud, as he was styled affectionately by his soldiers—had retired to his tent, and was already asleep on his truckle bed. He was worn out with fatigue. A momentous battle was imminent. The marshal had been busily engaged all day in preparing written instructions for all commanders of corps under his orders. Who would dare awaken him?

The only one bold enough for the task was a civilian—M. Léon Roche, the principal interpreter of the army and long the marshal's close associate and intimate friend. Even he was sharply received when performing this unpleasant duty. But when the old man heard the reason he got up; dressed, still grumbling, and started for the centre of the camp. Here he found himself surrounded by an animated concourse.

All the officers of rank crowded round him and welcomed him warmly. Then it was that he delivered himself of a famous little speech, which is said to have had no insignificant effect upon the fighting of next day.

"It will be a great day, you may depend," he said with much animation. "We shall be terribly outnumbered. Our army has only 6,500 bayonets and 1,500 horse; the Moors, so I am told, are at least 60,000 strong—all horsemen. Yet I wish there were three or four times as many: the more numerous they are the greater will be their disorder, the worse the disaster when they are attacked.

"You see, ours is an army; the Moors have only a mob, and this is what, I think, will happen. I shall form my men in the shape of a boar's head. The right tusk will be General Lamoricière, the left Bedeau, the muzzle will be Pelissier, and I shall be behind the ears. Who shall stop our penetrating force? My friends, we shall split the Moorish army up as a hot knife cuts into butter. I have only one fear, and that is that the enemy will not wait for us."

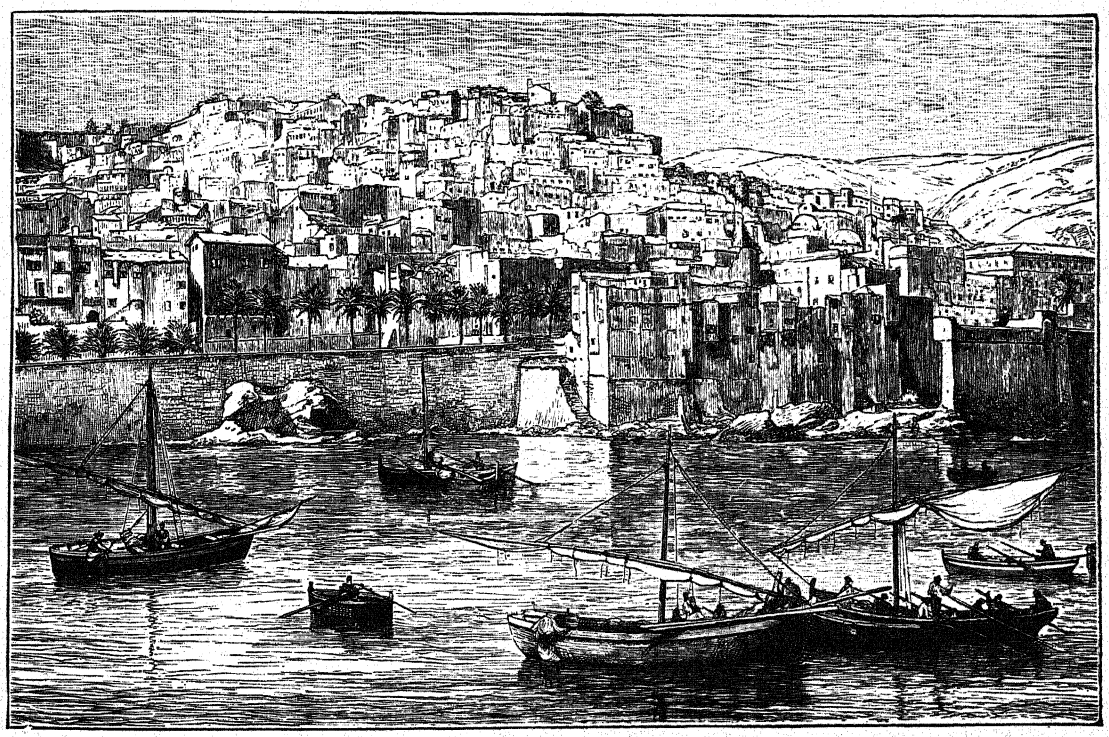
This spirited speech evoked the wildest enthusiasm. A report of it, and of the words the old marshal had used, rapidly spread through the camp; it was repeated from mouth to mouth, and fired the troops with their leader's desperate but self-confident courage. All, like him, were only afraid the Moors would escape out of their hands.

The battle of Isly, then imminent, may be called the final stroke for supremacy in Algeria. Although not actually fought on Algerian soil nor against the Algerian Arabs, it yet stamped out their opposition by utterly destroying the power of Abd-el-Kadr, the great Arab chief who alone had successfully resisted the French for so long. These two men, Marshal Bugeaud and Abd-el-Kadr, the one a Frenchman, the other an Arab, are really the most prominent personages in the history of the Algerian conquest: both earned great distinction—the one as a soldier, the other as a patriot. Before dealing with the last great episode in this struggle, which had extended over fifteen years and is not definitely ended even now—for to this day Arab submission cannot be called complete, and insurrection is always possible—some account should be given of the two remarkable men who

were so closely connected with it. Isly may be said to have firmly established the fame of the one, Bugeaud, and to have practically closed the independent career of Abd-el-Kadr, the other.

Marshal Bugeaud was a product of the Napoleonic *régime*, one of the last of the great soldiers turned out by the Grande Armée. Born of a family but recently ennobled, he liked to call himself a man of the people : he always said he was prouder of his grandfather, the blacksmith, who had founded the family fortunes, than of his father, the aristocrat, who had dissipated them. Bugeaud was but badly educated, and at the age of twenty, when a big, burly, stalwart youth, he enlisted as a private soldier in the Imperial Guard, to find literally in his knapsack the field-marshal's bâton which, the proverb declares, every French conscript carries there. He won his epaulettes a couple of years later at Pultusk, in Poland, and he took active part in many of Napoleon's campaigns ; but his promotion was not rapid, and he was only a colonel at Waterloo. After his master's fall he shared the emperor's disgrace, and retired into private life, only to return to the army and gain the rank of general after the revolution of 1830. He took then to political life, and as an outspoken deputy with the courage of his opinions he had to fight several duels in defence of them. In 1836 he entered once more upon his natural sphere, and was sent to Algeria as a general of brigade.

At this time Thomas Bugeaud was a hale man of fifty, tall, muscular, and broadly built, every inch a soldier, with the imperious manner and decided air of one practised to command ; he had an iron constitution, was "greedy of fatigue and inaccessible to the infirmities of age." Bugeaud was the idol of his men : his first and last thought was for them ; their comfort, well-being, and instruction were his most constant and unremitting care. A dozen stories are preserved of him proving this. He was known to dismount from his horse to help a muleteer to replace the bundles which had fallen from a pack saddle. "I have seen him," reports an eye-witness, "take the trouble to shift the sentries' posts after nightfall so as to deceive the keen-sighted Arabs and keep his men out of fire." He would fall back to the rear-guard to admonish and encourage his soldiers, talking to them one by one in the kindest and most friendly way. Sometimes he would halt a column on the march and order the men to undress. Woe then to the commanding officer if any soldier was



ALGIERS.

found to be without the regulation flannel belt! The best story told is, perhaps, that which earned him the sobriquet of the Père Casquette (Father Flat-cap). On one occasion his camp was surprised: through the carelessness of the outposts the Arabs broke in and opened a heavy fire. All was dire confusion at first, but the marshal rushed out of his tent and restored order: indeed, with his own strong hands he struck down two of the assailants. But when all was over and the Arabs driven back, the marshal, as he stood in the strong light of the camp fires, saw that all eyes were directed to his headgear, and that every one was laughing. Putting his hand to his head, he found that it was still covered with his night-cap; so he called someone to bring him his *képi* or *casquette*, and the cry was set by some soldier-composer to music that very night. Next morning, when the bugles sounded the rouse, a battalion of Zouaves accompanied the music with a chorus about the cap—

As-tu vu
La Casquette,
La Casquette?
As-tu vu
La Casquette
Du Père Bugeaud?

The impromptu air pleased the old marshal mightily. Ever afterwards the first bugle-call at dawn was called the "casquette," and the marshal himself was often heard telling a bugler to sound the *casquette*. Sometimes, when the troops were wearied and footsore, he would order the favourite tune to be played; the men, taking heart, would strike up the chorus, in which the general himself would join.

What especially endeared Bugeaud to his soldiers was his unfailing readiness to share their privations. Nothing annoyed him more than to see infantry officers riding saddle-horses. He issued a peremptory order once on the subject: "This abuse must be immediately stopped. Infantry officers must not lose sight of the fact that the surest method of obtaining from their soldiers the self-denial and energy required to endure toilsome marches under a burning sun is to set the example of going on foot as the men do." Upon one occasion the marshal was roaming through his camp alone and unobserved when he heard a dispute between an old and a young Zouave. The latter was bemoaning his fate: for three days he had been wet to the skin, and not a chance of drying himself; not a bit of bread nor a glass of brandy was to be bought at the canteen. "Conscript," cried the other, taking him sharply to task, "if you had been on sentry at the Père Casquette's tent as I was yesterday, you would give up grumbling. He is a duke and a marshal of France, but he was gnawing at a bit of biscuit like the rest of us, and drinking a mug of water." There was a loud shout of applause from all around, and the marshal, when he afterwards told the story, said he had never felt so proud in his life before.

A leader of this sort was certain to be worshipped by his men, but old Bugeaud was equally humane and considerate to the Arabs. It is on record that when governor-general of the province he looked out of the window one morning as he was shaving, and saw a Maltese strike an Arab brutally. Without a second's thought the marshal ran out in his shirt-sleeves just as he was, with the soapsuds on his face, turned out his guard, and had the Maltese arrested and given in charge of the police.

When Bugeaud first reached Algeria he was very much dissatisfied with the plan on which the war had been waged: he was certain that the Arabs would be best tackled by light movable columns unencumbered with baggage or artillery. In spite of the marked disapproval of his lieutenants he persisted in carrying out this system. At this time Abd-el-Kadr was the most formidable antagonist the French had in Algeria, and it was with him that Bugeaud was now to try conclusions. He did so victoriously at the battle of the Sickack, when at small cost he all but broke up and dispersed Abd-el-Kadr's forces. But the Arab chief was still a danger, and Bugeaud was desired, if possible, to bring him to terms. The moment was rather critical, for Clausel had just failed in the siege of Constantine, and the French hold on Algeria was growing precarious. It was said that Bugeaud was to renew the war against Abd-el-Kadr if he could not induce him to make peace, but in this he presently succeeded, and the celebrated Treaty of Tafna was the result. By this the French recognised the emir as an independent ruler over the western part of Algeria and the mountainous interior, in return for which Abd-el-Kadr acknowledged the sovereignty of France. The Arabs on each side were to be free to come and go, and those within the French limits were to have full religious toleration.

It was hoped that this treaty would be the first step to a pacific settlement of Algeria, and as soon as it was signed the high contracting parties met to make each other's acquaintance.

General Bugeaud (he was not yet a marshal) was very eager to meet the Arab chieftain who had so long defied the power of France. It was now seven years since Abd-el-Kadr had set himself up in opposition to the French by heading the Arabs of Tlemcen in a holy war against the infidel invader. When the French first invaded Algeria he was a remarkable youth, barely four-and-twenty, the son of a marabout, or priest, of great sanctity whom the tribes had invited to take the lead. This marabout, by name Mahiddin, refused, but passed on the offer to his son. Great things had been prophesied of Abd-el-Kadr: he had accompanied his father to Mecca, and there had been hailed by a holy fakir as a future sultan of the Arabs; and he undoubtedly proved the most remarkable man who had appeared among the western Mohammedans for more than a century. Towards the end of his career, in 1843, Marshal Soult classed him among the only three men then alive—all Mussulmans—"who could legitimately be called great." These were Schamyl the Circassian, Mehemet Ali the Egyptian Pasha, and Abd-el-Kadr.

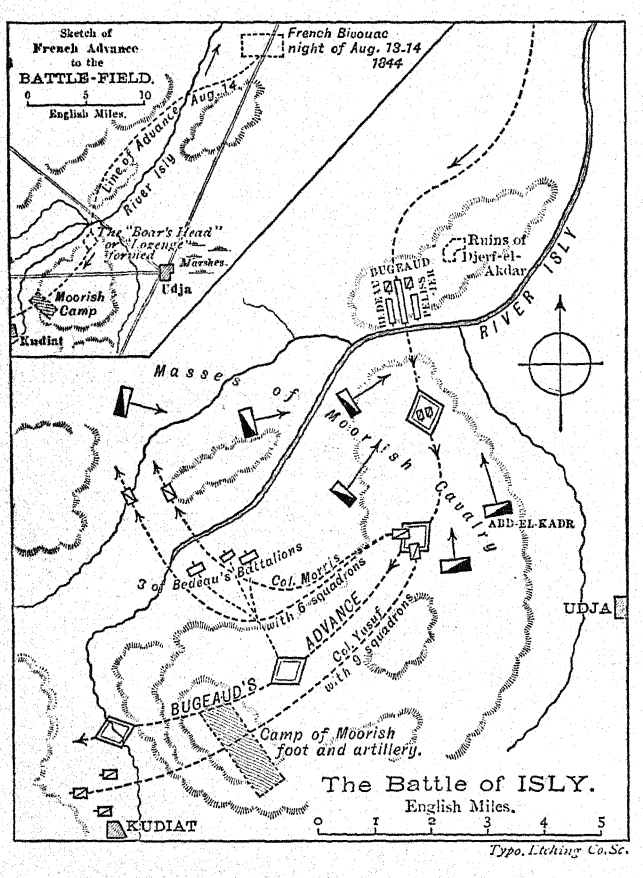
The son of Mahiddin, as he was called, first took up arms against the French in 1833 by attacking Oran. Although repulsed, he gradually consolidated his power by his indomitable energy and the personal influence he exercised over the Arab tribes. Thousands of them flocked to his standard, and for four years he proved a most redoubtable antagonist. The person of Abd-el-Kadr at the time when Bugeaud met him was prepossessing, and gave outward proof of his inward remarkable character. A prisoner who spent some time in his camp describes him as very small in stature, with a long deadly pale face and large black languishing eyes, an aquiline nose, small delicate mouth, thin dark chestnut beard, and slight moustache. He had exquisitely-formed hands and feet, which he was continually washing and trimming with a small knife. In dress he studied the utmost simplicity, wearing fine white linen without a vestige of gold or embroidery. Bugeaud thought his appearance quite that of a devotee, but he was skilled at all martial exercises, was a fine horseman, and always beautifully mounted in the field.

The contrast between the stalwart old Frenchman and slightly-formed Arab must have been very great. Both were anxious to maintain their dignity; neither at first would give way. When Bugeaud dismounted, Abd-el-Kadr hesitated, but at length did the same; they sat side by side on the grass and talked for forty minutes. Then Bugeaud rose to go, but Abd-el-Kadr did not move from his seat. This might have been intentional disrespect, and was not to be borne, so old Bugeaud protested. "I fancied," as he afterwards told the French Chamber, "I saw in it a certain claim to superiority, and so I made my interpreter tell him 'when a French general rises, you should also rise.' While my interpreter was translating the words, I took Abd-el-Kadr by the hands and lifted him up. He was not very heavy."

A special interest attaches to the meeting of these two men, for they were again to be pitted against each other in the coming years. The Treaty of Tafna was only a truce. Abd-el-Kadr accepted the terms in order to get time for fresh preparations and to consolidate his power. He was now at the zenith, holding authority over a large territory, feared and obeyed by thousands of adherents. In France the treaty was viewed with extreme disfavour, and after the fall of Constantine it was clear that a fresh appeal to arms would be gladly entertained at home. When Abd-el-Kadr protested against a demonstration made by Marshal Vallée into the mountain country through the celebrated Iron Gates or *portes de fer*, the French Government decided to resume offensive operations. They were, however, forestalled by Abd-el-Kadr, who again raised the standard of a holy war, and much fighting with many massacres followed. Desultory operations, by no means favourable to the French, dragged on for three years, during which they lost hold on the interior and were more and more restricted to the ports and strong places on the coast. At last General Bugeaud, who was once more in France actively engaged in politics, was offered the supreme command in Algeria, and went back as governor-general to the scene of his old successes.

Bugeaud was a soldier of broad views and abounding common-sense. He saw that he had now to deal not with an army, but with a nation in arms. He knew that it was useless to operate with large bodies of troops against wild tribes constantly on the move; that he must catch them on the run, defeat them wherever he found them, compel them to lay down arms, then overawe them into peaceful submission. It was the further development of the lesson he had learnt in 1836. He organised his forces in small compact columns: a few battalions of infantry, a couple of squadrons of cavalry, two mountain-howitzers, a small transport train on mule- and camel-back; as speed was the first consideration,

he employed only picked men, those inured to the climate and to fatigue. They moved in the lightest marching order, carrying only muskets, ammunition, and a little food. A strip of canvas served as haversack, but was unsewn; three of these could be joined together, and thus form a shelter for three men. This was the origin of the famous *tente d'abri*, the only form of encampment for a large portion of the French army in the Crimea.



The command of those movable columns was entrusted to the smartest of the young officers Bugeaud found around him. He had no lack of choice. The campaign in Algeria had now lingered on for many years, and had served as an admirable military school, in which some of the most eminent soldiers, men to be hereafter more widely known, won early distinction. Among these were Changarnier, Cavaignac, Lamoricière, Bedeau, St. Arnaud, Canrobert, Pelissier, and the king's son, the Duc d'Aumale. The chief, ever active and enterprising, could count upon lieutenants eager to vie with him and give full effect to his views. Bugeaud set them a fine example. The old general was indefatigable, ready to move at a moment's notice to any point that was threatened, to take the lead in any important operation. When he was at Algiers, a steamer lay in the bay with steam up prepared to take him anywhere along the coast. He slept very little, and when he woke at any hour he roused his secretaries and kept them busy with dictation for hours. Throughout it all he was full of gaiety and wit; he delighted in talking, in lecturing his staff, and telling amusing stories. Yet nothing was too small for his attention; he never missed or neglected an opportunity.

A couple of years saw a very marked change in the position of the French in Algeria. Marshal Bugeaud's method of warfare was entirely successful. He won combat after combat, driving Abd-el-Kadr further and further into the hills. One by one he took the Arab chieftain's strongholds. The fort and citadel of Tackdempt, which was Abd-el-Kadr's chief arsenal and stronghold, was captured and destroyed; then a second fortress among the hills fell into French hands; after that Boghar and Thaza were taken from Abd-el-Kadr, and he was driven back into the Atlas Mountains, while his power was much shaken throughout the province of Oran. But he was not yet crushed, and while the French were engaged against the mountain tribes, Abd-el-Kadr made a descent upon the coast near Cherchell, which spread general alarm through the colony. Again he was driven back and continually pressed by several corps, which, converging, sought to enclose him between them. One of these, commanded by the Duc d'Aumale, captured by a bold stroke Abd-el-Kadr's *smalah*, the great collection of tents with all his family, followers, and possessions, which he was in the habit of moving about with him wherever he went. Afterwards, when a prisoner in French hands, the emir declared that there were 60,000 people in his *smalah* when attacked by the Duc d'Aumale. This multitude consisted of tradesmen of all kinds, armourers, saddlers, tailors, smiths; an immense market was held within it weekly; all Abd-el-Kadr's treasure was there, his wives, his horses, all he owned.

The Duc d'Aumale, with a small force, had come upon the *smalah* after a long pursuit and

a fatiguing march of thirty hours; his men had hardly slept, they had eaten with their bridles over their arms, and only chocolate or biscuit, for they were afraid to betray their presence by lighting fires. The great numerical strength of the enemy suggested prudence, but the duke was for immediate attack. "My ancestors never retreated," he said. "Gentlemen, I will not be the first to do so." With a few brief words to charge both flanks and centre at once, he dashed on overbearing all resistance. Almost at a blow four thousand prisoners were captured, including the emir's wife and mother, much treasure, all the tents, standards, and stores. The rest fled. It was an instance where conspicuous daring tells—where six hundred intrepid men defeated five thousand. "To attack such a superior force in this way," wrote a military critic afterwards, "a leader must be five-and-twenty, like the Duc d'Aumale; he must hardly know what danger is, or have the very devil in him." The French horsemen had covered ninety miles in thirty-six hours, and the supporting infantry were still eighteen miles to the rear. "Yet the duke attacked without hesitation: it was good; it was brave; it was brilliant!" This was the verdict of General (afterwards Marshal) St. Arnaud.



"CAPTURED BY A BOLD STROKE ABD-EL-KADR'S SMALAH" (*p.* 348).

The effect of this victory was disastrous to Abd-el-Kadr's cause. His adherents began to fall away from him; he was driven into the western corner of Algeria, and at last, despairing of other help, he crossed the Moorish frontier

and threw himself upon the mercy of the Emperor of Morocco. This monarch, Abderrhaman by name, at that time the most powerful ruler in Northern Africa, a descendant of the Prophet, and a most devout Mussulman, at once promised his help. War against Abd-el-Kadr's new ally became inevitable, although the French Government were not disposed to enter upon it lightly. They first remonstrated with the emperor, insisting that he should neither receive nor succour the enemy of France. As the answer was a haughty negative, Marshal Bugeaud did not wait for definite instructions from home (it was long before the days of the electric telegraph), but proceeded with all promptitude to take the initiative. Hostilities had already commenced on the frontier. There was sharp skirmishing at the outposts, but it was not till the middle of June that all hopes of an amicable settlement were at an end. By that date Marshal Bugeaud had embarked at Algiers with reinforcements, and proceeded to the mouth of the Tafna. There he disembarked, and advanced to Lalla Maghrina in the direction of the Isly river and some fifty miles south-west of Tlemcen. He was backed up in this by another son of the French king, at that time commanding a French fleet off the coast of Morocco—the Prince de Joinville, who joined the marshal heartily in his desire for vigorous action. The prince without hesitation at once bombarded Tangier, and sent the news to the marshal, whose answer was characteristic. The message reached him the 12th of August; the reply ran as follows: "Prince, you have drawn a bill upon me; I engage to honour it. To-morrow I shall execute a manœuvre that will bring me within touch of the emperor's army before he is aware of it; the day after, I shall defeat it."

This bold prediction was fully verified. On the 14th of August the battle of Isly was fought and won.

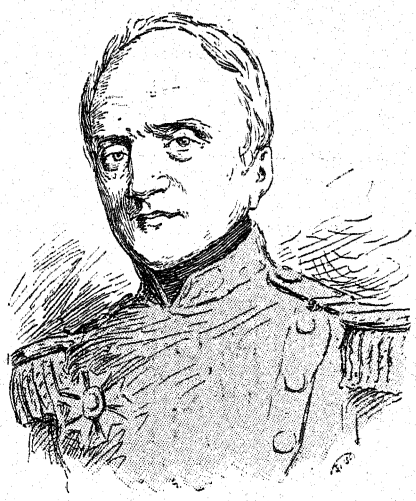
Abderrhaman's son commanded the Moorish army, which was mainly composed of cavalry, estimated afterwards by Marshal Bugeaud at not less than 45,000 strong. It was posted on the western or further bank of the little river in a series of camps, seven in number, "occupying," said an eye-witness, "a greater space than the circumference of Paris." The French had reconnoitred the enemy's position with their foraging parties sent out daily some distance to the front to cut barley and grass for the cavalry and transport animals. As a good plan to deceive the Moors, the foragers were despatched as usual on the 13th, with orders not to return at nightfall, when they would be reinforced in their forward position by the whole French army. By this stratagem the entire force was got within easy reach of the enemy unobserved. Express orders were issued forbidding the men to light fires or even to smoke their pipes.

At daylight Marshal Bugeaud made a demonstration across the river, but encountered no enemy. His advanced line, however, verified the position of the Moorish camp; and now as he prepared to cross with his main body, the Moorish cavalry came down to dispute the passage of the river, but were driven off by the fire of the French skirmishers. The French attack was to be directed upon the highest point of the hills opposite where the Moorish prince had his headquarters surmounted by his standards and his parasol. The advance was made in the formation devised by the marshal when he called it a boar's head. The right and left tusks were represented by infantry in columns ready instantly to form square when threatened by the Moorish horsemen. These now swooped down in immense numbers and with determined courage upon the flanks or "tusks," and were received by the squares "prepared to receive cavalry," while the skirmishers ran in and lay down for shelter under the bristling bayonets. The mounted men could not face the deadly fire now opened by the French infantry, and began to waver. Their charges were made in columns of great depth; the first line, being checked, threw the second into disorder, and both fell back upon the third, causing great confusion. The Moors, although good marksmen, could not return an effective fire, and their bullets went too high. Now the French artillery, no more than four light field-pieces, did great execution, and the enemy's onslaught had obviously failed.

Marshal Bugeaud saw that the critical moment had arrived, and proceeded to use his own cavalry with great promptitude and effect. It was in two portions, commanded respectively by Colonels Tartas and Morris. The first half of a total of nineteen squadrons was, with its right pivoted on the river, to circle round to the left and charge the camp; the second, under Colonel Morris, was to repel a threatened attack upon the French right flank by charging the enemy's left. The first of these movements, headed by Yusuf—an Italian by birth, who had once been an Arab slave, but who had joined the French on their first arrival and entered the Spahis—was entirely successful: his six squadrons of Spahis,

supported by three of Chasseurs, carried all before them, and, in spite of a well-sustained artillery fire, entered the camp and captured it. Everything—guns, tents, the shops of the artisans, all stores, ammunition, and food—fell into the victor's hands.

At this time a body of still unbeaten cavalry menaced Bugeaud's right flank, and was met by Colonel Morris with six squadrons of Chasseurs. He encountered a stubborn resistance, but was presently supported by Bedeau's infantry, when the Moors gave way. Morris now pursued, but the enemy faced round again, and, rallying his forces, seemed inclined to try to retake the camp. There were some twenty thousand of them, and they only yielded to a fresh attack made by the three arms: the artillery went into action on the western bank, the infantry under cover of the guns, the whole of the cavalry followed, and the Moors were completely overthrown. The enemy now retreated in hot haste, and were pursued for several miles. There was one episode in this last phase of the fight which might have proved disastrous to the French. Colonel Morris adventured too far with his horsemen, and found himself surrounded and in danger of being cut off. But he succeeded in holding six thousand horsemen at bay with his five hundred Chasseurs until assistance could reach him.

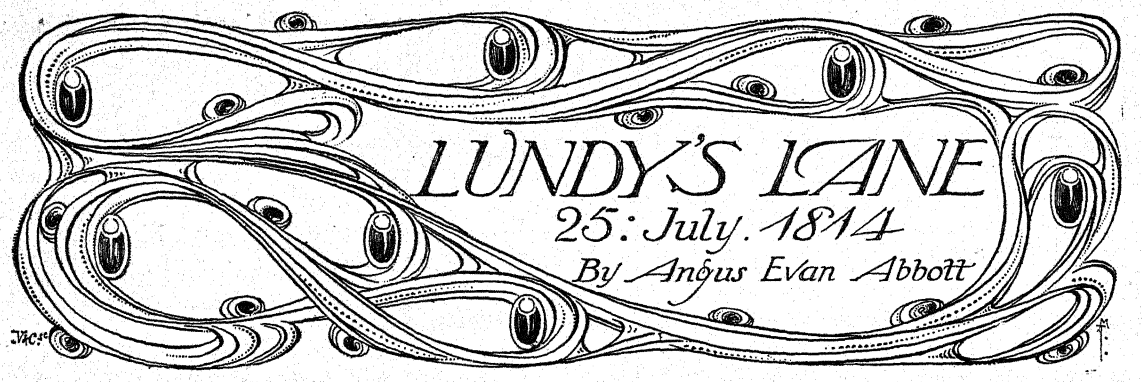


MARSHAL BUGEAUD.
(*After an old print.*)

The victory, gained at but small expenditure of life, was yet decisive. From twelve to fifteen hundred Moors were killed or taken prisoners; more than a thousand tents, many guns, a large quantity of small arms, and vast stores of war material were captured. At noon the French marshal entered the Moorish prince's tent, and beneath its magnificent shelter was regaled upon the tea and cakes prepared in the morning for that unfortunate youth. He himself had fled many miles to Thaza, and orders were already issued to continue the pursuit, when the emperor sent two chieftains into the French camp with proposals for peace. The terms eventually agreed upon were a substantial war indemnity, a rectification of the frontier between Algeria and Morocco, and finally the expulsion of Abd-el-Kadr from Moorish territory with an undertaking that he was never again to receive support or assistance.

But Abd-el-Kadr was still at large. He appears to have taken no part in the battle of Isly, although he must have been in the immediate vicinity. The day after, he was reported to be only a day's march distant, and a bold attempt was made by General Yusuf to seize him. The chief of the Spahis disguised a hundred of his troopers in Moorish dresses taken from the spoils of victory, the pointed headgear, long gun, and black burnouse, and after a forced march of fifteen miles he came unexpectedly upon an outpost which he charged and captured. There was no Abd-el-Kadr, but his secretary was made prisoner, carrying the official seal and with papers on him indicating his chief's movements. To know where the emir was going did not mean his capture. For three years longer he ranged the mountains or the desert of the interior, a proscribed fugitive without a vestige of his former power. At length in 1847 he came in voluntarily, and surrendered to the Duc d'Aumale, who was then governor-general of Algeria, and the conquest of the province was complete.

Abd-el-Kadr was sent to France and kept there in a sort of open captivity for a number of years. Eventually he was permitted to withdraw to Damascus, where he lived as a French pensioner until his death in 1853.



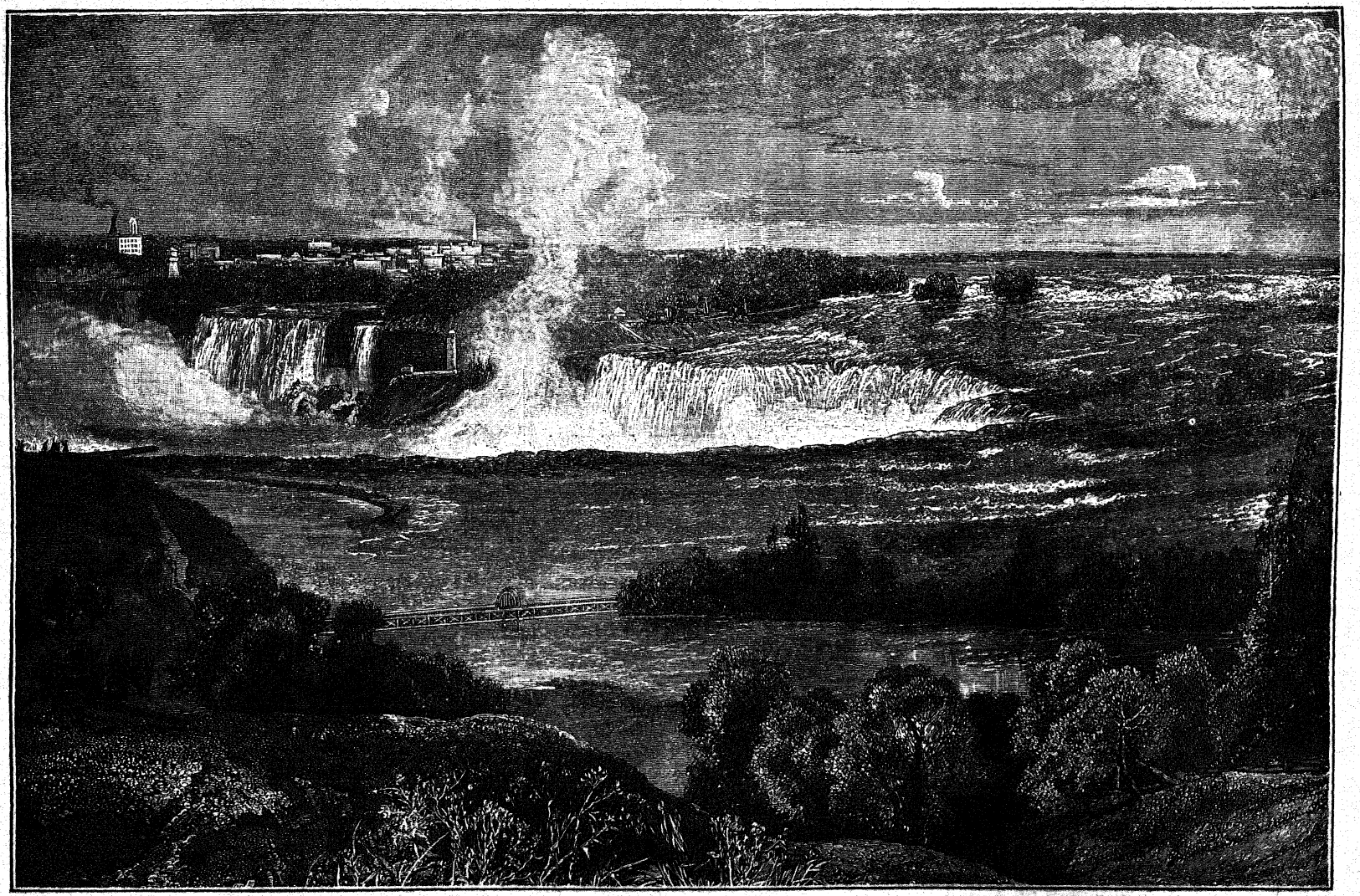
"The purple haze of legend blends
The dawning and the afterday.
Thro' thy dream-past his sinuous way
In the dim shade the Red Man wends,
Strides down Time's weird mysterious glen
And leaps into the world of ken."

To Canada.

LUNDY'S LANE! Strange, savage struggle; struggle in which Briton, Canadian, American, Iroquois, and Huron all met in chaotic deadly grapple on the bank of the great river, and by the side of the thundering falls whose veil of white spray hung from heaven like a winding-sheet. Lundy's Lane! where the red man's war-whoop mingled with the frenzied shout of the white, where the sharp crack of the musket cut the sullen roar of the cataract as lightning slashes the black cloud; fight of the early evening, of the long gloaming, of the night, dark before the moon hung in the sky. And when her pale face looked down between the slowly-drifting clouds, although her light fell upon many a blanched face, she saw crowds of maddened men still slashing with sabre, thrusting with bayonet, swinging their clubbed muskets around their heads as they battered a path, this way and that, for the possession of the field. It was the battle of battles in the War of 1812, Lundy's Lane. The sides that fought were blood-brothers. Their officers cried their orders in the same tongue, the men cheered the same cheer; the same courage, the same determination, the same unconquerable spirit animated all who fought the fierce fight across the narrow highway, Lundy's Lane, that led into pastoral Ontario.

Besides its being famous as a fight, Lundy's Lane has some peculiarities. Looked at from a purely military standpoint, the battle was in a way lacking in brilliant points and movements, being in fact a fair and square stand-up bit of slogging on both sides, the British holding a position and the American general, by repeatedly hurling his full force against the red-coats, attempting to carry the position. The peculiarities to which I now refer lay outside the actual fight.

In the first place, the battle can be called by any one of three names. The Canadians have named it Lundy's Lane, the Americans Bridgewater, and some few Canadians and British, and a good many American writers, refer to it as the Battle of Niagara Falls. Seeing that the fight took place on Canadian soil and across Lundy's Lane, it may be as well to accept the name the Canadians have given it. Certainly they should know best. They had everything to lose had the battle gone against the Union Jack, as at one point appeared not at all improbable, and the ground over which the fight raged is to them sacred ground. Another strange feature of the battle is that each side claimed a decisive victory. Search the histories of Canada and the United States and victory is credited to British or American according as the history is written by an Englishman or an American. Now, a battle can scarcely be won by both sides competing. One may be drawn, but that actual victory can never be won by both the opposing forces is certain; and with all due respect to the Americans, and the evidence their writers bring forward to support their contention, an impartial student of the battle will find great difficulty in discovering much logic in their claim. The American army came very near to winning a



THE NIAGARA FALLS.

brilliant victory, but that they did not win is quite evident from a recital of the undisputed facts of the fight. Admittedly the Americans captured the British guns—the key of the whole position—and admittedly they drove the British back and secured for a time possession of the position, and it looked as if all was over for the army of Drummond. But the British and Canadians charged again, regained the guns—this was all done in the dead of the night; and when the morning's sun rose the British army was in exactly the same place as it had been when the battle began, and the American army had retired to Chippewa. But subsequent events placed beyond all question where victory really rested. The next morning after the battle the British moved *forward* and the American army *fell back*, General Drummond finally cooping the Americans securely in Port Erie. The fact of the matter seems to be that the battle of Lundy's Lane was, as a fight, a duplicate on a grand scale of the battle of Chippewa, which immediately preceded it. At Chippewa the British attempted to carry a position, found the task an impossible one, and retreated to Lundy's Lane. At Lundy's Lane the Americans attempted to carry a position, found the task an impossible one, and retreated to Chippewa. No British writer claims Chippewa as a victory, and no American writer has any substantial grounds for looking upon such a reversal as the American army received at Lundy's Lane as a victory.

Lundy's Lane was fought on July 25th, the evening and the night of that date, 1814. Three summers had this cruel war dragged its course, and the little army of Canada, sorely battered on many an occasion, losing its ablest generals, and, moreover, far more of the rank and file than it could well afford, still fought grimly against the invading Americans, who swarmed to the borders to overrun the British possessions and to add another star to their flag by annexing Canada to the Union. The war had dragged horribly. The people of Canada, a country then of only some 300,000 souls, were suffering intensely. Every man, young or old, who could bear arms and could be spared, had been drafted to the defence of his country, and women found that it fell to their lot to do the work that formerly had been done by husband or son, now stationed at the various forts along the American frontier. Up to the year of the battle of Lundy's Lane Canada expected and, indeed, received but little assistance from the Mother Country, for Waterloo had not yet been fought, and all eyes were turned to the great danger that threatened England from the Continent. So it came about that the war with such a powerful nation as the United States pressed gallingly upon the Colony. But all the suffering was not confined to Canada. The people of the Republic, too, had suffered. Taxes grew to enormous proportions, their foreign trade completely died out, their ships rocked and rotted in the harbours, and their pride had suffered blow after blow, for their armies of born fighters had been kept in check and repeatedly defeated by small numbers of British and Canadians, the latter fighting fiercely for their homes. Nor does this convey anything like a complete idea of the difficulties America found herself in. Many of the New England States totally disbelieved in the war, and threatened to withdraw from the Union if an arrangement with Great Britain was long delayed. The American generals who first had power put into their hands almost without exception turned out to be incapable, and the soldiers, although true fighters, when they came to battle were lacking in discipline, and on more than one occasion their insubordination and grumbling caused their leaders to rush in when prudence cried caution. During the summers of 1812-13 there had been much fighting and little progress, and when the winter of the latter year closed down on the land and put a stop to hostilities, each side set its heart on doing something decisive before the summer of 1814 passed over.

All the winter there were great goings on in the harbours around the lakes. British and Americans each strained every nerve to build a fleet that should sweep the other from the lakes, and the war-cry sounded from village to village, and floated into many a quiet farmhouse, into many a rude log cabin in the woods calling for volunteers to the cause. Even in the wigwams of the red men the martial note was struck, and many a warrior sat over the fire of a cold winter's night polishing his flintlock, whetting his scalping knife, and hefting his tomahawk, while his squaw, muffled in blankets, sat as silent as a heathen idol, her black eyes fixed upon the glowing coal. Tecumseh was slain, but other chiefs had led out their bands to thirl the wood in search of scalps. Canada had been fortunate in her Indians. She had Tecumseh, Brant, Norton, and many other steadfast fighters. But now she was no longer to have it her own way in this respect.

Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, or to give him the name by which he is known to the white man—Red

Jacket—one of the most famous Indian orators of history, great chief and sachem of the Senecas, had been wooed and won to the American cause, and his orations addressed to his tribesmen were not long in setting the hot blood coursing through the veins of the Iroquois. His ringing appeals, addressed in the proper tone and rich in metaphor and legend, thrilled the minds of the bucks, and soon the Six Nations—the most fearless fighters that ever trod the American forests, whose war-whoops had rung on the air at many a stubborn contest between British and French—took up the hatchet and threw in their lot with the "Long Knives," as they called the American soldiers.

During the summer of 1814, at Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, Fort Erie, and many other bitter fights, the tomahawks of Seneca, Mohawk, Oneida, Cayuga, Onondaga, and Tuscarora whirled through the air at the heads of their old-time allies the British. Red Jacket, although in all conscience a feeble-hearted warrior, still was able to apply the torch of oratory to the brands that lay ready for the fire in every Indian's breast. The fever for the fight ran from wigwam to wigwam like fire through autumn leaves, and when the campaign of 1814 opened, the Iroquois painted their cheeks with ghastly colours, danced the war-dance before the great tent, and set their faces to the north to confront their Redskin brothers who fought under the Union Jack.

The campaign of 1814 opened early. Indeed, the frost had not relinquished its hold on the continent when the American troops were set in motion for their various points of concentration near the Canadian border. March is proverbially a harsh month in that part of North America through which the border line runs; but through the frost and snow the Americans trudged on their way. Four thousand troops—a woefully large number for the small forces in Canada to hold in check—under General Wilkinson, were the first to commence action at a little place known as Lacolle Mills. To reach this place the Americans had to cross Lake Champlain on the ice. This rather startling enterprise ended in disaster to the Americans, and General Wilkinson's military career closed. Some of his troops were forwarded to Buffalo, to fight under General Brown, on whose shoulders was placed the responsibility of making yet another attempt to conquer Canada.

After two years of fighting it was only natural that those officers who held command but lacked the necessary ability to conduct a campaign should be found out, and officers of the true metal placed in their stead. The Americans at first were wretchedly officered. But now Dearborn and Van Renssalaer, who had opened the war, were in retirement—there is reason to believe that they were men of real capacity but were hampered by public opinion and the unmilitary independence of their picturesque troops; Hull and Hampton had left the service in disgrace; Winder, Winchester, and Chandler were prisoners in the hands of the British; and now Wilkinson was relieved of command. So it came about that the troops concentrated at Buffalo were placed under the charge of General Jacob Brown, who led them against the British at Lundy's Lane.

Brown was then a man of about forty. He had been a county judge in New York State, and in 1809 was made colonel of militia, advanced to brigadier-general in 1810, and in 1812, at the declaration of war against Great Britain, was given command of the frontier from Oswego to Lake St. Francis, a strip of country some two hundred miles in length. So satisfactory to his Government were all his doings, that in January, 1814, he was placed in charge of the army of Niagara, with rank as major-general. Rapid promotion this, but Brown seems to have merited all the good things that fell into his lap. He proved to be a man of considerable executive ability and decision, and earned the confidence and respect of his officers and his men.

Under him he had a sound officer in Brigadier-General Winfield Scott, who, with untiring perseverance, spent the winter in drilling the troops, so that when they took the field no higher disciplined soldiers ever marched on the American continent. The very first battle these troops took part in proved their efficiency—their cool and soldier-like behaviour at the battle of Chippewa surprised their own leader quite as much as it did the British.

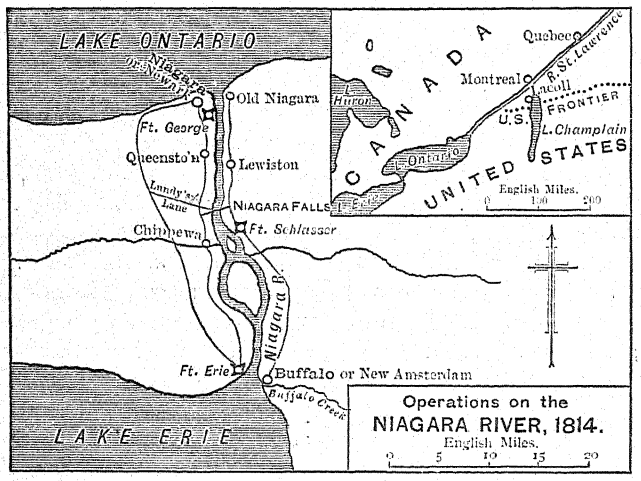
And now for the third year in succession Canada was to be invaded. On the previous occasions the Americans, officers and men alike, had set out with a light heart, looking upon the task of overrunning the country as a simple one. But events had shown that there was to be no walk over.

Early in July Brown set his army in motion. Brigadier-Generals Scott and Ripley marched their men to the Niagara River at a point where it receives the waters of the upper lakes to

tumble them over the great falls, and successfully landed on the opposite shore, their feet once more upon the threshold of Canada. Without opposition, there being no sufficient force to offer any, the Americans took possession of Fort Erie.

The news of this movement spread like the wind through Canada: horsemen galloped the well-worn roads, canoes rippled the waters of many a forest stream, and the couriers ran through the woods to apprise the people of their danger, and to speed fencibles, militia, and all to the front. That this invading army was an extremely dangerous one all very well knew.

General Riall commanded the British forces on the Niagara frontier. He, too, was an officer of great parts, and when the news reached him that General Brown had taken the initial step he energetically prepared to fight. His force in comparison with Brown's was ridiculously small. But during this war small armies well led had done wonders, and Riall made up his mind to fight without losing a moment. There can be no doubt that he under-estimated the Americans somewhat as regards their numbers and woefully as regards their discipline, and he suffered a severe repulse as a consequence of these mistakes. On Independence Day, July 4th, Brown quitted Fort Erie and marched his army down the Niagara to Chippewa. The troops held close to the river, while the Iroquois crept by their side, dodging behind the bushes and trees, and completely scouring the country. On July 5th the Americans reached Chippewa. This was as far as Riall had any intention they should proceed before he offered them battle.



Riall's force consisted of 1,500 regulars, 600 militia, and 300 Indians. Brown had 4,000 well-trained Americans occupying a strong position. But up to this time the Canadians had won so many fights against well-nigh overwhelming numbers that Riall determined to strike without waiting for reinforcements. The British troops charged in splendid order, and with a fierceness that was characteristic of this war. But the Kentucky riflemen stood firm as a rock, the Iroquois, too, fought with all their old-time bravery, and Riall found he was but smashing his head against a stone wall. Consequently, after a vicious little battle lasting an hour, Riall drew off defeated in his attempt to carry the Americans' position. But he retired his force in perfect order without losing a gun or a prisoner. He retreated to Twelve Mile Creek, where, meeting with reinforcements, he ceased his rearward march and returned to take up a position at Lundy's Lane, the Americans all this time remaining inactive at Chippewa. Chippewa was an effective repulse rather than a defeat, if such a distinction be allowed.

Riall was not destined to lead the British at Lundy's Lane. The chief in command was yet to arrive. Sir George Gordon Drummond, lieutenant-general and second in command in Canada to Sir George Prevost, heard of the invasion of the Americans when he was at Kingston, and at once set out for Niagara.

Drummond, like most of the British officers who commanded in Canada, had studied the art of war on many a hard-fought field. He was a Canadian by birth, and entered the army as ensign in the Royal Scots in 1789, joining his regiment in Jamaica. Rapid promotion placed him in charge as lieutenant-colonel of the 8th or King's Liverpool regiment, a regiment with which he was closely connected all the remainder of his life. With it he served in the Netherlands in 1795-6, he was with Sir Ralph Abercromby in the West Indies, and, promoted to the colonelship, he fought in Minorca and Egypt, greatly distinguishing himself at Cairo and Alexandria. To Jamaica again, and in 1808 transferred to the staff in Canada, he was made lieutenant-general in 1811. His life had been a bustling one, and the generals he fought under were the brilliant teachers of an apt pupil. Drummond, when he heard of Brown's across-river movement,

lost not a moment, but made all speed to Lundy's Lane.

His arrival at Niagara, as a matter of fact, brought about the battle of Lundy's Lane. Brown and his army still lay at Chippewa, satisfied apparently that a serious rebuff had been given to the defenders of the country and looking forward to a campaign of little difficulty. Riall lay at Lundy's Lane, and only a few miles of broken country, wooded in places, stretched between the opposing forces. It seems not to have been the intention of either side to strike at the other, at least not for some time. But when Drummond reached Niagara, and before he knew the exact state of affairs, he sent Colonel Tucker with a small force along the American bank of the river to take possession of Lewiston, a town then held by a few Republican soldiers. Couriers rode in hot haste to General Brown, and told him that the British army was marching upon Lewiston. When the American general heard this, he jumped to the conclusion that his supply depôt, Schlasser, was to be subjected to an attack. Nothing could save his stores, he felt sure, if it was really the purpose of the British to make a general movement against them. To call back the British by attacking the forts at the mouth of the river was the best plan that presented itself to Brown. With this object in view he ordered Scott to at once move his brigade down the river and to set about the forts in good earnest. How badly



"RIALL'S ESCORT CLOSED AROUND HIM AND HURRIED HIM TO THE REAR" (*p.* 359).

Brown must have been served by his scouts is shown when it is told that drawn up right across Scott's proposed route of march were the full available British forces prepared for battle. Scott had pushed on his troops not more than a mile or so when he got a great surprise. Instead of on the opposite bank of the river, there on the top of a slight eminence, drawn up in splendid strategical position were the regulars, militia, and Indians—the British army—under Drummond. Scott seems to have been within musket-shot of the British before he made the discovery. He had gone too far to turn back.

The Queenston road skirts the Niagara river on the Canadian side. It was along this road Scott marched his brigade. From the road and at right angles to it, and but a short distance down the river from the great Falls, shoots out Lundy's Lane, a narrow highway making from the Falls to the shore of Lake Ontario. Near to where Lundy's Lane joins the wider Queenston road it runs over a small hill, rather a bit of slightly rising ground. This elevation is about 200 yards from the river. On the top of this knoll Drummond had instructed Riall to station his little army—there were only 1,600 in position when the battle began—so as to form a shallow crescent. On the brow of the knoll were planted seven small guns. Behind these as a support lay the Royal Scots, the 89th Regiment, and the light companies of the 41st. The left wing, resting on the Queenston road, consisted of a detachment of the 3rd Buffs; the right wing was formed of the Glengarry Light Infantry. In the rear lay a squadron of the 19th Light Infantry. The position taken up was as strong a one as could be found in the neighbourhood, but the force at the disposal of Drummond was altogether inadequate for the occasion. Reinforcements to the number of 1,200 were in the immediate vicinity, and these arrived before the battle had ended. At best General Drummond had less than 3,000 troops to fight Lundy's Lane. The American army numbered close upon 5,000 soldiers.

Scott halted his brigade—he had 1,800 in his personal command—when he found himself confronted by the British. He rapidly summed up the situation. Although he had not been looking for a fight at the moment, he saw that retreat would probably demoralise his soldiers. To stand there was equally out of the question. There was nothing for it but to "pile in." Hastily despatching a messenger to inform his commanding general of the true state of affairs, he without loss of time began the battle, opening fire on the slender line of British and Canadian soldiers who stood so grimly still and silent along the crest of the knoll.

The fierce July sun had now sunk far into the west, splashing the heavens with crimson and glorious gold; not a zephyr stirred the parched grass, lazy clouds scarcely moving in their course hung in the blue; the birds that all the day had sat in the deep shades of the bushes to escape the blistering heat, now hopped to the topmost twig and sang farewell to the light, and all the time the floods from Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie poured over the stubborn ridge of rock and fell to the level of Ontario with a hoarse sullen roar as of distant thunders.

It was a sultry evening. Nature herself seemed to pant for breath. Even before the battle began the perspiration stood on the brows of the gallant men who confronted each other. Seemingly, the only cool beings were the red men, who already were snaking their way through the long grass on the alert for an unexpected dash upon their foe.

In his swift glance round General Scott noted that the strip between the Queenston road and river was unoccupied by British troops. It occurred to him that if a force could secretly occupy this territory and unexpectedly fall upon the Buffs, the British left might be turned. He hurried orders to Major Jesup, commander of the 25th Regiment, ordering him to creep under the shelter of the bushes, occupy the position, and wait his opportunity. This Jesup did most successfully.

The battle began. Both sides opened fire at the same moment; a steady fire it was all along the line, Scott moving his men forward cautiously, carefully, and all the time keeping a sharp watch for any opening likely to lead to a successful storming of the knoll, the British remaining stationary in the position which, by its strength, enabled them to oppose a much larger force with prospects of withstanding the onslaught. Early in the engagement it was clearly seen that the little battery which hung on the brow of the slope was destined to play a large part in the fight. From the mouths of the half-dozen and one guns fire shot wickedly out, and grape swept down the slope and into the ranks of the Americans, with results altogether disastrous to the assailants. Suddenly General Scott called upon his men to charge, and helter skelter they broke from their semi-cover and, with a shout, bounded forward for the height. But it proved a disastrous

move. The Royal Scots, the Buffs, the Glengarry men, regulars, fencibles, and Indians, each and every one stood grim and immovable, and fired volley after volley into the ranks of the Republicans. Before the foot of the slope had been gained, the Americans' charge was checked, and the soldiers rapidly fell back to a more respectable distance. This proved to be the first of a series of desperate charges, which resulted in regiments on both sides being shot to pieces.

During the hot fight in front Jesup's flanking regiment had not been idle. The Americans of the 25th Regiment had been steadily making their way around to the rear, and one company, pushing on much further than the others, fell in with a stroke of great good fortune. This was nothing less than the capture of General Riall, second in command of the British, and his escort. It came about curiously enough. Riall, at the very outset of the fight, received a bad wound. His escort closed around him and hurried him through the British lines to the rear. Suddenly the aides with the wounded general in their charge came upon a company of soldiers, which they took to be Canadian reinforcements, and one of Riall's attendants shouted, "Make room there, men, for General Riall." Now this request, as it turned out, was addressed to the adventurous company of the 25th, who with the greatest alacrity "made room" as requested, and captured the whole party. Delighted with their good luck, the American captain called upon his men, and, with General Riall in their midst, they charged unexpectedly right through the British left and rejoined their command. Riall was hurried into the presence of General Scott, who treated him with every consideration.

From sundown to close upon nine o'clock the battle raged. Scott, furious at being checked, charged time after time, only pausing long enough after each repulse to form for a fresh onslaught. Already the slope was thickly strewn with the dead and dying. But over all the Kentucky riflemen and the New England volunteers made their way, firing as they ran, in a vain attempt to capture the guns. On a number of occasions the leaders got so close as to bayonet the artillerymen as they served the field-pieces, but, struggle as they might, they were rolled down the slope by the red-dripping bayonets of the regulars and volunteers who fought under the folds of the Red Cross of St. George.

Close upon nine o'clock a hush fell upon the field. General Brown had just arrived from Chippewa, bringing with him Ripley, Porter, and their men, and, strangely enough, at exactly the same moment Colonels Gordon and Scott, with their commands, consisting of parts of the 103rd and 104th Regiments, and the Royal Scots, in all about 1,200 men, reached the battlefield to the reinforcement of the sorely-pressed defenders of Lundy's Lane.

After the clamour of battle the stillness was appalling. Once again the hollow sound as of the beating of gigantic wings came rolling across from the Falls; and from the slope, from the top of the knoll, and from the level plain arose the piteous appeal of the stricken for help and for water. Only a few yards distant water enough to quench the thirst of the world growled over the precipice, but not one drop of it fell on the parched tongues of the poor fellows who lay on the ground through that sultry July night.

Brown's first order was that Ripley's men should relieve Scott's. The latter had fought a fatiguing fight, and the weary men fell back while the fresh men from Chippewa stepped into their places. Drummond's men were not so fortunate. The British general's force was too small to admit of any being spared from the front. With the new-comers Drummond strengthened his line.

The short calm was truly in this instance to be followed by a furious storm. Brown determined to force the position and to sweep back the British without a moment's delay. On top of the knoll the little army lay prostrate from fatigue. Men dropped to the ground where they had stood panting and putting their cheeks to the cool earth. The gunners leaned against their guns, matches alight, but muscles relaxed. The night was black, and for the most part it was impossible for foe to see foe. General Brown called Colonel Miller to him, and ordered the colonel to take his regiment, the 21st, and capture the guns.

Colonel Miller first spoke to his men, ordering that complete silence be observed in the ranks and discovering to them his plans. At the order every man of them dropped to earth, and began an exciting crouching crawl for the slope. Close to the ground the blackness was intense. Over the dead and among the wounded the 21st made its way, noiseless as serpents, steadily on. Half-way up the slope the Americans caught a sight of the guns looking like blotches of black against the sky, and by them, as silent as ghosts stood the artillerymen, weary, but alert for the slightest sound, their matches glowing in the murk like fireflies.

Miller halted his men. Before him zigzagged a rail fence. Across this the riflemen lay their guns, aimed with cool deliberation, and at a signal a sheet of flame cut the night air. It is told that every gunner leaped into the air and fell below his gun.

The next instant Miller and his men were among the guns. Ripley's whole battalion, too, sprang forward up the slope, and down upon the Americans came the Royal Scots, the Glengarry men—every man indeed in the British ranks. Guns were clubbed, bayonet thrust, war-whoop and cheer rang together. Officers, realising that no order could be heard, sprang into the mass and slashed with sword and sabre, all joining in one savage *mêlée*, fighting for the position on the hill.

Half the British force that fought that night across Lundy's Lane were Canadian volunteers, and when the news of the battle spread, from the knobs of many a door, town-house, and log-cabin fluttered the long strip of crape that told of death.

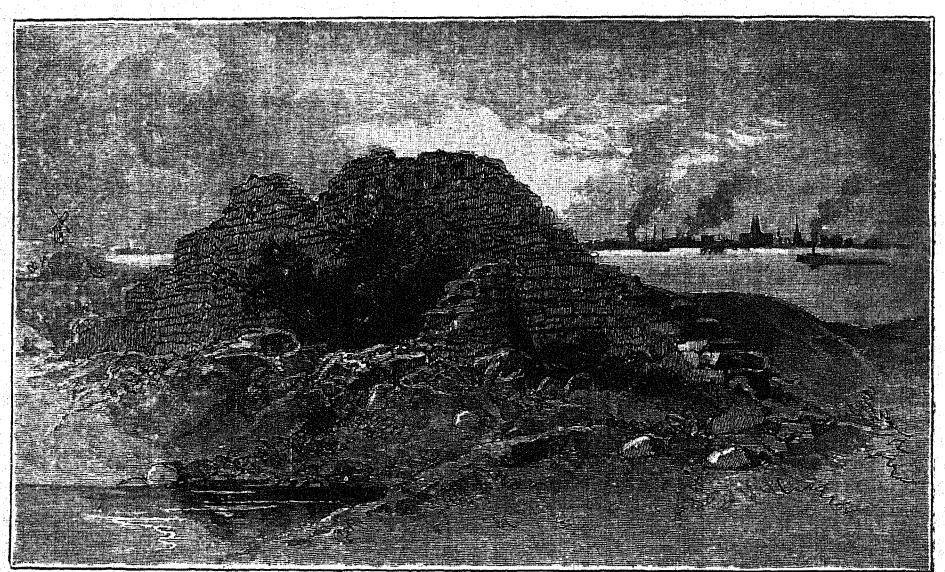
The Royal Scots and the 89th lost more than half their men in the frightful scramble on top of the hill, American regiments were cut to tatters on the slope, General Drummond had his horse shot under him, and, while fighting on foot, was shot in the neck and dangerously wounded. Colonel Morrison of the 89th had to be carried from the field. Generals Porter and Scott were also badly stricken, and General Brown himself so severely wounded that he had to relinquish his command and leave Ripley to look after the American interest.

The last hour was an indescribable jumble and tussle hand to hand round the guns. There could be no definite formation in the darkness, and every man fought for himself. At length the Americans began to waver. Ripley saw this, and, finding the task of holding possession of guns and field an impossible one, gradually and in order withdrew his men from the fight, taking with him as a souvenir of the hardest-fought battle of the War of 1812 one six-pounder.

The Americans retreated to Chippewa that night, and the British slept under the stars on the hard-held field.

On the field lay so many dead that Drummond's little force was unable to bury them, and word had to be sent to the Americans to come and assist in the work. For some reason the Americans did not do this, and the British were obliged to burn a large number of bodies of the slain. July's fierce sun admitted of no delay.

The official report of the losses were given as follows:—American losses: 171 killed, 570 wounded, 117 missing; total, 858. General Drummond's report: 84 killed, 559 wounded, 193 missing, 42 prisoners; total, 878.



OLD FORT ERIE.

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL

PART 1: Oct: 1854–March 1855.

By Major Arthur Griffiths

THE story of Sebastopol, that protracted year-long siege, so prodigal of effort, so rich in achievement, so costly in human life, must be viewed by all Englishmen with a pride not unmixed with reproach. The pride is in the heroic endurance of our troops, the reproach in the maladministration that left them the helpless victims of unnumbered ills.

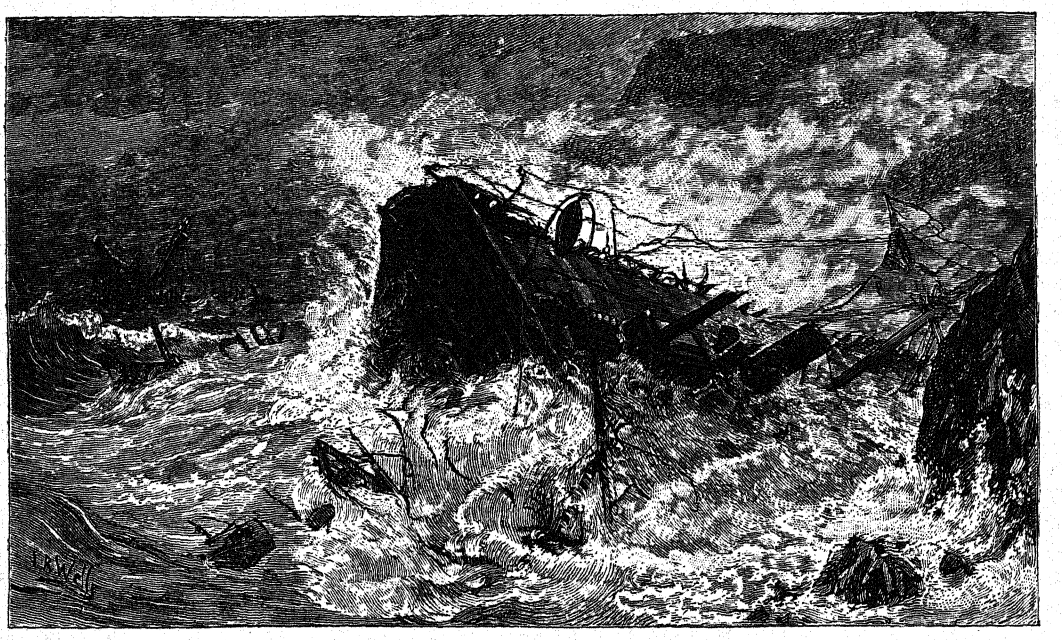
Sebastopol is scarcely glorious for its triumphant feats of arms, although these were not wanting. Although we English failed in the final attack, it was from causes that carried with them no disgrace. We gained no such great success as in the open field, but our soldiers earned a perhaps nobler fame by their dogged indomitable pluck in facing the accumulated horrors of the ever-memorable winter of '54. The tenacity with which we held on to the siege not only against enormous odds but in the teeth of the most cruel hardships, prolonged for months and months through sickness, starvation, want, exposure, must command universal admiration. To stand thus firm, a mere remnant, continually harassed and always suffering, implies a higher fortitude than that of animal courage. It is this which sheds lustre on that hard-pressed handful for ever on duty, always ill-fed, worse-clothed, weltering knee-deep in mud, decimated by disease and the unceasing fire, which was yet never turned from its purpose. In the glory of this great record we can afford to forget the neglect and mismanagement that sent the flower of the British army into an arduous undertaking inadequately prepared for war.

The severe stress laid upon the Crimean army and the sufferings of our soldiers form, indeed, the salient features of the first half of the siege. Nine days after Inkerman, when the troops should have been securely housed against the coming winter, foreknown to be always rigorous upon that dreary upland, a terrible gale swept away in one disastrous morning the greater part of their resources. Tents were blown clean into the sea, depôts of food and forage at the front were destroyed, communication with the base was stopped. Out in the open sea the storm worked wild havoc among the crowds of shipping. It was a lee shore; numbers of transports with precious cargoes were wrecked, and went down with all on board. One of these, *The Prince*, a large steamer, carried everything that was most wanted—warlike stores, warm clothing, guernseys, great-coats, long boots, medicines, surgical instruments. The chief ammunition ship was also lost; so was another carrying hay to last for twenty days.

After that the troubles commenced. The winds and the rain which fell in torrents converted the soft soil into a quagmire, and the road to Balaclava, really no road at all, became nearly impassable for men or beasts; as the latter were far too few and only imperfectly fed, the soldiers had mostly to do their own carrying. After nearly incessant trench duty five nights out of six, constantly exposed to the enemy's shot, knee-deep in water, and soaked to the skin, they were obliged to spend their well-earned rest in drawing rations six miles distant, and, in the absence of fuel, to eat them raw unless they could dig up some chance roots around the camp ground. They had never a warm drink; the coffee was issued in the green bean, and to roast it was impossible. Their clothing—summer clothing, remember, and that in which they had landed months before—was in rags: lucky the man who could find straw or hay-bands to swathe his naked legs; many were barefoot, or, fearing that if they drew off their wet boots they might not get them on again, wore them so continuously that circulation was impeded; frostbites supervened, followed too often by gangrene or inevitable amputation.

With their rags, their dirt, their unkempt hair, they lost all the outer semblance of soldiers; only the spirit, pure and unquenchable, burnt brightly within. Officers were in nearly as bad a plight as their men. A general order in the depths of the winter implored them to wear their swords: "there was nothing else to distinguish them." They must shelter themselves as best they could from the elements. A picture of the period which would be grotesque if not so infinitely pitiable is that of "an infantry major in red morocco long boots—lawful loot from a dead Russian—a fur cap made from the bearskin cover of his holster pipes, clad in a Tartar peasant's sheepskin coat with an embroidered back, stalking through the mud to capture a pot of marmalade." Of this date was the grim joke that appeared in *Punch*, where one starving and nearly naked guardsman, standing in a snow-drift near dead horses tormented by swooping vultures, tells his comrade the good news that they are to have a Crimean medal. "Very kind," replies the other; "may be one of these days we'll have a coat to stick it on."

But there was no joke in the terrible reality. The army was simply wasting away. By the end of November there were 8,000 men in hospital; after weeks of anguish, untended, on the muddy ground, the sick that survived the jolting on mule-back to Balaclava were shipped off to Constantinople to suffer fresh tortures on the voyage and then fill the great empty barn-like hospital at Scutari to overflowing, where, in the general dearth of all necessary comforts and appliances, a frightful mortality ensued. By the end of January there were barely 11,000 men left at the front capable of bearing arms. At this time even the French, with their immensely superior force, could not send more than 400 men by day and 200 by night to the trenches; while there were occasions on which the whole of the English guarding their siege works were as few as 350, and on the 20th January the total was only 290, "being," as one of the historians writes, "about one-twentieth of the number of the part of the garrison opposed to them, and which might have attacked them—probably an entirely unprecedented situation in war." Yet through all this time of deep anxiety and danger no man despaired. "There was, no doubt, no despondency," says Dr. (now Sir William) Howard Russell, the first of modern war-correspondents, "no one for a moment felt diffident of ultimate success . . . If high courage, unflinching bravery, if steady charge, the bayonet thrust in the breach, the strong arm in the fight, if calm confidence, contempt of death, had won Sebastopol, it had long been ours." Russell was fearless, outspoken, at times, it may be, injudicious in his remarks, but



"NUMBERS OF TRANSPORTS WITH PRECIOUS CARGOES WERE WRECKED" (*p.* 361).

he did no more than justice to the troops whose perils he in a measure shared. "It was right," he said, "that England should know what her soldiers were doing; that they were not merely fighting a stubborn enemy, but were struggling with still mightier, still more terrible foes; but England might be certain that as they had already vanquished the one, so they would triumph over the other in the end." These foes were the two gaunt spectres Generals January and February, upon whom the Czar so confidently relied, little reckoning that one of these months would turn on him and bring him his own death-blow.

Others besides the *Times* correspondent did full justice to the steadfast courage of our troops under this heavy burthen of woe. The Commissioners despatched from England to investigate the causes of the Crimean collapse declared it was doubtful whether the whole range of military history had furnished the example of an army exhibiting such high qualities throughout a long campaign. "The army never descended from its acknowledged pre-eminence. . . . Both men and officers were so reduced that they were hardly fit for the lighter duties of the camp, yet they scorned to be excused the severe and perilous work of the trenches lest they should throw extra duty upon their comrades. They maintained every foot of ground against all the efforts of the enemy, and with numbers so small that perhaps no other troops would have made the attempt." There is no exaggeration in this language; all the high encomiums passed were richly deserved.

In order to better understand what the siege of Sebastopol really was, let us go back to the beginning and see why it was undertaken, and what the enterprise meant for the allies. This great fortress, whose exact strength was but imperfectly known and therefore magnified, was deemed the most important and yet the most vulnerable spot of the Czar's dominions. Its vast harbour was a secure haven for a powerful Russian fleet—fifteen sail-of-the-line; it was a dockyard and arsenal filled with great guns and valuable war material. The capture of this formidable place of arms would be a severe blow, and would probably end the war. Sebastopol became, then, what scientific soldiers call the "principal objective," the great aim and object of a campaign. "There was no prospect of a safe and honourable peace," said the English war-minister at that time, "until the fortress is reduced and the Russian fleet taken or destroyed."

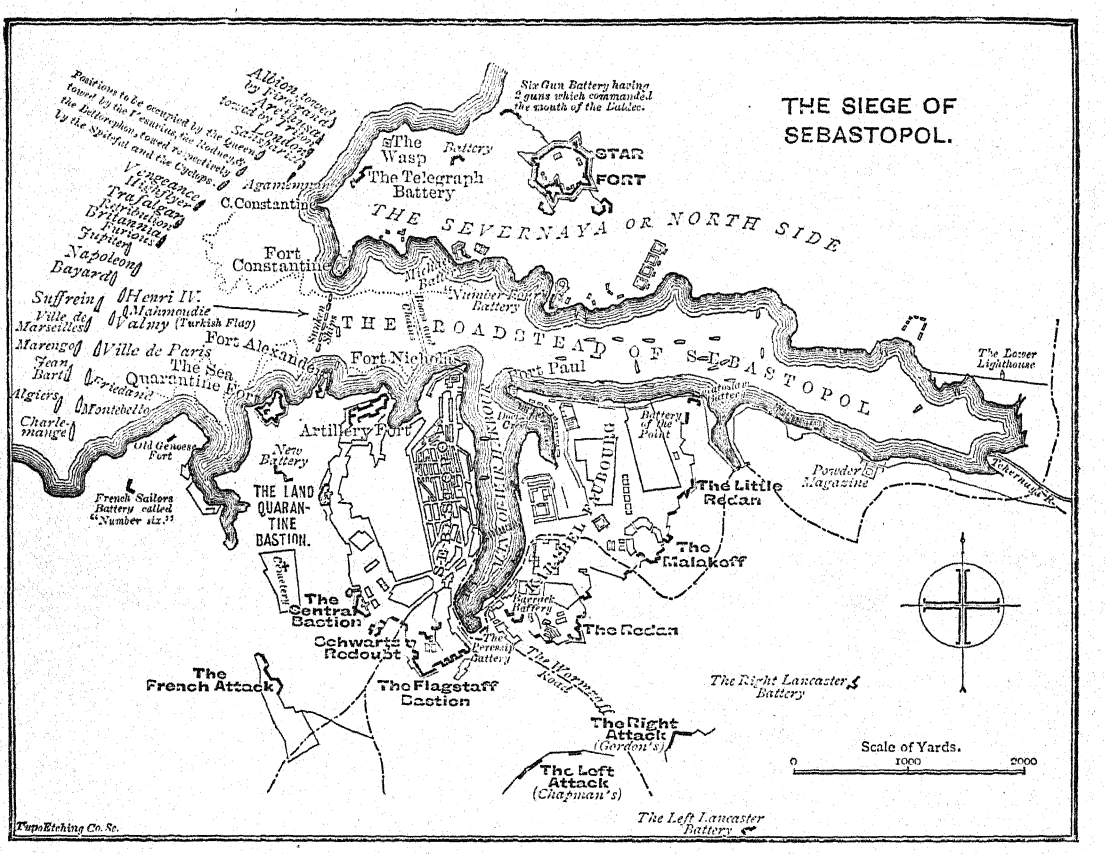
Yet the operation was entered upon lightly and with no sufficient knowledge of the difficulty of the task. It was thought that the Russian Crimean army would be inferior to that of the allies; that after the invasion a battle or two would end the business; that the fortress would fall to a sharp assault without the trouble of a protracted siege. The earliest operations were so completely successful that this hope was fairly justified. The allied armies landed without opposition, the Alma was won triumphantly, the road lay open as it seemed, and Sebastopol was surely an easy prey. Whether or not it could have been taken by a bold stroke at the very outset was much debated at the time. The French and English, advancing after the first victory, were actually within sight of the northern fortifications, and Todleben, the famous Russian engineer, who was afterwards the life and soul of the defence, always believed that we might have captured it with ease. It is known now that no such result was to be counted upon. The northern forts were of solid granite mounting innumerable guns, the garrison was equal in number to their possible assailants, and the Russian fleet moored within the harbour would have lent overwhelming aid to the defence.



THE CEMETERY AT SCUTARI.

But the allies had made up their minds to

operate against the south, not the north side. Here, again, an immediate attack was feasible; so hostile critics have always contended. Some of the more adventurous spirits with Lord Raglan, the English commander-in-chief, were assailants could not have sent forward a force superior to that of the defenders, and they must have crossed 2,000 yards of open ground swept from end to end by the enemy's fire. To combat the latter we had nothing but light field-batteries



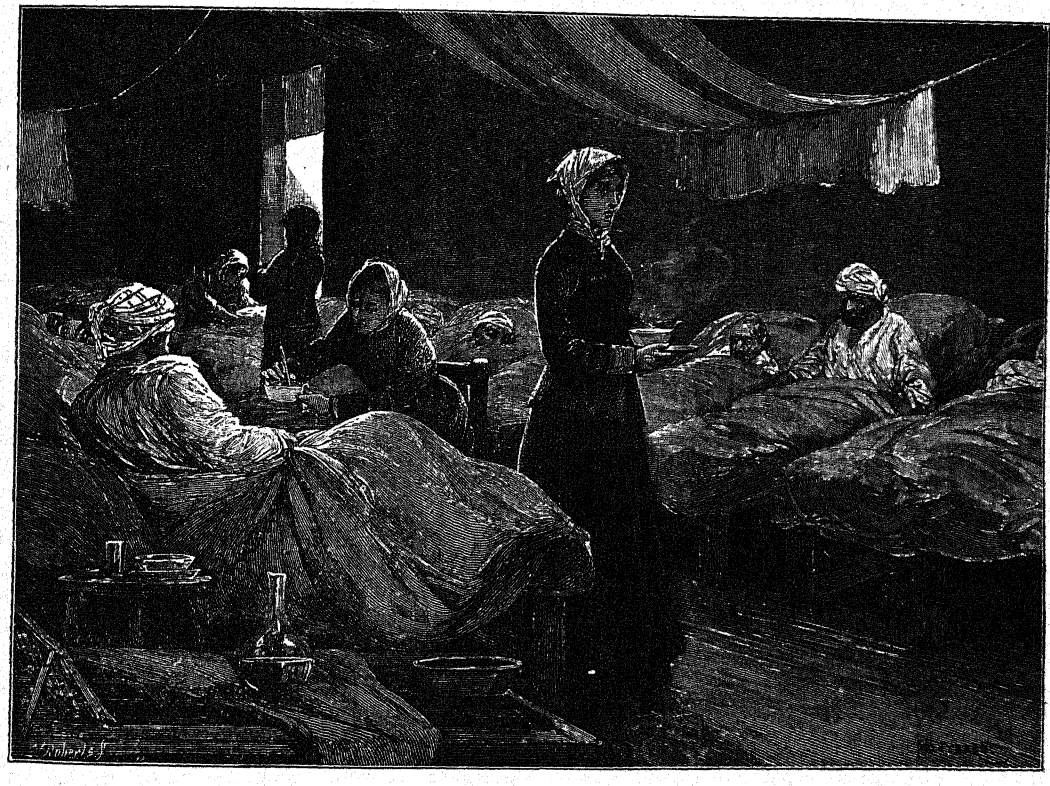
strongly in favour of it: Sir George Cathcart was one, although he afterwards changed his opinion; so was Admiral Lyons, the second in command of the fleet, a sailor whose advice in military affairs was hardly worth much. The chief engineer officer, Sir John Burgoyne, was clearly against it, and the views of this grand old Peninsular veteran, who had won his first laurels at Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo and who, although advanced in years, was still of commanding intellect, full of sound judgment ripened by unrivalled experience, carried the day. He was entirely opposed, and no doubt rightly, to any assault without a preliminary bombardment. Even at this early stage, when still incompletely defended, Sebastopol on its south side seemed all but impregnable. It was already encircled with earthworks sufficiently strong, although still far short of their subsequent dimensions, and armed with hundreds of heavy guns. The of artillery; had we carried the Russian first line of works their warships in the harbour would have driven us out with their broadsides. Hardly a man would have reached the fortifications alive. Neither the finest resolution nor the most eager courage will avail against shell and round shot. All idea of a *coup de main* was therefore abandoned, and the allies prepared to "sit down" before the place, to bring up their siege-trains, open trenches, arm batteries, and endeavour to overmaster the enemy's fire. Then, when breaches had been made in the ruined works, the attacking columns were to go in and win.

Some brief account must be given now of the Russian defences. These included forts and works to the northward, fronts on the sea front, stone walls loopholed, and earthen batteries encircling the southern side. It will be well to compare the following details with the map, so

as to understand the ground and the fortifications which sooner or later covered it.

The fortress lay on both sides, north and south of a wide roadstead or harbour, running nearly due east and west, and with deep water quite up to the shore. At the mouth of this harbour stood two principal stone forts, Constantine and the Quarantine fort; further in on the south side were the Artillery fort and forts Nicholas and Paul, the latter guarding the inner or man-of-war harbour, an inlet at right angles to the main harbour and separating the city of Sebastopol from its Karabelnaia suburbs. On the north side was the great star-fort already mentioned with the outer ring of earthworks, and there were other smaller earthworks at the water's edge. On the south side, that which was now to be besieged, there was as yet little more than the outline of the many works soon to become famous, although some were partly executed, it is true, and the whole circle of the battery. Beyond the great ravine which here ran down and ended in the inner harbour, several works had been planned to defend the Karabelnaia suburb—viz. the Redan, the Malakoff Tower, the Little Redan, and Bastion No. 1, the last ending the defences at the edge of the main harbour.

Such was the great fortress as it stood when Menschikoff, with his broken army, came streaming back into it after the defeat of the Alma. The allies were at his heels; Sebastopol was in danger—less danger than he feared—but he at once summoned a council of war to concert measures for its defence. As a first step the greater part of the Russian fleet was sacrificed, and several warships were at once sunk across the mouth of the harbour as an impassable barrier to the enemy. This was not done without protest from the Russian Admiral Korniloff, who wished to sally forth and fight whatever he met in the open sea. Had the Russian and



IN THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.

city was completely enclosed with a loopholed stone wall.

These, beginning with the Quarantine bastion near the sea front, were the Central and Flagstaff bastions, and the soon-to-be-added Garden

allied fleets engaged there would have been the biggest naval battle on record till Lissa came, with its contest of ironclads, or the Japanese fell foul of the Chinese last year in the far East. But the sinking of the ships was the most prudent

course, and its value was soon appreciated. Menschikoff did not tarry now in the town. He had the sense to see that he must keep open his communications, his road northward to Russia whence must come the supplies, ever of vital importance to the defence of the fortress; so he sallied forth at once with his reorganised field-army in the direction of Bakshishari, a central point in the Crimea. In this movement, strange to say, he passed on the very fringe of the allies advancing by the so-called "flank march" to occupy the plateau or "upland" on the south side. They were within a stone's-throw of each other, these two armies; yet neither was aware of it, so little were the niceties and precautions of ordinary warfare observed by them.

Sebastopol was thus left to make what head it could against attack. Its total garrison now was barely 36,000 men, made up mostly of marines and sailors from the fleet, with 2,700 gunners from the coast batteries, 5,000 military workmen, and a few militia battalions. But this great Russian arsenal of the Black Sea was exceedingly rich in war material: at the commencement of the siege there were 172 pieces of ordnance, many very heavy guns already mounted upon the works, and almost countless stores of artillery in reserve. Even with all the wear-and-tear of a twelvemonth's siege, when Sebastopol fell into our hands, there were hundreds and hundreds of guns found still unused in the artillery park—a fact patent to all England nowadays, for hardly a town of any importance is without its Russian "trophy" gun paraded in public gardens or in front of its town-hall. Inexhaustible supplies of ammunition, or powder and projectiles, were ensured so long as the place was not completely invested, and Menschikoff's field-army, as has been stated, continually prevented that.

Nor was it only in its *personnel* (its garrison), or its *matériel* (its warlike stores) that Sebastopol was strong. Chief among its defences must be counted the intrepid spirit of the great Russian engineer who was their life and soul. Colonel Todleben's name is imperishably allied with the splendid resistance of the fortress, which, in a measure, was created by his own hands. In the very prime of life, with a highly-trained intelligence and full of dauntless energy, he joined as chief engineer just before Sebastopol was threatened, and at once proceeded to strengthen the place. Under his animating control enormous numbers of men laboured continuously day and night upon the works. The bastions and batteries already detailed now took shape and armament; the fortress daily grew more and more formidable; within a week of the arrival of the allied armies the Central and Flagstaff bastions were heightened and thickened, a new battery was placed between them, other batteries were established to command the great ravine. Now the Redan was reinforced by the construction of the great Barrack battery behind it, and the Malakoff Tower was surrounded by earth-works containing powerful batteries, and continuous entrenchments ran on to the Little Redan, Bastion No. 1, and the waters of the harbour. Of a truth Sebastopol began to fully justify old Sir John Burgoyne's warning that "the more the allies looked at it the less they would like it." It said as plainly as if its long lines of works and its many murderous mouths could speak, "Come and take me if you can."

No doubt the allies were wise in not hazarding an immediate attack. But still they were not reconciled to the slow processes of a protracted siege, nor did they look for a prolonged resistance. Every effort was now bent upon bringing up the siege-guns from the ships and establishing them near enough to reduce the enemy's fire preparatory to an open assault. This service was so far forward on the 9th October that on that date the allies "broke ground," as it is called, or began their first parallels or trenches of approach. It had been arranged that the French should take from the sea to the great ravine the whole of the left front of attack; and, as their base of supply, the bay of Kamiesch, was close behind their left, they experienced no great difficulty in feeding their army or sending up stores. In taking this, the "left attack," they had also the advantage of better ground in which to dig their trenches, and they could approach the fortress within 1,000 yards. We, on the other hand, having to deal with flinty soil sloping down towards the enemy's guns, were obliged to build our parapets higher, with more pains, and at a much greater distance. Our nearest battery was between 1,300 and 1,400 yards from the Redan, while that known as the Victoria or Lancaster battery was as much as 2,000 yards. Happily, our siege-guns were more powerful than those of the French. Our whole front of attack was a very extensive line, and included Chapman's battery, Gordon's battery, and those already named.

A fruitful source of trouble not yet apparent to the British force before Sebastopol was the seeming good fortune which surrendered to us this

"right" attack and the small port of Balaclava as our base. Hitherto the French had taken the right of the line, we the left; but out of courtesy and acknowledging that we had the first claim to Balaclava as its first occupiers, General Canrobert accepted the change of position. With the honour of holding the right we gained the distinct disadvantage of greatly drawn-out communications. It was six full miles to Balaclava, and no metalled road but the Woronzoff, which was shortly to fall into the enemy's hands. Then to the loss of a good highway was superadded the inconvenience and danger of a flank constantly threatened in its most vital point, the "line of life," that by which we drew up our rations, sent back our sick, and generally held on to the sea. This entailed very serious consequences, as we shall find.

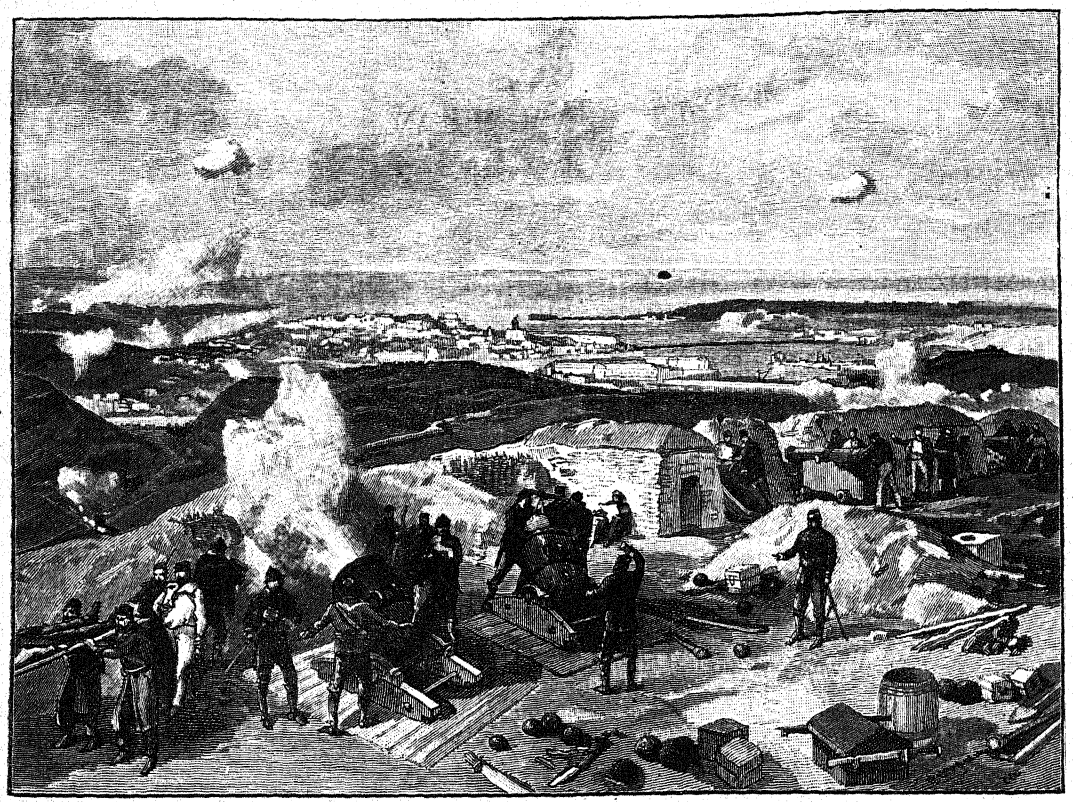
All, however, promised well on the morning of the 17th October, when the allied batteries, fully armed and admirably served, began their first bombardment. By this time 126 siege-guns were in position, 72 of ours, 53 of the French, and ample stores of ammunition were at hand in the trench magazines. To these 126 the Russians directly opposed 118, but 220 more were ready to fire upon the columns that might presently be expected to move out for the assault. The bombardment, which the Russians aptly termed a "*feu d'enfer*," and which at that date was unparalleled in modern warfare, began at 6.30 a.m., and lasted without intermission for four hours. Very visible impression had been made: the Malakoff Tower was ruined, other works were seriously damaged, and all promised well. Then came the first of a series of *contre-temps* that signalised this memorable siege. An explosion occurred in the French lines: a shell had blown up the principal magazine, making great havoc and forcing the French presently to cease fire. In fact, just as the critical moment had arrived for delivering a general attack, the French were discomfited and put out of action. With us it was just the reverse: our fire had gradually silenced that of the Russians, and early in the afternoon we had blown up the magazine of the Redan, opening therein a yawning breach inviting immediate assault. The defence, as Todleben bears witness, was paralysed on this side; the Russian troops massed behind the Redan to resist attack were quite demoralised, and had taken to flight.

But we could not go in alone. It was to have been a joint and combined attack, which the French disaster now rendered impossible. At the same time the bombardment executed by the allied fleets had failed of effect: their broadsides had fallen harmless against the casemated granite forts, and all the warships had drawn off, bearing more injuries than they had inflicted. Fortunately, the allied losses had not been very severe: 100 French had been killed or wounded, 47 English, while the Russian casualties had reached 1,100. There seemed no reason why, if the French recovered sufficiently to reopen fire, the attack should not be made the following day

Next day all such hopes vanished into thin air. A few hours were enough for the indefatigable and indomitable Todleben. During the short space of darkness the great engineer gave us the first touch of his quality, and built up his ruined fortress anew. Sebastopol arose from its ashes reconstructed—built, like Aladdin's palace, in a single night. "Works reduced to shapeless heaps, ruined batteries, and disabled guns" were replaced before morning by fresh parapets, the batteries were repaired, new guns from the inexhaustible supplies of the ships and the arsenal had occupied the embrasures. The work of the siege and bombardment was all to do over again. It was now made perfectly evident that we had entered upon a prodigious undertaking; our opponent was full of recuperative power, possessing seemingly boundless resources directed by a scientific soldier of great knowledge and inflexible spirit. The situation was, moreover, complicated by the existence of an enterprising field-army daily recruited by new arrivals, so that the relative strength of allies and Russians was fast growing disproportionate and greatly in favour of the latter. This led to many other efforts calculated to greatly impede, if not to actually "raise" or terminate the siege.

Nothing daunted by their first failure, the allies had set about to prepare for a second bombardment on a still more extensive and destructive scale, when their very existence upon the plateau was threatened, and the two famous battles of Balaclava and Inkerman were fought in the open field. In one the British cavalry was destroyed, and our line of supply dangerously narrowed; in the other, won against tremendous odds, we yet suffered so severely that it was impossible for us to prosecute the siege with our former vigour. Now, too, came the great storm and the increasing horrors of the dread winter, so that the siege-works were still further impeded. But, as has been said already, however colossal our troubles, however remote loomed ultimate success, the actual ascendancy of the

allies was never more in doubt after the great victories gained. The Russians never again ventured to attack us in any strength, and then not until quite desperate in the closing scenes. Not even in the very height of the winter troubles, when suffering and sickness had so decimated our ranks that the guards of the trenches were reduced to mere skeletons in numbers and physique, did the Russian garrison countrymen was mingled with an eager desire to relieve them at all costs. All England was aroused from end to end; fierce indignation at the maladministration which left brave men to perish stirred up private effort, and vast sums were subscribed, vast enterprises undertaken, to supplement the shortcomings of the Government. While the public voice loudly demanded the punishment of those to blame, private people



SEBASTOPOL FROM THE "RIGHT" ATTACK.

use their immense superiority against the weakened force. So we ever felt that, although the siege might be prolonged wearisomely, almost indefinitely, yet with patience we must win in the long run. The Russian commanders might continually revictual and replenish the fortress; the allies, based on the sea and able to draw across it unlimited supplies from home, could also play the waiting game and with a still stronger hand. We may admire the heroic resistance, but we must take a deeper pride in the unyielding pluck and perseverance that never despaired in the darkest hour.

Not the least memorable part of that dread episode was the spirit it evoked at home. Admiration for the constancy displayed by our banded themselves together to create hospital services, provide huts and food and warm clothing. It was then that lines like the following found an echo in every British heart:—

* * * * *

"That starving army haunts us night and day.
By our warm hearths: no fire have they.
Snow falls; 'tis falling there!

Rotting in their own filth like mangy hounds,
Cramped, frost and hunger bitten to the bones,
Wrestling with death 'mid smells and sights and sounds

That turn kind hearts to stones.
To die for very lack of clothes and food, of shelter, bedding, medicine, and fire,
While six miles off lay piled up many a rood, all they did so require!"

Slowly but surely ample and effective aid arrived. Matters began to mend as the dread winter gradually spent its force. Great gangs of "navvies" constructed a railroad between Balaclava and "the front" by which the much-needed supplies were sent forward; the uncompromising energy of Colonel McNundo, who came out armed with full powers, created a land transport service with thousands of animals, for whom at last sufficient fodder was found; Miss Nightingale and her lady nurses arrived, and with unstinting devotion revolutionised the pest-houses, wrongly called hospitals. At "the front" our arduous share in the siege operations was lightened by the friendly intervention of our allies; although the French had also suffered severely, their army had been so constantly reinforced that by this time it was nearly four times as numerous as ours. Then Lord Raglan suggested that they should relieve us in our trench duty one night in every three. General Canrobert preferred, however, to take charge of our extreme right attack, that which faced the Malakoff and embraced the battle-ground of Inkerman. This timely assistance had the effect of setting free some fifteen hundred British troops, and concentrated the efforts of the whole upon a more limited area. From that time forward matters began gradually to improve. With the spring new hope revived, and, although the fortress was still intact, the business now before us was to fight men, not the season.



COLONEL TODLEBEN.

THE SERVO-BULGARIAN WAR OF 1885
Slivnitza, Nov: 17.18.19. and Pirot, Nov: 27

BY WILLIAM V. HERBERT

ON the 18th September, 1885, there occurred in Philippopolis, the capital of the then Turkish (though semi-autonomous) province of East Roumelia, one of the most remarkable revolutions known to modern history: the Bulgarian populace of that city rebelled against the Ottoman Government, sent the Turkish officials about their business, and proclaimed the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia—a union which already the treaty of S. Stefano had practically acknowledged in 1878, but which that "old women's tea-party" (to quote an irate German writer of the period), the Berlin Congress, had subsequently cancelled.

Originally instigated by Russia, the rebellion took a course directly opposed to that nation's wishes and intentions, a course which the Czar's politicians had not dreamt of or provided for. The aim which Muscovite statecraft had had in view was to cause rupture and bloodshed between Turkey and East Roumelia, in which case Russia would have appeared on the scene in her time-honoured *rôle* of pretended Liberator and would have brought a fine province under her thumb—a task which she had vainly essayed already in 1877 and 1878.

But the unexpected always happens. Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, treating Russian schemes and intrigues, hints and commands, with the contempt they deserved, identified himself with the revolutionary movement, proclaimed on the 19th September in Tirnova—the ancient Czar-city of the great mediæval Bulgar-empire—the union of the "Two Bulgarias," and arrived on the 20th in Philippopolis to assume the reins of government. The autonomous principality of United Bulgaria was an accomplished fact, and Russia was nonplussed.

From this moment there was an incurable rupture and a deadly hatred between the two Alexanders, which not only lasted while they lived, but survived even beyond the grave in their successors. The Czar, in order to proclaim his dissatisfaction with the course of events, recalled the numerous Russian officers serving in the Bulgarian army, and the vacant places were filled by the young lieutenants and captains of the newly-established native militia.

The unique feature of the Philippopolis rebellion lies in the fact that the liberation of a large and populous province from the supremacy of an empire which could place a million armed men in the field was accomplished without the loss of human life.

Acting upon the earnest remonstrances of Austria, Germany, and England, Turkey abstained from military operations, for it had been made manifest to her that the sending of one battalion across the East Roumelian frontier would set the world aflame by bringing about a European war of unequalled dimensions and horrors.

United Bulgaria, nevertheless, made strenuous exertions to meet the oncoming storm. But the cloud burst in an unexpected quarter. Turkey remained inert in the East, whilst Servia's armies, at Russia's secret mandate, crossed the western frontiers on the 14th November, 1885. A pretended (and most probably non-existent) boundary transgression on the part of some Bulgarian gendarmes furnished Servia with a pretext for the declaration of hostilities.

Grandly United Bulgaria rose to the occasion. Differences of creed and race were forgotten, wrongs condoned, grievances laid by never to be revived, and with masterly strategy the hero-prince hurled every available man against the ruthless invader.

In the beginning Servia had it all her own way, for Bulgaria, prepared only to defend

her eastern frontier, had bared the western. But finding that Turkey was pacific, Prince Alexander, by train and road, by express and forced marches, sent his troops westward to meet the foe.

On the 17th November the Servians stood before the Bulgarian position at Slivnitza, which had been entrenched and fortified; and here took place the battle which was to spread the fame of the young Bulgar army and its brave commander over the whole of the newspaper-reading world.

Slivnitza is an unattractive Bulgarian village of less than a thousand inhabitants, situated among hilly surroundings on the high road between Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, and Nish in Servia. It is about fifteen miles south-east of the eastern outlet of the Dragoman Pass, which latter leads across the range of mountains that lies just east of the Servo-Bulgarian frontier and forms one of the walls of the plain of Sofia. The latter city lies about twenty miles to the south-east of Slivnitza, and Zaribrod, on the river Nishava, the Bulgarian frontier-townlet, almost the same distance to the north-west. At that time the Turco-Bulgarian railway terminated in Bellova, and the Servian system in Nish and Vranja.

About two miles west of the village the Bulgarian detachment—consisting on the 16th November of nine battalions of regular infantry and two of volunteers, thirty-two guns, and no cavalry except a handful of mounted irregulars, the whole (about ten thousand men) commanded by Major Gutscheff—had utilised a little ridge of hillocks for their encampment, and had very cleverly and efficiently fortified the same. The weather was abominable: snow and frost at night, rain and thaw by daylight, with the icy north-winds peculiar to the Bulgarian winters. There was no habitation within the position, with the exception of a pigstye which served as headquarters to the gallant major and his staff, and which was grandiloquently styled the "Gutscheff Palace," and a little improvised shed for the field-telegraph. The soldiers slept in the open trenches.

The Servians had occupied Zaribrod on the 14th, and the Dragoman Pass on the 15th November, both after some sharp fighting with the Bulgarian advanced guard, and on the early morrow they descended into the plain of Sofia. The position of Slivnitza became thus marked as the place around which the decision would be fought, since it lay midway between the invader and the capital. Prince Alexander left Sofia in the forenoon of the 16th, and arrived in Slivnitza in the evening.

It was known among the Bulgarian troops in Slivnitza that the hostile army numbered twenty thousand or thirty thousand men, and had therefore, at the lowest estimates, double the strength of the defending force; it was also perfectly well known that no Bulgarian reinforcements could arrive from the extreme east of East Roumelia—where the army had been concentrated with a view to possible hostilities with Turkey—before the evening of the 17th at the earliest.

These considerations, added to the exposure to the horrible weather, might have struck dismay into the stoutest hearts, but Major Gutscheff and his gallant little host quaked not. They were persuaded of the righteousness of their cause, and that is one of the mightiest factors in warfare. The arrival of their beloved prince was made by them the occasion for the display of much enthusiasm, and every man looked with confidence towards the morrow and victory.

The entrenched position of Slivnitza deserves a brief description. It lay astride the Sofia-Pirot high-road, had a straight front about three miles long which faced almost due west, and was covered to rearward by the long straggling village, the only—and exceedingly dirty—khan of which served as quarters to the prince and his staff. The high-road cut the position in twain: about a third lay to the north, filling up the little plain from which the southern spurs of the Balkans rise precipitously, in a chaotic jungle of rock, cliff, and abyss; the bulk lay to the south, with the southern end turned eastwards *en potence*, so as to protect the left flank. The whole front of the position showed a quadruple line of trenches for rifle fire, one above the other on the gently-rising ground. Behind them there were to the north of the road one, and to the south three, battery epaulments, each for eight guns, and finally, at the extreme left flank, behind the trenches turned *en potence*, a powerful redoubt, which, for want of men and guns, was unoccupied at the commencement of the battle and garrisoned only on the evening of the first day.

The Servian forces had been divided into two armies: one (the Timok army) was to take Widdin and invade northern Bulgaria; the other (the Nishava army, commanded by King Milan in person) was to make straight for Sofia. This

is the one with which we shall have to deal. It consisted of four divisions and an unattached cavalry brigade, and was powerfully equipped with train, pontoons, engineers, sanitary detachments, field post and telegraph, and all modern devices of offence and defence, of support and maintenance. In this respect the Servians were undoubtedly by far in advance of their foes.

Of this army there fought on the first day of battle two divisions (Danube and Drina) and the cavalry brigade, a total of eighteen battalions, nine squadrons, and nine batteries, or about twenty-two thousand men and fifty-four guns.

It is not only just and generous but always pleasant to record something in favour of an enemy. The writer—whom circumstances had placed in the position of a foe to that amiable though ill-governed people — is glad to be able to bear testimony to the excellent behaviour of the Servian soldiery on hostile soil. Not a single sheep or fowl was stolen from a single Bulgarian peasant; not a twist of tobacco was taken from a village-store, or a glass of brandy drunk in an alehouse without being paid for. Let the much-vaunted civilisation of England, France, and Germany take an example from that far less advanced nation! Unfortunately, the Bulgarians did not reciprocate, and in the flush of victory they forgot the sacred rights of humanity, as the woeful appearance of Pirot after the battle abundantly testified. But this by the way.



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA.

The Bulgarian position was very strong—in fact, impregnable in front, but weak on both sides, though from two entirely different causes: the north flank because the mountain slopes lying beyond it would have afforded the enemy a capital place for planting batteries, which, from that elevation, could have annihilated the Bulgarians without the need of a single rifle-shot or the use of a single bayonet, and the Bulgarians were not strong enough numerically to occupy each prominence; the left flank because the redoubts and the trenches there were well-nigh deserted for want of men and guns. And yet a redistribution of the troops at the expense of the front was totally impracticable. Had such a one been attempted the prince would have been much in the position of a man who takes infinite pains to bar and bolt his back and side doors but leaves the front entrance open for the enterprising burglar. In fact, of the four rifle-trenches in front of the line only the foremost was occupied.

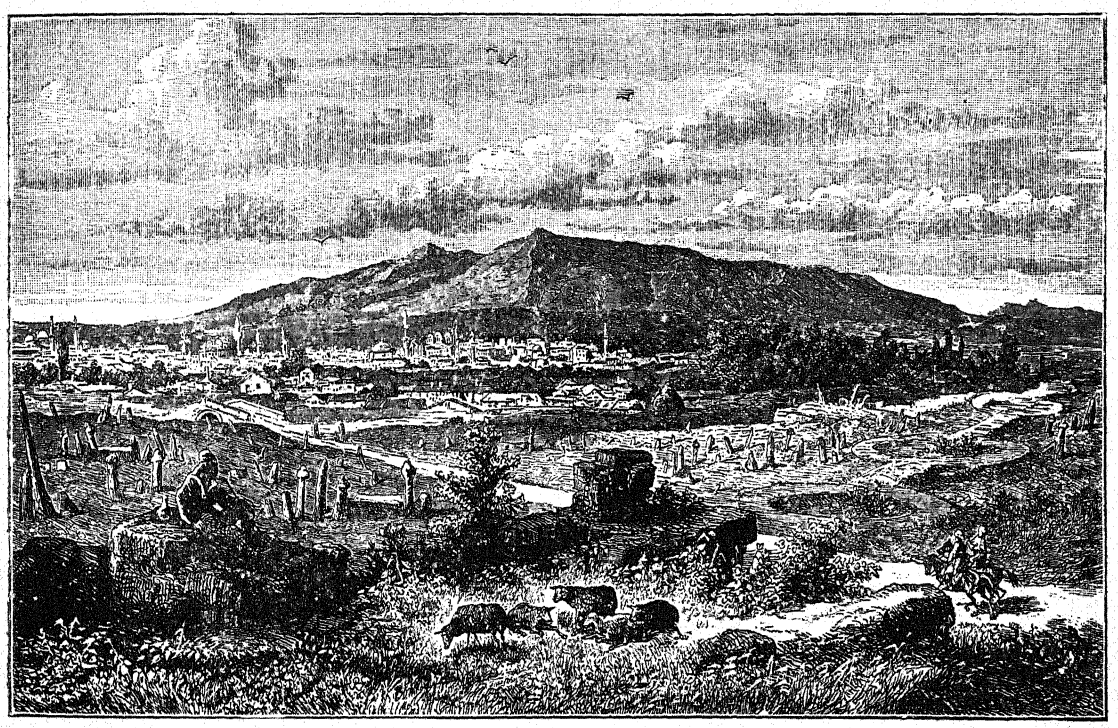
The left flank was the most vulnerable point, and Prince Alexander's plan was to draw the attention of the enemy away from it towards the right flank by an offensive movement in that quarter, which would also serve the purpose of occupying the most prominent of the slopes, summits, and plateaux. That this bold project succeeded completely bears testimony to the Battenberger's perspicuity; and that the Servians never even suspected the existence of what was virtually an open door to the hostile position is not to the credit of their military far-sight. On the second day this chance was lost, for the Bulgarians received reinforcements sufficient to man each phase of the position.

The 17th November opened into a perfectly abominable day: snow, sleet, rain, dirt, an icy blast, and a thick fog withal. The battle of this day was fought by both sides against an invisible foe, for the mist lasted all day long.

The attack of the Servians was perfectly frontal; there was not the faintest attempt at circumvention. That it failed completely was in the nature of things. The artillery combat commenced at an hour before noon, and towards two o'clock it became most intense and deafening. The Servian artillery, despite its numerical superiority, had decidedly the worst of it, for the

Bulgarians had a fine modern Krupp ordnance, the Servians mostly obsolete guns, partly the thrown-out pieces of the Russian army, presented to them by their former allies. So furious was the duel that on repeated occasions Prince Alexander had to enjoin economy in the use of powder. In fact, two of the Bulgarian batteries had shot themselves out by dusk, and had not ammunition arrived from Sofia in the evening the Bulgarians would have fared badly the next day. The Servian infantry approached thrice to within three hundred yards of the Bulgarian front line, but had to turn tail each time in face of the defender's quick and accurate rifle-fire. A proper charge did not take place on this day, except, as already stated, on the extreme right Bulgarian flank. And here a little battle of its own was fought, with the utmost dash and ferocity, which deserves a paragraph of its own.

Here commanded, on the Bulgarian side, the captain of cavalry Bendereff, who disposed of



SOFIA.

three battalions and a battery of eight pieces. Faithful to the plan conceived by Prince Alexander, Bendereff did not wait to be attacked, but hurled two of his battalions against the cautiously-approaching enemy almost as soon as the cannonade had commenced. The Bulgarian attack was not successful, for it was directed against an enemy of quadruple strength; but Prince Alexander gave the gallant captain permission to utilise the general reserve of two battalions for a more decided forward movement. Leaving only a few companies to man the trenches, Bendereff led his five battalions against the enemy, and on the bare and precipitous Balkan slopes a bayonet charge, executed with the utmost *élan*, drove the Servians completely away. In the flush of victory the Bulgarian troops actually "bolted" forward, and it was only in the village of Malo Malkovo that Alexander's messengers brought them to a standstill. Here Bendereff fortified himself hurriedly and roughly, and prepared everything for the continuance of the combat on the morrow. At five the first field day was over, resulting so far in a Bulgarian victory. The casualties were six hundred Bulgarians and twelve hundred Servians, dead or wounded.

During the hours of darkness both sides received reinforcements, and the Servians actually increased their already considerable numerical superiority. Alexander obtained five battalions and two batteries from Sofia; Milan added to his attacking force several regiments and batteries from the other divisions of the Nishava army. As the Bulgarians had to send out, in

the course of the second day, three battalions (under Captain Popoff) to the south-west to protect the town of Bresnik (threatened by another division of the Nishava army), the discrepancy became more pronounced: the Servians had (in round figures) twenty-eight thousand men and eighty pieces, the Bulgarians twelve thousand men and fifty guns, toward the close of the second day of battle.

One of those five Bulgarian battalions had been so completely exhausted on its arrival in Sofia by the long march from Bellova, that this original mode of conveyance was adopted: the horses of a regiment of cavalry stationed in Sofia were borrowed, and the men rode to Slivnitza, two on each animal!

At 8.30 a.m. on the 18th November the Servians commenced the attack, this time almost exclusively against the left flank. But where yesterday there had been trenches, redoubts, and epaulments almost devoid of human beings, there was now a solid array of five thousand men, all fresh troops. The first Servian assault failed completely; then a whole division of ten thousand men was brought to the attack, with the like result. At noon the Servian leaders recognised the futility of further fighting, and withdrew their troops from this quarter, after having incurred a loss of over six hundred men. Some Bulgarian battalions, starting hastily in pursuit of the routed foe, were with difficulty called back, for Prince Alexander recognised that the time for a general offensive moment had not yet arrived.

About an hour after noon the Servians committed an almost incredible blunder: they attacked the front of the position with totally inadequate numbers. Where yesterday whole brigades had failed, to-day a few companies were expected to succeed! Needless to say, the assailants were wiped off the face of the earth, and Prince Alexander, unable to endure any longer the sight of such useless slaughter, turned aside and said to an officer: "I cannot bear to look at it! It is a shame to compel me to shoot those poor fellows down, and why? For the sake of a stupid and infamous policy."

What was the result of that senseless attack? The Bulgarians fired a few hundred gun-shots (for the enemy never came within rifle range), and the Servians lost some hundreds of good men. *Voilà tout.*

In the left flank and in the front the battle was over before dusk, the result being, like that of its predecessor, a total repulse of the Servians. The rest of the day belonged to the right wing. And here one of the most extraordinary and comical occurrences ever known to have happened on "the field of blood and mud" took place. Bendereff's three thousand men in and about Malo Malkovo, the victors of the previous day, had totally disappeared—as if by magic—when the morning of the 18th dawned! Bendereff sent a disconsolate message to this effect to his sovereign, and so incredible sounded these tidings that they thought at headquarters the poor fellow had taken leave of his senses. Beaten and captured the missing men could not have been, for there were no Servians within a radius of several miles, and not a shot had been fired during the night. However, towards noon the mystery was cleared up: the men returned in batches, having committed no worse crime than a little victualling and foraging on their own account, and lost their way afterwards. Owing to the absence of any experienced guidance (for the Bulgarian officers were all mere youngsters), no steps had been taken to keep any of the troops in the village, and positively not a single man had been left behind.

Bendereff sent a joyful message to the prince, and said to himself, "I must do something to wipe out the disgrace of this morning." This something he did, and did uncommonly well: he bared the whole country of the Servians almost as far as the village Dragoman. Look at the map, reader, and you will find that by this masterpiece of audacity Bendereff had actually got right in the rear of the enemy and on his line of retreat. About a couple of miles outside Dragoman he bivouacked for the night, fully prepared to attack the enemy next day in the rear. Alas! he received not the princely sanction, and perhaps we cannot blame the Bulgarian leaders for not giving their consent to such a piece of unequalled foolhardiness. I, personally, have not the faintest doubt that Bendereff, given a free hand and taking into account the shaky *moral* of the Servian troops after a two days' defeat, would have inflicted upon the latter a rout so crushing that the subsequent battle of Pirot would have been avoided.

The second day of Slivnitza cost the Servians about one thousand, the Bulgarians almost the same number, in killed and wounded.

During the night to the 19th November the Bulgarians received reinforcements sufficient to make up their casualties and the loss accruing from the absence of Popoff's three battalions. The strength of the Servians was not materially

altered. Thus the figures were fifteen thousand and twenty-eight thousand.

The morning of the 19th opened, to the astonishment of all, into an autumn day of surpassing loveliness. Vanished, as if by magic, had snow, rain, fog, frost, and icy north blast, and in their stead there reigned blue sky, radiant sunlight, and a mild, invigorating south-easterly breeze. Add to this that stores of food and comforts had arrived in camp, and you will have no difficulty in understanding that the brave Bulgarian defenders breathed more freely, stretched their limbs, and rejoiced with an exceeding joy at Heaven's manifest favour. But there is never light without shadow, and the shadows lay deep and black on the hero prince's noble countenance as he came from the filth of the village into the air that blew, keen and bracing, about the heights of the camp. "What has happened?" asked all, in consternation. Briefly this: the Servians had beaten Popoff, taken Bresnik, and were on the road to Sofia—so the reports said. What a world of calamity was compressed into that single sentence will be made manifest to the intelligent reader by a glance at the map. The capital threatened and the Slivnitza army taken in the rear—that was the woeful prospect. Under these circumstances Prince Alexander consummated an act of true heroism: he left the pride, pomp, and circumstance of the battlefield, exchanging, for the nonce, the *rôle* of the warrior for the less conspicuous but in such a case infinitely more useful one of organiser. In a word, he hastened *ventre-à-terre* to the capital, to prepare it for defence. Major Gutscheff was left in command of the Slivnitza army, and the brilliant victory of the 19th November stands to the credit of that officer.

In Sofia there was an ugly panic, for the terrible "*Hannibal ad portas*" had struck fear into the stoutest hearts. For a long time afterwards it was a *bon mot* in the capital that on the 19th November there had been only one man amongst the Sofian populace, and that was Katinka, the pretty young wife of Karaveloff, the Battenberger's principal adviser. She alone kept cool and hopeful.

Prince Alexander worked like the proverbial nigger. Defences and earthworks were planned and commenced, ambulances were established for the wounded coming in cartloads from Slivnitza, stores were got in from the neighbourhood; the cash and securities of the National Bank, the archives of the town, the documents and records of the Government offices were despatched post-haste to Plevna. Many thousands of inhabitants commenced to migrate to less threatened regions, and those who were unable to leave clamoured and lamented noisily. And all the time the growl of the cannon came incessantly from Slivnitza, and the people listened to it spell-bound, in awe and wonder. Two other men, besides the prince, worked strenuously, though in another direction and for a different purpose: Tsankoff, the principal Russian agitator and spy in Sofia, and Koyander, the Russian consul. They went about, openly advising the people to send the prince away and make peace with Servia, in which case they, Tsankoff and Koyander, would kindly and unselfishly condescend to assume the reins of government under Russia's guidance and tutelage. "Next to a violation of the laws of God, there is no crime so terrible on this earth as to offend Holy Russia—and that is what that beggarly foreign bastard, your so-called prince, has done"—thus Tsankoff and Company.

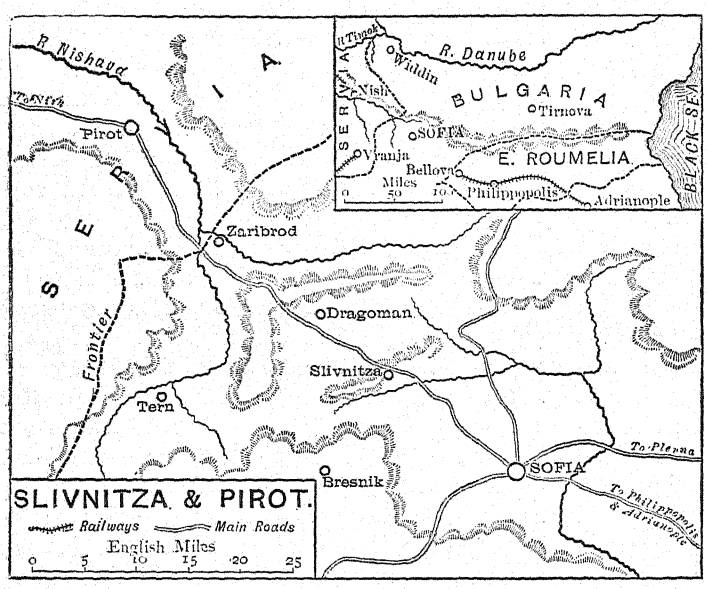
But once more the unexpected happened. It was at three in the afternoon that the minister of war, Tsanoff (the reader should not confound this zealous, capable, and honest patriot with the vile agitator afore-mentioned: the names are much alike), was seen descending hurriedly the stairs of the princely palace, the most exultant joy and the most feverish excitement depicted on his features and in his manner. "Bresnik has been retaken, the Servians are thoroughly beaten, Popoff is marching on Tern," he shouted to the crowd assembled outside, and like wildfire the glorious tidings spread through the town. More good news came in rapidly successive waves. At Slivnitza the Servians had been routed, and Gutscheff was starting in pursuit; the unattached brigade of volunteers and adventurers of Major Panitza—nicknamed the robber-brigade—had actually entered Servian territory north of Zaribrod, and the Timok army had failed completely in its operations against Widdin. Prince Alexander, accompanied by Stambuloff and Tsanoff, returned immediately to Slivnitza, the populace rejoiced with a joy complete and tumultuous, and Tsankoff and Company hid themselves in fear and ignominy. Verily, there never was a quicker or more perfect transformation.

It speaks well for the temper of the Sofian rabble that the only harm which came to the Muscovite agitators was that Tsankoff's effigy was strung up in front of the Russian consulate,

and pelted with garbage, dead cats, and other missiles dear to the street-arab.

It is now the narrator's pleasant duty to give a brief account of the third field-day at Slivnitza, than which there never was more glorious or more honourable victory.

Bendereff had had a hard task before him, for during the hours of darkness the Servians had occupied all the hills and mountains in the neighbourhood of Dragoman. But these were taken by storm, one by one, with the bayonet alone. It was a fight of the most bitter and ferocious description, but the steepest precipices, the most inaccessible summits presented neither terrors nor obstacles to the brave lads of the Balkans and the Rhodopé. Every one of that long train of charges succeeded ; in the end the whole district was cleared of the Servians, and the Bulgarians had firmly lodged themselves in and around Dragoman.

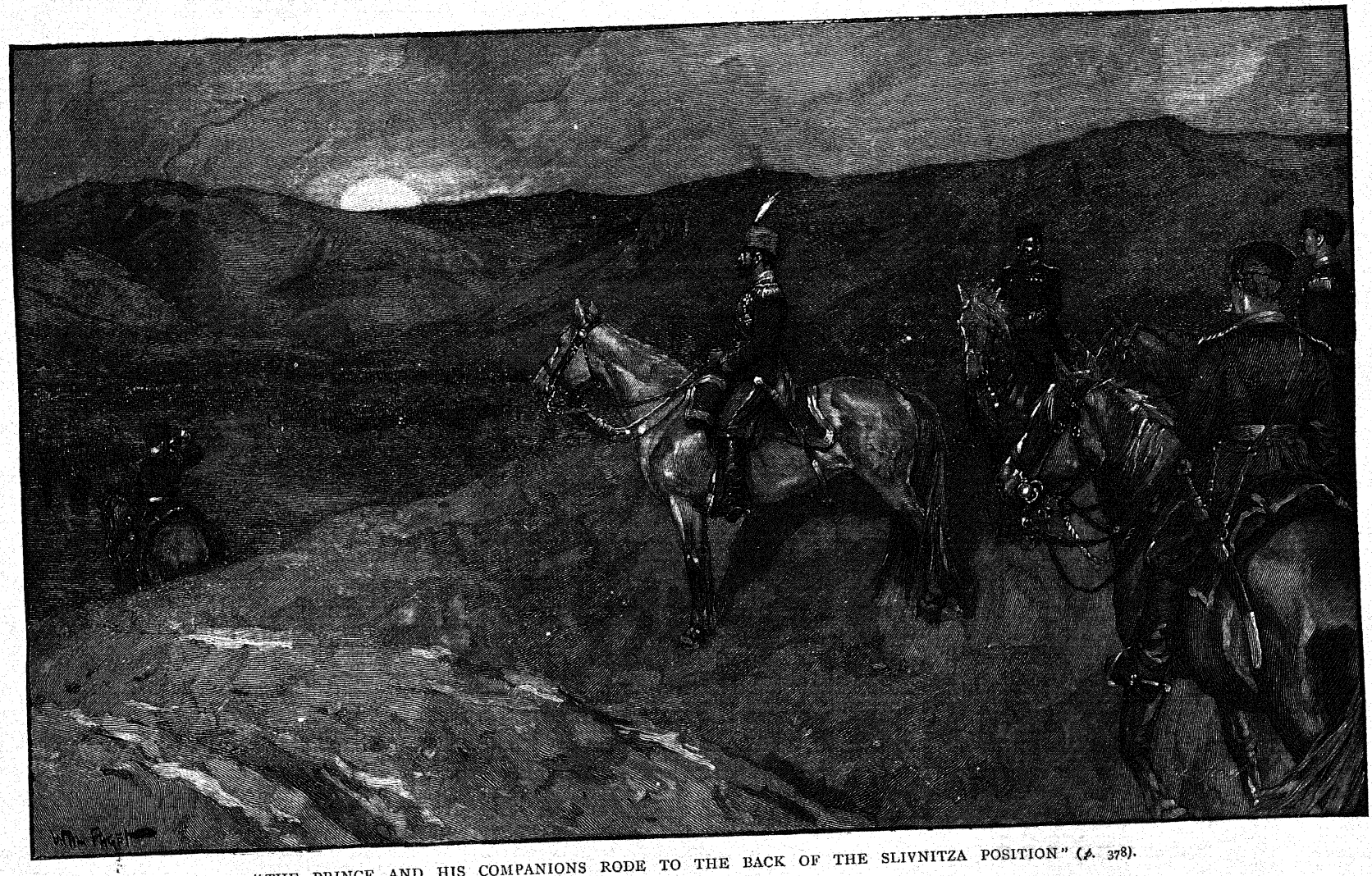


A remarkable feature of the storming of those heights is that Bendereff employed the music in a manner never attempted before by any officer in the field, and not likely ever to be tried again. Not only was each storming party accompanied by a band playing the "Djumi Maritza," the national song, but in most cases the bands actually preceded the charging battalions. In this wise the percentage of casualties among the musicians was often greater than that in the front line of attack.

In the meantime the bulk of the Servian army, before Slivnitza, had made a last and desperate effort. At 2.30 almost the whole of two divisions was hurled against the left Bulgarian flank, only to be hurled back with heavy loss. And now Gutscheff recognised that the psychological moment had come. "The whole line is to advance," was the command that was blazed forth by the bugles, and merrily the victors started in a pursuit of the routed foe, to which only the darkness put an end. When Prince Alexander arrived in Slivnitza camp in the evening, he found it deserted by all but dead and dying, dogs and doctors, and his victorious troops were already miles away. The third field-day had cost the Servians eight hundred, the Bulgarians about half that number, in killed and wounded.

Along the whole line Servians retreated and the Bulgarians pursued. On the night of the 22nd to the 23rd the fugitive Milan slept, for the last time on Bulgarian soil, in the khan of Zaribrod, and the next night the victorious Alexander, close upon his heels, occupied the self-same bed. What an irony of fate! And in the cellar of this house, its owner, a mining engineer, had stored—without any evil intentions—enough dynamite to blow all the thrones of the globe into eternity ; but then rulers and monarchs proverbially "dance on volcanoes"! On the following day the Bulgarian armies began to cross the frontier, and the invasion of Servia commenced.

The three days' battle of Slivnitza had cost the victors about two thousand, the defeated about three thousand, in killed and wounded. The former had also some hundreds of prisoners. The effect of this battle on the campaign was momentous and stupendous : it transformed with one blow that which had bidden fair to be a walk-over into utter rout ; it changed Servian conquest of Bulgaria into the invasion of Servia by Bulgaria. Verily, contrast cannot be more marked! Unhappily, the war in its entirety remained without result to Bulgaria, thanks to the fussy and wicked interference of that ridiculous old woman, European diplomacy. But if the material gain was *nil* to the victors, a moral result of the gravest and farthest-reaching nature ensued, for there was born on the



"THE PRINCE AND HIS COMPANIONS RODE TO THE BACK OF THE SLIVNITZA POSITION" (p. 378).

blood-stained field of Slivnitza the idea of Bulgarian nationality. The thunder of cannon, the clatter of company fire, the clash of steel had roused Bulgaria to those most noble virtues, national pride and love of the land.

I cannot pass over in silence a scene which took place on the afternoon of November 20th, the day after the battle, in the then deserted Slivnitza camp, a scene of such inexpressible grandeur that it will live for ever in the memory of those who had the honour and the good fortune to witness it. Prince Alexander, accompanied by his personal staff, the members of his cabinet, the foreign journalists, and the diplomatic agents, was inspecting the improvised ambulances and speaking words of comfort to the poor maimed fellows, when a young officer came up breathless, and uttered these words:—"If it please your Royal Highness, the Bulgarian army has arrived." For a moment the prince could not exactly comprehend the meaning of this laconic and mystical message; but then it suddenly dawned upon him that the troops which had been concentrated on the Turkish frontier soon after the Philippopolis rebellion, and had been ordered post-haste to the west on Servia's aggression, had at last arrived; that now all danger was past, and that United Bulgaria was strong enough for half-a-dozen Servias. And such was the case. The prince and his companions rode to the back of the Slivnitza position, and there stood, in the little plain just east of it, faintly illuminated by the dying light of day, but perfectly visible by the glamour of endless files of rifles, of dense bristling forests of bayonets—there stood, not a scratch division as Gutscheff's, which had fought and suffered and won at Slivnitza; not a gallant little host of youthful enthusiasts like Bendereff's audacious following; not a ridiculed flying column like Panitza's famous "robber brigade"; not a handful of men sent out on an apparently hopeless errand, and seemingly to certain destruction, like Popoff's three battalions: there stood the United Bulgarian East Roumelian army, battalion by battalion, battery by battery, all in faultless order. And as the men caught sight of the prince's noble form, looking like a veritable Lohengrin, a great shout went up into the dim heavens, where the very stars began to sparkle with joy, and the *nation* of Bulgaria was an accomplished fact. What had been conceived in the streets of Philippopolis was consummated on the plain of Slivnitza.

In giant's marches they had come, through the snow and the slush and the rain, now knee-deep in the mire, now on solid ice, across trackless mountain ranges and vast forest solitudes, making thirty and forty miles a day. One regiment had covered sixty-three miles in thirty-two hours, losing only sixty men out of four thousand five hundred. This is of a surety the most stupendous performance of its kind ever accomplished, and leaves far behind even Osman Pasha's famous march from Widdin to Plevna in July, 1877, in which the writer had the honour to take part.

The Bulgarian central or Slivnitza army numbered now fifty thousand men, and eighty-four guns, and with every available man and gun Prince Alexander crossed the frontier—the gross on 26th November—to invade Servia. South of Zaribrod, Popoff, with his small detachment of five thousand men, made an aggressive movement on his own account across the border, and north of Zaribrod Panitza was already firmly lodged on Servian territory.

The Timok army continued to waste its energies and resources in futile attempts upon Widdin, bravely defended by a small garrison, among which some battalions of Turkish volunteers were not the least conspicuous. The Nishava army, after having made a feeble show of defending the frontier on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th November, concentrated itself in Pirot, and here the two days' battle of that name constituted Servia's last stand against the successful Bulgarian invasion.

Pirot.

The Servian forces at Pirot consisted of nearly the whole of the Nishava army; that is, four divisions and the cavalry brigade, amounting approximately—after the losses incurred at Slivnitza, Bresnik, and Tern, and during the constant fighting on the retreat—to forty-thousand men and one hundred and twenty guns (to be exact, thirty-eight battalions, twenty batteries, eleven squadrons), the nominal commander being King Milan, the actual leader General Tapolovitch. The Bulgarian army operating against Pirot (inclusive of Popoff's and Panitza's detachments, which formed, as it were, the left and right wings) counted about forty-five thousand men, and eighty guns (to be exact, forty-three battalions, twelve batteries, thirteen squadrons), the leader being Prince Alexander, the second Colonel Nikolayeff, the Chief-of-staff Captain Petroff (twenty-two years old!). But of these, five thousand (Gutscheff's detachment) did not take part in the fighting, whilst the whole of the Servian army was under

fire. The forces were thus as nearly as possible equal.

On the 25th November King Milan left his army to seek the comparative safety of his capital; the Servian leader responsible for the defeat at Pirot is therefore Tapolovitch. The latter, in accordance with telegraphic instructions received from the diplomatic representatives of the Powers at Belgrade, offered Prince Alexander an armistice, which was, needless to say, peremptorily refused. The Bulgarian response to this piece of impudence was the crossing of the frontier by the bulk of the Bulgarian forces on the morning of the 26th.

It was a beautifully clear winter day. The dark blue sky, the mysterious grey-green of the forests on the mountain-slopes, the brilliant patches of snow on the summits, the pleasant white house-fronts of picturesque and peaceful Pirot, the waters of the Nishava sparkling in the sunlight, all combined to make the scene that greeted the aggressors as they approached the town a picture of surpassing loveliness. It was an ideal day for physical exercise—sunshine, bracing air, keen but not cold wind.

Pirot, on the Nishava, a pretty but dirty town of nine thousand inhabitants, is situated on the great Sofia-Belgrade high-road, twelve miles west of the frontier and thirty-six miles east of Nish, which latter was in 1885—next to Belgrade—the principal station of the Servian railway. The town lies in the centre of a little plain surrounded by high and precipitous mountains.

As the Bulgarian army, in three parallel columns, advanced upon Pirot, the Servian troops retired before it—in faultless order, it is true, and amid a slow but continuous fire from both artillery and infantry, but without seriously defending a single point. The Servian frontier-hamlet, the Sukova bridge, the large and important villages of Krupatch and Sukova, the one north, the other south of the high road—these were each and all abandoned. The Servian cavalry, repeatedly challenged by the Bulgarian, carefully avoided combat, although the dead level of the little Pirot plain offered an ideal battle-field for large masses of horsemen. This singular double motion went on all day, only a thousand yards separating the *tête* of the Bulgarian vanguard from the hindmost ranks of the Servian rear-guard, until at 3 p.m.—that is, when the winter day was nearly spent—the Servians made a very brave but futile stand in Rzané, a village about three miles south-east of Pirot. In the meantime the Bulgarian advance-guard actually took possession of the town, in which the Servians made but a poor show (doing really nothing but blowing up the fort and the magazine, which terrific explosion killed forty of the retiring Servians and only two of the advancing Bulgarians), and as the combat at Rzané continued after darkness had set in, the singular thing happened that the Servians defended the village when the town behind it was already in the enemy's hands. The fighting lasted in a desultory manner throughout the night.

The early dawn of the 27th November brought a surprise: the Servians made a descent upon Pirot and recovered it. Their plan of battle is difficult to understand. If Pirot was to be defended, why had it been abandoned the day before? If Pirot was not to be defended, but the stand was to be made at Ak Palankah (which would have been, strategically as well as tactically, the correct thing), why was it retaken?

The second field-day, 27th November, was of the most sanguinary character. If on the first the battle had languished, on the second it was fierce, hot, and tumultuous.

Popoff's detachment, coming from Tern and vicinity, attacked the Servian position south of Pirot in the rear, while the gross of the Bulgarian column made a dashing assault upon the town. The latter was carried at about noon, and at the same time the Bulgarians occupied the marshy plains south of Pirot, called the Keltash. It was here that the most blood was spilt. But the Servians deployed—still in perfect order—on the hills west and south-west of the town, and for a long time their artillery did considerable execution among the Bulgarians. The heights to the north of Pirot were not occupied by the Servians, since it was known to them that Gutscheff's detachment (which had effected a junction with Panitza's "robber" brigade) was approaching by the Kniajevatz high-road. As Gutscheff had hard fighting to do during the whole of the journey, he did not arrive in time to take part in the battle, but the knowledge of his whereabouts acted upon the Servians quite as effectively as if he had participated in the combat. By dusk the fighting was over, and the Servians bivouacked within a few miles west of Pirot. Everything pointed to a resumption of hostilities on the morrow, for the Servians, though beaten, were not routed or in disorder. Prince Alexander, if left alone, would undoubtedly have attempted a repetition on a minor scale of Sedan, for which purpose his right and left flanks were already thrust forward

—that is, westward—north and south of Pirot respectively. But the most astonishing thing in this war of many surprises occurred in the early morning of the 28th November. Count Khevenhüller, an Austrian statesman, arrived in Prince Alexander's quarters, and an hour later an armistice had been concluded.

The casualties in the two days' battle of Pirot amounted to two thousand five hundred Bulgarians and two thousand Servians, dead and disabled, of which number quite three-fourths fell upon the second day.

During the night of the 27th to the 28th November Pirot was badly sacked, the culprits being almost exclusively the Macedonian volunteers, who had crossed the Turkish boundary by the thousand to help their co-religionists, and had been formed into nine battalions. The Bulgarians proper confined their attentions to the tobacconists' shops, and the next morning not an ounce of tobacco or a single cigarette could be obtained for love or money. The peaceful inhabitants were, happily, not ill-treated, and outrage or murder, the sequence and the curse of many a goodly fight and many a glorious victory, cannot be laid to the charge of Prince Alexander's troops. It was Panitza's much-abused brigade which, arriving during the night, restored order. Thus it is due to these ill-named "robbers" that no damage was done beyond the sacking of the stores, shops, and warehouses.

Notwithstanding the kindly offices of Panitza's men, Pirot looked gruesome on the morning of the 28th. Shells had struck the town and demolished many a house; there had been several street-fights during the Servian retaking and the Bulgarian recovery of the place, and the shops were in many instances mere gaping holes of empty space. Such is the penalty of war. King Milan's declaration of hostilities on Bulgaria counts among the most ruthless and rascally challenges of modern times, and his luckless subjects paid the price.



BULGARIAN TYPES.

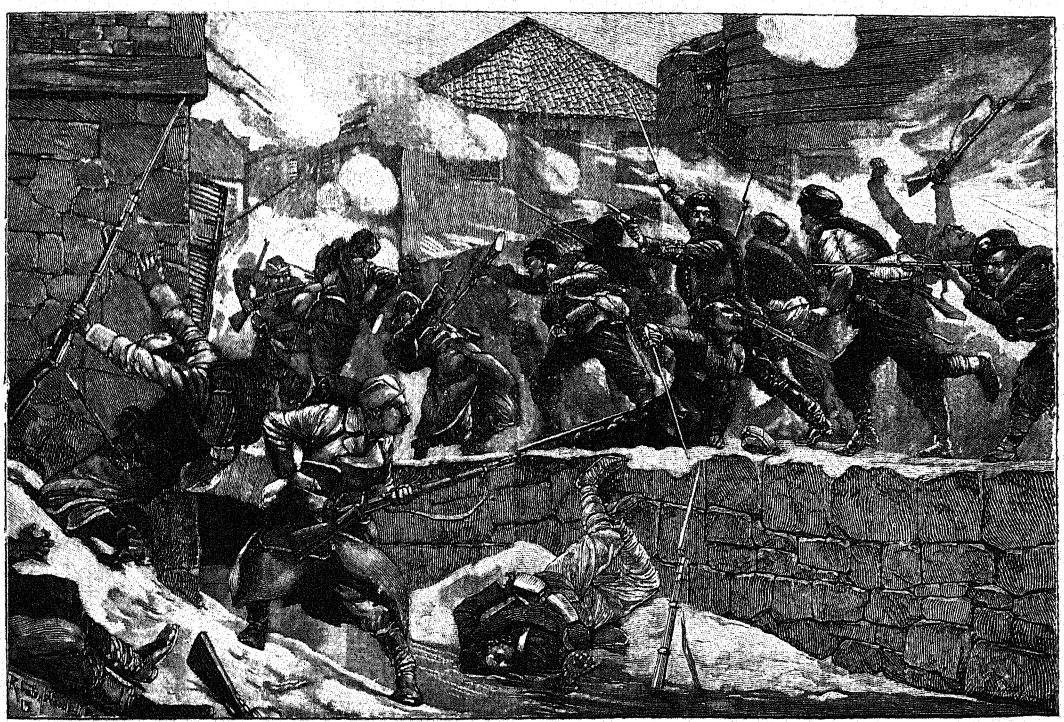
A comic incident after the battle deserves mention. Early on the morning of the 28th a deputation of the inhabitants of Pirot waited upon Prince Alexander—whose quarters were in a village a few miles away—in order to implore him to protect their lives and their property. The first person whom they happened to encounter was the prince's valet, a Montenegrin giant, dressed in the rich and fantastic costume of his country, and formidably armed with knives and pistols galore. Mistaking him for the ruler of "Both Bulgarias," they knelt before him and addressed him thus:—"Art thou, oh sir, the Chief of the Terrible?" The rascal—who, in spite of his ogre-like appearance, was one of the most inoffensive and mildest beings imaginable—glared at them, as well he might, stroked his military moustache fiercely, and personated the prince in so satisfactory and convincing a manner, that the trembling petty-dealers of Pirot went home in awe and wonder, but quite reassured as to the kindly intentions of the Chief of the Terrible. As a matter of fact,

not another shot was fired and not another theft was perpetrated, and the Bulgarian soldiers fraternised with the Pirot citizens in the wine-houses, cursing with much volubility and hearty goodwill the infamous policy which had brought about the spilling of blood among brethren in race and creed.

With the battle of Pirot the war was virtually at an end, except that General Leshjanin, the commander of the Timok army, made, on the 29th November, a third assault upon Widdin, as futile as its predecessors. Some say that he acted in ignorance of the truce; others lay to his charge a glaring violation not only of international law, but also of all precepts of equity and humanity.

What had caused the Bulgarian Prince, who was certainly no *fainéant*, to interrupt so suddenly and incomprehensibly the onward march of his victorious army? Simply that the Viennese Ambassador had intimated to him that if his troops made another step forward on Servian territory Austria would consider herself to be in a state of hostility towards Bulgaria. Thus the latter was robbed of all the benefits of her victories, for a conference of the representatives of the Powers vetoed even the payment of an indemnity. Things remained simply *in statu quo ante:* the frontier line was not altered to the extent of an inch, and not a single coin changed hands—surely a piece of gross injustice to the provoked party, and an unnecessary clemency towards that petted and worthless darling of European diplomacy King Milan of Servia.

To provide for all emergencies, Prince Alexander brought his Pirot army up to eighty-five thousand men just after the battle, and the garrison of Widdin was increased (by river) to twenty thousand. These must be considered fine performances for a third-rate and sparsely populated principality, which had practically been established but two months ago. Against these forces Milan could have placed in the field—had the war been continued, and without Austria's help—no more than thirty-five thousand at Pirot and ten thousand at Widdin. (It is needless to remind the reader that Austria can mobilise a million men within a month.) But the truce was not broken, and the outposts fraternised so cordially that perhaps half of Milan's troops would have refused point blank to resume hostilities against their near kinsmen.



"THE GROSS OF THE BULGARIAN COLUMN MADE A DASHING ASSAULT UPON THE TOWN" (*p.* 379).

The total cost of this war, which had lasted exactly a fortnight, was about twenty-five thousand men, dead and wounded.

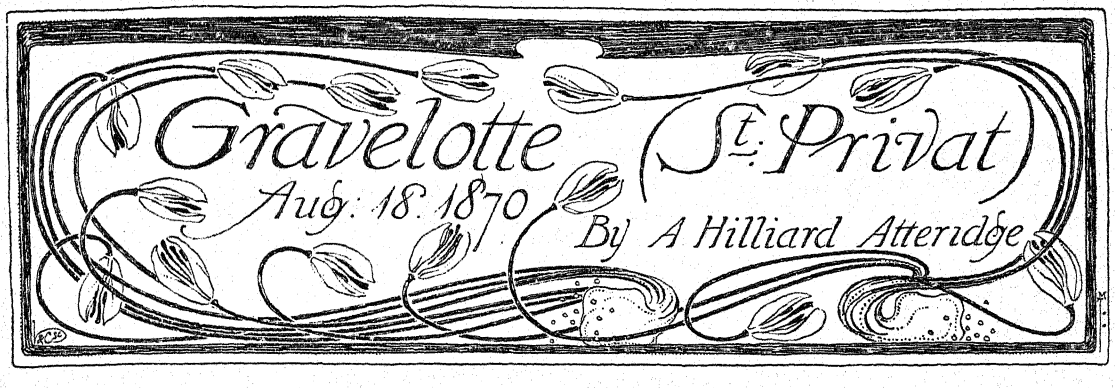
The negotiations occupied the better part of a month. On the 28th December the Timok army retired from the neighbourhood of Widdin across the frontier, and two days later the Bulgarians evacuated Servian territory. Peace was signed in Bucharest on the 1st March, 1886.

The war had one result of which no ill-natured interference could rob the victors: the unity and independence of Bulgaria was an accomplished fact. And Servia had received a lesson. The echo of the thunder of Slivnitza will sound in her ears for many a year to come, and it is to be hoped that the campaign of 1885 will be the third and last of her wicked wars of aggression.

The name Slivnitza is to-day to the Bulgarians what Sedan is to the Germans, Waterloo to the English, Plevna to the Turks: the symbol of national heroism and supreme sacrifice, the pride of the past, a warning in the present, and a hope for the future.



BULGARIAN BEGGARS.



GRAVELOTTE—or, as the French call it, St. Privat—was the decisive battle of the Franco-German War. When night put an end to the fighting around Mars-la-Tour and Rezonville on Tuesday, August 16th, everyone expected that the conflict would be renewed with the first light of the morrow's dawn. But on the Wednesday morning the Germans, who were expecting reinforcements, showed no disposition to immediately resume the attack, and Marshal Bazaine ordered his five corps d'armée to withdraw from the positions they had held on the previous evening, and to fall back upon a line of heights that extends in front of the western forts of Metz, from the Moselle to the villages of Amanvilliers and St. Privat. These orders dispirited men and officers alike. They had met and withstood the fierce onset of the day before ; when night fell their line was still unbroken. Could it be that, after all, the terrible battle of the 16th had been one more defeat, seeing that they were thus ordered to abandon their positions to the enemy?

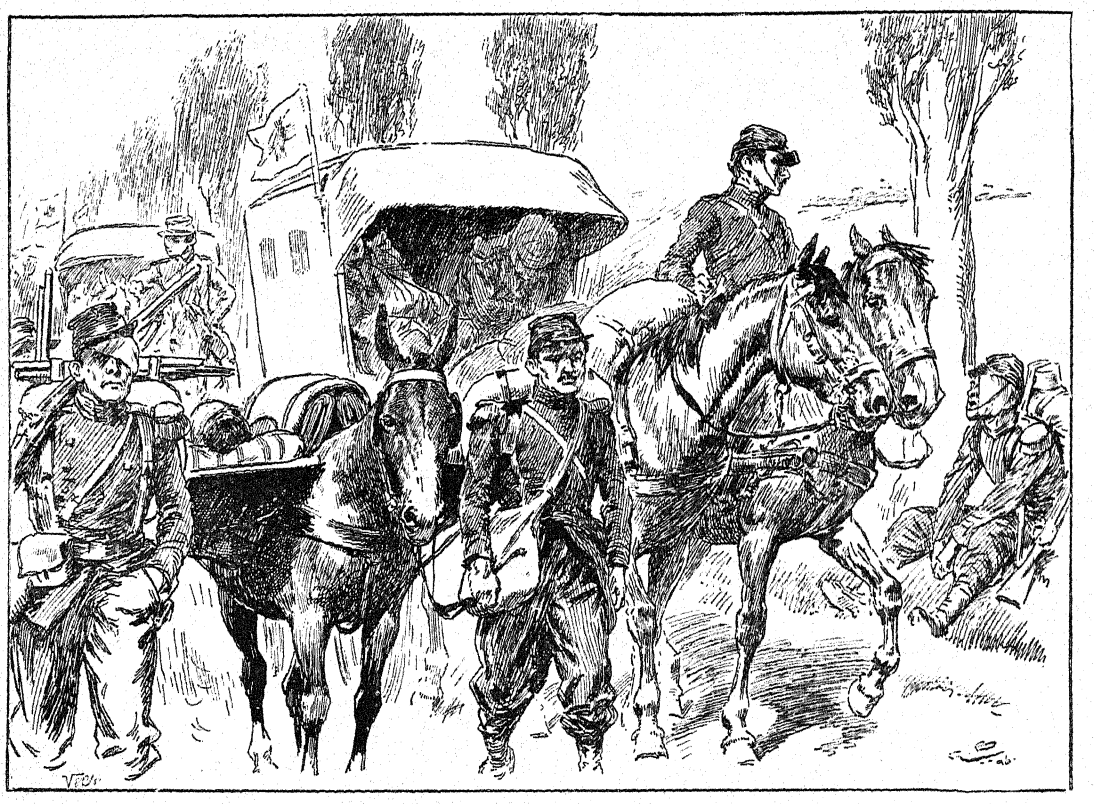
Through the blazing heat of the summer day the long columns plodded back towards Metz. Frossard's Corps, on the left of the line, had the shortest march to make, and was soon in position on the hills behind the deep ravine, through which the Mance Brook flows down to the Moselle. But Canrobert with the 6th Corps, on the extreme right, did not occupy all his positions till evening, for his was the outermost and longest march in this gigantic wheel of a great army 140,000 strong. The roads were encumbered with retiring convoys and long trains of ambulance waggons full of wounded men. Still more of these victims of the strife were left in the farms and villages along the rear of the battlefield. There was hardly a group of buildings on which the Geneva flag was not flying, roughly improvised, in most cases, by sewing two pieces of red stuff crosswise on a napkin. Gangs of farm labourers were at work burying the dead. In the village church of Doncourt two coffins of rough deal boards lay before the altar. Scrawled in chalk on the lids were the names of "General Legrand" and "General Brayer." Legrand had led the cavalry of the 4th Corps into action the day before, and Brayer had fallen at the head of its first infantry brigade. In the evening a farmer's cart, followed only by a priest and the *maire* of Doncourt, conveyed the coffins to the village cemetery.

As the troops reached the positions assigned to them, the little shelter-tents were pitched, fires were lighted, and cooking began. The baggage-waggons were unloaded, and sent off towards Metz for a further supply of provisions and forage. The ammunition columns of the artillery distributed cartridges. Then came orders that the position was to be entrenched, and working parties were soon busy with pick and spade, under the guidance of engineer officers, along the French left. But on the right, where the work was most needed, little or nothing was done, for Canrobert's Corps reached the ground late, and there was a deficiency of tools, the waggons of his engineer park having, for the most part, got no nearer the frontier than the great camp at Châlons.

In the late hours of the afternoon, strong patrols of the enemy showed themselves along the edges of the woods opposite the French left, and there was some desultory firing, the mitrailleuse batteries of Frossard's Corps being particularly active. Their rattling fire broke out whenever a spiked helmet was seen among the trees, but this long-range shooting did very little damage, and the Germans seldom took the trouble to answer it. So the long summer day went by ; and when night fell, the French lay down beside their thousand bivouac fires,

fully assured that next day would witness a great battle.

Bazaine slept in the village of Plappeville, with the regiments of the Imperial Guard camped close by in the hollow, between the two fort-crowned heights of Plappeville and St. Quentin. Curiously enough, the marshal told his staff that he did not anticipate a battle. He would give his men a day's rest, and then resume his march to the north-westward and rejoin MacMahon.



"THE ROADS WERE ENCUMBERED WITH RELIEVING CONVOYS AND LONG TRAINS OF AMBULANCE WAGGONS" (*p.* 383).

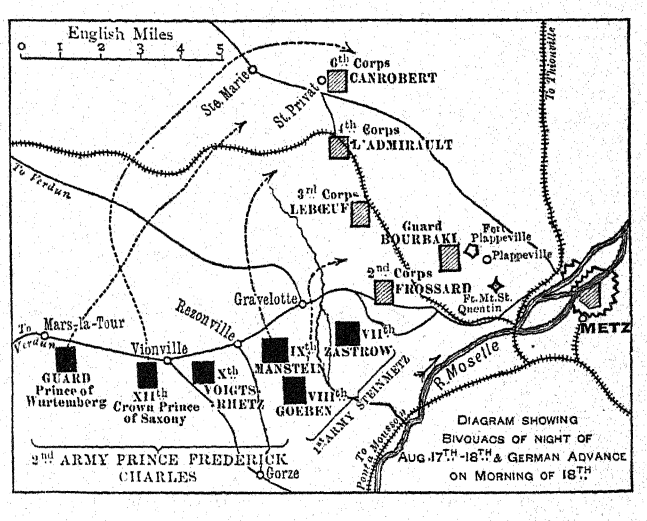
And what were the Germans doing all this time? After the war, there grew up a kind of legend about the way in which the victors had conducted their operations. According to this story they were always doing something, and it was always the right thing to do. They had a plan of campaign which worked out with the precision of an approved chess-opening, and made victory a certainty. Their cavalry was always in touch with the enemy. The Uhlans were everywhere, watching every move of the French, and when their reports reached head-quarters, they were made the basis of orders that directed overwhelming masses with the certainty of fate against the weak points of the French positions. There is something of this legendary view of the war to be traced even in the German official account of the campaign; but since the staff history was published, a whole literature of the war has come from the printing-presses of both France and Germany, and the evidence thus made available has done much to discredit the traditional view of what happened on many important occasions. It is now tolerably clear that on the 17th the Germans were acting in a way that was hardly worthy of such past-masters in the art of war. On the right the outposts of the First Army, under the command of General von Steinmetz, were in sight of the French left on the hills beyond the Mance Brook, and were, indeed, occasionally exchanging fire with them; but no attempt had been made to keep in touch with the retiring corps on the French right, though there was a strong force of cavalry available for this purpose. On the extreme left of the Germans, the Crown Prince (now the King) of Saxony, one of the best leaders in the invading army, pushed forward some of his cavalry to Pasondrupt, on the Metz-Verdun road, and ascertained that there were no French



"THE CHASSEPOT FIRE FROM THE CREST ROSE INTO A WILD STORM" (*p.* 391).

troops in that direction. But nothing was done to make sure that the greater part of Bazaine's army was not in retreat across the Orne river, by the Metz-Briey route. Nor were the hills held by the corps of the French right and centre reconnoitred, so that next day a very serious loss of time and of life resulted from a mistake as to where the French right really lay. The orders for the movement which resulted in the battle of Gravelotte were, indeed, drawn up before 2 a.m. on the 17th, on the basis of insufficient information. It was only through the superiority in numbers of the Germans, and the general soundness of their position compared with that of the French, that these orders worked out so well next day.

When night fell the two armies, therefore, were in bivouac in the same order in which they fought on the morrow; but, instead of facing each other, the two lines formed a right angle, the French left and the German right being in touch near the Moselle, while the other extremities of the lines were about nine miles apart. Next day the German armies were to be flung against the French position by a great wheel to the eastward, across the same ground that had been traversed by the French on the morning of the 17th. The annexed sketch map shows, more clearly than any description, the position of the two armies on the night before the great battle, and the movements of the morning of the 18th.



The night was clear, and starlit overhead. It was warm, and the men hardly needed their bivouac fires. In the French lines there were two alarms during the hours of darkness. The first was about 2 a.m., when the cry "To arms!" started somewhere in the middle of the outpost lines, and ran like lightning all through the bivouacs. The men sprang up, and seized their rifles; many of the batteries hooked in their teams, ready to gallop up their guns to the front. But in a few minutes the word was passed that it was nothing. There was another alarm a little later, and after this in many of the bivouacs the men sat chatting and smoking round the fires. At four o'clock the sky was already whitening with the dawn, and then bugle and trumpet began to sound the *réveille* along the plateau from Rozerieulles to St. Privat; and after the morning roll-call the men got their breakfasts, while the sun rose brightly in the clear sky.

The Germans were already in movement. Some of the corps marched off at four o'clock, others had not to start till six; but some of the divisions had been marching all night. The Pomeranians of the 2nd corps had left their bivouac near Pont-à-Mousson soon after midnight, and had been tramping northward by starlight ever since, the guns and cavalry on the high road, the infantry moving by tracks among the vineyards on the slopes above it. Towards morning they had cheered the old King of Prussia as he passed their columns on the road in his carriage, driving from Pont-à-Moussen, where he had had a short sleep, to Flavigny, where he was in the saddle with Moltke and the head-quarters staff by six o'clock.

Prince Frederick Charles, who commanded the Second Army, forming the German left, had slept at Mars-la-Tour. At half-past five he was in the saddle, directing the march of his corps to the northward. The Saxons were the first to move off at six o'clock, but such is the space occupied by an army corps, that it was not till nine that the last of their battalions was clear of Mars-la-Tour and the Guards began their march. The corps under Steinmetz on the right had not so far to go. Their business for the present was to close up and watch the French, and to issue from the woods to attack them as soon as the sound of cannon from the northward told that Frederick Charles was in touch with the enemy.

So the great wheel, first to the northward and then to the eastward, went on through the summer morning, 220,000 Germans, with 800 guns, pushing on to the line of heights that runs

from Habonville by Gravelotte to the ravines above Gorze, facing the corresponding line held by Bazaine. It was the first great battle in which troops from every part of Germany were to fight side by side. Here flew the black and white flag of Prussia; there the black, white, and red colours of the North German Confederation, or the white and green banner of Saxony; and the white and red pennons of Hessian contingents; and the flags of Mecklenburg, Brunswick, and Oldenburg; and the historic colours of the Hanseatic League.

At ten the cavalry in front of the German left reported that the enemy had not retired to the northward. French tents were standing along the hills about Amanvilliers, and there was an advanced detachment holding the village of Ste. Marie aux Chênes. At first it was supposed that the French line of battle extended no further than Amanvilliers village. Later it was ascertained that there were also troops in St. Privat; but where precisely the French right lay was not clearly known until the attack had made some progress. Reports sent to the royal head-quarters at Flavigny brought back orders for the German left to march eastwards against the French positions. But even before these orders reached him Prince Frederick Charles was directing his columns toward Amanvilliers and St. Privat, the Saxons and the Guards moving on his extreme left, expecting to find nothing but weak detachments in their immediate front, and to turn the French right without much fighting.

Marshal Bazaine spent the morning with his chief of the staff, General Jarras, in a house at Plappeville, busy with preparing a list of promotions to replace the officers killed and wounded in the battles of the 14th and 16th. At half-past nine an officer of Marshal Lebœuf's staff arrived with a report that masses of the enemy were moving in his front, and asking for orders. The commander-in-chief of the French army sent word to Lebœuf that in the position he held he ought to be quite safe if he was attacked, and that meanwhile he had better push on the work at the shelter-trenches and other field-works planned and begun the day before. When the staff officer went away Bazaine told Jarras that he doubted if the enemy would venture on a serious attack, for the ground held by the Imperial army was so strong as to leave few chances of success to such an enterprise. To messages from other corps commanders he sent much the same reply he had given to Lebœuf. So the morning was spent in mere routine duties at the French head-quarters. A better soldier than Bazaine would have been early in the saddle, seeing for himself what was the state of affairs along his line of defence. But he had apparently deluded himself into the idea that all that was necessary had been done when he had placed his five corps in position along the plateau of Amanvilliers. Even when, about noon, the sound of cannon came echoing along the hills from the westward he remained at his desk, and it was not till two o'clock that he mounted and rode up the hill of St. Quentin, taking only two of his officers with him, and again telling Jarras that he was sure the affair would not be serious.

But by two o'clock the battle had been some time in progress over miles of country. The first shots were fired a few minutes after noon by the 9th German Corps—Schleswig-Holsteiners and Hessians—commanded by Von Manstein. As his vanguard reached the farm of Champenois just before twelve o'clock, a French camp could be seen on the opposite slope of the valley. He thought it was going to be another surprise—a Wissemburg on a grand scale—so he gave the word, and promptly a couple of batteries galloped up, unlimbered, and sent a shower of shells bursting among the French tents. Manstein was acting against orders in thus precipitating the attack, for Moltke had intended that the French should be assailed simultaneously on the left and right, as soon as Prince Frederick Charles had begun to seriously develop his flank movement north of Amanvilliers, but not till then. But now, as on more than one previous occasion, the eagerness of the subordinate commanders hurried on the battle. Manstein could not resist the temptation of suddenly opening fire on the camp in front of him. But the French were not surprised. The infantry rushed to their shelter-trenches. The artillery promptly replied to the German guns from the higher ground beyond.

Moltke, sitting on his horse beside the king, on the hill near Flavigny, heard the roar of Manstein's guns. He knew the Guard and the Saxons could not yet be in a position to co-operate in the attack, and he did what he could to prevent Steinmetz from flinging the troops on the right prematurely against the French left. He hurriedly wrote and sent him an order telling him that the action which he could hear beginning near Verneville was an isolated affair, and there was no need yet of showing his troops. If he must act, let it be only by using his artillery

as a prelude to the attack which would come later. But Steinmetz, on the heights beyond Gravelotte, had heard Manstein's guns before Moltke's galloper reached him, and had not only brought his batteries into action, but had begun to push on his infantry through the woods in his front. So it was that about noon the great battle began, as it were, by an accident.

A few words as to the character of the battle-field :—The high ground to the west of Metz is made up of three nearly parallel ranges of hills, running north and south, those nearest the city being the highest. The valleys between them are from 1½ to 2 miles wide from crest to crest, and the slopes are gentlest towards the northern end of the heights, where also the valleys are more shallow, all the forms of the ground being bolder in the southern part of the region. In the hollows there are extensive woods—those near Gravelotte village, the Bois de Vaux and the Bois de Genivaux, being at the time of the battle so full of thick undergrowth that they could only be traversed by following the paths and a few narrow glades. The hills are sufficiently elevated above the valleys to enable one in most places to see across from ridge to ridge over the trees. The central line of heights was that held by the French. The Germans advanced to the attack across the western ridge. On their right, at Gravelotte village, the Verdun-Metz road drops into the valley, passing through a defile with steep rocks on either side, traversing a narrow belt of wood by a clearing, and ascending the opposite slope, having on one side a mass of quarries that made a ready shelter for the defence, and on the other the farm-house and stables of St. Hubert, which the French had occupied, as well as the quarries and the belts of wood below. But all these were only the advanced posts of their left. About 250 yards eastward of St. Hubert their shelter-trenches ran along the upper slope of the hill ; and in places, where it was steepest, they were arranged in double and triple tiers. A wall at the bend of the road was lined with rifles. The farms of Moscou and Point du Jour had been prepared for defence, and just above them at the crest of the hill there were three groups of cannon and mitrailleuses. These were pointed at the opposite ridge beyond Gravelotte, while the rifles of the infantry could sweep all the slopes down to the edge of the woods. Frossard with the 2nd Corps held this splendid position. An officer of Engineers, he had carefully entrenched all his front, and made the most of the natural advantages of the ground. To his right Marshal Lebœuf with the 3rd Corps, chiefly made up of the garrison of Paris, prolonged the line along the ridge by the farm of Leipzig and La Folie to Montigny la Grange. Here, too, the spade had been busy providing shelter for the defence. Behind the left centre the Imperial Guard and the reserve artillery were stationed near Plappeville. General Ladmirault with the 4th Corps came next to Lebœuf, the strong point of his position being the large walled village of Amanvilliers, which he had carefully prepared for defence. Then on the right Marshal Canrobert with the 6th Corps occupied St. Privat, with a strong detachment in Roncourt to guard his flank, and an advanced post in the village of Ste. Marie aux Chênes. Here on the right, where such work was most needed, very little had been done to entrench the position, chiefly because there was a deficiency of tools. But even without such help it was strong, for St. Privat was partly hidden from view and fire by the crest of the long slope which descends to the westward and north-westward, a gentle slope of open fields, which the chassepot bullets could sweep with that grazing fire which is always far more deadly than the plunging fire from a bolder slope. For two thousand yards there was practically no cover for the attack. It was a huge natural glacis, destined to be the scene of terrible slaughter before the day was won.

Begun on the centre at noon, the cannonade spread rapidly to the southward. Steinmetz had opened with his guns against the French left, and Frossard's artillery was replying. The shells were screaming high above the trees in the Mance valley, as they flew from crest to crest. Battery after battery came galloping up on the German side, and in twenty minutes Von Goeben, who commanded the 7th Corps (the first of Steinmetz's to come into action), had more than a hundred guns in line on the slope above Gravelotte, while his infantry were pushing into the thick belt of woods in the valley below and exchanging rifle fire with the French advanced posts. It was soon evident that the Germans were going to have the best of this artillery duel. To begin with, they had more guns than the French. Then the German guns were breech-loading cannon, while the French were rifled muzzle-loaders of the same type that they had used eleven years before in Italy ; and the result was that the German gunners fired faster, were less exposed as they worked their guns, and shot better. Finally, the Germans had better

ammunition. Their shells, fitted with percussion fuses, almost invariably burst on contact with the hot hard ground of the ridge at which they fired; while the French time fuses acted irregularly, sometimes burst the shells too soon, and, oftenest of all, failed to explode them at all, so that the projectiles were practically solid shot. Frossard's gunners made very fair practice, but they were handicapped from the very outset. Near some of Von Goeben's batteries, as the day went on, the ground was scored with long furrows cut by the grazing but unburst shells from the French batteries. But on the opposite side of the valley, in and around the farms at which the Germans chiefly directed their fire, as soon as they had got the upper hand of the French artillery, the results were fearful.



GENERAL STEINMETZ.

St. Hubert was early in the day a mass of ruins, and a little later Moscou and Point du Jour were set on fire by bursting shells. To quote a German account of the appearance of the two farms after the fight, Major Hoenig tells us how:—"At these points hardly any French were found killed or wounded by infantry bullets; almost all had been destroyed by the fire of the guns. In the large heaps of ruins the defenders, especially in Moscou, lay all around, fearfully torn and mutilated by the German shell; limbs and bodies were blown from thirty to fifty paces apart, and the stones and sand were here and there covered with pools of blood. In Moscou and Point du Jour some French were found burnt in their defensive positions, and a large number of the wounded showed marks of the flames, which had destroyed both uniforms and limbs. All around there lay rifles and swords, knapsacks and cartridges, the remains of limbers which had been blown up, broken gun-carriages and wheels, and a large number of hideously torn and mangled horses. The ground was changed by the German artillery fire into a desert covered with many corpses. The interiors of Point du Jour and Moscou were not passable after the battle until they had been cleared."

Such was the storm of fire which the French had to face once their own artillery was partly silenced. And along the left of their position they faced it successfully. Driven from the blazing farms, they held the entrenched slopes none the less doggedly. Up to a certain point the Germans made progress, that point being within close range of the French main position. Thus at one o'clock—when, after an unaccountable delay, Moltke's aide-de-camp reached Steinmetz and told him not to precipitate his attack—the infantry were already in the woods in the hollow. The French had no intention of making a prolonged resistance here, and in the next hour they let go the woods and drew back their advanced troops to the slope beyond, though not till they had made the Germans pay dearly for their success. St. Hubert then became the object of attack. Two German corps, the 7th and 8th (Von Goeben and Zastrow), had now their artillery in position. St. Hubert was crumbling under the shower of shells. The batteries further back on the crest of the French slope were all but silent. Forced to change their position continually, sometimes after firing only a single gun, they hardly counted for anything in the struggle. It had become a fight of French rifles against German rifles and cannon.

The quarries and gravel-pits south of St. Hubert were occupied after a sharp fight. Regiment after regiment, each company working independently under its captain, pressed up to St. Hubert, till at last a thick German firing line was lying down two hundred yards from its ruined walls, blazing away at the French garrison, the German artillery now devoting its energies

to prevent their being reinforced or supported from the main position. At three o'clock the 60th Infantry pushed up from the woods, and, thus reinforced, the firing line surged forward with the bayonet, and the remnant of the French garrison were made prisoners or driven out by the east gate of the farmyard. The capture of St. Hubert had cost the lives of so many of the senior officers that the troops who had stormed it, belonging as they did to three regiments, found themselves under the command of a major of the 60th, the sole survivor of the regimental or battalion commanders. In and around the buildings the victors found some shelter, and opened fire on the French position about Moscou and Point du Jour. But it was only the superiority of their own artillery which, by crushing the French fire, enabled them to retain possession of St. Hubert for a single hour. They got no further; for hours the ruined farm was the high-water mark of the German advance, and Frossard's main line was not only intact but victorious.

Meanwhile, how had the first three hours of the battle gone on the rest of the field? In the centre Manstein's Corps had made little or no progress. When he opened fire upon the French near Amanvilliers, the ground in front had been so badly reconnoitred, and his view was so limited by the woods to the northward, that he thought he was engaged with the extreme right of the enemy. He therefore boldly pushed forward the left of his own line of guns, with the result that it was promptly taken in flank, and enfiladed by the batteries of the French 6th Corps between Amanvilliers and St. Privat. Thus the German gunners had to face a heavy fire, while another storm of shells raked their line from the left. Outnumbered and badly posted, it was no wonder that for some time Manstein's artillery had decidedly the worst of the fight. Some of the batteries were silenced. The teams were



"A THICK GERMAN FIRING LINE WAS BLAZING AWAY AT THE FRENCH GARRISON" (*p.* 388).

brought up to withdraw them, but the horses were shot down in struggling heaps in front of the limbers. And now swarms of French skirmishers pressed forward. At one point they had for a while several guns in their possession, though they were unable to carry them off. The German infantry came to the rescue. Three times the French rushed forward, and three times they were driven back; and then the artillery of the Prussian Guard began to come into action in support of Manstein, and made the conflict more equal.

The Prussian Guard, led by the Prince of Würtemberg, had been marching northward and eastward to the left rear of Manstein's Schleswigers. When the "cannon thunder" began, its artillery hurried up to the front. But it was soon discovered that, instead of being in a position to turn the enemy's right, the Guards had French troops in their front at St. Privat, and an advanced detachment on their own flank at Ste. Marie aux Chênes. This village, a mass of stone houses, with gardens surrounded by walls and hedges, and with very little cover for the attack within a thousand yards of its outer fences, was held by a French regiment, the 94th of the line, two and a half battalions strong, and commanded by the veteran Colonel Geslin. The Germans waited to attack it until the heads of the Saxon columns, moving still further to the westward, began to appear beyond the village. Meanwhile, it was shelled by the batteries of the Guard. When at last the Saxons were ready to co-operate, seven of their battalions moved against the village from the west, while four battalions of the Guard attacked from the south. Advancing by successive rushes, lying down to fire, and then pushing on again, the attack reached a point two hundred yards from the village. Then, after a long burst of rifle fire, Saxons and Guardsmen dashed in with the bayonet. The Frenchmen made a hard fight, especially at the head of the village street, where Von Eckert, the colonel of the leading Guard battalion, was killed. But to have protracted the defence would have been to risk being cut off, and Geslin withdrew the bulk of his force to the main French position, his defence and retreat in the face of such superior forces being alike honourable. This was at half-past three, the capture of Ste. Marie, on the German left, coming just after that of St. Hubert, on their right, both being alike advanced posts outside the French main position.

And now the crisis of the fight was approaching. The artillery began to concentrate its fire on St. Privat, and while the Guards waited for the order to attack it in front, the Saxons were sweeping round to the northward by Roncourt, in order to outflank it, and, perhaps, even take it in rear. As the heads of the Saxon columns gained the Orne valley, the Crown Prince sent some of his squadrons away towards the Moselle to cut the railway and telegraph lines between Metz and Thionville. They did their work effectually. There certainly should have been French cavalry watching the valley, but Bazaine's troopers were standing idly by their horses here and there at various points behind his long line.

For nearly an hour and a half the storm of bursting shells descended upon St. Privat, and swept the crest of the heights around and beyond it. The French artillery was gradually silenced, some of the batteries because they were already running short of ammunition. On the other side more than two hundred guns, drawn up in a line a mile and a half long, were hurling destruction and death upon the devoted village. House after house collapsed. Of the *mairie*, in the centre of the village, only a few fragments of the walls were standing. Towards five o'clock the lull in the French rifle fire, the silence of Canrobert's batteries, the sight of a column moving southwards near St. Privat, all suggested to Würtemberg that the 6th Corps was ready to let go its hold of the village under any serious pressure. So the word was given for the leading divisions of the Guard, 15,000 strong, the picked soldiers of all Prussia, the men who had broken the Austrian centre at Sadowa, to advance to the attack.

On they went, drums beating, battle-flags waving in the sultry air, their generals and field officers mounted, at the head of brigades and regiments. General von Pape's division marched on the left of the St. Privat road, General von Budritzki's on the right to the south of it, each in its massive column of half-battalions; and as they moved out, they looked not as if they were upon a fire-swept battlefield, but as if they were drawn up for some grand parade under the eyes of the king, on the dusty Tempelhof Platz at Berlin. Before them, with gentle unbroken slope, a mile and a half of open ground rose up towards the hill-top where St. Privat just showed its first houses and its church tower above the crest. The poplar avenue of the high road linked it with Ste. Marie. There had been of late only a dropping fire from the village, but now from the houses and the hill-top came the sharp

volleys of the chassepot, and a rain of lead began to patter on the sunburnt slope. But as yet the range was too long for the fire to do much damage. Then the leading companies broke into lines of skirmishers, replying to the French volleys, while the columns pressed on behind them, continually reinforcing them. But as the range lessened, the chassepot fire from the crest rose into a wild storm, the levelled rifles pouring out their bullets as fast as deft hands could work levers and triggers. The Guardsmen were falling fast. In a few minutes all the mounted officers were down. Of the Jäger battalion which led the left attack seventeen officers had fallen, and a young ensign found himself in command of the handful of riflemen that were still marching onwards. "Forward! Forward!" rang out the voices of the leaders, as with waving swords they moved in front of their men, and dropped one by one. Now there were only 600 yards to the crest, but here the Guards were going down like grass before a scythe. They could advance no further, but they would not go back. They lay down, and replied to the fire of the defenders. Many of them never rose again. Along that terrible hill-side there stretched before long a broad belt of dead, wounded, and dying, piled up in places three and four deep. Of the 15,000 who advanced to the attack, 4,500 were struck down. It was an heroic failure, and it taught the lesson that against the modern rifle even the best infantry could no longer advance in the massive columns that had decided the fate of many a European battlefield.

To the right of the Guards, Manstein had begun to push forward an attack against Amanvilliers, but when he saw the failure before St. Privat he checked his own advancing battalions. It was clear that nothing more could be done against the French on this part of the field until the turning movement of the Saxons had begun to tell upon them. Meanwhile the fire of nearly three hundred guns, ranged in a vast semi-circle, was concentrated upon St. Privat.

On the German right, where the First Army under Steinmetz faced the French left under Frossard and Lebœuf, fortune had been equally adverse to the invaders. The 7th and 8th Corps had, it is true, silenced the French artillery, and captured the farm of St. Hubert and the quarries of Rozerieulles to the south of it, but the French main position was as solid as ever; and though the farms of Moscou and Point du Jour were bursting into flames under the German shell fire, the men who held the crest of the hill between and on either side of them were not of the kind that can be driven from their position by a mere bombardment, however terrible. But Steinmetz, seeing the farms blazing, and noticing that the French artillery was absolutely silent and their rifle fire seemed dying away, came to the conclusion that they were about to retreat. He wrote an order to his cavalry commander telling him that he was to push through the Gravelotte defile, wheel left at St. Hubert, and charge the enemy, "who was inclined to give way." The charge was to be continued "right up to the glacis of Metz." Several batteries were to cross the valley with the cavalry, and to open fire from near St. Hubert at close range, and the infantry was to advance over the ground swept by the victorious squadrons. So nearly a third of the guns limbered up, and began to trot down the narrow road that led across the valley. With them went a regiment of Uhlans (the 4th), and a great mass of heavy cuirassier cavalry, and at the same time the infantry already engaged with the French began to push forward from St. Hubert. But Steinmetz had made a bad mistake—a mistake that cost him his command. The enemy was not in the least inclined to give way.

On the contrary, the temporary silence of so many of the German guns gave them the chance they wanted to bring back their own batteries into action. As the head of the column of German artillery, lancers, and cuirassiers began to come up the slope out of the defile, a hurricane of shells and bullets swept down from the opposite crest. Between the blazing farms, and right and left of them, the white smoke of cannon, mitrailleuse, and chassepot rose in a dense bank, torn here and there by the long flashes of the guns. A crowd of wounded and unwounded fugitives from St. Hubert struggled to pass the advancing column. The teams of a couple of artillery tumbrils in the first battery took fright, and madly plunged down the defile. Bursting shells and showering bullets began to strike down men and horses, and the narrow way was blocked by a struggling mass of horses, men, waggons, and guns. Out of the confusion four batteries and the lancer regiment pushed up to St. Hubert; but in one battery the first gun stopped short with all its horses killed, the other five were no sooner in position than their teams broke away in a mad gallop down the crowded road. Then the guns opened against the French, only to lose rapidly the greater part of the

brave officers and men who served them; while the Uhlans, seeing that a charge would have been mere madness, halted at the edge of the wood as an escort to the artillery, and there lost men and horses, without being able to attempt anything against the French line.

Rearwards the Cuirassiers and the other batteries moved back to Gravelotte, but they were followed by a confused crowd of broken infantry, for Frossard had charged with the bayonet, recaptured the quarries, and for the moment broken the front line of the German attack. The woods in the hollow were full of wounded and unwounded men who had given up the fight. Others, many of them unhelmeted and without their weapons, straggled back to Gravelotte, where efforts were made to rally them. Thus at St. Hubert four German batteries were being destroyed, while about Gravelotte the rest of the guns were working to regain their superiority over the French artillery, and along the valley a number of isolated attacks on the French front were breaking uselessly like waves upon a reef. So far it did not look like victory for Germany; but then only half the infantry and not all even of the artillery had been brought into action.



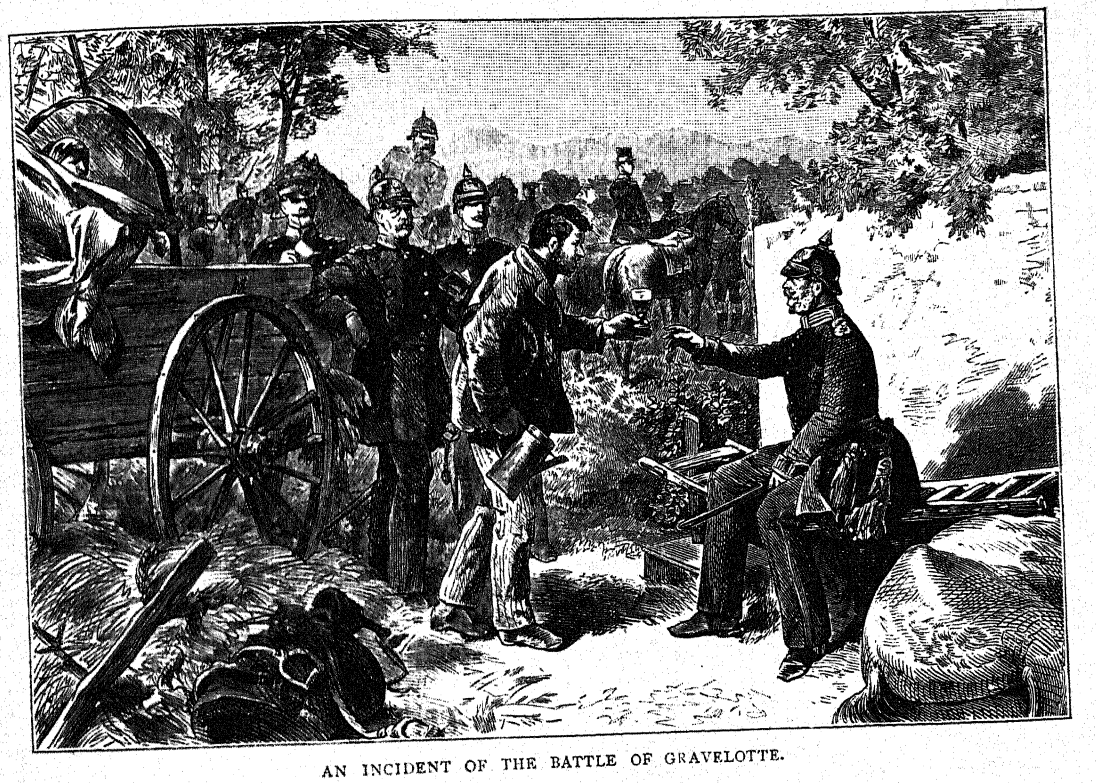
GERMAN HUSSAR.

On right and left two huge masses were approaching the scene of action. Northwards the Saxons were closing in upon Roncourt, and behind the German right the French saw, about six o'clock, what looked like a great sea of moving helmets flashing in the western sun. It was the 2nd Corps, the Pomeranians, under Franzecky, hurrying up in three columns to the rescue of the First Army. Canrobert, on the French right, was terribly short of ammunition. His men had fired so fast in the repulse of the Guard that their pouches were empty. They were looking for cartridges in the pouches of the dead and wounded, and they got a small supply and a few shells for the guns from the 4th Corps. Bazaine had done little all day but watch the fight on the left from near St. Quentin. In response to a pressing request from Lebœuf and Frossard, who had seen, from the high ground near Point du Jour, the advance of the Pomeranians, he sent the Light Infantry of the Imperial Guard to their help, and a little later moved some of the other regiments and part of his reserve artillery towards the right. If he had had the insight and energy to throw the Imperial Guard and the artillery somewhat earlier, either against the German left or across the Mance valley against their right, Gravelotte might easily have been a great French victory. But he frittered away his reserves or kept them idle till it was too late.

What a vigorous counter attack towards Gravelotte village might have done was shown by the wild scene of confusion that followed the charge of a single French brigade down the slope south of St. Hubert and towards the woods in the valley. Everything gave way before

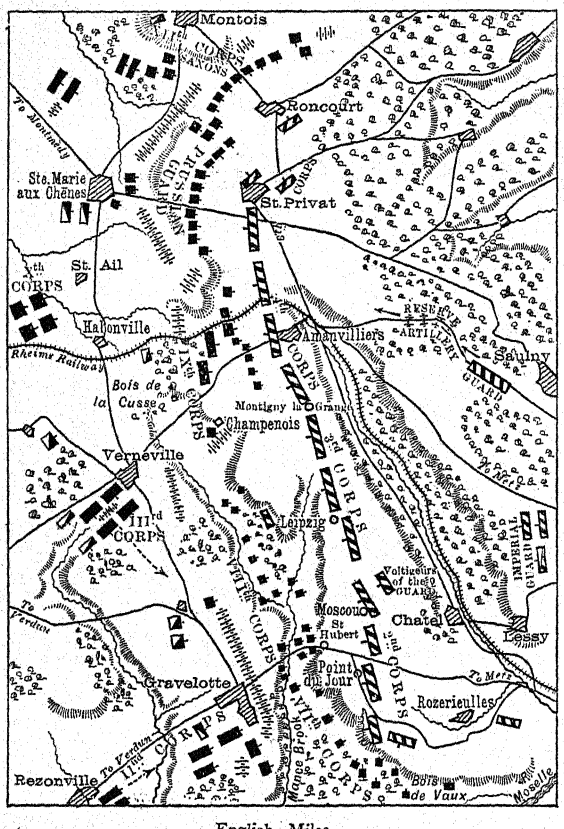
them. The only battery still in action near St. Hubert was saved chiefly because the wave of the French advance rolled past it on its flank. But everything on the slope was swept away. The German artillery from the opposite side of the valley checked the French rush with its well-placed shells, but out of the woods there came a mad, panic-stricken rush of German infantry, several regiments mixed together. The mob poured directly towards its own artillery, silencing its fire for the moment, heedless of the threats of officers, who menaced them with sword and pistol. Even behind the guns they could not be rallied, and the old king and his staff were nearly swept away by the crowd. The French, checked by the shell-fire, withdrew up the slope, but a few minutes later there was another panic as a stampede of frightened horses cleared the Gravelotte road and thundered through the village. Well might Moltke and the king welcome Franzecky's hardy Pomeranians as the cheering column of dust-stained men marched with a springing step down the slope of Gravelotte to restore the fight in the brief interval of summer twilight that remained.

But far away to the northward the tide of battle had turned, though it would be hours yet before the tidings of defeat and victory would reach King William at Gravelotte or Bazaine at Plappeville, such is the vast scale of a great modern battle. Between six and seven the Saxons, after a sharp fight, had driven the French out of Roncourt, and closed in upon St. Privat from the north and north-eastward. This was the signal for the Guards, reinforced by a fresh brigade, to renew their advance against the west side of the village, now a mass of ruins, with many of the houses burning fiercely. But against this new advance there was nothing like the storm of fire that had repelled the first assault. For a few minutes the chassepots poured out their deadly hail; then there was only a dropping fire, and the Saxons and Guardsmen were able to close with Canrobert's lines. But there was still a fierce struggle. In the burning streets and the ruined church of St. Privat, bayonet, revolver, and sabre were busy, and the Frenchmen only gave way as they were forced back by superior numbers. A rumour had spread that the Imperial Guard was close at hand, and they held on doggedly in the hope that once more the Guard would bring victory with the onward rush of its eagles. As the Prussians approached the village cemetery, there



AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE.

was not a shot fired from its wall, and they thought it was abandoned; but they found there the 9th Chasseurs, who held it with the bayonet long after the rest of the place had been captured. It was in the gathering darkness that the 6th Corps fell back along the heights towards



Battle of GRAVELOTTE (ST. PRIVAT) Aug. 18. 1870.
Position about 7 p.m.
Germans. German Batteries. French.

Metz, some of Bourbaki's regiments of the Imperial Guard helping to cover their retreat.

The capture of St. Privat made Amanvilliers untenable. Manstein, supported by the 3rd Corps, advanced upon the village as soon as the attack of the Guards had pushed into St. Privat. Amanvilliers was by this time in flames. But L'Admirault held his ground until his colleague's retreat made further resistance impossible. Even then he checked the German pursuit with more than one bold counter-attack, the last of these, a bayonet charge by the light of the burning village, being made by the 41st of the line led by Colonel Saussier, now the chief commander of the armies of the French Republic.

But away to the southwards, where the king and Moltke watched the battle near Gravelotte, the French were still holding their own. Brigade after brigade of Franzecky's corps plunged down into the valley, where what was left of the 7th and 8th Corps were struggling with the soldiers of Lebœuf and Frossard, now reinforced by the Guard. Here the French fought with the sense of hard-earned victory. As for the Germans, unaware of the success won far to the north by Prince Frederick Charles, and lately witness of the disgraceful panic round Gravelotte, no wonder the royal headquarters staff watched the fight with anxiety. Mr. Archibald Forbes, who was on this part of the field, has told how he saw the old king resting with his back against a wall, his seat being a ladder with one end resting on a dead horse, while Bismarck, close by, hid his anxiety by reading, or seeming to read, some letters by the light of some houses set on fire by the French shells. Out of the valley below rose the din of the fight. Suddenly Von Moltke rode up the slope with the tidings that all was well—"it was a victory." One wonders what was the precise event on which the great strategist based his comforting piece of news. Perhaps it was the recapture of the quarries near St. Hubert, for no other success was won on the right at this hour. Long after—in fact, till next day—on the German side the valley was held only by detached bodies of formed troops, mostly of the 2nd Corps, who were expecting every moment to have to meet a renewed French advance. Behind them, between them, all around them, were crowds of disorganised men, who broke away more than once in local panics. It was not till far into the night that something like order was restored in this part of the field, and officers and men began to realise that they were not beaten, but victorious.

But on the left the German triumph was clear and unmistakable. Although the French artillery kept up a fire from beyond and above Amanvilliers till long after ten o'clock, the plateau here was held by three German corps, and all the French right was in full retreat. How little there was of either rout or panic among the French is shown by the fact that they did not leave a gun or a standard as trophies to the victors. But for all that they were defeated at the point where defeat was most fatal. It might almost be said that there were two battles that day—St. Privat, won by Frederick Charles; and Gravelotte, lost—or all but lost—

by Steinmetz. But even so the success of St. Privat outweighed the failure at Gravelotte. Bazaine was cut off from Verdun and Chalons and flung back upon Metz. Yet as night deepened over the field he did not realise the extent of the catastrophe that had befallen his army. He rode back to Plappeville, while the sky was reddening with the light of blazing villages and farmsteads, and streaked to the northwards with the flaming curves of the shells flying over Amanvilliers. At his headquarters he told his staff he was satisfied with the way in which the army had held its own. But then came tidings from Canrobert and L'Admirault that they were driven back from their positions on the plateau. Still the marshal affected to treat the great battle as a matter of no importance. "In that case," he said, "we shall merely occupy to-morrow the positions nearer Metz, which I would have taken up even if there had been no battle" —a curious self-contradiction, for only the previous day he had talked of continuing his march to the northwards.

Towards midnight the Germans were aware everywhere of their success, though its full extent was not grasped till next day, when the retreat of the French to the ground covered by the forts of Metz left the victors in possession of the battlefield, strewn with thirty thousand killed and wounded, the victims of the great battle, so great that in all our warlike century only two other days — those of Leipzig and Sadowa — saw such vast armies set in battle array. Of those who fell two-thirds belonged to the invading army, so dearly had the victory been bought.



UNDER FIRE.



NEVER was a war more unwillingly entered upon than was the first struggle with Burma. So far back as 1756 there had been a strained state of relationship between the British in India and Burma. It began with the massacre of the English merchants and employés established in the island of Negrais. At that time Clive was founding our Indian Empire, and the authorities of Calcutta had their hands too full to undertake a war with a great Eastern Power. While England was consolidating her hold on India, Burma was extending her dominions as rapidly. It had annexed Ava, Arakan, Pegu, and a portion of Siam, and the Burmese frontier and that of the British had become conterminous. In 1794 a messenger was sent by the Bengal Government to the Court of Burma to establish amicable relations, and save that the British merchants were exposed to much oppression and exaction, things went on quietly until 1811, when the Burmese, under the belief that a rebellion in Arakan had been instigated by us, laid an embargo on all British vessels at Rangoon. But at that time the Marquis of Wellesley was carrying on a war with Nepaul and the Mahrattas, and had neither men nor funds to spare for other purposes.

Our disinclination for war was mistaken by the Burmese for fear. Assam was invaded, Munipoor overrun, and the Burmese made incursions into our territory. Still the Indian Government was forced to abstain from hostilities; but in 1823 Lord Amherst came out as governor-general, and as for the moment we were engaged in no great operations in India, he turned his attention at once to the Burmese question. His remonstrances did not even elicit a reply from the court at Ava, and on the 5th of March, 1824, war was declared.

Never did India enter upon a more difficult undertaking. Beyond the port of Rangoon nothing whatever was known of the country or of its pestilential climate in the wet season. The country was, however, known for the most part to be covered with almost impenetrable forests, intersected with marshes, and the Burmese army was a very numerous one and flushed with the confidence engendered by a long series of unbroken success and conquest at the expense of its neighbours.

Roads there were practically none, the river being the great highway of the country. Unfortunately, the preparations were made in great haste, and were characterised by an absolute want of foresight. It was assumed that the natives of that part of the country, who had been but a very short time under the rule of Burma, would join us against their conquerors, and that ample means of transport would be found in the shape of boats at Rangoon.

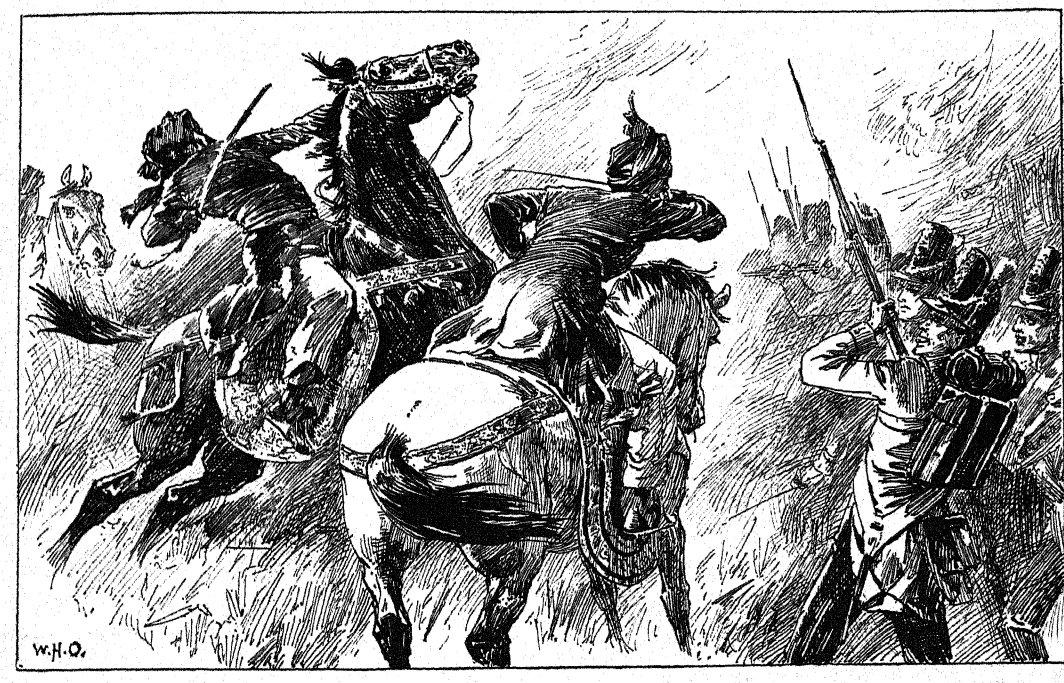
The war began by some engagements on the frontier in which our success was not unbroken, and the Burmese massed their troops in that direction under the belief that it was from there that our attack would come. This was not so. Transports for the troops were got together, and the contingents of Bengal and Madras rendezvoused at the Andaman Islands; thence two parties were detached to take possession of two islands off the Burmese coast, while the main body under Sir Archibald Campbell sailed up the Rangoon River, and to the stupefaction of the Burmese arrived before the town.

A sixteen-gun battery at once opened on the ships, but this was speedily silenced by their fire, and the troops then landed and took possession of the town without having occasion to fire a single gun. In fact, the place was found to be deserted, the inhabitants having been entirely driven out by the Burmese troops. The British traders had all been made prisoners as soon as the ships came in sight, and their

execution was determined upon ; but while the authorities were discussing about the manner in which they should be put to death, a 32-lb. shot passed through the building. The meeting dispersed in confusion, the chiefs all left the city, and the prisoners were marched off under a guard. Fortunately, however, some bodies of the troops were pushed out from Rangoon as soon as possession was taken, and the guard were so alarmed for their own safety, that they lodged the prisoners in a house and made off, and our countrymen were rescued by a reconnoitring party on the following morning.

The troops were greatly disappointed in the appearance of the town, which was merely a great assemblage of wooden huts surrounded by a stockade of from 16 to 18 feet in height. At a distance of two miles and a half from the town rose a great pagoda known as the Golden Dragon—it stood upon a conical hill rising 75 feet above the road. The pagoda was some 350 feet in height. For some time the troops remained in Rangoon, hoping that the capture of the place would lead the Burmese to approach us with proposals of peace: this, however, was far from being the case. In spite of the promise of protection circulated, the population did not return, no supplies whatever were brought in, and it was found that the whole of the boats had been taken up the river.

The rainy season set in a few days after we landed, and the health of the troops began at once to suffer. In the meantime the enemy remained invisible, but from all parts of the kingdom troops were being poured down to meet us: beyond the fact, however, that the great forest was occupied by the enemy, no information of their force or intentions was obtainable. The Burmese had the advantage of a magnificent water carriage for the supply of the great force gathering round Rangoon, for in every town and village on the river a certain number of war boats was maintained, each carrying from forty to fifty men, at the expense of Government, and as many privileges were bestowed upon their crews, the flotilla constituted a very formidable arm of the Burmese forces, as some 400 or 500 of these craft were at the disposal of the emperor. Skirmishing was frequent, and our pickets at night were constantly harassed by the enemy, who crept up and murdered our sentries. It was evident that no general movement could be made against the unseen foe, and the English general's plan of operation was to remain upon the defensive, save for attacks upon posts dangerously near to our lines, and to leave it to the enemy, encouraged by our inactivity, to make a general attack and so afford us an opportunity for striking a heavy blow.



"HE AND HIS OFFICERS REPEATEDLY CHARGED THE BRITISH LINE" (*p.* 399).

On the 28th of May the first operation in any force was undertaken: the enemy had erected a strong stockade within musket-shot of our lines: and Sir Archibald Campbell took four companies of the 13th and 38th Regiments, and with 400 native infantry moved out against the work. It was still unfinished, and the Burmese, taken by surprise, hastily retreated. The column followed by a path along which but two men could march abreast. At every turn of the road breast-works and half-finished stockades were met with; but, after following the path for five miles, the force arrived at some rice-fields. The enemy attempted to oppose a resistance to our crossing the passage across the swamp, but were soon dispersed by the fire of the field-pieces. The rain was now pouring in torrents, and the guns could be dragged no further. The native force was left to guard them, and the Europeans pushed on a mile further to a plain, where they had been informed that a large number of the inhabitants of Rangoon were kept under the guard of the Burmese.

A great force of the enemy now moved out from the jungle beyond, but the little body of British troops moved forward to attack two strongly-stockaded villages. These were held by a considerable force of the Burmese, who, confident in their number, shouted jeeringly, "Come on! come on!" The invitation was accepted. Leaving one company to hold in check the Burmese on the plain, the other three rushed forward against the enemy's works and soon forced their way in. The Burmese fought desperately (it was contrary to their usages either to give or ask quarter), and maintained their resistance to the last, no less than 400 of them being killed. The British force then fell back slowly, unmolested by the enemy, who appeared too surprised at the capture of their works by so small a body of men to venture upon an attack.

On the 19th of June a column marched out to the attack of a formidable work the Burmese had erected on an elevation known as Kemmideen, some three miles away. As the operation was a much more serious one than the former, 3,000 men took part in it. The road ran parallel to the river, and was skirted on one side by rice-fields down to its bank, and by the other by a thick jungle and forest. On a gently-sloping hill halfway from the town a formidable stockade was met with: it was from 12 to 14 feet high, protected in front by abattis and obstacles of all kinds, and defended by a numerous garrison, who cheered lustily as the British advanced. In a few minutes, however, two guns made a gap in the stockade; a column dashed forward at the breach, while other parties climbed the stockade at various points, and in a short time the whole work was in our possession. The Burmese left behind them 200 dead, including the officer who commanded the post.

The force now continued its march, passed through rice-fields, and reached the jungle, through which glimpses could be caught of the extremely formidable works erected to defend the rising ground. A way was made through the jungle for a distance of a mile and a half; but, as glimpses obtained through the trees showed the strength of the position, it was seen that it could not be carried without the assistance of the ships unless with great loss of life. Accordingly a halt was ordered, and the troops were ordered to camp where they were until morning.

It was a trying night indeed. The rain fell in torrents, the enemy made repeated attacks in rear, and their sharpshooters kept up a continuous fire through the trees. Morning came at last, and, as soon as it was light enough for the gunners to take aim, a shell fire was opened into the Burmese position. The effect of these—to them—novel missiles, raining down into the crowded encampment was so great that before the columns of attack could move up to the stockade, the Burmese had already evacuated.

These affairs taught the enemy caution: they no longer pushed their approaches beyond the jungle, and the troops had a comparatively quiet time of it. But, though abstaining from attack, there were no signs that the determination of the Burmese to drive us into the sea was in any way damped. No communications whatever were exchanged, the country was devastated over a great extent, and none of the natives returned to the town. At the end of June the Burmese received large reinforcements, and one of the great court officials arrived to take command, with positive orders from the king to attack at once. Fortunately, almost at the same time another British regiment from Madras arrived, and the detachments that had been sent off to capture the islands rejoined. Thus the terrible gaps already created in the ranks by sickness were filled.

On the 1st of July large bodies of the enemy issued from the jungle, and marched towards the town in a direction nearly parallel to our position, and upon approaching within half a mile of the town, changed front and attacked that

part of our works nearest to the town. They were, however, speedily checked. The 43rd Madras Infantry dashed forward against them, and soon drove them back to the jungle. The surprise of the Burmese generals was so great that the grand assault we expected never took place. The Burmese army had been lying just within the jungle waiting until the advance force had penetrated our line. This was to be the signal for a general attack, but as that assault failed their general ordered the whole to fall back. He was at once recalled, and a still higher official was appointed to take his place.

Taking lesson by the ill success of his predecessors, the new general stockaded his army in the heart of the forest, five miles from the British position, and also erected strong works on the river above Kemmideen, intending from these to harass our shipping with fire-rafts. At the same time a system of constant and harassing night-attacks was resorted to, and Sir Archibald Campbell determined to force on a battle by attacking the great Burmese camp at Kemmideen, and at the same time to assail their position on the river. The position of the works on the river was well chosen. The stream here separated into two branches: upon the point between them the principal work was erected, armed with artillery, and defended by a strong garrison, while on the opposite banks of both arms strong defences were erected, barring the approach to the principal work. A brig and three of the Company's cruisers dropped up on the tide, and opened a heavy cannonade upon the works. The enemy for a time fought their guns well, but the fire of the shipping presently silenced them and knocked a hole in the stockade. A signal was made, and the troops who had marched up from Kemmideen at once entered the boats prepared for them, pushed across the river, overcame all the obstacles that had been erected to prevent a landing, and carried a strong stockade without a shot.

The operations of the land column were equally successful. The force under Brigadier-General M'Bean was so small that the officer who led the advance, was so confident, that he allowed the little column to come to within a short distance of the main work before opening fire. The British force was unprovided with guns, but dashed at the formidable stockade before them with such speed and determination that, by the aid of the ladders they carried with them, they escaladed the work before the Burmese had time to offer any serious resistance. The main works consisted of three lines of such stockades; but the very numbers of the Burmese were an obstacle to them. A heavy fire was kept up into the mass as the troops advanced; stockade after stockade was carried; and though the Burmese general placed himself at the head of his troops and endeavoured by his example to steady them, he was unable in the terrible confusion to restore order, although he and his officers repeatedly charged the British line with the fury of despair.

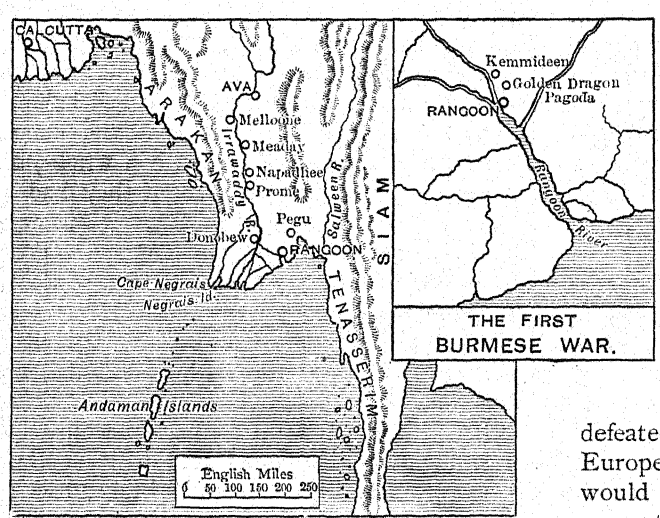
The combat was soon over: the general and many of his highest officers and 800 men were killed, and the Burmese army for a time was reduced to a mass of fugitives. Some time elapsed before operations were renewed: the ease and rapidity with which the British had carried positions that they had deemed impregnable, and the heavy loss they had inflicted by their heavy fire, had taught the enemy caution, and impressed them with a wholesome respect for these strangers whom they had at first regarded with such contempt. It was now, too, the height of the rainy season, and a great extent of the country was under water. Successful operations were, however, carried on along the coast, and a detachment sent up the river, where every village was found deserted, the inhabitants being driven out by the police as soon as our boats were seen approaching. A few families who had been forced to leave Rangoon were, however, met with and taken back to their homes, and the kind treatment that they received had the effect, some months after, of inducing a large proportion of the population to return.

Two of the brothers of the king presently arrived to superintend the operations of the war. They brought with them large reinforcements—among them one of several thousands strong, among whom were a body called the King's Invulnerables, who were considered by the people to have a charmed life. With them, too, were many astrologers, who were to indicate the proper time for an attack.

While they were preparing for the grand assault, several small expeditions against their posts were successfully carried out. At length news was obtained that the astrologers had fixed on the night of the 30th of August as propitious, and a body of the last reinforcements, including the Invulnerables, would on that night or the next attack the great Pagoda. At midnight they advanced in a compact body from the

jungle against it. A small picket thrown out at the foot of the mound on which it stood fell back in good order until it reached the foot of the steps, and then ran up to the plateau above where the troops were silently waiting the attack. Shouting and yelling, the Burmese pressed on until suddenly the British cannon opened fire, and showers of grape and musketry swept the crowded mass, and in a few minutes the whole of those who escaped the fire took refuge in the jungle again.

Finding that none of the commanders who had undertaken to annihilate the invaders had met with any success, the king of Burma now sent for Bandoola, who had led the Burmese

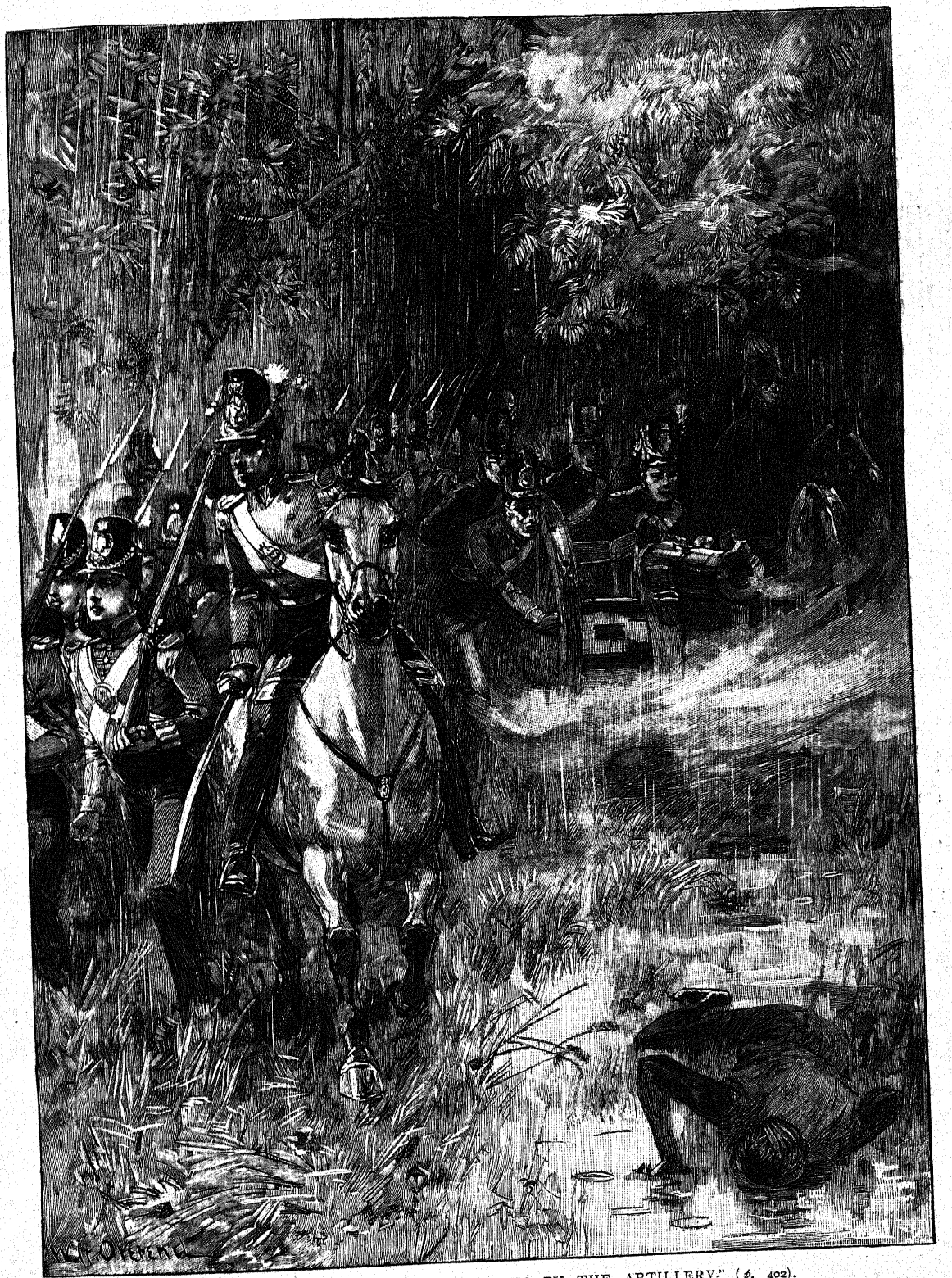


troops to victory on numerous occasions and had been the means of subduing many provinces to the Burmese rule. Until now he had been in command of the army destined for the invasion of Bengal, and had met with some success and had caused something like a panic in Calcutta itself. So far, however, he had not followed up his success, but had remained near the frontier, clearing the forests and cutting roads, with the evident intention of forming a great depôt and base for his advance. As soon as Bandoola received the order, he marched with his army to Ava. There he himself remained for a time making his preparations, while his troops moved by the various routes thence to the neighbourhood of Rangoon.

The force amounted, upon the most moderate calculation, to 60,000 men with a strong body of artillery and a considerable contingent of cavalry. On the part of the British every preparation had been made, several battalions of British and native infantry had arrived with some troops of cavalry, while 500 native artisans had been sent from India to build boats to carry the troops up the river after the attack now pending had been repulsed. On the 1st of December masses of the enemy poured out from the jungle, and advanced against the post at Kemmideen, which was held by the 26th Madras Infantry with a detachment of the Madras European Infantry, supported by a naval force on the river. At the same time other heavy masses of Burmese moved along at some distance from the front of the British position with the intention of entirely surrounding it. A great force also appeared on the other side of the river, where from the edge of the jungle they opened a distant fire on the shipping.

It soon became evident that there was no intention of an immediate attack except upon Kemmideen, for the Burmese had no sooner reached the position assigned to them than their arms were laid aside, and they began the operation, in which they were so skilled, of erecting stockades. It was not the policy of the British general to interfere with them at their work, for they would simply, if defeated, have fallen back into the forest, where European troops could not follow them, and would be ready to sally out again as soon as we retired. One attack, however, was made upon the enemy's left in order to obtain information as to their exact position. The column was completely successful: they carried the entrenchments at the point they aimed at, killed many of the enemy, and returned with a large number of flags and other trophies.

During the night the enemy advanced nearer our lines, and even gained a height in front of the north gate of the Pagoda, from which, however, they were at daylight driven out with great loss by two companies of the 38th and a hundred of the Madras Infantry. For the next two days the enemy still pushed his works forward, keeping up an incessant fire from his trenches: this was, however, kept down to some extent by our artillery. During the next four days the post at Kemmideen was frequently assaulted, but every attack was repulsed by the garrison, aided by the fire from the ships. The most determined efforts were made by the Burmese to drive away these vessels: great



"THE WAY WAS CLEARED FOR THEM BY THE ARTILLERY." (*p.* 402).

flotillas of boats came down to attack them, and huge fire-rafts were launched against them, but equally without success, H.M.S. *Sophia*, the Company's cruiser *Teignmouth*, with some row-boats mounting guns, defending the passage, sinking many of the enemy's war-boats, capturing others, and diverting the course of the great fire-rafts.

On the 5th the general considered that the guns, ammunition, and stores of the left wing of the Burmese army had been all got into position, and that the time had arrived when he could strike a blow with advantage. During the night a flotilla of gun-boats had taken up a position to open their fire on the enemy's rear, and two columns of troops—the one 1,100 and the other 600 strong—prepared to attack them. The enemy's position was but a few hundred yards from our own, and at seven a.m. both columns moved forward to the attack, while at the same moment the gun-boats opened fire in the rear on the enemy's position. Secure in their great numbers and believing that the comparatively small British force was doomed to destruction, the Burmese had had no thought of our taking the offensive. A hurried fire was opened, but the troops, dashing forward, were very soon within their entrenchments, driving them before them in every direction, their terror and dismay being heightened by the charges of a troop of our cavalry. The loss on our part was very small, while the whole of their artillery, stores, and dépôts, with a great quantity of muskets, standards, and other trophies, fell into our hands.

Bandoola rallied his defeated left, and brought them up to strengthen his right and centre, which was engaged day and night in pushing on the approaches against the great Pagoda: so close were they that the taunting threats of the Burmese could be distinctly heard by our troops. On the 6th the fire of artillery was purposely slackened, and the infantry kept wholly out of sight. Encouraged by what he took for our timidity, Bandoola brought his whole force up to the front that night. At half-past 11 a.m. on the 7th four columns of troops stood in readiness to advance to the attack. Never were British soldiers more anxious for assault: for six months they had done nothing, powerless to advance, and pent up in what was little better than a swamp, more than decimated by sickness, drenched from morning until night by the unceasing rain, suffering from want of supplies of all sorts, and exposed to constant and harassing attacks necessitating the heaviest night-duty. At last their turn was at hand, the foe was within their grasp, and eager as hounds on the scent they waited the order to attack.

At a quarter to twelve this was heralded by a cannonade from every gun that could be brought to bear upon the Burmese lines. At twelve o'clock it ceased, and the four columns dashed forward against the enemy's works. Two of them had already worked round into the jungle at either side of the enemy's position; the others descended the hill from the Pagoda. The enemy at once opened a heavy fire, but when our men rushed forward without regarding it, and reached their entrenchments, they lost courage and were driven headlong from their positions one after the other. They soon took refuge in the jungle, where our men were unable to follow them. A large quantity of guns were captured, and in the rear of their position was found a great pile of scaling-ladders prepared for the attack on the great Pagoda, and 240 cannon were captured. Bandoola speedily rallied his forces, and with a body of 25,000 men returned to a spot within twenty-five miles of his former position and there proceeded to entrench himself.

The position was strong and well chosen, but on the 15th it was attacked by a column 1,300 strong. The way was cleared for them by the artillery, and in fifteen minutes the British troops were in possession of the enemy's fort, with a large quantity of arms and ammunition. Bandoola now fell back to Donoobew. On the 13th February the advance against this position commenced. Two thousand strong proceeded by land. A thousand European infantry, with a powerful train of artillery, were taken up the river in a flotilla of fifty boats. It was on the 7th March that the land force arrived near enough to Donoobew to hear the sound of the cannonade, which the boat division, which had first arrived there, had opened on the enemy. The boats had met with much opposition on their advance, and a number of stockades or entrenchments which had been thrown up on their banks, were captured. On the flotilla arriving at Donoobew, Brigadier Cotton, who commanded, at once attacked the outer stockade. This was captured, and, having inflicted a heavy loss upon the enemy, an attack upon the second stockade was made, but with such serious loss that the general was obliged to retreat to the boats and to drop four miles down the river and wait for the arrival of reinforcements.

Believing that the boat division would be able to capture Donoobew without his aid, Sir

Archibald Campbell had marched on against Prome, but when some days after the event a messenger with the news of General Cotton's repulse reached him, he retraced his steps, until he arrived within gunshot of Dalla. Skirmishing went on for some days, but on April 2nd the place was found to be evacuated, for on the previous day Bandoola had been killed by a rocket, and the Burmese were so dispirited by their heavy losses that they refused to fight any longer. The death of this great general was the turning-point of the war. Bandoola possessed great talents, with exceptional courage and resolution. While capable of the most barbarous cruelty, he often performed acts of generosity and kindness. The entrenchments thrown up under his instructions would have done credit to the most scientific engineer. The confidence felt in him by his troops, engendered by his numerous victories, was unbounded; and so long as he remained in command the war would have been continued with vigour.

After the capture of Donoobew the army pushed on to Prome. Every preparation for a vigorous defence was being made, but the arrival of the force took the enemy by surprise, and General Campbell entered the town without having to fire a shot. As the wet season was now coming on again, a long halt was made here. Every effort was used to gain the goodwill and confidence of the native inhabitants, and with complete success, and the population returned not only to Prome, but to all the towns and villages on the river, and there settled to their ordinary avocations. A civil government was established, and during the rainy season all went on quietly. In order to avoid further effusion of blood General Campbell despatched a letter to the Burmese chiefs, urging upon them to advise their king to arrange terms of peace. Some negotiations took place, but these were merely an expedient to delay our advance, for a new army, 70,000 strong, had been organised.

At the end of November it advanced to the gates of Prome, its general sending forward a brief letter: "If you wish for peace, you may go away; but if you ask either money or territory, no friendship can exist between us. This is Burman custom." To oppose the formidable force assembled before the town, the British general could muster only 5,000 men, of whom but 3,000 were British. It was soon evident that the Burmese did not intend to risk a general engagement, but to endeavour to force the town to surrender by blockade. However, on the 1st December, our forces sallied out, and after a hard fight of some hours the Burmese were driven back with much slaughter to a formidable stockade they had erected on the heights of Napabee some miles distant. During this battle they had been inspirited by the presence of three young women of high rank, who fought with brilliant courage among their ranks: two of them were killed, as was their general and many tributary princes. After two hours' march through the forest the troops arrived on the riverside, and then opened communication with the flotilla, which had moved up to aid in the attack on the stockade.

The enemy's position was an extremely strong one: it consisted of three ranges of hills, each commanding the one in front of it. The only road by which an attack could be made lay along the banks, and the first step was to drive the enemy from a series of stockades along the edge of the wood which flanked the river. Six companies of the 87th performed this service, the flotilla then moved forward and opened a lively fire on two strong redoubts at the base of the hill and at some works on the other side of the river. The Madras division had been sent down to endeavour to turn the Burmese position, but the forest and jungle were too thick to be penetrated. The 13th, 38th, and 87th Regiments advanced therefore to attack the enemy in front, while two other regiments, pushing resolutely through the jungle, created a diversion that enabled the main attack to carry the stockades at the foot of the hill. The whole force then advanced, and, pushing steadily forward, drove the Burmese at the point of the bayonet from every one of their positions on the three hills.

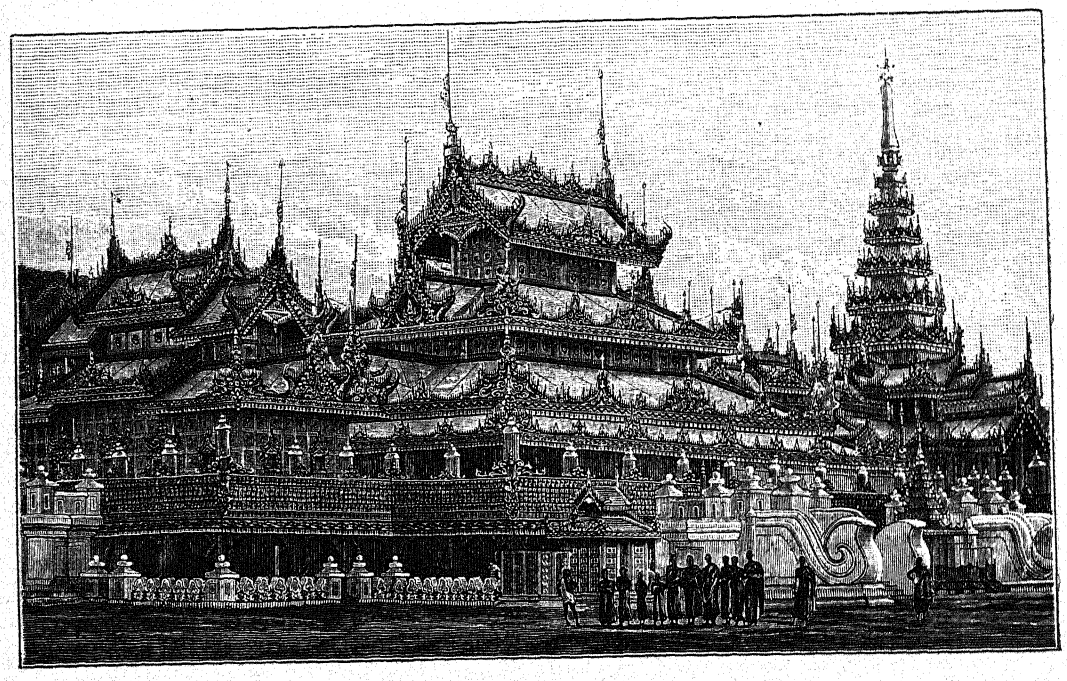
While the fighting was going on, the flotilla pushed up the river and captured all the boats and stores that had been brought down for the use of the army. On the following day the stockades on the other side of the river were attacked and carried with equal success. The army now pushed on towards the Burmese capital, the distance by land being estimated at 300 miles. After ten days' march they arrived at Meaday, which the enemy had strongly fortified. They had, however, abandoned it on our advance, and on entering the stockades a terrible scene presented itself, the ground being scattered with dead and dying, the remnant of the defeated army. It was known that the Burmese had concentrated at Melloone.

The British force, which had suffered greatly

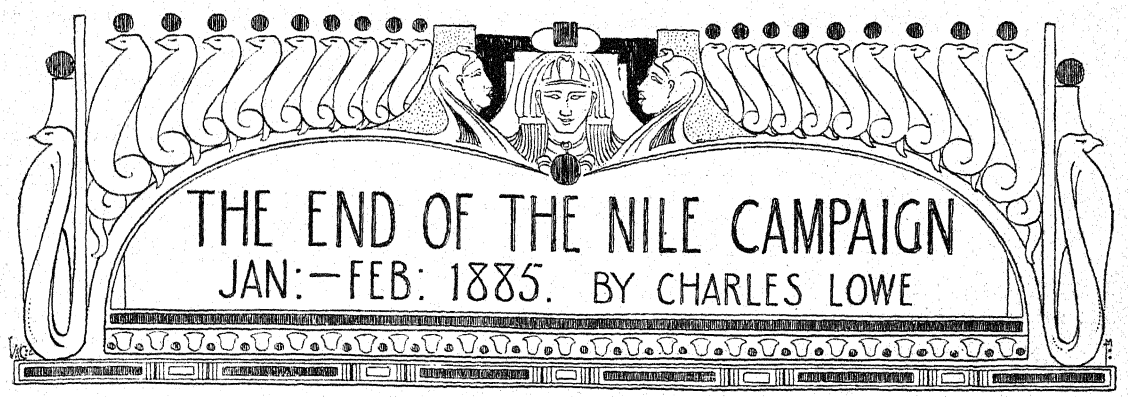
from cholera, was now reduced to 2,000 men. When within a short distance of the town, they were met by a commissioner, who stated that he had full powers from the king to conclude a treaty of peace. The army halted four miles from Melloone, the flotilla anchoring abreast of the camp.

The negotiations came to nothing, the object of the Burmese being evidently only to procrastinate. The force therefore continued its march, and on the 19th captured the town after a feeble defence by the 15,000 men engarrisoned there. After another futile attempt at negotiations the king sent forward an army of 40,000 men to check our advance. They took up a strong position, which was attacked on the 9th March and the Burmese army completely scattered. When within forty-five miles of the capital, all the British prisoners who had been taken during the war were sent down, accompanied by two Ministers of State and the first instalment of the amount demanded as one of the conditions of peace which had been laid down by us at Prome. The conquered provinces of Arakan were to be ceded to us, together with those on the coast which we had also captured. The Burmese were to pay a million pounds towards the expenses of the war, no exactions were to be laid in future on British vessels, and an indemnity was to be granted to all persons who had in any way taken part in the war.

This sum went a very small way towards paying the expenses, which amounted in all to some twelve millions. Our losses had been heavy, but they arose chiefly from disease: during the first year three and a half per cent. of the troops were killed in action, while forty-five per cent. perished from disease. Our total loss during the war was 5,078 officers and men, being no less than seventy-two and a half per cent. of the forces engaged, a proportion very seldom equalled in any war in which British troops have taken part. Burma was humbled and her force crippled, but it needed a second war (in 1852) before the work was completed. But even the loss of the greater part of its dominions failed to put an end to the haughty pretensions of Burma, and it needed the capture of Mandalay, the dethronement of Theebaw, and the annexation of the remaining portion of the Burmese empire to extinguish the power of mischief of what had at one time been the most formidable power we have encountered and vanquished in the East.



BURMESE IDOL HOUSE.



THIS campaign has already formed the subject of two articles—one on "The Desert Fights" (Abu-Klea and Abu-Kru), which detailed the fortunes of Sir Herbert Stewart's Desert Column in its dash across the Bayuda waste from Korti to Metamneh on the Nile ; and another on "Khartoum," which showed how Sir Charles Wilson with twenty-five men of the Royal Sussex, after a fatal, if perhaps unavoidable, delay of four days in starting from Metamneh, ascended the river in two of Gordon's steamers, only to learn that the capital of the Soudan had fallen eight-and-forty hours previously and its heroic holder with it. The exciting incidents and disasters connected with the return of the steamers were then described—disasters which Lord Charles Beresford hastened to repair in so brilliant a manner —and the final arrival of Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley in a rowing boat at the camp of the Desert Column with the terrible news of Gordon's doom.

This was on the morning of 1st February (1885) ; and on this very day the River Column, commanded by General Earle, had reached a point on its up-stream advance on Berber where the enemy were expected to make a stand. For it will be remembered that when Lord Wolseley reached Korti towards the end of the year (1884), he hastened to form two forces—one, the Desert Column, to make a dash across to Metamneh on camels, and the other, called the River Column, to ascend the Nile itself in whale-boats, punish the Monassir tribe for the murder of some of Gordon's English companions (Colonel Stewart, etc.), and then seize Berber as a basis of co-operation with the Desert Column for a general movement on Khartoum under Lord Wolseley's personal command.

The force at the disposal of General Earle consisted of one squadron of the 19th Hussars, ninety sabres, mounted on Egyptian cavalry horses, the Staffordshire Regiment, the 42nd Highlanders (Black Watch), the 92nd (Gordon) Highlanders, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, a battery of Egyptian Artillery, and the Egyptian Camel Corps under Major Marriott.

The very greatest care had been taken in the organising of this force, which moved off in its boats—the Staffords leading—on 2nd January, making thus a good beginning with the New Year. "On New Year's night," wrote an officer, "we dined outside Colonel Colville's hut. In addition to the *menu* furnished by our rations, we had eggs and chickens, pumpkin, and a plum-pudding, a most delicious melon, a bottle of champagne, and a tot of whisky. The English mail arrived bringing us letters and Christmas cards, and we sat up till late speculating on what the year would bring forth. Then we of the River Column sought our beds on the soft, clean yellow sand by the side of the sleeping troops."

It must not be imagined that the Column in its whalers ascended the Nile in one long, coherent, and continuous flotilla like a procession of boats at a regatta, while the cavalry and the camels trotted alongside on the river-bank as the mounted coaches of 'Varsity crews keep pace with their respective eights on the towing-path of the Isis ; circumstances rendered such an armada-like breasting of the Nile both impracticable and inexpedient. The force moved away from Korti in sections and driblets under the rowing directions of Colonel Denison and his crew of Canadian *voyageurs*—boatmen second to none in their skill at coping with the difficulties and dangers of river navigation.

How great were these perils and impediments may be inferred from the fact that it took the burly muscular chields of the Black Watch four days to work their way through a "cataract," or "rapid," seven miles in length, labouring from

dawn to dusk, and losing one man and two boats by the operation. This was near Birti, but a previous cataract (Edermih) had also proved very troublesome. Arms, ammunition, and accoutrements had to be "portaged," or taken out of boats and carried along the bank for three-quarters of a mile, while the crews of three boats had to be employed to haul one through.

General Earle had been ordered by Lord Wolseley to concentrate his force at Handab before advancing in search of the enemy. This process of up-stream concentration took about three weeks, and on the morning of the 24th January—the very day, curiously, on which Sir Charles Wilson at last started from Metamneh for Khartoum—Earle telegraphed back to his chief at Korti: "Just off; all going as well as possible; troops in high spirits, longing for a fight; no sick."

A force of 3,000 of the enemy was known to be within eighteen miles of Earle's command, and in the rocky and difficult country into which this command now entered every move had to be made with extreme caution. The river was tortuous, splitting now and then into various arms full of unexpected rocks and rapids; and as the troops had thus frequently to part company, the greatest care had to be taken to guard against surprise. The mounted troops did good service by reconnoitring in front on either bank—Hussars on the left, Egyptian Camel Corps on the right shore; while at night the battalions landed and bivouacked in the strongest and safest place they could select. Sometimes the force was in such a state of dispersion caused by the difficulties of the advance up-stream that the heliograph had to be employed to maintain unity of action. But, in spite of all the perils and exertions of the advance, General Earle was able to wire to Lord Wolseley on the 27th:—



EMBARKATION OF GENERAL EARLE'S FORCE AT KORTI.

"Troops in excellent spirits, and only seven slight cases of sickness in whole force."

It was on this day, too, that Earle first got touch of the Arabs. Colonel Butler, while reconnoitring with the mounted troops a few miles beyond the advanced post, sighted about 120 of the enemy, with seven or eight horsemen. Shots were exchanged at about 1,000 yards, and the Dervishes retired. The Egyptian Camel Corps succeeded in capturing four camels, six oxen, and sixty sheep, a welcome addition to the commissariat.

All the force was now in the highest spirits, and simply "spoiling" for a good fight, the more so as it already knew of the dearly-bought victories which had been won by the Desert

Column now in front of Metamneh, where it proposed to wait until the River Column could join it. But of this latter column the situation was rather aggravating. The enemy in force, under the Sheikh Suleiman Wad Gamr—Colonel Stewart's murderer—was known to be only about ten miles in front; while Earle's troops, all burning to avenge this murder by abolishing Suleiman and his tribe, were scattered along the terrible rapids of the Nile, which seemed to grow more and more difficult with each mile of the advance. There was nothing for it but to push on, and concentrate a sufficient force within striking distance of the enemy, who was apparently resolved to give battle about Birti.

"I, for one," said General Brackenbury, the Xenophon of the expedition, "slept lightly that night (20th January). It was bitterly cold, and there was no escaping the wind. A full moon, which we hoped was to light us to victory at Birti, was shining. More than once I walked round the zeriba where our sentries were standing motionless, looking out over the rocks and ravines around. At last I was sleeping soundly, when I was awakened by the field-officer of the Black Watch on duty, who told me that a native dressed in white had crept up, leading a horse to within a few yards of the zeriba, had looked down upon our cavalry below, and then made off again. Did it portend an early attack? If so, we were ready at any moment. The first note of alarm by one of our sentries would have brought all our men, armed and accoutred, to their feet, and have lined the zeriba with a circle of bayonets and of rifles ready to sweep the surrounding space with their fire"—a very impressive midnight scene in the black and rocky deserts of the Nile.

Next morning the white-robed and uncanny apparition of the night was brought into camp by the cavalry patrols, and he turned out to be an Egyptian deserter from the Mahdist side, who gave some valuable information as to the hostile force at Birti. In addition to his rifle and ammunition, he had brought away with him a horse belonging to one Moussa Wad Abu Hegel, who was, however, no connection of the German philosopher of that name, the only thing common to both being that each of them had a "secret."

To discover the secret of the Mahdist Hegel was the task to which General Earle's staff now addressed itself; and for this purpose General Brackenbury, with Colonels Butler and Colville and Major Slade, started off with the mounted troops to reconnoitre the enemy's position at Birti. Bastioned by hills, and fenced by stone parapets, or "sangars," as they would be called on the Indian hill-frontier, this was an exceedingly strong position abutting on the river, the passage of which it was meant to dispute. It was, therefore, of importance to discover whether this position could be turned, instead of taken in face, by a flank march through the desert, and Brackenbury soon convinced himself that this was possible. But "it struck us at the time as singular that we saw no signs of the enemy's presence—not a man on the look out, not a beast grazing on the shrubs and coarse grass of the wady." Of this the reason was, as Brackenbury afterwards learned from a Mahdist deserter, that the holders of Birti had decamped in the night, and retired to a still stronger position in the Shukook Pass.

In retiring as he had done from Birti to the Shukook Pass, Suleiman Wad Gamr had been influenced by the fear of a British attack from the desert side, and he had already begun to betray an extreme apprehension for the safety of his own skin; for a reward had been offered for the delivery of Colonel Stewart's murderer, and it was quite incomprehensible to the mind of the Vakeel on the other side of the river why "we could not get through our difficulties by leading Suleiman to believe we were his friends, and killing him afterwards." He seemed incapable of believing we were so stupid as to be in earnest in refusing to adopt such a treacherous course, and threw up his hands in disgust on hearing that the fox had stolen away from Birti to the Shukook Pass.

This was a cause of grievous disappointment to the River Column, who had been making such heroic exertions to reach Suleiman, and hang him on the highest attainable tree. Disappointed of a good fight! But had not the column been in a constant state of desperate combat ever since leaving Korti—a combat with rocks and cataracts, and other riverain obstacles, which only wanted a few more crocodiles to complete their charm? Were the hands of the men not all blistered by perpetual tugging at the strenuous oar? Had the want of soap not produced a plague of vermin, which filled the boats and infested the clothes of men and officers? And was there not sent back to headquarters this moving appeal:—"Men's and many officers' trousers in rags: not sufficient for decency"?

At Birti some few relics of the murdered Stewart and his party were discovered: fragments

of French and English books, a bit of an English "field-boot," the broken case and face of an English aneroid barometer, which had been sold to Stewart an hour or two before his departure from Charing Cross with General Gordon. These were found in the house of Suleiman Wad

when, just as the fruit seemed ripe for plucking, what should reach Earle on the afternoon of the 5th February, but the following message from Lord Wolseley's Chief-of-Staff:—"I am ordered by Lord Wolseley to inform you that, to his deep regret, Khartoum was found by Wilson to



THE CASUALTY OF THE BIRTI CATARACT (*p.* 406).

Gamr, which was accordingly levelled with the ground, as a first trifling instalment of the retribution which was in store for its murderous owner.

Meanwhile, how to attain to hand-grips with Suleiman and his men was General Earle's constant care; and there ensued several more days of struggling up the river to the point where the enemy was known to have retired,

be in possession of the enemy. Wilson in returning was wrecked, but steamer has gone for him, and there is no apparent danger for him. You are to halt where you are until further orders."

"It is needless to say what we felt," wrote Brackenbury (on receipt of this order). "Any thought of ourselves was swallowed up in grief for what we could only interpret to mean

Gordon's certain death. Both of us felt, too, how great the shock would be to Lord Wolseley, and to me there was a peculiar sting in the fact of this blow coming upon the anniversary of the capture of Coomassie."

All further advance was at once stopped, though the troops were not informed why (soldiers are rarely or never told the why of anything they are bidden to do), Earle and Brackenbury remaining, meanwhile, the sole depositories of the painful secret. It was all the more painful as the next day (the 6th) intelligence came in that the enemy—stiffened in their courage, as afterwards appeared, by tidings of the fall of Khartoum—had quitted the Shukook Pass, and re-advanced down the river towards the English, taking up a strong position on the Kirbekan ridge running at right angles to the Nile—a position from which they thought they could more easily escape than from the Shukook in the event of their being defeated. A vain calculation, as it proved.



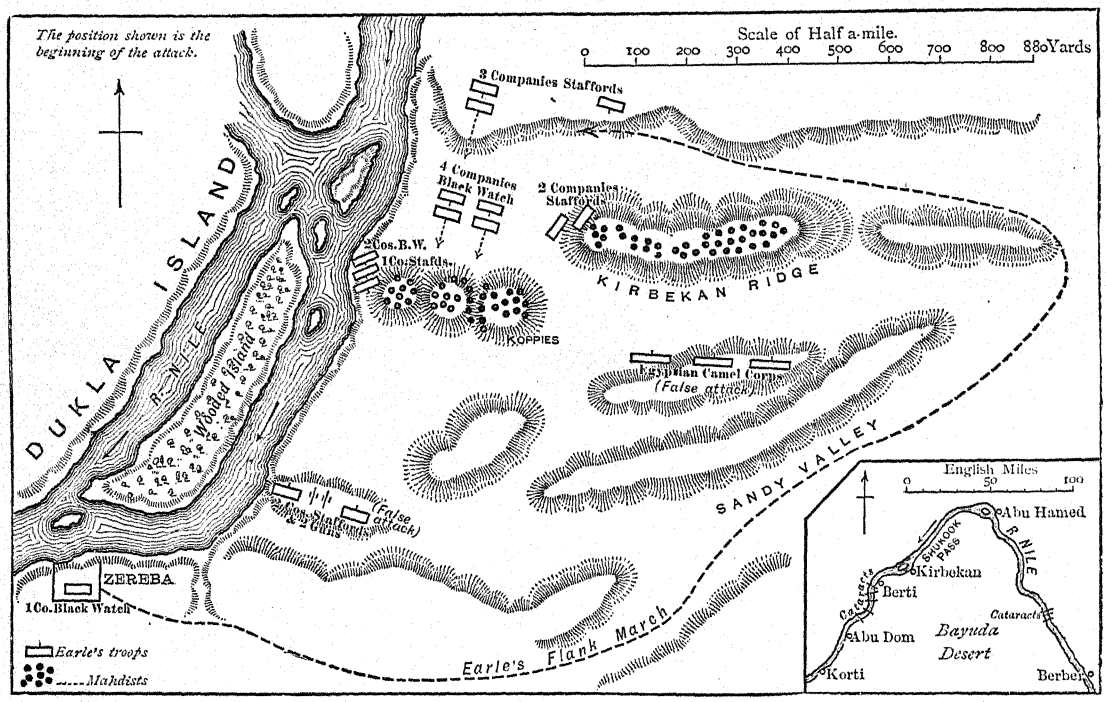
GENERAL EARLE.
(*Photo, Bourne & Shepherd, Calcutta.*)

All that day the troops had been enjoying a thorough rest, which was sorely needed after the ceaseless labours of the past fortnight. It gave them an opportunity of washing their clothes and patching into a semblance of decency the parti-coloured rags, still called trousers by courtesy of the camp, which made them look almost as disreputable as the rag-tag-and-bobtail warriors of Sir John Falstaff in their famous march through Coventry. Another day (the 7th) was passed in improving the sanitary condition of the camp, previous, as it was thought, to the return of the force to Korti; but the 8th brought joy with it again to the hearts of all in the shape of a telegram from Lord Wolseley ordering the column to resume its march and push on to Abu-Hamed.

For the vacillating powers in Downing Street, who were in constant telegraphic communication with Lord Wolseley, had once more changed their minds. "Full steam ahead!" "Ease her!" "Stop her!" "Forward cautiously!"—such were the varying cries with which the temper of the eager Tommy Atkins had been so severely tried in his passage up the Nile; but now again he gave a deep sigh of relief when gratified with the prospect of "Full steam ahead!" being shortly sung out from the captain on the bridge. By this time English Tommy had begun to resume his scarlet tunic, and the Scotch Jocks of the Black Watch, discarding their rowing rags of tartan trews, to don their waving kilts and array themselves in their full war-paint, the pipers seeing to it that their drones and chanters were in proper order. For it was now clear that the Braes o' Kirbekan would soon be ringing with sounds that erstwhile roused the echoes on the Braes o' Mar.

General Earle had been ordered to march on Abu-Hamed. But between him and Abu-Hamed—straight across the road to it—there intervened the Kirbekan ridge crowned by the enemy; and therefore it was as clear as a pike-staff that this rocky ridge must somehow be brushed clear of its swarthy occupants. The problem was a very obvious one, yet there were several methods of solving it. Earle, for example, might assail the ridge from the front and drive its holders back, or he might march round its left flank—the nature of the ground permitting—and take it in rear so as to complete the ruin of its defenders by barring their line of retreat.

After a careful reconnaissance of the position with all its possibilities, he decided for the latter course. His tactics, in fact, were precisely similar to those which Bonnie Prince Charlie had adopted at Prestonpans, when the clans, marching out from Edinburgh, interposed themselves between General Johnnie Cope and his backward road to England. And again, as at Prestonpans, it was the Highlanders who formed the backbone of the force with which General Earle determined to breast the rearward slopes of Kirbekan —the kilted "Forty Twa's" and their no less



BATTLE OF KIRBEKAN, FEBRUARY 10, 1885.

fall, and adding, "I congratulate you on the progress you have made, although I am naturally very sorry the enemy have not tested the temper of your steel. However, let us hope their courage may be stiffened by the fall of Khartoum, and that you may strike them hard yet before you reach Berber." Hope soon to be realised!

It was feared throughout the attacking force that the enemy might again, as at Birti, give it the slip in the night; but with growing daylight the cavalry vedettes went out and returned with the joyful news that the Arabs were still on their

gallant comrades the scarlet-coated men of Stafford—living symbols of the emulous brotherhood-in-arms which had knit together the two nations ever since Culloden.

By sunset on the 9th February Earle's attacking force had reached its bivouac, a short mile from the front of the enemy's position—the Black Watch and the Staffords, two guns, and two sections of the field-hospital, the 19th Hussars, and the Egyptian Camel Corps, which had now been ferried over from the other side of the river. Before turning in for the night General Earle read a letter from Lord Wolseley, informing him of the intention of the Government—*varium et mutabile semper*—to crush the power of the Mahdi at Khartoum in spite of its hill-top position. After an early breakfast the troops paraded, looking smart and thoroughly workmanlike. Each man carried one day's rations of meat and biscuits, a full water-bottle, with sixty rounds of ammunition, while to each battalion were assigned two camels bearing eight boxes of reserve cartridges, with two ammunition-camels to each gun. Each battalion had eight stretchers, carried by sixteen of its unarmed men, with four men in reserve as bearers. A detachment of the field-hospital, with three camels carrying surgical and hospital appliances, paraded with the infantry, as also two camels bearing water for the field-hospital.

One company of the Black Watch—much to the disappointment of the men—was left behind

in charge of the zeriba with all its baggage, stores, etc., on the river bank; while a better, if still unsatisfactory, fate befell two companies of the Staffords, who, with two guns, under Lieutenant-Colonel Alleyne, were posted on an eminence about half a mile from the direct right face of the Arabs, so as to engage their attention and threaten them with a frontal attack, while the bulk of the force should march away round by the enemy's left, and, taking them in rear, tumble them off their hill-tops and smite them hip and thigh. A *rôle* of diversion similar to what had been assigned to the two companies of the Staffords before the right face of the enemy —which extended along the crests of several "koppies," or rocky hillocks, resting on the Nile —was to be executed by the Egyptian Camel Corps in front of the enemy's left half line, which, in prolongation of that of the koppies, ran along a high marble-topped ridge about a mile in extent.

It was about a quarter past seven a.m. when the flanking column of attack, consisting of six companies of the Staffords and the Black Watch respectively, moved off from their zeriba (the other 42nd fellows grinding their teeth at being left behind for mere guard duty); and just before starting, "General Earle sent me [Brackenbury] back to inform the English correspondent of a foreign newspaper, who had made his way up with the Gordon Highlanders, that, owing to the necessity for economising all food for man and beast, and in view of all spare whaler accommodation being required for transport of sick, he could not allow any civilian correspondents to accompany the column"—much to the subsequent disadvantage, perhaps, of that column, *carebat quia vate sacro*.

With the hussars in front, the force marched in line of half-battalion columns, at an interval of two companies—in such a formation, in fact, as would enable it to form square, or rather oblong, in the event of its being suddenly rushed upon by the Arabs. The first mile lay over hard but broken ground; then the troops entered a wide wady of deep, loose sand, through which they waded in a very fatiguing manner until they reached the outer end of the marble-topped ridge. From this ridge the enemy had not yet opened fire on the column, although it must have been visible to them at more than one point of its toilsome march—so toilsome that it now halted for a few minutes to gather its breath.

It was while thus engaged that the column heard the two guns of Alleyne give lusty voice at the Arabs on the koppies, and, encouraged by the cannon-thunder, it now resumed its march, turning sharp round the eastern, or outward, end of the marble ridge, and through a rocky valley parallel to it running towards the river. The enemy on the ridge now opened fire on the column as it was pushing through this valley riverwards, and several men were hit. The Arabs had rendered their naturally strong—almost impregnable—position doubly so by the construction of loose stone parapets, from behind which they could securely aim. From time to time their ugly black faces could be seen peering over huge boulders on the sky-line.

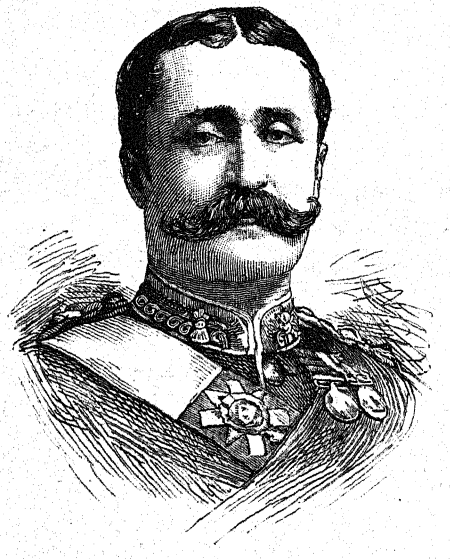
The fire from the high ridge growing ever hotter, and causing several men to drop, General Earle directed Colonel Eyre—an officer who had risen from the ranks for his bravery in the Crimea—to take two companies of his Staffords and endeavour to seize the ridge by its western shoulder. The Staffords advanced to the assault under a heavy fire, and climbed about one-third of the way up the shoulder till they reached a cluster of rocks where they obtained partial shelter.

At the same time two companies of the Black Watch descended a rocky ridge to the right front, whence the Nile was visible about 600 yards off; and now parties of the enemy could be seen making their way to the water and swimming over to the opposite (right) bank. To cut off their retreat in this direction, Earle ordered the aforesaid companies of the Black Watch to establish themselves on the river bank, while the rest of the Highlanders—four companies—and three companies of the Staffords were likewise advanced and swung round so as to face the koppies. The Arab position had now been effectually turned — taken in rear and overlapped on its right flank; and it only remained for the enemy to be dealt with in the trap in which they had thus so skilfully been enclosed.

First of all, Earle ordered the two river-bank companies of the Highlanders and one company of the Staffords to take the koppie nearest the Nile. Advancing rapidly under cover of the bank, they were quick to seize the lowest rocks and then the summit of this koppie, driving out or killing the rebels there to the last man. Some of them attempted flight by the river in the direction of Alleyne's men and the zeriba, and, though a few got away by swimming, most of them were shot down.

Nothing now remained but to assault the

position from its rear face by the main body of the Highlanders and the Staffords, who, in company front, were posted about 400 yards away,



COLONEL COVENEY.

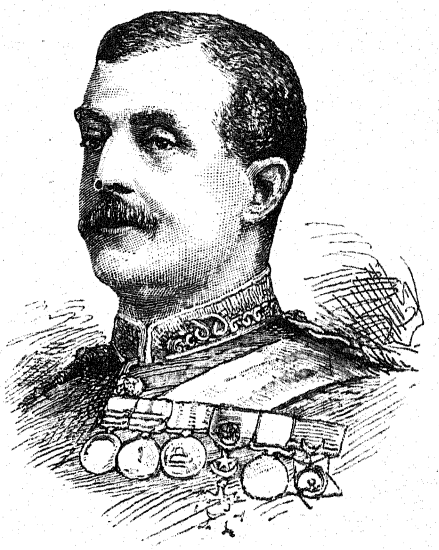
the ground between them and the koppies being open to the enemy's fire. For this assault the order was about to be given when a body of the Arabs, one of whom bore a banner, the rest being armed with swords and spears, boldly rushed down from the heights in front and charged towards the nearest companies of the Black Watch—under Colonel Green. The Highlanders, though standing in line as at Balaclava, never budged, but met their assailants with such a withering fire that those who were not mowed down by the bullets of the Martini-Henrys turned and fled towards the river. The standard-bearer of the brave Arabs was at once shot down, as well as three of his immediate followers who had in turn seized and borne aloft anew the sacred symbol of the Prophet's faith. Far from fearing the rush of the Arabs—though by this time it was known how they had broken into the British square at Abu-Klea—the Highlanders in some cases even advanced to meet it; and it was only with difficulty that they could be restrained from leaving the ranks to follow the fugitives along the river.

But now the crucial moment was come, after the repulse of this Arab onset. It was now the turn of Earle's men to deliver a counter-assault upon the koppies, and, with the pipes skirling out "The Campbells are Coming," the Black Watch dashed across the intervening space and stormed the heights at the point of the bayonet. Such of the Arabs as still remained fought to the last with the utmost desperation, and were shot or bayoneted to a man.

"Like beasts of the forest surprised in their lair," said one eye-witness, "the Arabs fought at bay with the courage of desperation, having the vantage-ground everywhere. And thus against desperate odds our gallant soldiers, in spite of a withering fire all round, gained rock after rock, fastness after fastness, behind which the well-directed aim of the Arabs dealt death at every shot. Inch by inch, with fearful odds against them, did the Highlanders on the left and the Staffords on the right press forward and gain ground, while the black granite beneath their feet became red and slippery with gore; but on they pressed over ghastly corpses, over groaning, dying, and wounded."

Gallantly aided by the Staffords, the Highlanders had stormed the heights of Kirbekan as irresistibly as they had forced their way up the heights of Alma; but their victory had only been purchased at the cost of the life of a favourite officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Coveney, and of the serious wounding of another, Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Wauchope, of Niddry, in Midlothian, not to speak of minor men. But, heaviest loss of all, General Earle himself fell at the very moment of victory.

The assault was over; the troops were searching the sconces and holes among the rocks for



COLONEL EYRE.

lurking Arabs. Between the crests of the two main koppies there was a depression forming a small flat plateau, on which was built a stone

hut some ten feet square, with a thatched roof. "General Earle," wrote Brackenbury, second in command, "was engaged in forming up the men in the ranks on this plateau, not more than ten yards from the hut, when a sergeant of the Black Watch said :

"'There are a lot of men in the hut, and they have just shot one of our men.'

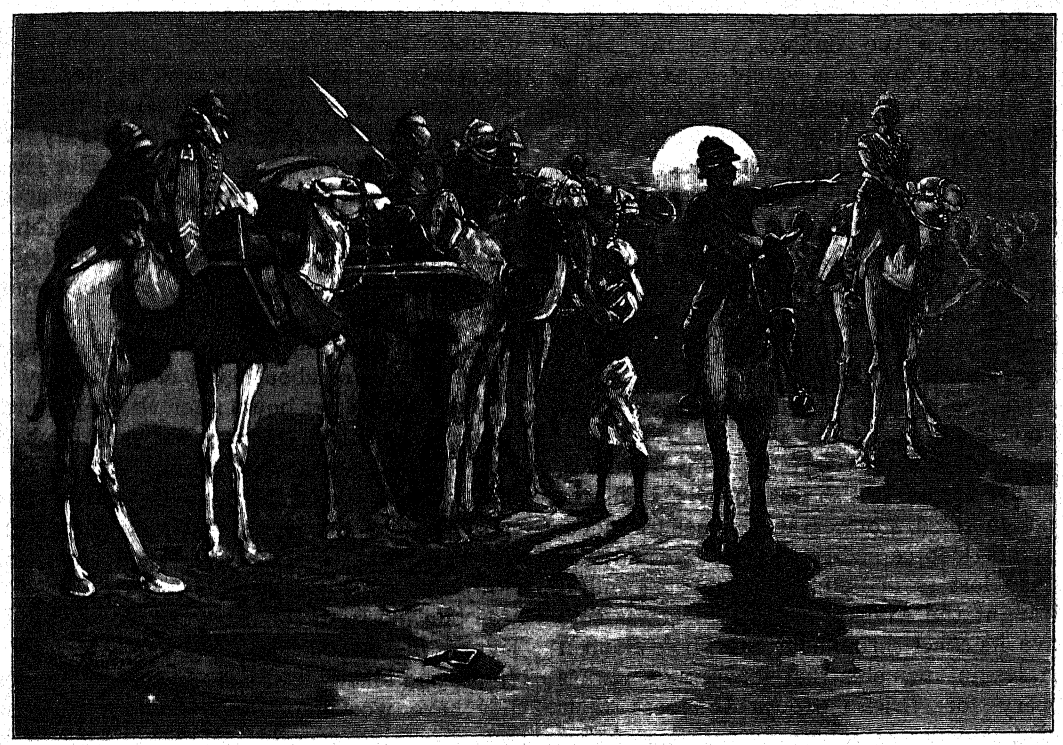
"General Earle ordered the roof to be set on fire, but, on it being said that there was a quantity of ammunition in the hut, he ordered the roof to be pulled down, and himself approached the hut.

"I was close to him, and said :

"'Take care, sir. The hut is full of men.'

"Our men had set the roof on fire, and my attention was attracted for a moment by seeing a native, who rushed out from the side of the hut, bayoneted by one of our men. As I turned my head back towards the general, I saw him fall, shot through the head from a small square window in the hut, close to which he had approached. He lived only a few minutes, tended to the last by his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant St. Aubyn, and by the senior medical officer, Surgeon-Major Harvey."

The command now developing on Major-General Brackenbury, this gallant and accomplished officer directed two companies of the Black Watch to remain as a picket on the captured koppies ; and at the same time sent to the Staffords with the view of assembling them, when it was brought to his knowledge that the two companies of that regiment which had been sent at the outset of the battle to take the high marble-topped ridge, had failed as yet to get further than the cluster of rocks about a third of the way up ; that Colonel Eyre had been killed, shot through the heart while heroically leading on his men ; that Captain Horsburgh and Lieutenant Colborne had been severely wounded ; that their loss in men had been considerable ; that their ammunition was exhausted, save four rounds per man, which they had reserved ; and that the defiant enemy were still holding the ridge. But from the top of this ridge it was necessary that they should now be swept, as with a broom of bayonets ; and so, leaving four companies of the Highlanders as a reserve at the foot of the koppies, Brackenbury ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Beale, on whom the command of the Staffords had now fallen, to reunite his regiment, reinforce its two companies on the hill-side with men and ammunition,



CONVOY OF WOUNDED.

and then escalade the heights at the point of the pike.

No order could have been more gallantly and admirably carried out; and so infectious was the example of the dashing courage displayed by the men of Stafford in scaling the flinty sides of the hill in the teeth of the enemy's fire, that one Egyptian soldier belonging to the Camel Corps could stand by as a passive spectator of the stirring spectacle no longer, and, quitting his own ranks, charged up the hill all alone on the extreme right of the Staffords—a most gallant feat. Ascending the steep, moraine-like hill by alternate rushes, the Staffords, with the loss of only two killed and one wounded, reached the rocky summit and bayoneted the Arabs, who fought with all the courage of desperation, to the very last man, including their leader, Moussa Hegel, whose "secret" had now found him out.

It was now one o'clock. The action had begun soon after nine, and the defeat of the Arabs was complete; for, while the fighting on the heights had been in progress, Colonel Butler with the hussars had ridden off and captured the camp of the enemy at the entrance to the Shukook Pass.

The Arab loss was estimated by hundreds, while that of the British was 60—viz. 3 officers and 9 men killed, 4 officers and 44 men wounded. But the little force had gained in self-confidence, if it had lost so many of its members; and it had taught the Arabs a lesson, which was sure to have its effect throughout the whole Soudan—the lesson, namely, that it was not always necessary for British troops to meet their Mahdist enemies in square formation, and that they could beat them even at their own tactics, fighting in loose order and hand-to-hand.

The brave British dead were solemnly interred together by the river bank, near the field where they had fallen, the pipers of the Black Watch wailing out the "Land o' the Leal" and "Lochaber no More"; while at sunset the bodies of General Earle, Colonels Eyre and Coveney, which had been conveyed back to the camp, were similarly buried side by side, in deep graves near the foot of a solitary palm-tree. "And the hill of Kirbekan," said General Brackenbury, "echoed back the boom of the minute-guns paying their solemn tribute to the memory of three soldiers, each a type of what the English officer should be."

For twelve days more did Brackenbury's victorious force struggle up the river towards its primary objective, Abu-Hamed; and there can be no doubt that he would have captured this place, as well as Berber, further on. But again the wise men of Downing Street had been sitting in council, and on February 24th there reached the River Column a telegram from Lord Wolseley, ordering it to return. It was some satisfaction to the men in the midst of their crowning disappointment, that by this time Suleiman Wad Gamr's property had been all destroyed (though this ruffian himself could not be come by), and Hebbeh, the scene of Colonel Stewart's murder, levelled with the ground. But "theirs not to reason why," and the column at once commenced its preparations to return. Whereas it had taken thirty-one days to ascend the cataracts, nine only were needed for the down-stream voyage. But several lives were lost in the operation. For at one cataract "boat after boat came down at lightning speed," while at another Scylla-and-Charybdis point the "boat rose and fell, like a horse jumping a fence."

No more fighting had to be done, though a pursuing force of about 6,000 of the enemy had reached Birti a few hours after the departure of Brackenbury's last troops; and on March 8th he arrived at Korti, after having two days previously reviewed, for the first time as a whole on parade, "two thousand of the finest fighting-men," as he said, "that it ever was any man's lot to command. . . . . The life of the men has been one incessant toil from the first to the last day of the expedition. In ragged clothing, scarred and blistered by the sun and rough work, they have worked with constant cheerfulness and unceasing energy. Their discipline has been beyond reproach; and I do not hesitate to say that no finer, more gallant, or more trustworthy body of men ever served the Queen."

Simultaneous with the return of Earle's force, the Desert Column, under Sir Redvers Buller, had also been effecting a masterly retirement from its position on the Nile near Metemmah. Once or twice it very nearly came to hard fighting again, square having repeatedly to be formed to fend off an expected attack of Arabs; but there was no repetition of Abu-Klea, of which the battlefield of the 17th January now—a month later—presented a most horrible spectacle, with its shrivelled, sun-baked Arab corpses, and flocks of carrion birds.

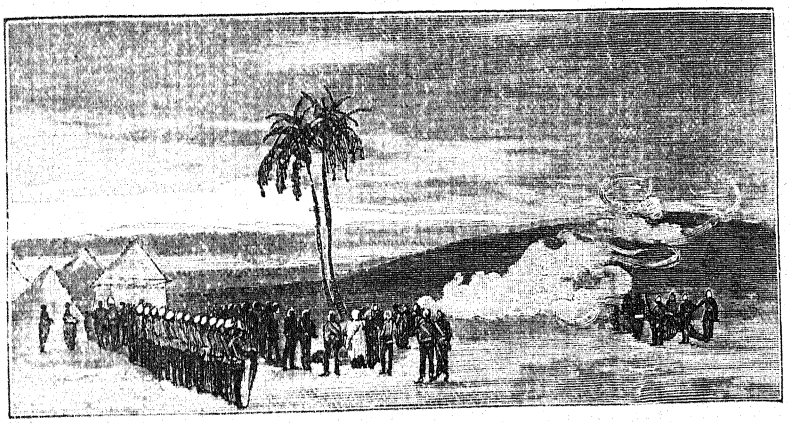
General Buller's greatest trouble was the transport of the wounded across the Bayuda Desert. But many of those wounded, though

borne with all possible tenderness, succumbed to their sufferings, especially at Gakdul, where they were consigned to a lonely cemetery, in a gorge near the reservoirs.

One of the first to pass away on the return to Gakdul was the brave Sir Herbert Stewart, who, in command of the column during its victorious march to the Nile, had been mortally wounded at Abu-Kru. A more gallant soldier never breathed. His burial was a most impressive scene. The troops formed a procession in the valley, headed by the firing-party and the band of the Royal Sussex, the pall-bearers being several officers. Colonel Talbot read the funeral service, and not an eye was tearless when the remains of the deeply-mourned soldier were consigned to their resting-place among the desert sands.

Soon thereafter, the Desert Column returned to Korti; and to the entire Expeditionary Army, now again assembled at the point whence it had, more than two months previously, split up into two divergent forces, Lord Wolseley addressed a General Order praising it in the very highest terms for the heroism and endurance it had shown throughout in the vain effort to save General Gordon. "No greater honour," he declared, "can be in store for me than that of leading you, please God, into Khartoum before the year is out . . . . but for the moment we must content ourselves with preparations for the autumn advance."

Alas! this autumn advance on Khartoum was to be converted into a summer retirement from the Soudan altogether—yet not before the much-tried troops of England had done some further fighting of a splendid kind around Suakim, on the Red Sea shore, which must form the subject of another couple of stirring battle-stories.



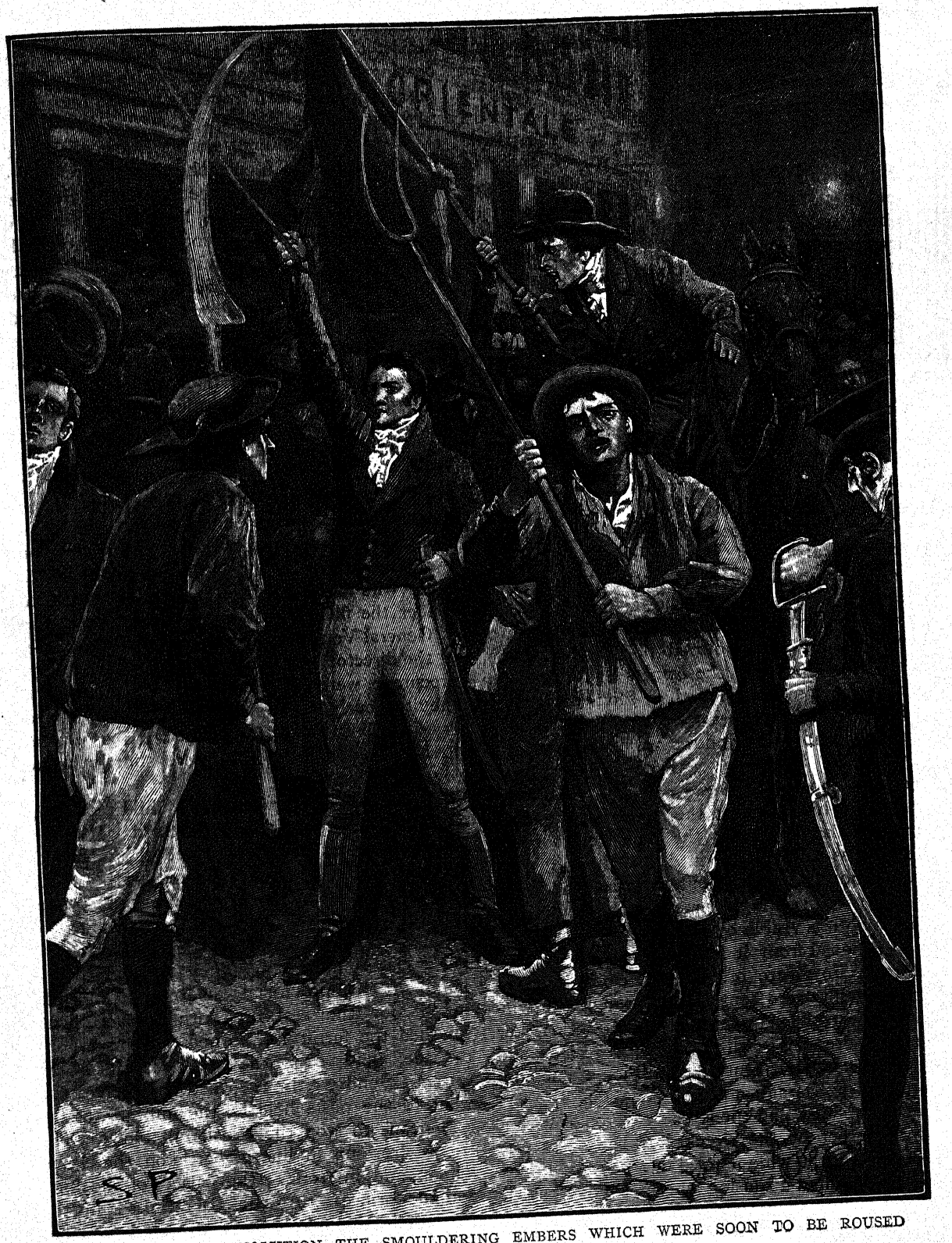
BURIAL OF GENERAL EARLE.



IT is told of Charles X. of France that he took the composer Auber aside early in 1830, and complimented him on his work *La Muette di Portici*, which had been recently produced. It vividly represented the revolt of the lazzaroni at Naples, and their mad attempt at freedom under the leadership of Masaniello. There was genius in it, and his Majesty felt that he must do the great little Norman some service—probably make him director of his court concerts—but he told him confidentially, "From this day forth I shall expect you to bring out the *Muette* very seldom." He was wise in his premonition. The tirades of Masaniello were too warm. They hastened the riot which led Brussels into a successful rising a few months afterwards. Perhaps the Bourbon monarch thought that the music of the Neapolitan fisherman might bring his reign in Paris to a like violent ending.

They say that everything in France ends with a song, as sometimes it begins. "The Marseillaise" heralds most insurrections, and surely a masterly opera might drive a king out of the country, as Lord Wharton's rhyme of "Lillibulero" hurried on the revolution of 1688 in England.

After the fall of Napoleon, Belgium was attached to Holland as a dyke against future encroachments by France, and the two countries got the name of the Kingdom of the Netherlands. The union was ill-assorted. There was a difference of race, of religion, and of temperament. An amalgamation of the nations was attempted and voted by a pretended majority, which declared that Belgium had adopted the fundamental law of the kingdom. But there were many flaws in this agreement. The Dutch language was exclusively adopted, and public careers shut out against two-thirds of the Belgians. Judicial reforms were adjourned, exorbitant imposts were exacted, subsidies granted to Belgian industry were lavished on intriguers from abroad. There was nothing alleged against the Dutch king, who was not an unjust man, and the Belgians, writhing against inequality, bore themselves with patience for fifteen years, and would longer had not an outbreak in the border State of France disturbed their composure. Newspapers were silenced, and commented on French and Spanish affairs, leaving those at home for private interpretation. The minister, Van Maanen, introduced an obnoxious penal code, which was rejected, but its author remained in office. To the credit of the Belgians, not a single native was found to support the arbitrary conduct of the Government, but a Florentine and a forger, who had been sentenced at Lyons, Count Libry Bagnano, was the main auxiliary of Van Maanen at the press. A M. de Potter, who was conspicuous in his assertion of the rights of Belgium, was tried and sentenced to fine and subsequently to banishment, and this caused a profound dissatisfaction. The partisans of the "good king," nevertheless, announced the anniversary of his *fête*, and said it should be celebrated with the liveliest affection and enthusiasm. The royal birthday was nearing. The events which threw the Belgian capital into such a ferment in August of that year were foretold by placards with red letters, secretly posted on the street-corners and defining the following programme: "Monday, fireworks; Tuesday, illumination; Wednesday, revolution." The city was seething with political discontent, cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" were smothered in frequent hisses, and on the indicated Wednesday, August 22nd, the bill announcing the *Muette* was up, although warning had been given that the authorities had wished to forbid it through dread of disorders. The scene was memorable. The young folk



"IT WAS THE REVOLUTION—THE SMOULDERING EMBERS WHICH WERE SOON TO BE ROUSED INTO FLAME" (*p.* 418).

assembled as if they looked upon the representation as a triumph gained over the police and their supporters, and were prepared to applaud all the passages in favour of liberty and to hinder the fifth act from being played, as their desire was that the piece should close with the people in the ascendant. From the very opening of the doors the house was crowded by an eager audience, and those who had been unable to obtain tickets hung around the neighbourhood, awaiting what might happen if the fifth act were interrupted. That was their sole preoccupation at the time. The piece was admirably performed: the artists never declaimed with more animation. Shouts of "Bravo!" and elated salutes welcomed the spectacle of the revolt and the appeal to arms, every allusion was seized with quickness, and at the conclusion of the fourth act a portion of those present burst into the streets with cries of "Liberty!" These cries were repeated outside, and mingled with them were calls from groups of "Hurrah for Potter!" "Down with Van Maanen!" "Justice!" Meanwhile, the fifth act was carried on peacefully until the close. While those in the Place de la Monnaie were filtering away through the adjoining streets, some youngsters gathered before the house of the *National*, the journal of Libry Bagnano, and began hooting the owners and editors by name. From outcries they soon warmed to violence, paving-stones were wrenched from the ground, and the windows were shivered into fragments. Suddenly a voice was overheard advising them not to heed walls but go for Libry himself. In an instant the street was deserted, amid yells for Libry the Rue de la Madeleine was rushed for, and his dwelling was tumultuously entered, but the bird had taken flight. It was high time, for the temper of the mob was visible by a broom with a running noose looped from it hanging from the second storey. Furniture of all kinds, clocks, mirrors, and bedding were sent flying through the windows and trodden under foot. One frantic fellow seized a dressing-gown of the fugitive Libry, and another a kettle. Out of them they at once improvised a flag and a drum. Books and papers were shredded, and the streets covered as with a thick carpet by the wreck, and the cellar was penetrated, the wine handed out, and the liquor tossed off amid a rousing chorus. Then armed men began to show themselves in the assembly.

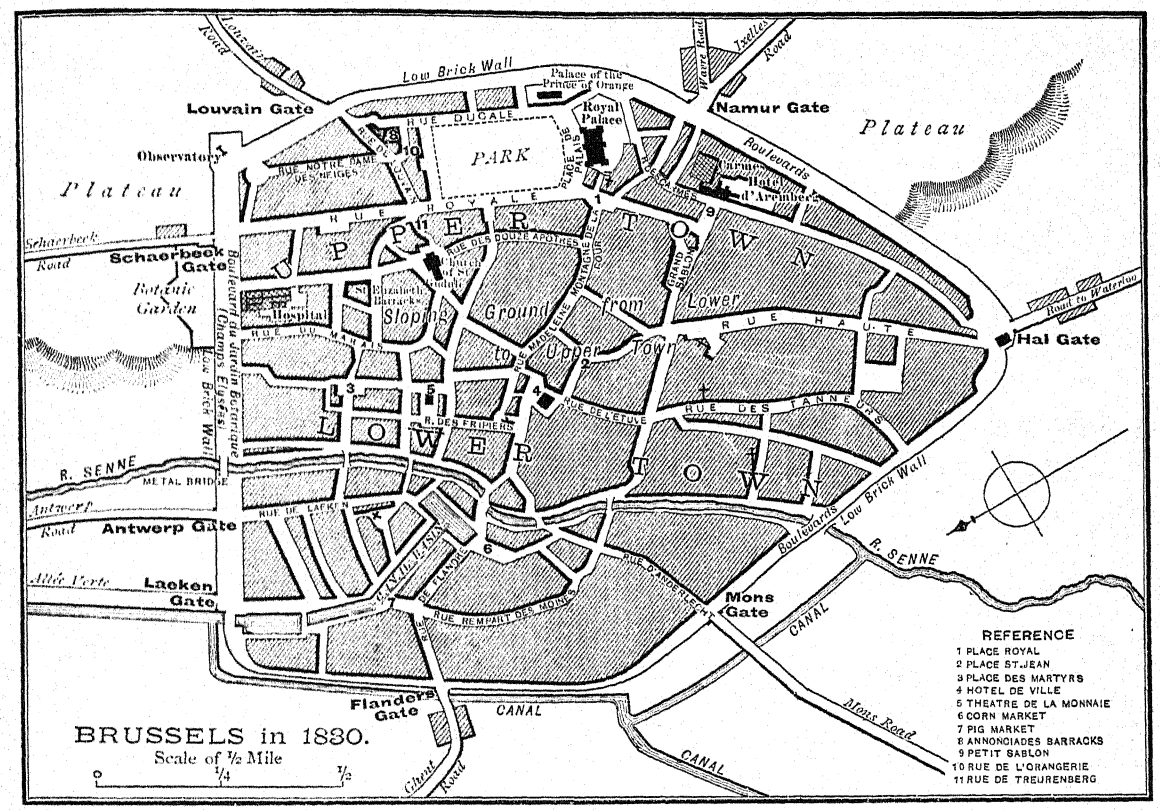
It was the revolution—the smouldering embers which were soon to be roused into flame. Gunmakers' shops had been pillaged, pistols, poniards, and costly sabres were to be seen scattered about amidst the midnight rabble, and the armorial bearings and other marks of loyalty to the reigning family were torn from the warehouses of the royal tradesmen.

The civil and military authorities were aroused by the uproar. A detachment of grenadiers were marched into the street, when the less disorderly betook themselves homewards; but the more resolute and those worked to fits of madness by wine remained, and a struggle began at the top of the street. Two of the rioters were shot dead, and for the first time Belgian blood empurpled the roadway. Shortly before, the bulk of the rabble had gone towards the hotel of Van Maanen in the Sablon, and set about renewing their frenzied orgie. When the gendarmerie appeared, the crowd cried to them to remain neuter and no harm would be done to them. The gendarmerie obeyed, perhaps frightened by the sight of pikes and bayonets. But meanwhile trees were cut down in the Petit Sablon, barricades thrown up, and a mansion wantonly set fire to and damaged by the multitude, who only let the firemen approach to hinder the flames from spreading. The houses of General Vauthier, commandant of the place, of the director of the police, and of the king's procureur were attacked and ravaged almost simultaneously. The detested words of *roi* and *royal* were stripped from the walls or whitewashed over by those who were shortly before so vain of them.

At the sack of Libry's house a child picked up an ear-pendant, but a badly-dressed rioter saw him, and seized it and trampled it under foot without saying a word. Hatred, rather than plunder, was the motive of the masses. By degrees the young folk, as if sated with vengeance on property, diminished, but the number of the lower classes increased. They broke into the hotel of the provincial government, mistaking it for the seat of central government, smashed the furniture, burned the governor's carriage, and cast the archives into the sewers. Sundry citizens armed themselves and went to the posts held by the military, as the sole means to stop the effusion of blood. The troops drew up in line of battle on the Grand Sablon, and in front of the palaces of the king and the princes. At the Café Suisse, in the Place de la Monnaie, a press of armed men entered to refresh themselves. Liquors were served to them in abundance. When a boy of fifteen asked for faro—a cheap, common beer—but was

told it was not sold in the establishment, he lost his temper, clambered on a table, broke a chandelier, and discharged a musket at a mirror, splintering it into atoms. His example was followed by some companions, and the whole place would have been sacked but for the arrival of the bourgeois guard.

In other quarters the presence of the military exasperated the people. Numbers collected on the Grand Sablon, where the grenadiers and the chasseurs were ranged, and at six in the morning



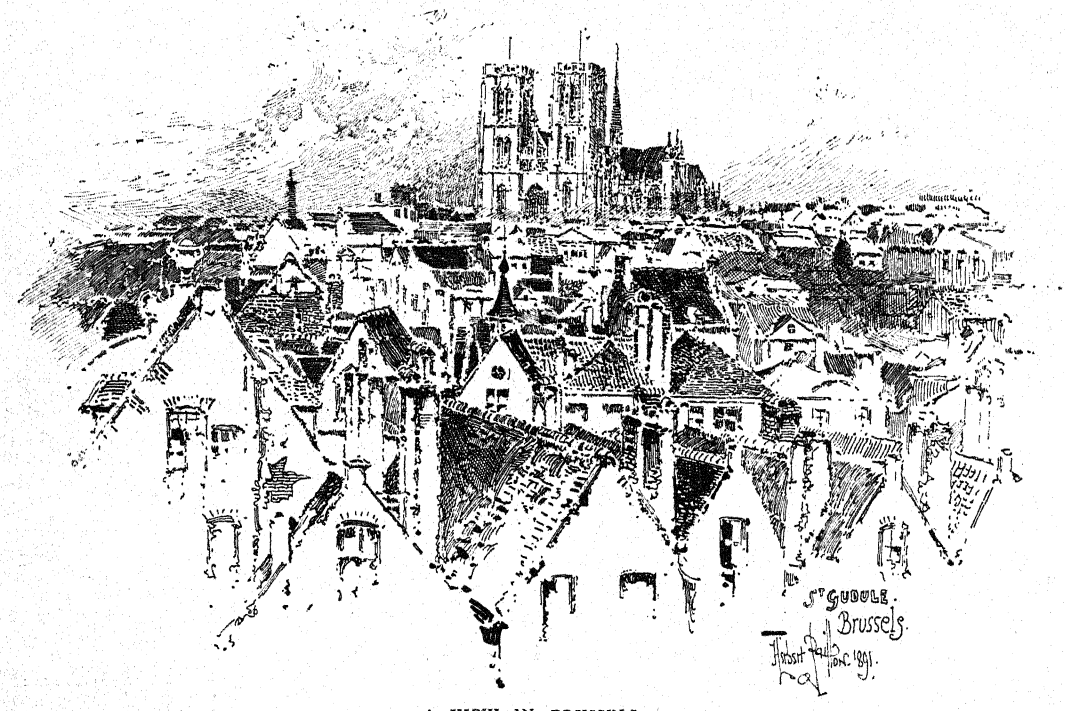
an officer ordered platoon firing, which soon led to bloodshed. Volleys were repeated at each instant, wounded began to be carried along the streets, the houses were shut and the windows packed with women and the inquisitive; faces grew wrathful, and cries of vengeance were fierce and common.

In the midst of the fever of the populace proclamations by the Regency were posted at corners promising reform, and appealing to the community to arm for the maintenance of order. About noon firing ceased. The troops fell back on the Place de Palais, and hostilities were interrupted. Groups furnished with all species of weapons paraded the thoroughfares. A French tricolour was visible for a few moments, but to avoid disturbances the ancient Brabant flag of red, yellow, and black was unfurled as the rallying signal, and these were adopted as the national colours. By a singular hazard an eclipse occurred about this period, and the reflection of the earth on the planet brought into relief a black disc edged with red on a yellow base. This was taken as a providential omen for the cause, and welcomed with universal acclamation as an auspicious token. Baron d'Hoogvorst accepted the command of the bourgeois guard, and forthwith began its organisation, which was barely got through in time to save from ruin the magnificent promenade intended for the illuminations.

Events were progressing rapidly throughout the country. The alarm had extended to various towns, where the population had formed civic guards. At Liége and Louvain the citizens had seized the posts held by the troops; at Mons and Namur brute force was employed to subdue the alarm of the people. Ghent and Antwerp were the only places which disapproved of the agitators: it was thought they were seeking to plunge the country into misery and mourning.

At Ghent the Government distributed gold amongst the workmen, who thus got the hint to offer themselves to the highest bidder. The nation divided into two parties, the Liberals and the Ministerialists—the Belgians, or those for the southern provinces, and the Dutch, or the northerns. The dismissal of Van Maanen was loudly demanded, and the abolition of the taxes on grinding corn and slaughter of cattle. These were the points insisted on, or else there would be no submission.

Generals Abason, Vauthier, and De Bylandt were stationed with troops before the palaces, and kept aloft the Dutch flag, which resembles the French tricolour arranged horizontally. It was reported that the Dutch forces were advancing on Brussels and relieving the bourgeois from their care of the posts on the way. Reaction was feared by the Belgians, to whose mind the "three glorious days" of July at Paris were ever present. The Regency was reduced to a nullity. A deputation was sent to The Hague to ask for redress, and pending its return the troops on their road to the capital were countermanded. Two regiments of infantry with eight pieces of cannon were already at Malines, and a hussar regiment at Ghent, when they received orders to halt. The deputation consisting of several notables, such as Baron J. d'Hoogvorst, Count Felix de Merode (that restless family from whom our word "marauders" is derived), and Felix de Sécus, had their passports signed by General de Bylandt, and left with their proposal that the States-General should be at once convoked. But the troops kept tramping onwards from all parts of Holland, and the king's sons, the Prince of Orange and Prince Frederick, advanced by the cordon, ranged ladder-wise, as far as Vilvorde, at the gates of Brussels. The Prince of Orange from the palace of Laeken invited the bourgeois general, Baron d'Hoogvorst, with his friends, to come and confer with him. When they arrived the prince, clasping the buttonhole of M. Rouppe in his hand, said—



A VIEW IN BRUSSELS.

"Doubtless you know the penal code? You introduce to my headquarters illegal colours." (The black, red, and yellow of Brabant.)

"Prince," replied M. Rouppe, "those are the colours of the bourgeoisie whom I have the honour to represent; this badge is the mark of patriotism and not of rebellion."

Here that topic was dropped, and conference began.

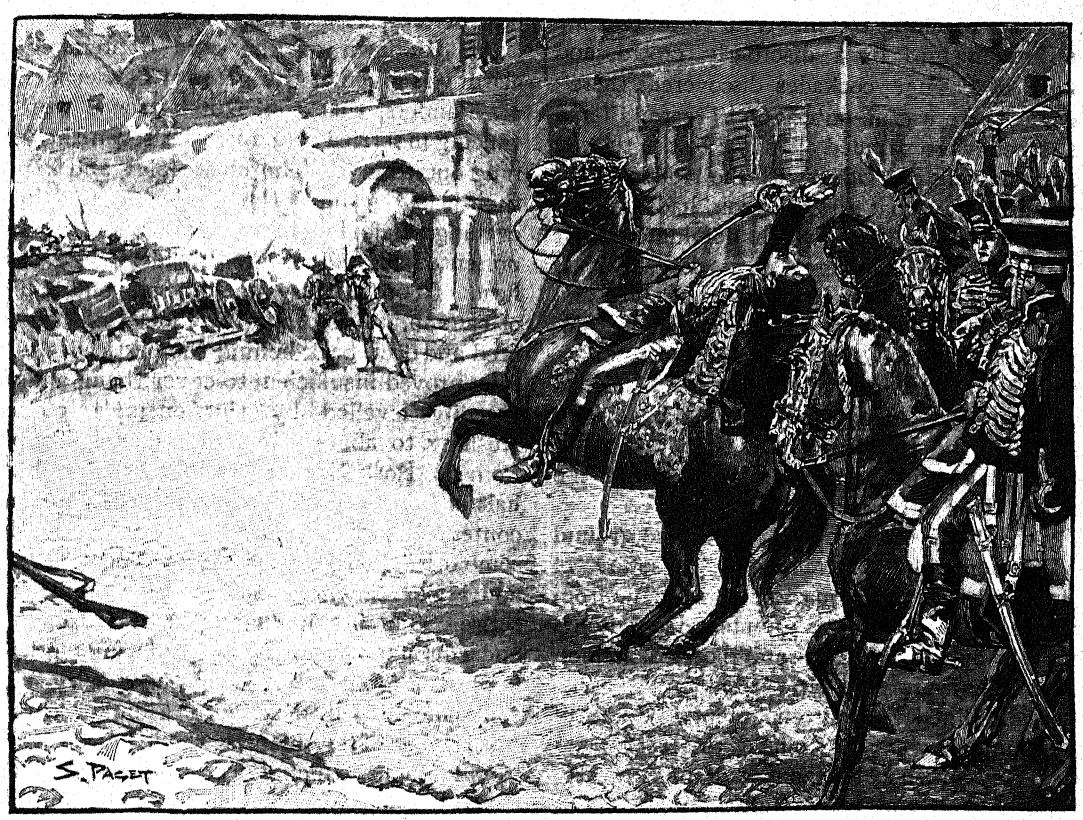
Meantime the rumour had reached the capital that the princes had granted nothing and insisted that the flag and ribbons of Brabant should be laid aside. Immediately a multitude streamed towards the gates, trees were cut down, waggons

requisitioned, water-vessels collected, streets unpaved, and barricades raised in all corners.

At ten that night, the 31st of August, a proclamation was posted on the Hotel de Ville intimating the princes' desire to enter at the head of the troops; but this was refused, and at last they were forced to accept the condition that they would come with their staff only and without troops, the Brussels delegates guaranteeing their personal safety.

Along the passage of the prince silence reigned. He regained his palace, stupefied at his cold reception. The deputation to The Hague returned that evening with their report: it was so unfavourable that copies of it were snatched and cindered at the bayonet's point. The fermentation was growing, but no proper measure was taken to calm it.

The garrison was hunted from Louvain, and deputations of youth arrived at Brussels, and



"THE COMMANDANT FELL DEAD WITH A BULLET THROUGH HIS BRAIN" (*p.* 422).

On the morning of the entry, another fruitless attempt to have the Brabant colours removed was made. The civic guard, to the number of ten thousand, with the adopted rebel flags and guidons, marched to the bridge of Laeken. The Prince of Orange, with four of his officers, appeared. Not a cry was heard as arms were presented. His Royal Highness was much struck at the multiplicity of the barricades, and at the phalanx of butchers' boys, axe on shoulder, that preceded him as pioneers. A shout was raised of "*Vive le Prince! Vive la liberté!*" He lifted his hat and said, "Yes, my friends, live liberty; but why not say with me 'live the king'?" The call was saluted with a universal "'Sh!"

also from Liége, with five cases of arms. A proposal to separate north and south without other contact than dynasty was now made, and the Prince of Orange promised to convey it to his father, at The Hague. The troops, confined for ten days in the palaces, now left the city. At his arrival at Vilvorde, the prince heard that dragoons had left for Louvain. He issued countermands, but the people of Louvain had sallied out and repelled them, slaying their officer.

The king at length issued a tedious proclamation, full of the hackneyed sentiments which only vexed still more the Belgians, who resolved to establish a provisional government, and to declare frankly for secession. Brussels resumed

its ordinary appearance; the "Brabançonne" was roared at the top of their voices by revellers in the taverns. The entire Walloon county, inhabited by the black-haired, French-speaking portion of the people, was awakening to a passionate yearning for liberty. The manifestoes of the king were derided. Still the Dutch troops were continuously moving. Namur was declared in a state of siege; Brussels was perpetually on the alert, and the advent of de Potter was invoked; skirmishers watched the environs for the approaching Dutch. The Hotel de Ville was broken into by a disorderly crowd, and a store of Orange cockades discovered there; whereat there was an outcry of "Treason!" and the streets were paraded all night to the tuck of drum, and yells of "Down with the Hollanders!" News next day that the Liegeois had stormed the Chartreuse fortress which dominated their city, roused their courage. Brussels gave itself up to the people, who enrolled themselves, and talked of going out against the enemy. Companies of ill-dressed men, armed with pikes, forks, and knives, preceded by a herald armed with the rusty old sword of Saint Michel, were marshalled for the fray. Deserters from the Dutch army, still in their uniforms, joined the ranks of their own countrymen.

By this hour the troops had occupied ground at Dieghem and Ever to the causeway of Schaerbeek, at three-quarters of a league from Brussels. The tocsin was sounded, deep ditches were dug by the city gates, and pieces of cannon placed there, and the citizens mounted barricades and lined the entrenchments. Some of the volunteers went out to meet the troops, and near Dieghem there was an affair of outposts: several soldiers and two volunteers were killed. Prince Frederick was definitely drawing near and the entire population—men, women, and children—were in a state of defence. Vigilance was exercised to bar every reconnaissance of the enemy; and on Wednesday, the 23rd, a proclamation from the king, dated from Antwerp, was known at Brussels, stigmatising the "little number of the factious" who were striving at disorder, and stating at wearisome detail what he was going to do. Two young men who left the Hotel de Ville to remonstrate with the terms of this proclamation were arrested at headquarters, and taken prisoners on the spot to Antwerp. There were desultory conflicts during the day, but it was plain that the time of palavering was over and the hour of stern action was at hand. Brussels was not fortified, its surrounding brick wall being low, and entrance was obtained there by eight gates. It was divided into two towns, the lower and the upper, or aristocratic, which contained the park, a spread of seventeen acres separated into three well-wooded alleys. The princes reckoned without the malcontents. They fancied they were a pack of silly fanatics, whose vapouring would be blown out with the first whiff of powder, like a guttering wick; and they made the mistake of going against this network of streets, sown with obstructions, with cavalry.

At day-dawn on the 23rd September, the alarm was given at the gates of Schaerbeek and of Flanders, that the Dutch troops were advancing in serried columns. At seven the tocsin rang out from the church steeples, and kept up their clangour until the fire had ceased in the evening. Before eight o'clock Colonel Boekorven presented himself at the Flanders gate at the head of 800 infantry, 300 hussars, and 4 pieces of cannon. A score of defenders of the post fired and drew back behind the barricades, which soon proved insufficient to cover them, and were speedily levelled by the enemy's pioneers. Rushing to about one hundred and fifty paces from the Pork Market, the Dutch troops had to halt in front of a stronger and more obstinately contested barrier. Dr. Tremper, followed by some other bourgeois of the town, came forward, and, as *parlementaire*, called upon the military to retire. Threatening language was exchanged, and a discharge from the barricade flung into confusion the foremost ranks of the cavalry, whose commandant fell dead with a bullet through his brain. The infantry replied with volleys from platoons, which did no injury as they were aimed too high, in order to avoid the hussars in front, who were still in their saddles. But the conflict thickened into a regular din, the enraged population laying hold of everything they could procure to turn into weapons of offence. From the windows and the roofs, paving-stones, furniture, logs of timber, iron bars, stoves, and even quicklime, hailed on the soldiers. Horses and men were crushed; the enemy's ranks were flung into disorder, and the Belgian skirmishers, after a lively fusillade, charged with the bayonet, and pursued the enemy beyond Molenbeek.

At the gate of Laeken, which was garrisoned by forty bourgeois, the first cannon-shot was fired by the enemy. The high and strong barricades were exposed to cannon, and enfiladed from the Botanical Garden. The bourgeois retired to the Champs Élysées, and lost three of theirs in the

Belle Vue Hotel. But the enemy did not deem it advisable to try to enter the city, and withdrew without attempting a serious attack, and set off to rejoin the army of Prince Frederick, behind the Botanical Garden.

The Schaerbeek Gate was considered favourable to the decisive onslaught. The army corps which was put in motion numbered more than seven thousand combatants. At the instant of attack there were but sixty citizens at the position, the lost sentinels comprised, and these had no recognised chief. By degrees their effective was doubled, and the gallant Stildorf chosen captain. The three advanced barricades, too feeble and unarmed with guns, offered no resistance.

Sixteen pieces of artillery swept the Rue Royale for its whole length. About nine o'clock the grenadiers and the chasseurs, estimated at a strength of 1,800, under the orders of General Bylandt, doubled forward into the street, but they were brought to a short stop by the sustained discharge by the patriots at the two barricades of Treurenberg, and doggedly responded. Fire not less violent poured out from the Rue de Louvain, and two companies of grenadiers were detached to storm that thoroughfare and make a junction with the troops who had entered by the gate of Louvain. Arrived at the corner of the Rue de l'Orangerie, they were caught by a murderous fire, and made an effort to retrace their steps. But it was too late. The ground was swarmed over by the bourgeois, and, coming on to the noon hour, 150 grenadiers, realising that they ran the risk of being shot to the last private, lay down their arms and surrendered. They were led off prisoners to the barracks of the firemen.

Pretty well a similar scene passed at the Rue Notre Dame des Neiges. Attacked on the Place d'Orange, the Dutch detachment, after having sustained serious losses, arrived at the Park and established itself there, occupying the streets in the neighbourhood and the palaces.

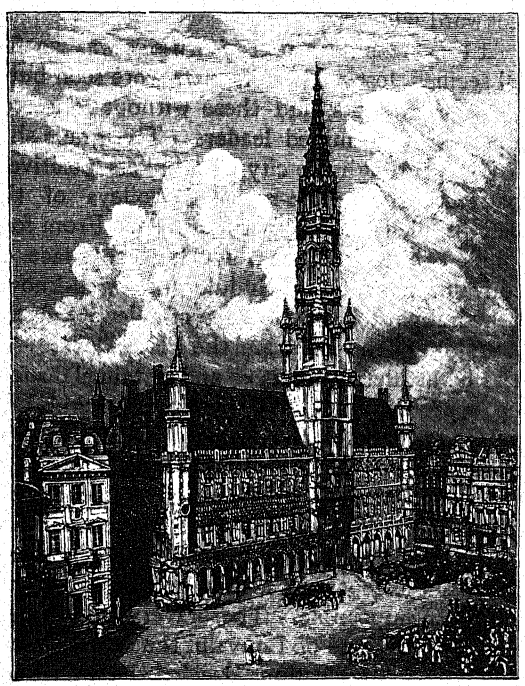
The attack of the gate of Louvain was simultaneous with those of Flanders, Laeken, and Schaerbeek. At the opening cannon-shot the very weak post of bourgeois retired by the Rue de Louvain, knocking over a number of the enemy by a desultory but destructive fire. The gate was forced by cuirassiers and lancers under General Tripe, who, joyous at his entry into the city, brandished his sabre as he shouted "Forward, my children, at the gallop to the Grand' Place!" The 700 horsemen hurried into the Rue de Louvain, but formidable barricades barred their rush, and, instead of continuing to the Grand' Place, the entire corps turned harum-scarum for the Namur Gate without having succeeded in disengaging the grenadiers, who were cornered and hustled in the prolongation of the Rue de Louvain.

By the interior of the city the Dutch arrived towards the Namur Gate. Seeing that its defenders retired upon Ixelles, they re-entered by the gate of Hal, and started to occupy the gate of Namur. The Dutch several times advanced to the Athénée (the military school), but the bullets and paving-stones forced them to move backward with loss.

At this crisis the aspect of Brussels was woeful. All seemed lost. No defenders were seen but a few isolated knots, and these without concerted action or determined leaders. The grape-shot whistled through the city, the bullets positively spattered, the quick-repeated volleys of the sections filled the air with dismay. From four points of attack—the Hal Gate, the Place de Louvain, near Saint Gudule (the well-known cathedral church on the slope of a declivity), the Mountain of the Park, and the Place Royale—all held by artillery, successive and sustained deafening reports thundered. The peals, lugubrious and redoubled, of the tocsin swelled over the brattle of the drums beating the *générale*. The rumour circulated that the gates of Laeken and Flanders were forced, and that the enemy was advancing by the lower town. About half-past eleven shopkeeper and artisan no longer believed resistance impossible. The bravery of the men placed at the gate of Louvain, the centre of the enemy's communications, decided the impression of confidence. The ninth division of the Dutch forces, following at a distance the drums of the royal guard, which was directing its passage to the Park, was cut and compelled to go back and try the route by the Schaerbeek Gate and the boulevards. This manœuvre forced the detachment in the Rue de Louvain to capitulate. The post of Treurenberg was now rendered impregnable. Afar off the fusillade at the Observatory, held by fifty bourgeois, could be heard, still vigorous in its defence. Stildorf was grievously wounded in the leg before the Botanical Garden. The cry "To arms!" was heard on every side, and volunteers entrenched themselves in the houses of the Place Royale. The main barricade between the hotels Belle Vue and the Amitié was manned by the volunteers from Namur, the company from Tournai led by Renard and the

best-armed of the Bruxellois, as well as the stone balustrade which extended beside the head of the Rue Royale. The citizens planted a piece of ordnance at this point, which commanded the Palace.

Towards the Metal Bridge a crippled hero distinguished himself. This was a notable figure, one whose name is destined to go down linked with the imperishable renown of those crucial days. Charlier of Liége, surnamed "The Wooden-legged," was more active and skilful than most whose limbs were perfect. His zeal and address were only equalled by his cool and resolute



HÔTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS.

bearing. On all points he seemed to multiply himself, inspiring his comrades with his courage and carrying panic amidst the ranks of the enemy. Where his gun was needed, there sprang the "Jambe de Bois" as if by instinct. This limping warrior hobbled on the road to glory, thoughtless of risk and spurning fatigue, as if he were charmed and revelled in the tempest of lead, brushing through the fumes of pungent vapour as if they were his natural element. At the entrance of the Park he stood with his trusty gun, crammed to the muzzle with grape, and blazed away at all opponents. At mid-day the Dutch were checked and paralysed, the successes gained at the gates of Laeken and Flanders ran from mouth to mouth, and the first shout of victory was heard in Brussels. The scene of the city at the climax of the stress of the struggle was a genuine pandemonium, recalling some of the terrible pictures fixed on canvas by the weird brush of Weirtz, who painted the local gallery, mad and ghastly. Old men and youths, rich and men of the plebs, broadcloth and blouse, panted and perspired at the carnage; women tended the wounded or picked lint, children shrieked at the novel excitement of the elders, blood was heated with the rapture of combat, and the groans of the stricken were forced out of hearing by the noise of curses or transport, the screams of wrath and the dull overpowering report of bursting gunpowder or the angry bang of brass field-pieces rising over the racket of falling masonry, the rataplan of echoing drum, and the oft-recurring jangle of the tocsin.

At half-past three the Dutch set alight the barrack of the Annonciades, and at sight of the rising smoke the alarm was raised that powder was stored there, and that they would all be blown up. Look alive! The fury of the citizens redoubled. The aged, the feeble, females, and even the very urchins rushed upon the incendiaries, who fell back and were repulsed towards the Place of Orange. The fire was got under. Three-fourths of the barrack was saved, and the barrels of gunpowder carried back almost within reach of the licking flames. In the interior of the town by this time all the barricades and windows were frowning with gun-barrels. It was as if every house was a fortress and every fortress lined with loopholes spouting death. At half-past six the inviolate "Jambe de Bois" had his cannon rolled towards the Place Royale. The Liége captain, the dauntless Pourbaix, hoisted a flag in the middle of the square, and held it erect and scatheless amid a storm of solid balls, large and small.

After the night's interval, a dry fine morning arose on the 24th in comparative peace. The tocsin no longer smote the upper spaces. There was a sort of dangerous tranquillity in the town, where streets were besieged and defended house by house. The three barricades of attack were strengthened against the risks of new assault. Reinforcements of Walloons arrived during the night by the gates of Hal and Anderlecht. And in the morning posters signed by M. d'Hoogvorst were visible making known that the inhabitants of Louvain and of Tirlemont had beaten back and compelled to flight the regular troops of Holland, sent against them by the Prince

Frederick the previous evening. The tidings of this double victory added to the ardour and confidence of the Bruxellois. There were irregular fights all day, and numerous casualties occurred here and there through the town, in spite of every care that was exercised. An unhappy mother passing in the Rue d'Isabelle, bundling her two infants in her arms, was mortally wounded with them, struck by shivering splinters. Of course this was unintentional; but such incidents happen in every conflict of the kind, which were already beginning to be overrun with cases, there were eighteen provisional ambulances established in various public buildings or private residences. Still there was high hope, and, in answer to M. Engelspach, who made inquiries, it was reported by the bakers and flour-merchants that there were enough provisions in the city for ten days to come.

On the second day the bombardment of the capital was resolved on. At four in the afternoon Prince Frederick, from his camp at the



"WHERE HIS GUN WAS NEEDED, THERE SPRANG THE 'JAMBE DE BOIS'" (*p.* 424).

and the innocent are marked down for death as relentlessly as those with uplifted weapons. Amongst the combatants there was a fair proportion of killed—upwards of sixty, and thrice the number wounded. The losses of the enemy were set down at 200. The inhabitants were prompt in their succour: lint, medicaments, and food were supplied in abundance. The apothecaries cheerfully gave up their drugs. There was no thought of charge. Comfort came forward to those among the defenders who were mutilated or expiring. Many brave young fellows, pale and blood-streaked, were carried to their doors on mattresses or hastily-made stretchers. And yet in addition to the ordinary hospitals, gate of Schaerbeek, placed on a height behind the palace of the Prince of Orange a battery of shell-guns (mortars and howitzers) in a position to batter the town. The shells, launched to about two hundred, luckily did not create much damage. Nevertheless the sinister rumour circulated that from the Dutch camp fire-balls were sent and Congreve rockets, and naturally panic seized certain quarters. At the set of the sun both parties occupied much the same positions as on the evening before. At night, when dusk should have been succeeded by darkness, various conflagrations lit up the town, and the noise of cannon and crackling musketry, and the jerky clash of the tocsin swirled in echo from every

point of the compass. The people were kept busy helping to bandage the wounded and save the furniture from the burning houses. But there were others, not so weary of the work, who were strenuous to pile up barricades in every quarter where there was any possibility of their being attacked in turn. The *estaminets* and drinking-shops were thronged—the "Aigle," for example—and the exploits of the day recounted, and precautions taken that the terrain so valiantly disputed should not be yielded a second time to the surprise of the foe without defence.

After the cessation of fire—that is to say, between ten and midnight—a proclamation was read at the Hotel de Ville to the roll of the drum, which contained a passage counselling the bourgeois to redouble their vigilance and to augment barricade by barricade : "Stones thrown from the windows achieved half the revolution of Paris." This gave the cue to the patriots. In several districts water was boiling at once ; gallons of quicklime were laid in ; the wives of the workmen, mechanics, and day-labourers gathered their husbands' biggest and weightiest tools, picks and crowbars, sledges and hammers ; wheels, ladders, hogsheads, tables, barrels, and barrows were raised to garrets and high rooms. M. Juan van Halen—one of the Belgian family emigrated to Spain—was appointed General-in-Chief, and it was determined that the assault on the Park should be delivered on the following day, the close of the week.

At sunrise it was remarked that the Dutch troops guarded their positions intact, but had made some insignificant steps forward on the side of the streets of Namur, the Orangerie and Louvain. Prince Frederick's cavalry were patrolling along the line of inner boulevards, ready to go to the assistance of the threatened points. At four o'clock, just as the first signs of dawn were pencilling the sky, a few musket-shots were heard. Some grenadiers, crawling out from the Park and the Palace, attempted to get possession of the Bellevue Hotel, whose defenders they imagined to be asleep. But Pellabon and Vereecken, with three men only, were on the alert and repulsed the enemy, forcing him to retreat after a loss of several. At six the fusillade recommenced to tuck of drum and the call of the alarm-bell to all men free, willing, and able to take up arms. At the Town House an offer of armistice was made on the part of Prince Frederick, but rejected, as it did not seem distinct. There was a want of frankness about it, and accordingly it was received with suspicion. At ten two pieces of cannon arrived at a gallop in the Rue Ducale, unlimbered, and swept the ground with several discharges to the right and left of Wauxhall. At half-past ten the firing was redoubled, and the Park, the Rue Ducale, and the boulevards were wrapped in curtains of smoke. The houses trembled with the vibration, and the reports of the cannon drowned the clanging of the bells. The mortars behind the Prince of Orange's palace were silent as if in a lethargy during the day ; but a flying battery of the Hollanders, composed of six light pieces posted in the Park, revealed itself at the entrance of the alleys and vomited grape on the Belgian skirmishers, amid ferocious outcries. Soon the men of Liége raised impatient shouts that the Park should be attacked with the bayonet—that it mattered not how many were the enemies : it would be time enough to count them when they were dead. Their enthusiasm inflamed some who heard them, and a stripling from Waterloo, bearing the Brabant flag, penetrated the Park. A body of twenty brave fellows followed at his heels. But shortly they were decimated by cannon-shots and obliged to fall back ; but the flag was planted anew on the barricade of Treurenberg. A large body of lancers—some say twelve squadrons—trotted about mid-day into the Rue Ducale, dismounted, and flung themselves into the palace of the States-General, occupied by the Dutch infantry, who stood in the most urgent need of reinforcement.

The fight was now maintained with obstinacy by the patriots. They were getting into the spirit of the thing, and vengeance sparkled in their eyes and flushed from their cheeks. The Dutch wounded sought refuge under every roof where they could obtain a shelter, and in their utter state of demoralisation themselves exaggerated their own casualties. Officers affirmed that half of the army had perished ; that they had been shot from the windows of the Rue Royale without being able to see to reply ; that, not having it in their power to carry away their dead, they had to cast their corpses into the wells in the Park ; that the dressings were applied to the wounded in the three palaces, or they were transported to Vilvorde when that was possible ; and that already since the opening of this fateful day forty waggons packed with poor wretches had left. The order to "Cease fire" was rung out by the Dutch buglers at three, in the Rue Ducale.

Down on the boulevards, towards the gate of

Namur, there was a fierce combat about noon. The volunteers had succeeded in mounting a piece of ordnance there, which was taken by an irruption of Dutch lancers but recaptured in turn by its own gunners, who lost two men before they could wrest it from the enterprising foe. In all the dwellings in this locality the fighting was bitter. The troops were driven by the skirmishing insurgents from every spot where they thought to ensure safety. This determined pursuit—the most implacable sort of warfare—was carried on, above all, on the boulevard of Waterloo, at the exterior walls of the Petits Carmes, at the Hotel d'Aremberg, and by the whole length of the Rue aux Carmes. Everywhere that the soldiers pushed in they smashed, looted, and tried to set fire to the houses. The truth was these regulars were having their heads turned in their rage, and were loosening and forgetting the bonds of discipline.

At the Place Royale the conflict was well sustained. Sharpshooters were stationed on the eaves of the houses commanding the Rue Royale. The volunteers from Liége, from the cover of ambuscades, kept up a fire on the palace and the park with their artillery, while the enemy's cannon did not cease to direct its assaults on the Hotel Belle Vue, from which Pellabon and Vereecken retorted on their ranks with well-aimed gun-shots. The travellers who had sought safety in the vaults of the hotel began to apprehend that the ceiling would crumble on them, or that it might take fire. Under the conduct of Pellabon they quitted their asylum, and traversed the Place Royale to find a refuge elsewhere. Midway a lady found herself ill, but the ready Vereecken lifted her on his broad shoulders, and bore her along in safety to the Palais de l'Industrie. Juan van Halen decided to form a column of attack on the Montagne de la Cour, and supported by the battery of Charlier, of the wooden leg—who was still here, there, and everywhere that his aid was most required—to attempt an entrance into the park. This attack did not succeed, although tried as one o'clock was nearing; but Charlier, acting under the orders of his superior, advanced his piece opposite the Amitié Coffee House, and pestered the enemy with such a pestilent shower of grape that he did not show his nose out of the fosses of the park. A heavy and drenching rain falling, and some inevitable disorders occurring, hindered the execution of a real bayonet attack. About two a battalion of grenadiers attempted to come out, but met by a well-nourished fire, was driven back without having been able to do more than reinforce its comrades, who held the staircase of the Library and some houses of the Rue Isabelle. One hundred and twenty of the Belgians were put *hors de combat* on this day, while the casualties of the Dutch were estimated at far more—it was reckoned that they lost nigh three hundred. Over sixty carts conveying wounded passed the gates of Louvain and Schaerbeek. The great hospitals of St. Pierre, St. Jean, and the Minimes were full at the close of the day's engagements. Those set up at the Chapels of Sainte Anne, of the Madeleine, and the Salasar had to close their doors against further inmates, their accommodation being strained to excess. Before night fell twenty-seven provisional ambulances were working.

Reinforcements began arriving from country towns in the evening; each contingent had a flag at its head, and each volunteer wore the initials of his commune on his cap. Volunteers from Nivelles recounted that the Communal Guard had fired upon their townsmen, slaying three, and wounding seventeen.

The Sabbath rose with the 26th, and from the morning the church bells rang for mass. The Park, which was the battle-ground, as if arranged, had a placid appearance after all the turbulence. Not a person was to be seen there. The Dutch skirmishers were immobile in the Rue Ducale. There was no change in the situation from previous days. Between eight and nine the enemy concentrated his reserves and brought together his artillery, as if about to undertake a twofold attack on the Place and the Rue Royale. His lines were marked by a screen of tirailleurs, to catch the notice of the patriots who were holding themselves in preparation to check the enemy, at the entrance to the Rue Royale. Their volunteers were hidden in the houses or hotels opposite the Park, and were not to fire until they had received a signal. They were strongly posted at the Belle Vue Hotel, the Amitié Coffee House, and Benard's establishment. Pellabon and Vereecken, of Brussels, took up their station there, while the volunteers from Wavre and Gosselies lay in ambush anear, their muskets at the ready. One of them—M. de Lescaille, of Wavre, a very keen sportsman, who had acquired quite a local renown as a dead shot—placed himself in the gutters of the Belle Vue, and laid low to his own trigger more than twenty Dutch grenadiers as they popped their heads out of the ravine of the park. Three of his friends kept him supplied with loaded

muskets as they were wanted : this fortunate fellow escaped with a slight wound. At ten the fracas became terrible in the Rue Royale. The skirmishers with the cannon posted in the Rue Ducale kept up a constant crepitation across the Park, and particularly in the lateral alleys. was pulled out of range. As the shades of evening descended the barricade was deserted, but the Hollanders cautiously appoached it, and incontinently ran as they descried the *mannequins* on the watch. In the Rue du Marais, and elsewhere, the same ruse was employed, and



"EACH TIME THE ENEMY FIRED, THE HEAD OF THE FIGURE WAS LOWERED WITH A CORD."

About mid-day M. Pletinckx, chief-of-the-staff, who held his own stubbornly with a single gun in the barracks of the Annonciades, advanced alone as a *parlementaire*, in the Rue de Louvain. He was arrested and led prisoner to the head-quarters of the prince, and sent thence to Antwerp. At the elbow where the Rue de l'Orangerie intersects the Rue de Louvain a barricade was raised, which by an artful device held the soldiers in check. The bourgeois, aided by women, mostly wives of workmen, managed to make two puppets of straw, after the fashion of the effigy of Guy Fawkes on the 5th of November in London : these they stuck up, dressed like scarecrows, on the edge of the barricade, and each time the enemy fired, the head of the figure was lowered with a cord. These combatants of straw, who were the butt of the enemy's discharges, kept the soldiers diverted by the belief that they had knocked over an antagonist each time that the make-believe head with a similar success. In the morning the skirmishers, pursued by a battalion, descended the boulevard of Schaerbeek, and were obliged to set fire to the bridge of the Senne to defend and maintain themselves at the two barricades of the Rue St. Pierre. The Dutch soldiers enkindled the houses at the corner of the Schaerbeek street and the boulevard, and about two o'clock, as the flames did not spread rapidly enough to their taste, they carried torches to them separately ; then, posted in the Botanical Garden, they kept up a continual fusillade to prevent aid from being carried to the victims of the fire. Eighteen new houses were a prey to the flames, and sixteen were completely burned : the fire continued far into the night. About six in the evening the shells from the rear of the palace of the Prince of Orange fired the buildings of the city stables, in the Rue des Douze-Apôtres. The conflagration spread with great rapidity, as there were 7,000 trusses of hay or straw stocked

there : the halters had to be cut from the horses, who forthwith started out in terror from their heated and flame-encircled stables. The Belle Vue Hotel and the Amitié Café were occupied by a battery of guns which enfiladed the outlet from the Park, and a piece was held in reserve at the Metal Bridge. Three of the volunteers of Leuze presented themselves as messengers at the foremost of the enemy's barricades, the officer telling them they need have no fear. One of them then summoned the Dutch troops to surrender. The officer refused ; and as the *parlementaires* retired, a round of grape was sent at them at thirty yards without effect. Firing began again in the Rue Royale, and at nine the discharges on both sides were thin, as if the powder was being husbanded. At ten the cannon of the Hollanders made its voice heard, and the left set itself in motion, and the skirmishers advanced in front of the Park, but the general discharge from the Belgian lines compelled them to retreat ; at the same time the volunteers at the Belle Vue Hotel hindered the deployment by a quick fire on the first under-works of the Park. Lurid masses of smoke appeared towards the left, the Hotel de Torringthon was burned to dislodge the Dutch, their grenadiers were chased, and the Rue Royale was in the power of the Revolution. The battery of *obusiers* at the palace of the Prince of Orange resumed the bombardment at noon, but without result. It was a terrible spectacle in the Park : blood streamed in the alleys, corpses were prone here and there, hardly covered with a few leaves ; branches of trees, statues, and railings hampered paths ; here was a barricade of benches, there a redoubt, heaped from half a dozen dead horses. The houses were riddled with shot and bullets, and everywhere floated the flag of Brabant—pledge of success and liberty.

This was the most murderous day's work yet—there was more desperation and contempt for death. Two hundred patriots fell, and were interred in the Place St. Michel, which took the name of the Place of Martyrs ; the losses of the enemy were counted at thrice the number. Seeing themselves in peril of being surrounded, the Hollanders stole away at four in the morning of Monday, abandoning the walls. The fight in the capital was over ; the victory of Belgian Independence was assured.



THE PARK, BRUSSELS.

The Janissary Rebellion at Widdin

March 1801

By William V. Herbert

WHEN I was in the quaint old city of Widdin, on the Danube, in the year of war, 1877, I used to ask, with the triple curiosity of a stranger, a soldier, and a youngster, many such questions as these: Who built this bazaar? Who laid down that street? Who erected this formidable bastion or planned that gun-spiked quay? Whose work is this handsome mosque or yonder fine drinking-fountain? Who endowed the college of law and divinity and founded the public library? Who created that—in a hot summer—thrice-blessed institution the free ice-factory? A hundred more such questions might I quote without once varying the answer, which was, in each case, without exception: "Pasvan Oglu," until I was tempted—after the analogy of Mark Twain's Innocent Abroad—to cry out: "Cut it short, and say, once for all: Who created the world?"—"Pasvan Oglu." And, sooth to say, popular sentiment in that ancient and storm-buffeted city had hallowed the very name to such an extent that many a good Mohammedan verily believed that it was he, the dead man, who commanded the nightingales to sing so divinely in the leafy shadows of that lonely graveyard, the broad blue Danube to yield its unfathomable wealth of silver-sheen fish, the flowers to bloom luxuriantly in the fertile marshes beyond the weather-beaten city-wall.

"Who was Pasvan Oglu?" is the reader's pertinent question. He was many things: a good citizen, an able governor, a great warrior, the protector of the poor and the oppressed, a man with a big heart and a full purse, a loyal friend to cherish and a terrible foe to contend against, for seven years pasha of Widdin, and the hero of the Janissary Rebellion of 1801, the central episode of which—the great battle of Widdin—constitutes the earliest noteworthy bellicose action of the present century, and the subject of this humble memoir.

Pasvan Oglu was the scion of a family of grandees of purest Tartar blood. His ancestors had "come over with the Conqueror," to apply this well-worn phrase to Turkey—that is, they had been among the first Ottoman invaders of the Balkan Peninsula, and his grandsire in the twelfth generation had helped the Sultan, Bayazid I., to conquer Widdin in 1398. Since that sanguinary event the family had lived in the city, and had acquired great wealth, local influence, and a reputation extending far beyond the boundaries of the pashalik. Pasvan Oglu (Oglu means son) was the son of Pasvan, who had been, about the year 1770, pasha of Widdin, and at that period our hero saw the light of day. He fought, as a youngster, with distinction in the war of 1788 to 1791 between Turkey on the one hand and Russia and Austria on the other. When peace was made he returned to his native city and "waited for something to turn up," the something fervently expected being the chance to employ once more his arms, and with a better personal result to his ambitious nature.

Now, there reigned in Stamboul at that time Sultan Selim III., who, like his predecessors on the tottering Turkish throne, had the ardent desire to abolish the corps of Janissaries, but differed from them in so far as he lacked not the courage to carry his intention into execution. Consequently, he decreed (about 1795) that the Janissaries be for ever done away with, by Imperial will and command. But this did not at all suit the other party interested, the Janissaries, who were almighty in the empire, were the real masters of the situation, and had ever been in the habit of making and unmaking pashas, princes, commanders, and even sultans, according to their own sweet will and pleasure.

The Janissaries, the professional soldiers of Turkey, formed at that time the country's standing army, and numbered some two hundred thousand men, all trained, disciplined, equipped, with a magnificent *esprit de corps*, renowned and feared throughout Europe for their bravery and their dash in attack, hated for their cruelty, execrated even by their own compatriots for their unscrupulousness and lawlessness. The two centres of this powerful body of men were Constantinople and Belgrade. The latter was the capital of the Western Janissaries, who numbered about eighty thousand, and were distributed over Servia, Herzegovina, Bosnia, and the Western portions of Bulgaria, Eastern Roumelia, and Macedonia.

Pasvan Oglu saw his chance. He identified himself with the Janissary movement, and from all parts of the country the proscribed soldiers flocked to Widdin. The sultan declared Pasvan and his followers to be outlaws; Pasvan responded by having his own name enrolled among the Janissaries. He collected an army of fifty thousand men, and, backed by the feeling of force, addressed a demand to the sultan to the effect that henceforth the pashalik of Widdin be semi-independent, like Morocco, Fez, Algiers, Tripolis, and Tunis, and that he, Pasvan Oglu, be acknowledged as Pasha of Widdin, with the distinction—the highest in the empire—of three horsetails. Needless to say, the sovereign declined peremptorily and contemptuously, and Pasvan Oglu, in the year 1797, announced the independence of Widdin from Stamboul, called himself Kral (king), and actually had the audacity to declare war upon his lawful liege and master. The latter collected an army of a hundred thousand men to subdue the rebellious vassal, and entrusted its command to the Fanariot, Michael Sutsos, Hospodar of the Danube Principalities (Moldavia and Wallachia, the present Roumania). The Sutsos are a renowned and ancient family of Greek nobles, which has produced many distinguished men.

The Fanariots, the Christian Greeks of Stamboul, were thus named after the Turkish word *Fenar*, meaning lighthouse, from the fact that at one time they had been the Turkish equivalent of the Trinity Brethren of England. Originally slaves, they had risen in the empire to enormous wealth and influence, the latter equalled only by that of the Janissaries. Indeed, it may be justly said that at that period, and until Mahmoud II. exterminated that all-powerful Prætorian Guard by sword and fire in the streets of Stamboul (1826) and, simultaneously, the Hellenic war of liberation proved disastrous to the influence of the Greek subjects of the Porte, the Sultanic crown was suffered to be only by reason of the rivalry and the jealousy that existed between the two dominant factors of the empire—the Janissaries and the Fanariots—either of which was strong enough to kick the quaking throne of the Ottoman sultans into eternity, but was debarred and prevented therefrom by the other. And this is not by any means the only occasion in modern history that a monarchy has been kept alive by the rivalry of opposing factions. But whereas the power of the Janissaries lay in terror and physical force, that of the Fanariots consisted of the subtle but far more dangerous influence of cunning courtiership, intrigue, and diplomacy.

The third mighty factor in Oriental affairs—the harem, with its concomitants of eunuchs and petticoat pashas—had not acquired, at that time of blood and iron, the sly but tremendous influence which it exercises in these latter degenerate days of jabber and "soft soap."

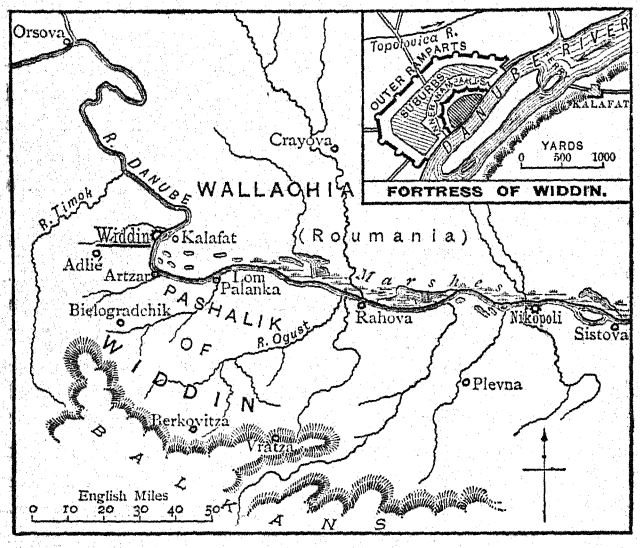
At about the beginning of the present century the Fanariots were at the zenith of their power. Certain high offices were always filled from among their ranks, one of these being the post of Hospodar (or Vice-Regent) of the Danube principalities. Michael Sutsos, the newly-appointed commander-in-chief of the Imperial army, held this dignity. His troops consisted for the most part of the native soldiers of his domain. He had also some battalions of the Stamboul Janissaries, who had remained faithful to their sovereign, and a large number of levies among the loyal Turkish populace. Both sides had in their ranks many adventurous vagabonds and outcasts—Austrians, Italians, Germans, Englishmen—for the French Revolution had fired the world; the First Consul was full to repletion of military projects and enterprise; Europe formed coalitions against the impertinent upstart; France, Austria, Russia, Italy, Portugal, Turkey, Sweden, England were all busily engaged in warfare: in short, this whole miserable little globe of ours wallowed in blood.

Michael Sutsos and his great army marched slowly Danube upwards, the bulk on the right, a small detachment on the left bank, and as they proceeded they ate the country bare, behaving like enemies in a conquered land, and leaving desolation and famine in their wake.

Pasvan Oglu did not wait to be attacked in Widdin. He had a fine and well-entrenched

position some fifteen miles below his capital, on the right bank, near the spot where the Danube turns westward, whilst on the opposite shore Calafat was occupied and fortified. The collision took place in March, 1801, and resulted in the crushing defeat of the Imperial army.

By a lucky chance, the present author has obtained an interesting document, which for nearly a hundred years had lain dormant between lavender and rosemary, among letters, the paper of which has darkened to a deep yellow and the ink faded to a like hue with age, and with many other sentimental mementoes of the past, in an oaken box belonging to some good housewife in a German city. The document



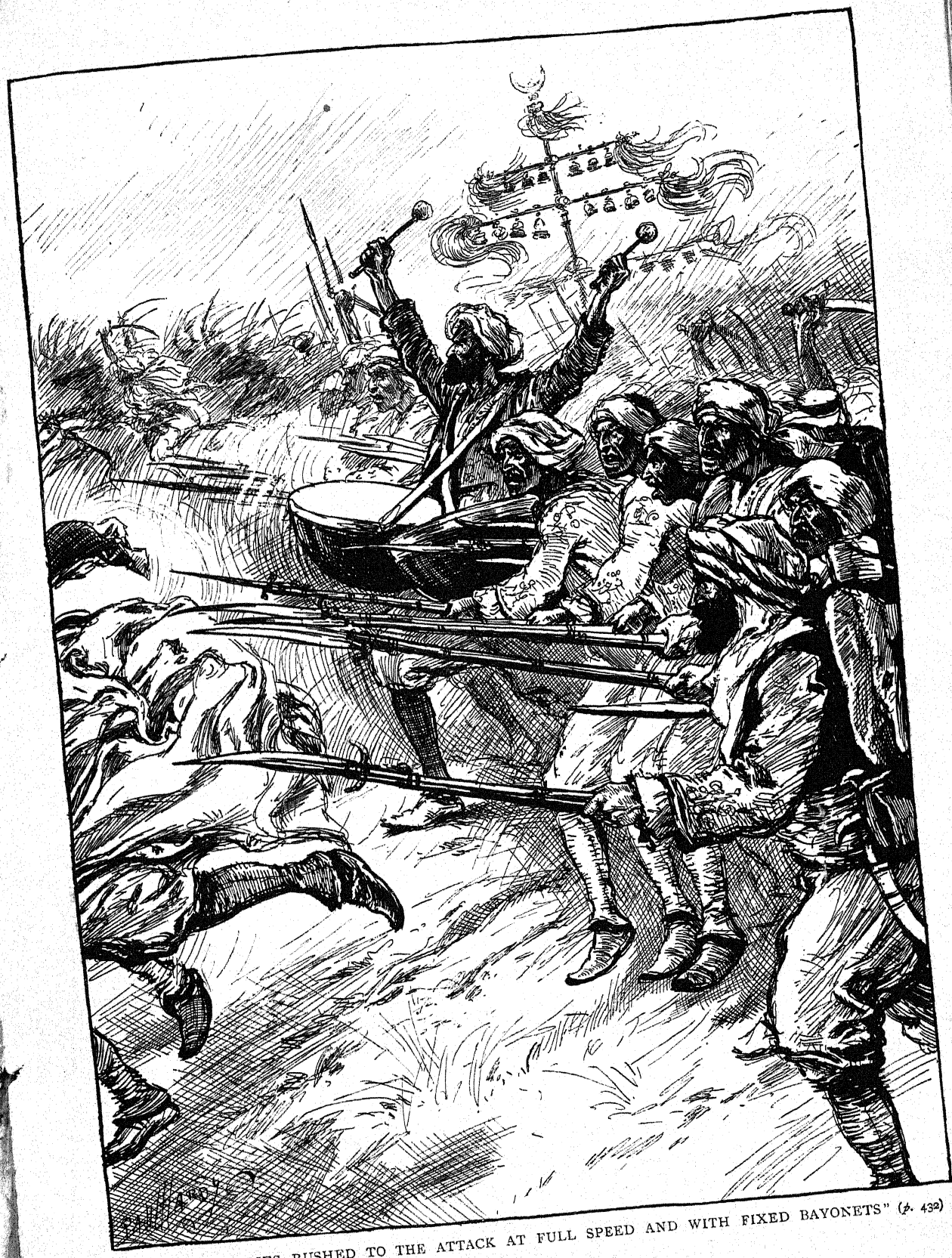
—an epistle written by a young German of the international vagabond type to his mother—describes fully the battle of Widdin of 1801, in which he, the writer, took part on the Imperial side.

The quaint and shrewd observations in this letter fill much of what was hitherto a complete blank in the records of history; and for most of the following details the author has drawn upon the contents of the said epistle.

In the early morning Pasvan Oglu's mounted outposts, who for weeks had scoured the country, brought the news of the approach of the long-expected Imperial army. Pasvan rightly conjectured that his best chance lay in attacking the enemy before he had recovered from the fatigues of the march and formed for battle; consequently, he left his camp in charge of a small detachment, and sallied forth with the bulk of his force, among which were many thousands of irregular horsemen, the peasantry of the province.

The first encounter took place near Artzar. The vanguard of the Imperials, attacked both in front and in the left flank, was "rolled up." The Janissaries, true to their traditions, disdained to wait for the orthodox "preparation by artillery," but rushed to the attack at full speed and with fixed bayonets, uttering their well-worn battle-cries: "Bismillah!" (In the name of God), "Allah Akbar!" (God is great), "Inshallah!" (Please God), and other phrases from sacred writings. In accordance with an old custom, they carried their cooking vessels into combat, the big company-copper being the most sacred of their emblems — like the standard of our modern regiments—to defend which whole *ortas* (the tactical units of the Janissary, of five hundred men each) would lay down their lives cheerfully. Before such a wild-cat rush the raw levies of the Imperial army were as banks of sand to the swell of the incoming tide, and crumbled away. The vanguard was almost annihilated, and the front portion of the main body was routed, battalion by battalion, as they came up in marching order, whilst the Janissaries were in battle formation, which gave them a tremendous advantage. But toward the centre of the column the assailants encountered the best troops of which the Hospodar disposed—the Stamboul Janissaries and the Imperial Guards—who made so brave a stand that Pasvan Oglu's forces received a decided check, which almost threatened to become fatal. The rebels were thrust back as far as their camp, and whilst behind their trenches they restored the lines and formations, the Imperial army had leisure—the first during the day—to deploy and shape itself into solid battle array.

This happened about noon. So far, the combat had been between infantry: the cavalry had done little, whilst the cannon on both sides had hardly fired a shot, for the rebels had left the greater part of their ordnance behind in their camp, and the Imperial artillery, forming the central portion of the march-column, had never had the chance to deploy and enter into action. But now, as the slowly approaching Imperials came within range, both parties let loose a hailstorm of bombs and shells, and when this had lasted for an hour or so the two forces, each



"THE JANISSARIES RUSHED TO THE ATTACK AT FULL SPEED AND WITH FIXED BAYONETS" (p. 432)

forming a compact mass, a solid whole, came into awful collision. There was no pretence of tactical science, no display of cunning and skill; it was simply a furious rivalry for mastership. The rebels struggled for their existence; the Imperials fought—or imagined that they did, which is much the same thing—for the integrity of the empire. For many hours the combat swayed to and fro from one part of the vast battlefield to another; now forward, now backward went the lines; now to the left, now to the right spread the tumultuous devilry; now this side, now the other had the best of it. Finally, towards dusk, a last and desperate rush of Pasvan Oglu's best Ortas spread disorder among the Sultanic ranks, and the battle—which had lasted from dawn to sunset with only one brief interruption—ended not only in the defeat but practically in the annihilation of Michael Sutsos's army.

Meanwhile, a battle of its own, equally furious and sanguinary though on a smaller scale, had been fought on the other side of the river, near Calafat. Here the positions of assailant and defender were reversed: the right flank column of the Imperial army had the offence, and Pasvan Oglu's detachment in charge of Calafat had enough to do to hold the place. Again and again the Roumanian levies charged, but the stolid tenacity of the rebels was not to be denied.

When toward the close of the day, messengers in swift boats brought tidings from the other bank, the Janissaries sallied forth, and here, too, the majority of the Imperial troops perished, the rest dispersed. Many hundreds were drowned when trying to cross the river in order to gain the fancied protection of the larger body on the other side.

I have confined myself to the broad outlines of the battle, and even these I cannot affirm to be positively accurate, since these events are treated with scant attention in the records of history. My most diligent search has revealed the deplorable fact that five volumes out of ten—good, standard works—make the barest mention of Pasvan Oglu and his rebellion, while the rest ignore both man and incident completely. What I have stated above is gathered from that German letter, preserved for nearly a century in sweet-smelling dried herbs, and from tradition, such as I ascertained by intercourse with the natives of Widdin in 1877, when it was fresh and strong among them.

The Turkish records are quite silent. "The Turks write inflated bombast and call it history," says Moltke. Civil war and defeat do not lend themselves to the enunciation of cheap sentiment and pothouse valour; therefore, *conticuere omnes*. Moreover, the words "Yeni Seri" ("new troops," corrupted by European writers into "Janissaries" and the like) were cursed in 1826 by the Sultan Mahmoud II. with a solemn and awful anathema, and are banished for ever from all Turkish books, records, and prints.

For campaigning purposes, the Imperial army was wiped out. On either side no quarter had been asked or given. Thirty thousand Imperials and 20,000 rebels are said to have been slain, which would mean a loss of exactly one-third of the fighting forces—an occurrence almost without a precedent in the whole history of warfare; and granted even that these figures are somewhat exaggerated, we cannot doubt but that the battle was of the most sanguinary description. The whole immense train of the Imperial army and almost its entire artillery—over a hundred pieces—fell to the victors. The ordnance Pasvan Oglu utilised for placing Widdin—already a formidable stronghold—into a thorough state of defence.

What was the result of this terrible civil strife? Simply that Selim III. was left without an army, and that Pasvan Oglu was master of the situation. This he proceeded to demonstrate *ad oculos*.

Tainted as he was with the predominant malady of his time—love of bloodshed—and imbued still with the good old Turkish notion as to the rights and privileges of victors and conquerors, he made it terribly manifest to the country at large that he had the upper hand. First he crossed the Danube with a large following, and devastated Wallachia as far as, and including, Crayova in the most thorough-paced and ultra-Turkish fashion. Then he returned to his own side, and did the same kind office to Bulgaria. Downstream his troops marched, with death and ruin in their train. Rahova, Plevna, Sistova, and many other towns were conquered and sacked, and finally Pasvan actually besieged, stormed, and destroyed the Danube fortress, Nikopoli, one of Turkey's finest and most renowned strongholds.

The whole country was literally aflame; everywhere anarchy, murder, and arson reigned supreme, and Stamboul was totally helpless. At last Selim III. offered peace (end of 1801), consenting to the continuance of the Janissaries, granting his enemy the pashalik of Widdin for life, with the coveted three horsetails, and promising complete oblivion of all that had happened and unconditional amnesty to all who

had participated in the revolt, entreating, as sole counter-claim, that Pasvan Oglu should nominally acknowledge his (the sultan's) suzerainty. The rebel acquiesced, returned quietly to Widdin, dismissed his troops, laid down his battered arms for ever, and henceforth devoted himself exclusively to the welfare of his native city, to which he was attached with the most tender and —in such a man—quite incomprehensible affection. The Janissaries withdrew to Belgrade and their other homes, and the Widdin citizens, who had all along been in complete sympathy with the rebels, acclaimed Pasvan Oglu, with much pride, pomp, and circumstance, as their leader and governor.

Both parties to the contract kept their bargain honourably: Pasvan Oglu never again rebelled against or quarrelled with Stamboul, and was at all times quite willing to acknowledge freely the sovereignty of the sultan, although he was shrewd enough to take care that in practice he was independent; while Selim III. forgave everybody and everything. The destroyed homesteads and hamlets, towns and villages, were rebuilt, and the fugitive survivors of the Imperial army returned to their homes and their occupations. Thus ended this singular revolution, the total cost of which in human life must have been close upon a hundred thousand beings, whilst the material loss to the commonwealth of the nation is simply inestimable.

For six years Pasvan Oglu reigned as Pasha of Widdin, wisely and well, respected and beloved by his subjects, feared by his enemies, almost worshipped by the poor. His pashalik extended from the Ogust in the east to the Timok in the west, and from the Danube in the north to the Balkans in the south. He kept a regal court, dispensed a sumptuous hospitality, and lavished his great wealth with a free hand. He made many important concessions to the oppressed Rayahs, who in return served and obeyed him with a never-failing loyalty; he was *persona grata* with the Jews, because of the tremendous increase in the trade and the prosperity of Widdin, brought about by his wise measures; and that his co-religionists venerated him goes without saying. He had a perfect mania for building, introducing many Western innovations; and, unlike British speculators of these latter days, he did not attempt to shift the responsibility on the shoulders of poor deluded dupes, but paid for his passion out of his own pocket in solid coin. Although the most orthodox of Turks and a bigoted Moslem, he was quick to see and ready to adopt the advantages of European culture and civilisation. He never lost sight of what is due to one's native land, and made Widdin so formidable a fortress that in the great wars of the century (1828, 1853, 1877) the city was one of the mainstays of the empire, and proved to be impregnable.

Although in reality the last of the grand pashas in the old style, with their semi-autonomy and their courts of barbaric splendour, with their affection for the time-honoured turban and their hatred of the new-fangled fez (which two headgears were at that time the symbols of conservatism and progress in Turkey), he was also the first of the succession of the wise modern pashas who have governed that city so well, until, in 1878, the Turkish reign in Widdin came to a close.

With his rigid affection for the old and his lavish introduction of the new, his love and aptitude for war, and his splendid *régime* in peace; his reign of terror and devastation when a foe, and his heart that would melt, his eyes that would swim, his pockets that would open, at the appeal of the most pitiful beggar, of the most despised and abject Christian "dog"—he was made up of contrasts. The man was a living paradox, but that made him what he was: a factor that helped to shape the history of his country. The influence for good of a single man—of a single deed of such a one—will sometimes spread over empires and last through decades; and I, in Widdin, seventy years after his death, felt the influence, in every hour that I spent within the city gates, of Pasvan Oglu, the last of the great Janissary leaders.

Pasvan died in 1807, in the zenith of his power and popularity, worshipped throughout a province. He was buried within the city walls, in the luxuriant vegetation of a peaceful little graveyard attached to his favourite mosque. There I saw his tombstone in 1877—a simple column crowned by a turban—and thither pious Moslems used to make leisurely pilgrimages in the cool of the evening. But the old order of things changed, and the Bulgarian Government made away with that humble memento of a great man and a stormy period.

By his revolt, Pasvan Oglu had saved the time-honoured institution of the Janissaries; but only for a while. It found its end in 1826 in the streets of the capital at the hands of Sultan Mahmoud II., amid incredible horrors, the like of which modern history has, happily, not often to record.

Bergen-op-Zoom. 8th and 9th March, 1814.

By Colonel Percy Groves.

AFTER the defeat of the French at Leipzig, on the 16th and 18th of October, 1813, and the consequent advance of the allied armies towards the Rhine, the Emperor Napoleon found himself compelled to withdraw a considerable number of his troops from Holland and the Low Countries. Seizing this opportunity, the Dutch resolved to make an attempt to free themselves from the yoke of France; and on the 15th of November the inhabitants of Amsterdam rose *en masse*, with the cry of "*Oranje Boven!*" hoisted the Orange flag, and proclaimed the Stadtholder. The example of the Dutch capital was quickly followed by other towns, and in a few days the long-oppressed Hollanders were in open revolt.

On receiving intelligence of this rising, the British Government decided to afford material assistance to the Dutch, both in asserting their independence and in driving the remainder of the French troops from their country; so an expedition was organised, and several regiments received orders to hold themselves in readiness for immediate embarkation.

This expedition, which consisted of some 8,000 men, including three battalions of the Foot Guards, was placed under the command of General Sir Thomas Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch), who had just recovered from an illness, on account of which he had been invalided home from the Peninsula.

The Guards' Brigade sailed from Greenwich on the 24th of November, and, disembarking at Scheveling early in December, marched to The Hague. Having seen the Prince of Orange firmly re-established on his throne, the Guards proceeded to Willemstad, and on the 9th of January, 1814, they reached Steenbergen—which lies a few miles north of Bergen-op-Zoom—where Sir Thomas Graham was enabled to effect a junction with the allied troops cantoned on his left at Oudenbosch and Breda.

The weather at this time was very inclement, and the British soldiers suffered severely from the bitter cold.

Early in January, 1814, the French had assembled all their available forces at Antwerp, and, after various movements, Sir Thomas Graham, in concert with the Prussian general, Bülow, made an attack, on the 2nd of February, on Merxem, with the object of moving against Antwerp. The village of Braachstad was quickly captured, and next day batteries were erected and fire opened; but, unfortunately, the mortars and ammunition, which had been brought from Willemstad, proved so defective that after three days the troops returned to their cantonments. The investment of Antwerp was, however, continued.

While investing Antwerp, General Graham conceived a scheme for carrying, by a *coup de main*, the important fortress-town of Bergen-op-Zoom, which was held by a strong French garrison.

Bergen-op-Zoom, a fortified town of old Dutch Brabant, is situated on the right bank of the Scheldt, and derives its name from the little river Zoom, which, after supplying the defences with water, discharges itself into the Scheldt. It lies some five leagues north of Antwerp, and seven south-west of Breda. The old channel of the Zoom, into which the tide flows towards the centre of the town, forms the harbour, and is nearly dry at low water. There were four principal entrances into the town—three by land, through the Steenbergen Gate in the north face of the fortifications, the Antwerp Gate in the south face, and the New Gate in the east face; and one by a canal—which communicated with the river Scheldt, and, in fact, formed a part of the harbour—through the

Waterport Gate, in the west face. The fortress was garrisoned by 5,000 or 6,000 French troops, under command of General Bizonet, a very able officer.

Sir Thomas Graham and his colleagues calculated that the severe frost would prevent the sluices from being used to raise or lower the water, and that the ice in the ditches of the fortress would only be partially broken; so Sir Thomas determined to carry into execution his plan, which was certainly a daring one, and well considered.

Graham's command had recently received reinforcements — including a strong draft for the Guards' Brigade; the 4th Battalion 1st Royal Scots, which had marched from the north of Germany, and was cantoned at Rosendal; and the 2nd Battalion Royal North British Fusiliers, stationed at Tholen.

Having decided on the attack, Sir Thomas lost no time in making the necessary arrangements, and on the 8th of March 4,000 troops were detached from the army investing Antwerp, and marched secretly to the neighbourhood of Bergen-op-Zoom. This force was told off into four "columns of attack," as follow :—

1st Column. — Detachments of the Guards' Brigade (1,000), under Colonel Lord Proby, 2nd Battalion 1st Foot Guards.

2nd Column. — 33rd (600), 55th (250), and 2nd Battalion 69th Foot * (350), under Lieutenant-Colonel Morice, 69th Foot.

3rd Column.—2nd Battalion 21st Fusiliers (100), 37th (150), and 2nd Battalion 91st Foot (400), under Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, 21st Fusiliers.

4th Column.—Flank Companies of the 21st and 37th (200), 4th Battalion Royal Scots (600), and 2nd Battalion 44th Foot (300), under Brigadier-General Gore and Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable G. Carleton, accompanied by Major-General Skerrett.

Major-General George Cooke was in supreme command.

The 1st column, led by Cooke, formed the left of the line, and was destined to attack the works between



"WE GOT INTO SOME CONFUSION IN LABOURING THROUGH THIS HORRIBLE SLOUGH" (*p.* 438).

* *The 2nd Battalion 69th Foot.* — This battalion was raised in 1803, and disbanded in 1816 or 1817. The 69th is now known as the 2nd Battalion the Welsh Regiment.—*The 2nd Battalion 21st Royal North British Fusiliers* (now Royal Scots Fusiliers), raised in Ayrshire in 1804, and disbanded in 1816.—*The 2nd Battalion 91st Foot*, raised in 1804 and disbanded in 1816. The 91st (raised as the 98th) is now styled the "1st Battalion Princess

the Waterport and Antwerp Gates. The 2nd column was to attack the right of the New Gate; while the 3rd column made a feint on the Steenbergen Gate, to call off the attention of the enemy from the more serious attacks, and to be disposable according to circumstances. The 4th—or right—column, accompanied by the gallant Skerrett—the former temporary Brigadier of the Guards in the Peninsula—was to force the entrance of the harbour, which was fordable at low water.

A detachment of the Royal Sappers and Miners—about forty men in all—provided with axes, saws, crowbars, and a few scaling-ladders, was distributed between the four columns.

As soon as the 1st (Guards) and 4th columns gained an entrance to the fortress, they were to push along the ramparts, and, having effected a junction, proceed to clear them of the enemy and assist the other attacks.

Such was the general plan of attack: we shall now see how it was carried out.

The hour for the assault was fixed for 10.30 on the night of the 8th of March, and at that hour the four columns advanced.

We will first follow the movements of the 4th column, of which the following graphic account is given by a subaltern officer of the 21st Fusiliers, who, having missed his own regiment, attached himself to the Royal Scots, and thereby came in for the very hottest of the fighting:—

"We had all become thoroughly sick of the monotony of our duties at Tholen," writes this young officer in the *United Service Journal* for 1830, "when we received orders to march the next day (the 8th March, 1814). As the attack on Bergen-op-Zoom which took place that evening was, of course, kept a profound secret, the common opinion was that we were destined for Antwerp, where the other division of the army had already had some fighting.

"It was nearly dark when we arrived at the village of Halsteren, which is only three or four miles from Bergen-op-Zoom, where we took up our quarters for the night. On the distribution of billets to the officers, I received one upon a farmhouse about a mile in the country, where I was presently joined by four or five officers of the 4th Battalion Royal Scots, who told me that they believed an attempt to surprise Bergen-op-Zoom would be made that night.

"Learning from my new acquaintances that the grenadier company of their battalion, which was commanded by an old friend of mine (Lieutenant Allan Robertson) whom I had not seen for some years, was only about a mile further off, I thought I should have time to see him and join my regiment before they marched, should they be sent to the attack. However, the party of the Royal Scots whom I accompanied lost their way from their ignorance of the road, and we in consequence made a long circuit, during which I heard from an aide-de-camp, who passed us, that the 21st were on their march to attack the place in another quarter from us.

"In these circumstances I was exceedingly puzzled what course to take: if I went in search of my regiment, I had every chance of missing them in the night, being quite ignorant of the roads. Knowing that the Royal Scots would be likely to head one of the assaulting columns, from the number of the regiment, I took what I thought to be the surest plan, by attaching myself to the grenadier company of the Royal Scots under my gallant friend.

"After mustering the men, we marched to the general *rendezvous* of the regiments forming the 4th column: the Royal Scots led the column, followed by the other regiments according to their number. As everything depended on our taking the enemy by surprise, the strictest orders were given to observe a profound silence on the march.

"When we had proceeded some way we fell in with a picket, commanded by Captain Darrah, of the 21st Fusiliers, who was mustering his men to proceed to the attack. Thinking that our regiment must pass his post on their way to the false attack, he told me to remain with him until they came up. I, in consequence, waited some time, but, hearing nothing of the regiment and losing patience, I gave him the slip in the dark, and ran on until I regained my place with the grenadier company of the Royal Scots."

On nearing the point of attack, the column

Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders." *The 2nd Battalion 37th Foot* (now "1st Battalion Hampshire Regiment"), raised in 1811 and disbanded in 1815-16.—*The 4th Battalion 1st Foot, or "Royal Scots,"* embodied at Hamilton, North Britain, on Christmas Day, 1804, and disbanded at Dover on the 24th of March, 1816. This ancient regiment, which traces its origin to the Scots Guards in the service of the king of France in 882, was in 1684 styled the "Royal Regiment of Foot," and some years later was numbered the 1st of the British Line. In 1812 it was styled the 1st or "Royal Scots," and in 1821 the "Royal Regiment." The designation "Royal Scots" was restored to the regiment in 1871, and it is now known as the "Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment)."—*The 2nd Battalion 44th Foot*, raised in Ireland in 1803-4, and disbanded at Dover early in 1816. The 44th is now known as the "1st Battalion the Essex Regiment."

crossed the Tholen-dike, and entered the bed of the Zoom, through which our troops had to make their way before reaching the wet ditch. It was terrible work pushing through the thick deep mud of the river: the men sank nearly to their waists, and as they advanced, fell into some confusion—the various companies getting mixed up. Many poor fellows were trodden down and smothered in the mud, but the more fortunate pressed on, and a considerable portion of the column succeeded in passing through this veritable "Slough of Despond," and entered the ditch.

So far the French garrison had not taken alarm, but now some thoughtless men raised a cheer, probably to encourage their comrades. General Skerrett, who was at the head of the column, was furious with rage, and passed word to the rear for strict silence to be observed. Unfortunately, the mischief was done: that one cheer had alarmed the garrison, who at once opened the sluices and sent a torrent of water down upon their assailants, while almost at the same moment a brilliant firework was displayed upon the ramparts, showing up every object as clear as if it were daylight.

In spite of this, General Skerrett, with a good number of his men, cleared the bed of the river, and gained the ditch.

"The point at which we entered," continues the Fusilier officer, "was a bastion to the right of the harbour, from one of the angles of which a row of high palisades was carried through the ditch. To enable us to pass the water, some scaling-ladders had been sunk to support us in proceeding along the palisades, over which we had to climb with each other's assistance. So great were the obstacles we met with, that had not the attention of the enemy fortunately (or rather most judiciously) been distracted by the false attack under Lieut.-Col. Henry it appeared quite impossible for us to have effected an entrance at this point.

"While we were proceeding forward in this manner, Colonel Muller of the Royal Scots was clambering along the tops of the palisades, calling to those who had got the start of him to endeavour to open the Waterport Gate and let down the drawbridge to our right; but no one, in the hurry of the moment, seemed to hear him. On getting near enough, I told him I should effect it, if it was possible.

"We met with but trifling resistance on gaining the rampart: the enemy being panic struck, fled to the streets and houses in the town, from which they kept up a pretty smart fire upon us for some time. I got about twenty soldiers of different regiments to follow me to the Waterport Gate, which we found closed. It was constructed of thin paling, with an iron bar across it about three inches in breadth. Being without tools of any kind, we made several ineffectual attempts to open the gate: at last, retiring a few paces, we made a rush at it in a body, when the iron bar snapped in the middle like a bit of glass. Some of my people got killed and wounded during this part of the work, but when we got to the drawbridge we were a little more sheltered from the firing.

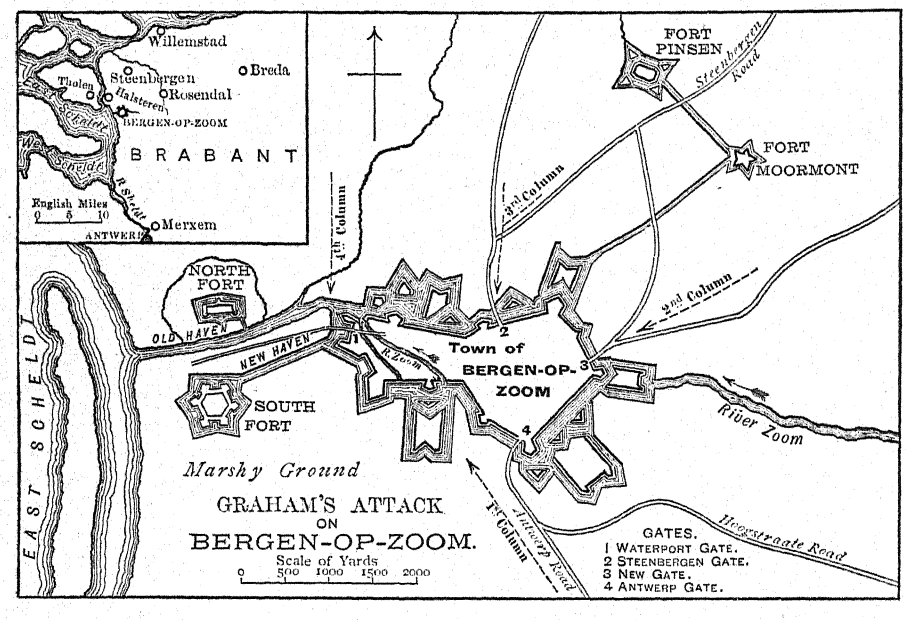
"The bridge was up, and secured by a lock in the right-hand post of the two which supported it. I was simple enough to attempt to pick the lock with a bayonet, but after breaking two or three, we at last had an axe brought us from the bastion, where our troops were entering. With this axe we soon succeeded in cutting the lock out of the post, and, taking hold of the chain, I had the satisfaction to pull down the drawbridge with my own hands.

"While I was engaged in this business Colonel Muller was forming the Royal Scots on the rampart where we entered; but a party of about one hundred and fifty men of different regiments, under General Skerrett—who must have entered to the left of the harbour—was clearing the ramparts towards the Steenbergen Gate, where the false attack had been made by the 3rd column under Lieut.-Col. Henry; while another party, under Colonel Carleton of the 44th Regiment, was proceeding in the opposite direction along the ramparts to the right, without meeting with much resistance.

"Hearing the firing on the opposite side of the town from General Skerrett's party, and supposing that they had marched through the town, I ran on through the streets to overtake them, accompanied by only one or two men; for the rest had left me and returned to the bastion after we had opened the gate. In proceeding along the canal or harbour which divided this part of the town I came to a loopholed wall, which was continued from the houses down to the water's edge. I observed a party of soldiers within a gate in this wall, and was going up to them, taking them for our own people, when I was challenged in French, and had two or three shots fired at me. Seeing no other way of crossing the harbour but by a little bridge which was nearly in a line with the wall, I returned to the Waterport Gate, which I found Colonel Muller

had taken possession of with two or three companies of his regiment. I went up to him, and told him that I had opened the gate according to his desire, and also informed him of the interruption I had met with in the town, and he sent one of his companies up with me to the wall already mentioned, ordering the officer in command of the company to drive the enemy away, and hold the wall and gate until further orders.

"On coming to the gate we met with a sharp resistance, but, after firing a few rounds and preparing to charge, the Frenchmen gave way, leaving us in possession of the gate and bridge.



Leaving the company here, and crossing the little bridge, I again set forward alone to overtake General Skerrett's party, guided by the firing on the ramparts. Avoiding any little parties of the enemy, I had reached the inside of the ramparts where the firing was, without its occurring to me that I might get into the wrong box and be taken prisoner. Fortunately, I observed a woman looking over a shop door on one side of the street. I asked her where the British soldiers were, and she told me without hesitation, pointing at the same time in the direction. I shook hands with her, and bade her 'good night,' not entertaining the smallest suspicion of her deceiving me; and, following her directions, I clambered up the inside of the rampart and joined General Skerrett's party.

"The moon had now risen, and though the sky was cloudy we could see pretty well what was doing. Here I found my friend Robertson, with the grenadier company of the Royal Scots, and I learned from him that the party—which was now commanded by Captain Guthrie, of the 33rd Regiment—had been compelled by numbers to retire from the bastion, which the enemy now occupied; and that Guthrie intended to endeavour to hold the one he was now in possession of, until he could procure a reinforcement. Robertson also told me that General Skerrett had been dangerously wounded, and taken prisoner, which was an irreparable loss to our party, as Captain Guthrie was ignorant of the general's intentions.

"In the meantime the enemy kept up a sharp fire on us, which we returned as fast as our men could load their firelocks. Several of the enemy who had fallen, as well as of our own men, were lying on the ramparts. We presently discovered a large pile of logs of wood on the ramparts, and these we quickly disposed across the gorge of the bastion, so as to form a kind of parapet over which our people could fire, leaving, however, about half the distance open towards the parapet of the rampart. On the opposite side of the bastion were two 24-pounders, raised on high platforms, and these guns we turned on the enemy, firing along the ramparts over the heads of our own party. But, however valuable this resource might be to us, we were still far from being on equal terms with the French, who, besides greatly exceeding us in numbers, had brought up two or three field-pieces, which annoyed us much during the night. There was also a windmill on the bastion the Frenchmen occupied, from the top of which their musketry did great execution among us.

"In the course of the night the enemy made several ineffectual attempts to drive us from our position; but on these occasions—of which we

were always made aware by the shouts they raised to encourage each other—as soon as they made their appearance on the rampart, we gave them a good dose of grape from our 24-pounders, and had a party ready to charge them back. I observed our soldiers were always disposed to meet the enemy half-way, and the latter were soon so well aware of our humour, that they invariably turned tail before we could get within forty or fifty paces of them.

"The firing was kept up almost continually on both sides until about two o'clock in the morning, when it would sometimes cease for more than half-an-hour together. During one of these intervals of stillness, being exhausted with our exertions and the cold we felt in our drenched clothes, some of us lay down along the parapet together, in hopes of borrowing a little heat from each other, and presently fell into a troubled, dozing state, when I suddenly felt the ground shake under me, and heard at the same time a crash as if the whole town had been overwhelmed by an earthquake; a bright glare of light burst on my eyes at the same instant, and almost blinded me.

"A shot from the enemy had blown up our small magazine on the ramparts, on which we depended for the supply of the two 24-pounders which had been of such material use to us during the night. This broke our slumbers most effectually, and we had now nothing for it but to maintain our ground in the best way we could, until we received a reinforcement from some of the other parties.

"Immediately after this disaster the enemy, raising a tremendous shout, or rather yell, attempted to come to close quarters with us, in hopes of our being utterly disheartened; but our charging party, which we had always in readiness, made them wheel round as usual. In the course of the night we had sent several small parties of men to represent the state of our detachment and endeavour to procure assistance; but none of them returned, having, we supposed, been intercepted by the enemy. Discouraged though we were by this circumstance, we still continued to hold our ground until the break of day."

While the events described in the above narrative were taking place, the main portion of the 4th column had also met with disaster: after all their toil and gallantry, the Royal Scots and their comrades of the 33rd—which regiment had been sent to reinforce Colonel Muller during the night—saw the prize which they had gained at such frightful cost snatched from their grasp.



"WE SOON SUCCEEDED IN CUTTING THE LOCK OUT OF THE POST" (*p.* 439).

We have already seen how Colonel Muller, with the battalion companies of the Royal Scots, took possession of the ramparts round the Waterport Gate. Before very long the battalion found itself exposed to a murderous grape and musketry fire from a couple of howitzers, and a small detachment of French marines stationed in the vicinity of the arsenal. Colonel Muller at once detached two companies to keep the enemy in check, and these detached companies—which were relieved every two hours—were actively engaged in this arduous service from 11 p.m.

until daybreak, when the enemy made a furious attack in strong columns which bore down all before them.

The detached companies were now quickly driven in by overwhelming numbers, while the battalion, being exposed to a terrible fire from the guns of the arsenal, was forced to retire by the Waterport Gate, only to receive the fire of a detached battery. Finding himself thus placed between two fires, with a high palisade on one hand and the Zoom filled with tide on the other, Colonel Muller preferred to surrender rather than throw away the lives of his soldiers. The colours of the battalion were first sunk in the river Zoom by Lieutenant and Adjutant Galbraith ; the battalion then surrendered, on condition that the officers and men should not serve against the French until exchanged, and on the following day it marched out of Bergen-op-Zoom "with all the honours of war."

In this disastrous affair the 4th Battalion Royal Scots lost 4 officers and 37 non-commissioned officers and men killed ; 4 officers and 71 non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

The 33rd also suffered severe losses.

* * * * *

We left the small party, under Captain Guthrie of the 33rd, holding the position they had so gallantly won, and hoping against hope that, sooner or later, they would be relieved from the terrible predicament in which they found themselves ; but the first dawn of day plainly showed the devoted men the utter hopelessness of their situation. By this time the firing had entirely ceased in other parts of Bergen-op-Zoom, and so, in absence of all communication, Guthrie and his comrades could only believe that the British troops had been driven from the place, and that there was nothing for them but to surrender, or die where they stood. The former alternative, however, does not appear to have entered their minds.

The French now brought an overwhelming force against them, but they still hoped, from the narrowness of the rampart, to be able to hold their own. In this they were deceived. The bastion was extensive, but only that portion of it near the gorge was furnished with a parapet. At this spot, and behind the logs which Guthrie and his men had piled up, the now greatly diminished party was collected. Keeping up a hot fire, in order to divert attention, the French detached part of their force, which, skirting the outside of the ramparts, and ascending the face of the bastion occupied by Guthrie, suddenly opened a murderous fire on his left flank and rear. From this fire Guthrie's men were entirely unprotected, while the French were sheltered by the top of the rampart.

"The slaughter was now dreadful," continues Lieutenant ——, "and our poor fellows, who had done all that soldiers could do in our trying situation, fell thick and fast. Just at this time my friend Robertson, under whose command I had put myself at the beginning of the attack, fell. I had just time to run up to him, and found him stunned from a wound in the head, when our gallant commander, seeing the inutility of continuing the unequal contest, gave the order to retreat.

"We had retired in good order about three hundred yards when poor Guthrie received a wound in the head, which I have since been informed deprived him of his sight. The enemy, when they saw us retreating, hung upon our rear, keeping up a sharp fire all the time, but they still seemed to have some respect for us from the trouble we had already given them. We had indulged the hope that, by continuing our course along the ramparts, we should be able to effect our retreat by the Waterport Gate, not being aware that we should be intercepted by the mouth of the harbour, and we were already at the very margin before we discovered our mistake and found ourselves completely hemmed in by the French ; so there was no alternative left to us but to surrender as prisoners of war, or to attempt to escape across the harbour by means of the floating pieces of ice with which the water was covered.

"Not one of us seemed to entertain the idea of surrender, and in the despair which had now taken possession of every heart we threw ourselves into the water, or leaped for the broken pieces of ice which were floating about.

"The scene that ensued was shocking beyond description ! The canal, or harbour, was faced on both sides by high brick walls, and in the middle of the channel lay a small Dutch vessel, which was secured by a rope to the opposite side of the harbour. Our only hope of preserving our lives, or effecting our escape, depended on our being able to gain this little vessel. Already many had, by leaping first on one piece of ice and then on another, succeeded in getting on board the vessel, which they hauled, by means of the rope, to the opposite side of the canal, and thus freed our obstruction ; but, immediately afterwards being intercepted by the Waterport redoubt, they were compelled to surrender.

Among the rest, I had scrambled down the face of the canal to a beam, running horizontally along the brick-work, from which other beams descended perpendicularly into the water, to prevent the sides being injured by the shipping. After sticking my sword into my belt (for I had thrown the scabbard away the previous night), I leaped from this beam—which was nine or ten feet above the water—for a piece of ice, but, not judging my distance very well, it tilted up with me, and I sank to the bottom of the canal.

"However, I soon came up again, and after swimming to the other side of the canal, and to the vessel, and finding nothing to catch hold of, I returned to the piece of ice upon which I had first leapt, and, swinging my body under it, managed to keep my face above water. I was not the only survivor of those who had got into the water: several men were still hanging on to other pieces of ice, but one by one they let go their hold and sank as their strength failed, until only three or four, besides myself, remained. All this time some of the enemy continued firing at us, and I saw one or two poor fellows shot in the water near me.

"So intent was everyone on effecting his escape, that though they sometimes cast a look of commiseration at their drowning comrades, no one thought for a moment of giving us any assistance. The very hope of it had at length so completely faded in our minds that we ceased to ask the aid of those who floated past us upon fragments of ice; but Providence had reserved one individual who possessed a heart to feel for the distress of his fellow-creatures more than for his own personal safety. The very last person who reached the Dutch vessel was Lieut. McDougal of the 91st Regiment, and by his assistance I, too, succeeded in getting on board.

"While assisting McDougal to save two or three soldiers who still clung to pieces of ice, I received a musket-ball through my wrist; for the enemy continued deliberately firing at us from the opposite rampart, which was not above sixty yards from the vessel. After this I went down to the cabin, where I found Lieut. Briggs of the 91st* sitting on one side with a severe wound through his shoulder-blade. The floor of the cabin was covered with water, for the vessel had become leaky from the firing. I managed to bind up my wounded wrist with my neckcloth so as in some measure to stop the bleeding, and we remained, cold and miserable, in the cabin for several hours. During that time the water continued to rise higher and higher, until it reached my middle.

"Fortunately, the vessel grounded from the receding of the tide, and, escape in our condition being now quite out of the question, my companion and I were glad, on the whole, to be relieved from our truly disagreeable position by surrendering ourselves prisoners of war." *

* * * * *

Having described the disasters which befell the 4th column, we will now turn to the movements of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd columns, whose efforts, unfortunately, met with no better success.

The 1st, or Guards, column, under Colonel Lord Proby, was, as we have already stated, destined to attack the works between the Waterport and Antwerp Gates. Between the point of attack and the Antwerp Gate the enemy had a strongly entrenched camp. At the appointed hour the Guardsmen, accompanied by Major-General Cooke, advanced from the Antwerp road, and, skirting the salient of the *lunette* of the entrenched camp, they reached the broad wet ditch of the unrevetted fronts (between the Waterport Gate and the *lunette*) without being discovered by the enemy. So far all had gone well; but now it was found that, owing to the rise and fall of the tide, the ice at the point where the ditch was to have been crossed was not sufficiently thick to stand the passage of the column. Lord Proby at once reported this untoward circumstance to General Cooke, who ordered him to move his men more to the right, towards the ditch of the "Orange Bastion," where a *batardeau*, preventing the action of the tide, allowed the ice to form strong enough to support them.

This spot reached, the advanced and ladder parties of the Guards, under Captain Rodney and Ensigns Gooch and Pardoe, quickly crossed the frozen ditch, followed by the rest of the column. Under the direction of Lieutenant-

* Lieutenant James Briggs, 91st (afterwards Major Sir James Briggs, K.H.) exchanged to the 63rd Foot, and retired in 1837. He was reported killed.

* The officer who wrote the above narrative was taken to a hospital in the town, where his wounds were dressed. He was subsequently released, and rejoined the 2nd Battalion 21st Fusiliers at Wouw. We cannot, with any certainty, identify this officer; but as only two subalterns of the 21st appear in the casualty list as wounded *and* taken prisoners at Bergen-op-Zoom, he must have been one of the two—namely, 2nd Lieut. J. W. Dunbar Moody, or 2nd Lieut. David Rankine. The 21st lost nine officers killed, wounded and missing, including Brevet Lieut.-Col. Henry, who commanded the 3rd column.

Colonel Smyth, R.E., and Captain Sir G. Hoste, the ladders were placed against the demi-revetment (seventeen feet high), and the Guardsmen, swarming up, gained possession of the ramparts without meeting with much opposition beyond a slight musketry fire from the flanks. Major-General Cooke, with the officers commanding Royal Artillery and Engineers, entered the place with the Guards.

Owing to the delay caused by the unavoidable change in the point of attack, it was 11.30 p.m. before the 1st column established itself on the ramparts of Bergen-op-Zoom.

Though surprised by the first assault, the French garrison was not thrown into confusion, and was soon again in a position to resist the British troops.

Suspecting from the quiet that reigned at the French posts opposite the other intended points of attack that the several columns had not yet entered, Cooke formed the Guards on the ramparts in column of sections, and also occupied some houses in front, and in the adjoining bastion, from which his men might otherwise have been seriously annoyed. The ladders by which the Guards had entered were left standing against the scarp, so that a ready communication with the exterior was ensured.

A strong patrol was now despatched to the left, towards the Waterport Gate, to ascertain whether the 4th column had entered; and a detachment of the 1st Foot Guards, under Lieut.-Col. Clifton, was sent along the ramparts to the right, with orders to secure the Antwerp Gate, and to support, or at least gain some intelligence of, the 2nd column under Lieut.-Col. Morrice.

"Lieut.-Col. Clifton," writes General Cooke in his despatch of the 10th March, 1814, "reached the Antwerp Gate, but found that it could not be opened by his men, the enemy throwing a very heavy fire upon a street leading to it. It was also found that they occupied an outwork commanding the bridge, which would effectually render that outlet useless to us. I heard nothing more of this detachment, but considered it as lost, the communication having been interrupted by the enemy. Lieut.-Col. Rooke, with a party of the 2nd Foot Guards, was afterwards sent in that direction, and driving the enemy from the intermediate rampart, reached the Antwerp Gate; but he found it useless to attempt anything, and ascertained that the outwork was still occupied."

Rooke was thus compelled to rejoin the main body of the column, after his party had been pretty severely handled, without having gleaned any tidings of the missing detachment, whose fate, as we shall see, was learned later on.

After making a most gallant charge on the enemy, and capturing a field-piece at the point of the bayonet, Colonel Clifton and his men had found themselves cut off by a very superior force. The Guardsmen offered a most determined resistance, but being exposed to a destructive fire on all sides, which placed many officers (including Clifton himself) and men *hors de combat*, they were at length obliged to surrender. Amongst the officers taken prisoner was Lieut.-Col. Jones, upon whom the command of the ill-fated detachment devolved after the gallant Clifton's fall.

While the Guards were engaged in their attack the 2nd column had made an unsuccessful attempt on the works to the right of the New Gate, in which it lost upwards of 200 men killed and wounded, including its leader, Lieut.-Col. Morrice, and Lieut.-Col. Elphinstone, of the 33rd Foot.

The 33rd, 55th, and 69th were driven back in some confusion, but they quickly re-formed, and, leaving the left wing of the 55th to remove their wounded, they moved off to the support of the 1st column. It will be remembered that the scaling-ladders used by the 1st column had been left in position, and by this means the men of the 33rd, 55th, and 69th gained the summit of the ramparts, joined the 1st column, and were formed up to the left of the Guards, who still held their position, though they had for hours been exposed to a galling fire from those houses which still remained in possession of the enemy.

Though thus reinforced, General Cooke—who was still uncertain as to how matters were going on in other quarters of the town—did not think it expedient to make any further attempts to carry points which he might not be able to maintain, or to expose his troops to certain loss by penetrating through the streets; but on receiving intelligence that Colonel Muller was holding the Waterport Gate against heavy odds, he sent the 33rd to his assistance.

Throughout that long night the French garrison kept up a hot fire upon General Cooke's position, and at one time they held an adjoining bastion, from the angle of which they completely commanded his communication with the exterior. They were, however, charged, and driven away from this point of vantage in a very spirited style by the 55th and 69th, under Majors Hogg and Muttlebury.

At length, finding that matters were becoming serious, and being still without any certain information from other quarters, General Cooke determined, at the suggestion of Lord Proby, to let part of the Foot Guards withdraw, which from that position without being able to render them any assistance. At the same time the French gunners opened a heavy cannonade upon the Guards and the 55th and 69th, who still remained on the open ramparts.



"SEVERAL MEN WERE STILL HANGING ON TO OTHER PIECES OF ICE" (*p.* 443).

was done by means of the ladders at the point where they entered. At daybreak, the enemy again possessed themselves of the bastion commanding the communications, from which they were again driven by Hogg and Muttlebury with their weak battalions. About 6 a.m. the enemy directed their first attack in force upon the British troops holding the Waterport Gate, and General Cooke had now the mortification of witnessing the Royal Scots and the 33rd retire

Seeing that all was lost, General Cooke ordered the rest of the Guards to retire. The retreat was conducted in the most orderly manner, covered by the 69th and 55th ; the latter corps, led by the general in person, repeatedly driving the enemy back. These weak battalions as they crossed the ditch were so much exposed to an incessant concentrated fire of musketry and artillery, that the general saw it would be impossible to withdraw them ; and he was contemplating a

surrender, when Lieut.-Col. Jones, of the 1st Foot Guards—who had been taken prisoner after the destruction of Clifton's detachment—arrived on the scene, accompanied by a French officer, with a flag of truce.

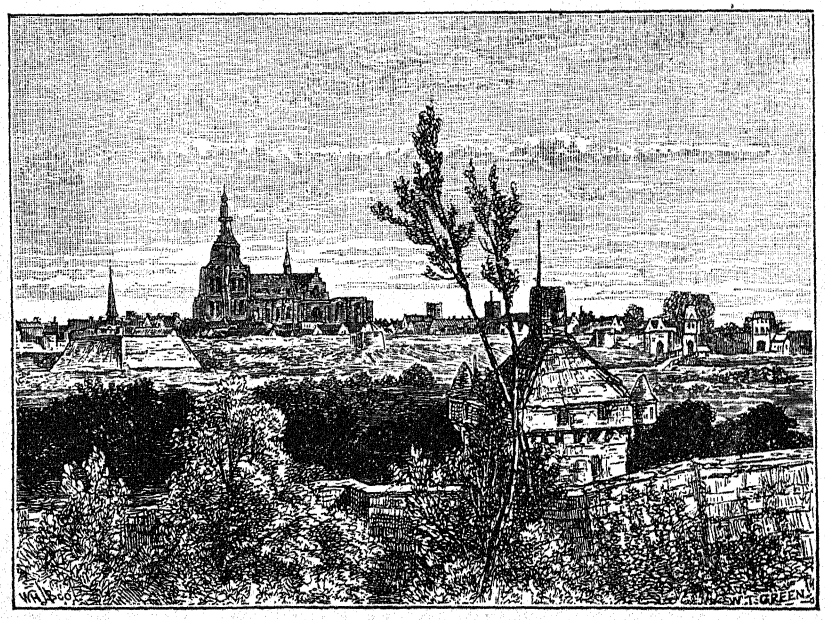
"Lieut.-Col. Jones," says Cooke, in his despatch, "informed me that Lieut.-Col. Muller and the troops at the Waterport Gate had been obliged to surrender, and were marched prisoners into the town. I now also learnt the fate of Lieut.-Col. Clifton's detachment and of Major-Generals Skerrett and Gore and Lieut.-Col. Carleton (Major-General Skerrett was dangerously wounded; Brigadier-General Gore, of the 33rd, and Lieut.-Col. the Hon. G. Carleton, of the 44th, were killed); and that the troops who had followed them had suffered very much, and had been repulsed from the advanced points along the ramparts, where they had penetrated to. I was now convinced that a longer continuance of the contest would be a useless loss of lives, and I therefore consented to adopt the mortifying alternative of laying down our arms."

It is strange that no mention is made in the despatches of either Generals Graham or Cooke of the movements of the 3rd column, and we can find no details of the part it played in the attack—beyond the fact that it made a feint on the Steenbergen Gate. Whether Lieut.-Col. Henry turned this false attack into a real one, or whether he joined the 4th column, we cannot say for certain; but it is evident that the 3rd column entered Bergen-op-Zoom, and was hotly engaged, for Lieut.-Col. Henry and his second-in-command, Lieut.-Col. Ottley, were both wounded, and the corps (21st, 37th, and 91st), composing the column, suffered heavy losses.

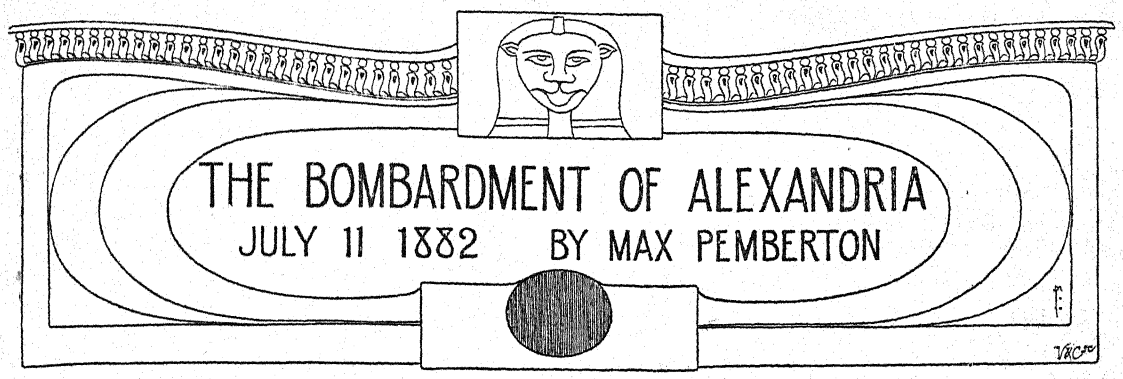
The total loss of the British in this disastrous affair was about 300 killed and 1,800 prisoners, many of the latter being wounded.

* * * * *

Thus ended the memorable attack upon Bergen-op-Zoom, in which, though defeated, the troops engaged were not disgraced. The failure of the enterprise was due, in a great measure, to circumstances over which General Cooke had no control: unforeseen difficulties cropped up which would have tended to frustrate the very best concerted plan of operations; and however much the disastrous termination was deplored, it was freely acknowledged that there had been few occasions during the long war with France in which the courage and energies of British soldiers were put to a more severe test, or were met by a more gallant and successful resistance on the part of the enemy.



BERGEN-OP-ZOOM.



I DO not know precisely how many years it is since the fringe of the East became a fashion for the man with the coupons; but I am convinced that fashion has done very little for Alexandria. It may be that the finer glories of Cairo and the Pyramids have conspired with the keepers of the most expensive hotels in the world, to rob the city of the Ptolemies of her due share of eulogy and of cheap trips; it may be that the tourist is unwilling to admit the lesser fascination when he has experienced the greater. Certain it is, however, that he permits himself to be hurried from the bazaars of Alexandria, and carried swiftly from the streets while yet his eyes are dazed with the first and insurpassable impressions of the East. "All this you shall see, and more when you come to Damascus." The claim is true—it is also misleading.

My own memories of Alexandria are chiefly those of '87 — more particularly, they cling about a fast run I made upon a schooner-yacht from Malta to the Pharos of the later-day but unremembered Ptolemy. We were then in charge of an exceedingly careful amateur, who sailed his own ship, and was not a little proud of the exactness of his mathematics. I remember well the language he provoked when he fetched us out of bed at three o'clock in the morning to assure us that we had made the light at the precise moment of his promise. We had gone to bed with the dark surging water of the Mediterranean for our horizon. No ship was to be seen; no point of sight but the dull and gloomy clouds looming up heavily from the African coast. But when we came on deck at the invitation of the master, the scene was beautiful beyond experience. A generous moon made lakes of golden light upon the darker background of the resting seas; a big steamer, whose many lamps shone like the lights of a moving city, flashed by on her way to Malta; the glowing lantern of the Pharos stood up like a beacon on a hill.

"Gentlemen," said the skipper, waving his arm with a lordly sweep, in sublime unconsciousness of the fact that he wore a dressing-gown, "yonder is the city of Cleopatra. I will put you on the quay when the sun rises."

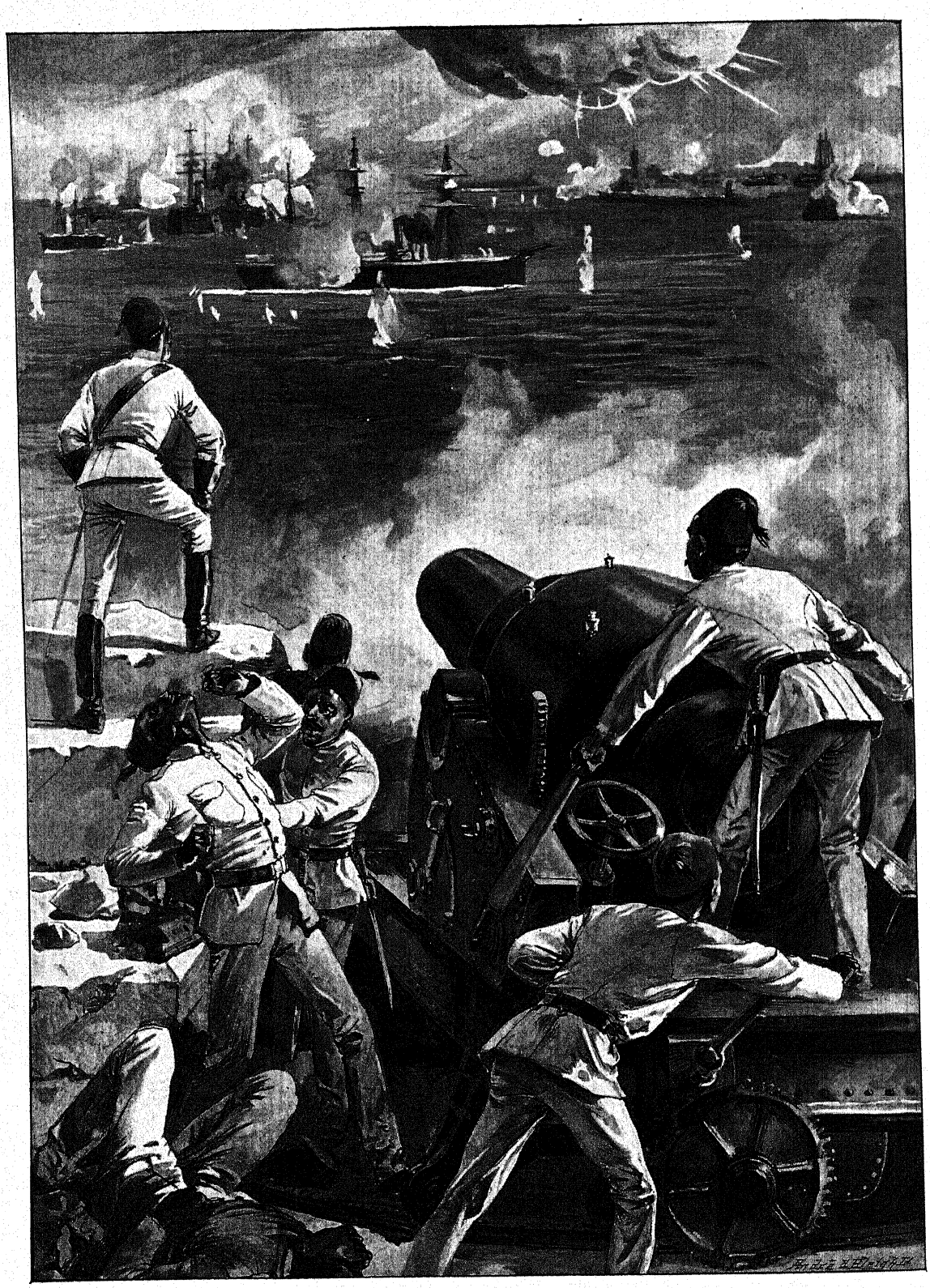
To step from the boat of a yacht to the quay at Alexandria is to step from the West to the fringe of the East. All about you are porters, guides, beggars, loafers, thieves, cut-throats, and impostors. Bales of cotton, barrels, hampers, trollies lumber the wharves. The din and babble are beyond description. A hundred rogues strive and push if thereby they may touch the hem of your garment and claim *backsheesh*. Pass through the Customs, and so out to the native quarters and to the bazaar, and the scene is scarce to be described. Men of every Eastern nation seem here to congregate. Turks curse Greeks; Greeks, in their turn, curse Jews and Copts, Hindoos, Nubians, and Albanians. The blaze of colour is dazzling, yet ever picturesque. Dirks are sheathed in gorgeous girdles; the butts of pistols protrude upon richly embroidered vests and amazing tunics. Black men and white men, brown men and yellow men; some with jackets, some with long flowing robes, some almost naked, urge you to the deal or throw themselves upon your pity. Donkey boys hasten to show you how well they understand your tongue, in the polite and well-meant invitation to "have a —— donkey, sir." Often you step aside to avoid the lurch of the camel; your eyes follow the stately swing of the Arab from the desert as he paces some narrow alley, with head bent and his long gun in his hand. Priests abound—Greek priests, Coptic priests, Roman priests. No nation seems unrepresented in this medley

of sound and strange colours; of narrow, crooked, unpaved lanes and gorgeous modern enterprises.

If this be a description rather of the Alexandria of fifteen years ago than of the Alexandria of to-day, it is the better suited for the purposes of my paper. Any endeavour to make clear the sequence of events which led up to the bombardment and subsequent sack of the city must include some attempt to describe that curious coupling of West to East which has been a feature of the place since Mehemet Ali sought to restore its greatness, and to rear up a new fabric upon the ashes of decay which the Turk had left. In the year 1882 you found many races in the seat of the Ptolemies; but a broad line of demarcation between the two forces was clearly laid down. While Copts and Greeks and Hindoos and Arabs swarmed in the bazaars, and a first impression was one of many peoples and many creeds, a rough division was easy to make. Christian and Mohammedan—between these lay the Egyptian question, so far as this city was concerned with it. Side by side the strongholds of the two powers stood—one, the dirty unpaved streets, the booths, and kennels and bazaars; the other, the great square of Mehemet Ali, with the cafés and commercial buildings, the *Palais de Justice*, the churches, the theatre, and the houses of the merchants. Everything which tends to promote racial hatred and national instability was here to be discerned, when in the earlier months of the year 1882 the dangerous problem became ripe for partial solution. A national party strove for so-called freedom; a Christian party strove for more stable guarantees. Arabs hated Greeks and Copts; Christians



THE SQUARE OF MEHEMET ALI, ALEXANDRIA.

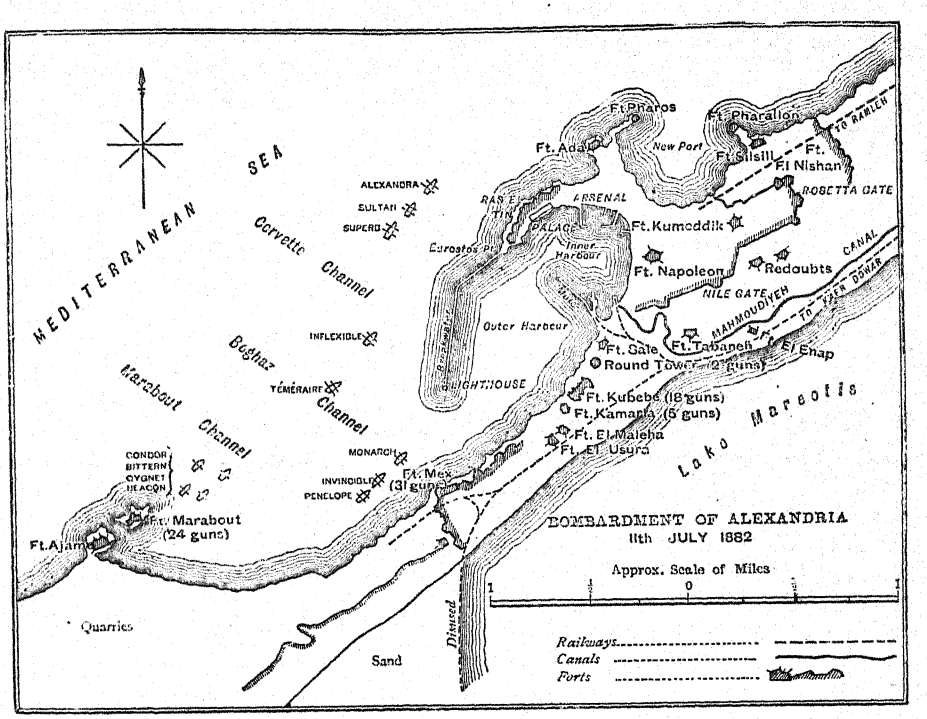


THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

warred against the Arab in turn, and went in fear of him. Year by year the beacons of revolution were plied, until, in the last moments of Arabi's power, the flicker of a crisis was sufficient to light them; and these beacons being kindled, gave the signal for the Egyptian campaign of 1882.

I am not concerned in this paper with the defence of Arabi Pasha, nor with the discussion of those large claims made on his behalf by Mr. Scawen Blunt and others at the beginning of the Egyptian war. It is sufficient for me to remember that he was War-Minister to the Khedive in the earlier months of the year 1882, and that he was the spokesman of all those turbulent elements of Mohammedan dominion which threatened at one time to make him the most successful dictator of the latter half of the century. Patriot possibly he was; but that pure patriotism was not the ultimate goal of his ambitions all the events of that strange year made manifest. No doubt, the antipathy to European influences, and general hatred of the European colony in Egypt, helped Arabi largely in his demand, in the year 1881, for a general increase of the army, and for a more popular and purely Egyptian ministry. But once he found the Khedive pliant in his hands, the step from agitation to action was a short one. Early in the next year we find the weak Prince Tewfik nominated by the Powers, and Arabi setting up practically as the dictator of the Egyptian peoples. His cry that the foreigner should be driven out of the country brought thousands to his banner. That he had the sympathy of his countrymen there can be no question. That it was impossible for us as a Power to submit to his authority, and to the government by arms which he sought to set up, was equally apparent. Thus in June of the year 1882 we found ourselves fighting for the Khedive against his own Minister of War, and engaged in an undertaking which could end only in our final expulsion from the country or our temporary occupation of it.

The first sparks of war were to be observed in Alexandria in the June of the last-named year. A sudden rioting and massacre of Christians—principally Greeks—added to an insult to the British Consul, sowed the seeds of that which was to mature so quickly. For many weeks our Mediterranean fleet, under the command of Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, lay off the harbours of the city as a visible token of our determination to uphold the Khedive against Arabi, and of our intention to protect the Christian population. Hundreds of the latter meanwhile fled from Alexandria — some to Greece, the majority to Italy. It became dangerous for a European to venture abroad alone even in the earlier hours of day. Robberies were frequent, and assassinations common. Arabi himself waxed bolder every day. He boasted that he could, with the forces at his command, hold the city against the fleets of all Europe. He busied himself with the training of engineers; he began at the last to



strengthen the forts and to throw up new earthworks. It was an anxious moment for "Jack" when, on the night of July 6th, 1882, the search-light was turned upon the fortifications near the Ras-el-Tin Palace, and two hundred of Arabi's sappers were seen busy with pick and shovel. The result was the immediate demand for the cessation of all works upon the forts, and, finally, for the temporary surrender of them. Arabi, seeking discreetly to temporise, neglected to furnish the necessary guarantees—met us practically with a point-blank refusal. Our reply was the issue of an ultimatum on the morning of July 10th. Either the forts were to be surrendered, or the city was to be bombarded. Arabi chose bombardment, and our ships were cleared for action.

This was the situation in the town; let us see what was our own position in the harbours before it. Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour was then in command of eight battleships and of eleven gunboats; the latter principally of the smallest class. Nearly all these ships would be regarded as more or less obsolete to-day, though the flagship *Invincible* carried four 80-ton guns and boasted a speed of 12·6 knots an hour. Of the others, the *Inflexible* was the largest, this being the biggest ship in the engagement, and one which carried, like the flagship, four 80-ton guns. With her were the *Sultan*, the *Superb*, the *Alexandra*, the *Téméraire*, the *Penelope*, and the *Monarch*. The latter ships, built in the years 1867 and 1868 respectively, were then comparatively old; but the *Superb*, the *Inflexible*, the *Téméraire*, and the *Alexandra* represented us in our then most recent naval phase. That was the day of a belief in big guns. Europe had watched the building of 68-, 80-, and even 100-ton guns, and had asked expectantly, "What of the results?" The revolt of Arabi promised us that which we had speculated upon, and discussed, and weighed up for forty years—the spectacle of our fleet in action. When at last the crisis came—when the ultimatum went forth, and French, American, and Italian warships steamed from the harbours of Alexandria, while refugees fled from the city as from a pestilence—the excitement waxed strong. As for our own Jack Tars, they were sick with hope. For weeks they had been saying, "To-morrow, to-morrow is the day!" For weeks they had borne with disappointment and postponement as they lay under the shadow of the great forts, and waited for the booming of the signal gun. But now, surely, the hour was at hand. Small wonder if they doubted that such a good thing could ever be.

For the fuller understanding of the engagement of the famous July 11th, let us take our stand upon the flagship *Invincible*, anchored outside the harbour of the city. If we study the map which accompanies this chapter, the scene will be clearer to us. We see at a glance that there are really two harbours before us—an inner harbour and a large outer basin defended by the breakwater. To the south-east there stands up the great Marabout fort, this forming the southern point of the bay, whereon the city is built. To the north-east is the Pharos fort, boasting more than a hundred guns of all calibres, and conspicuous for its massive tower. Roughly speaking, you may regard the shape of the shore of the Alexandria of to-day as that of a pair of horns sticking out into the sea with the Pharos Light as the north tip and the Ras-el-Tin Palace and lighthouse as the southern tip. Southward of this palace, and in the curve of the southern bay, lie the famous Mex forts, and from these to Fort Marabout the whole of the shore bristles with guns. It was against these guns that our men thirsted to try their luck, when on the night of July 10th they turned in like excited children, and almost prayed that the morrow would find them listening to the music of the great artillery.

The *Condor* was the first ship to be about on the following morning, but long before six o'clock the whole fleet was moving and active. At that hour the men were already stripped to their flannel jerseys, the great guns were charged, the decks were cleared for action. The admiral's plan was now known to all. He had determined upon three attacks—the *Invincible*, the *Monarch*, and the *Penelope* to begin work from the harbour; the *Inflexible* to attack the Mex forts; the *Superb*, the *Sultan*, and the *Alexandra* to operate from outside the harbour, and to centre their fire first upon the forts by the Ras-el-Tin Palace, and then, steaming to the north-east, to demolish Fort Ada and the Pharos. As for the puny gunboats, they were to lie behind the warships, and to act as occasion required. That they were permitted soon to depart from this inglorious position the whole record makes manifest.

Six o'clock in the morning, and the men were at the stations. Forbiddingly and majestically the dark hulls of the eight ironclads stood up above the sunlit water. Scores of merchantmen which had showed their heels to the harbour

directly bombardment was threatened, now lay securely at anchor, eager to be spectators of so glorious a sight. On shore no unusual signs of activity were at first apparent. There was no ostensible signal of truce. Lieutenant Smith, who had been sent to report upon the truth of the story that Arabi's men were busy with armaments near the Slaughter-house, returned to tell of active work and of sappers busy. Throughout the fleet, excitement was at its zenith. Jack had stripped himself for the fray with the zest that a schoolboy strips for football. Wound up by long weeks of expectation, he scarce dared to believe that the cup was at his lips, even though the muzzles of the 80-tonners showed grimly above his decks, and any moment might bring the thunders of discharge. For nearly an hour he stood at his post, hoping against hope. Half-past six came, and still the guns were silent; a quarter to seven was marked, and no note of command was heard. Ten minutes later, and in a measure unexpectedly, the *Alexandra* fired a shell at the Pharos, and the bombardment had begun. The smoke of this shot had scarce floated away on the breeze when the flagship hoisted the signal "All vessels engage batteries." Such a signal was like the bell of a prompter rung to raise the curtain upon a stage play. In a moment the quiet and the expectancy had given place to the thunder of cannon and the heat of battle. An American officer who witnessed the action from a warship in the offing, declared that a hurricane of sound seemed to rush up over the sea. Instantly, clouds of smoke and leaping fire began to veil the forts. Crashing reports, the sharper noise of smaller guns, even the singing of bullets, made the music of the morning. While our own heavy guns were fired at long intervals, while there were pauses when you might have said that the fleet was resting, the rolling reports from the shore were never still. Fort Marabout, with its two 18-ton guns and its host of smaller weapons, emitted a continuing cloud of fire; the guns by Ras-el-Tin—two of them of twelve tons—pounded bravely at the *Superb*, the *Sultan*, and the *Alexandra*. The heavy weapons of the Pharos, joined anon to those by the Ras-el-Tin, belched smoke and flame unceasingly. Our own attack was concentrated upon Fort Marabout, the Mex forts, and the fortifications near the palace. At this time the value of fore and aft guns upon our big ships was illustrated humorously. The mighty *Inflexible*, standing off the outer harbour, thundered away with her fore guns at Ras-el-Tin, while from her stern she pounded Marabout. If the shooting of some of the ships was not particularly good, that of others was admirable. Every shot from the *Invincible* either burst in the forts or struck the parapets heavily. Clouds of dust and earth, heavy lumps of stone rolling seawards, spoke eloquently of the accuracy of her gunners. A middy, named Hardy, tucked up in her main-top, helped with signals whose value was beyond praise. Never did a marker at Wimbledon follow the path of a bullet with keener eyes than those with which Midshipman Hardy watched the flight of the great shells. Though a hail of shot fell all about him, and the smoke was so heavy over the decks that the gunners were like men walking in the dark, the accuracy of the lad's judgment was unfailing. Even the admiral thanked him; and as hit after hit was recorded, the whole crew fell to cheering with voices that were heard by every sailor in the fleet. "It was Eton and Harrow over again," said an observer. And that was true.



ADMIRAL SEYMOUR.

If this plucky lad deserves a line of special eulogy, we must not forget that others were at the same time displaying courage worthy of the highest traditions of Jack in action. The story of the *Condor* has been written many times. It will bear writing again and yet again whereso-ever the record of our navy is laid down. I have said that this gallant little ship, whose only armament was two small 64-pounders and one 7-inch Woolwich rifled gun, had been the first to be moving on that memorable day. She was also the first of the gunboats to get into action. Though the instructions of the admiral were that the gad-flies should be more or less spectators, acting as the occasion required, it was not many minutes before Lord Charles Beresford determined that the occasion required him to try his three small guns upon the massive

fortifications of Marabout. The idea, bold to the last point of courage, was not lacking method. It was Lord Charles's notion that the Gatling might tickle up the gunners of Marabout, and send so many of them to an honourable grave that the bigger guns would find no servants. With this in his head, he took a liberal view of the general instructions, and bringing the *Condor* to within twelve hundred yards



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.
(Photo, the London Stereoscopic Company.)

of the fort—the shoal prevented him from getting nearer—he began his merry attack. Never did a crew follow a daring skipper more resolutely. The men of the *Condor* had been near to shedding tears of rage in the early morning when an order from the flagship compelled them to go to the assistance of the *Téméraire*, which had floundered upon the shore. They had thought that they must do the work of a mere tug, and miss such glorious fun as was to be had in the neighbourhood of Arabi's guns. From that degradation Lord Charles saved them swiftly. The rattle of the Gatling, the crack of his larger weapons, seemed at first like the music of a mere farce. His shot, said observers, would be as a hail of peas to the gunners in the great fort. That the gunners took the same view was proved by their action. They continued to concentrate all their fire upon the three warships which were troubling them. As for that toy-boat which menaced them, they regarded it as a fine stimulant to laughter.

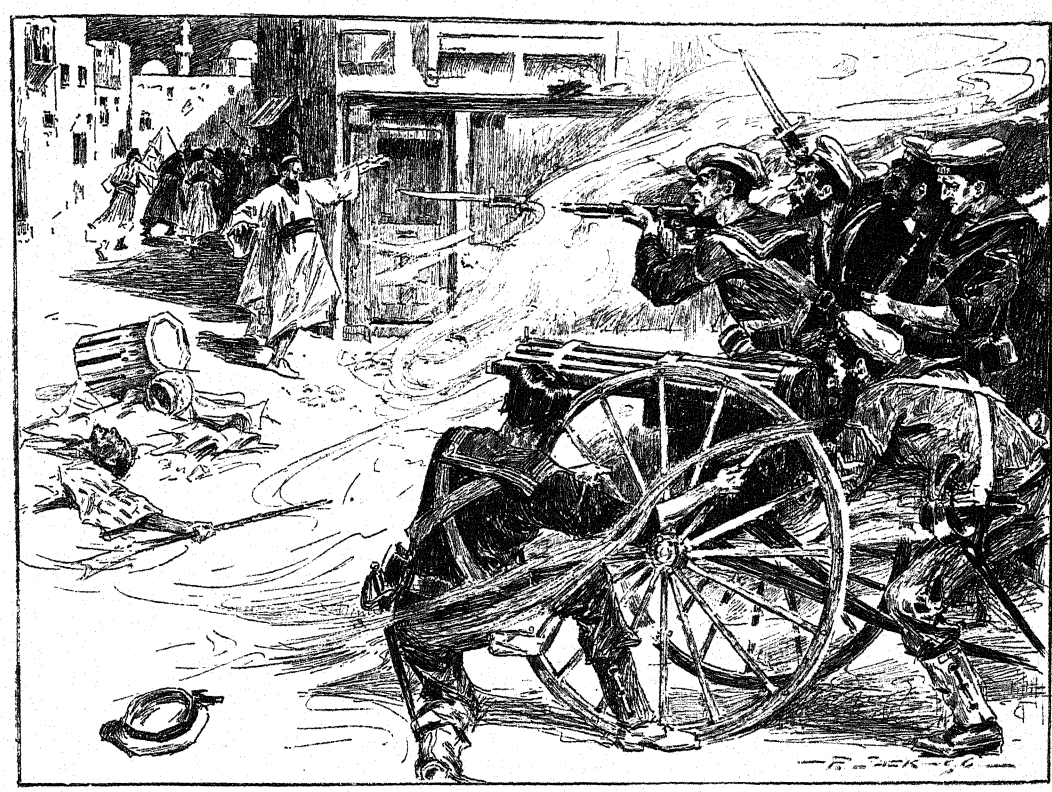
It is not recorded how soon these laughter-loving gentlemen changed their opinion. Certain is it that three of their guns were disabled, and that many of them must have paid the penalty of their humour when at last they awoke to the situation, and concentrated all their fire upon the wasp whose sting they had felt so sharply. Shell after shell then hissed over the plucky little ship. One struck her heavily, but not in a vital line. Shot seemed to rain near her decks, and still she stuck to her work, while other gunboats came to her assistance, and the *Bittern*, the *Beacon*, the *Decoy*, and the *Cygnet* were all barking merrily. Soon the fire from Marabout began to slacken. The telling shooting from the *Invincible*, whose huge shells went home every time, coupled to the merry attack of the gunboats, finished the work. The admiral signalled, "Well done, *Condor*." Cheer after cheer—British cheers—rang over the waters. The *Inflexible* took up the cry. Men roared like savages in their delight. The fleet declared that a deed of surpassing bravery had been done that day.

The hour of action is not the fitting hour to meditate upon individual deeds, and the attention of Jack was soon called from the *Condor* to new scenes. It was plain to him that the hours of "Horrible Pasha" were numbered in Alexandria. Marabout was done with; the guns of the Mex Forts were so far silenced at one o'clock that a force was despatched to land and, if possible, finish the business speedily. This force consisted of Lieutenant Barton Bradford in command, of Flag-Lieutenant the Hon. Mr. Lambton, of Lieutenant Poore of the *Invincible*, of Major Tullock, and of Mr. Hardy. So great was the impatience of its members to get ashore, that Major Tullock sprang from the launch and swam to the outworks—an act of bravery surpassed by no act upon that memorable day. But the Egyptian soldiers made no reply: a

fact for which no one has accounted satisfactorily to this day. While our men expected every moment to hear the hiss of their bullets, or to see them sweeping to the charge, not a sound was raised nor a uniform discerned. Dexterously and quickly the two 10-inch guns were burst and the others spiked. A shot from the *Invincible* had already destroyed the powder magazine, and half-past two had not come when Mex was done with.

killed by that single discharge. The *Superb*, the *Sultan*, and the *Alexandra* helping the end, rained great shot upon the rapidly succumbing forts. When two bells in the first dog-watch was struck, the voice of Arabi was no longer to be heard. The admiral caused the "Cease fire" to be signalled. The bombardment of Alexandria was a victorious fact.

We can well imagine in what spirits Jack turned into his bunk that night. To say that



CLEARING THE STREETS OF ALEXANDRIA.

From that hour until half-past four, when the career of "Horrible Pasha" in Alexandria was practically closed, the account of the bombardment is chiefly an account of the silencing of Fort Ada and of the Pharos. To the *Inflexible* was given the greater part of the latter task, and right well did she acquit herself. The shells from her 80-ton guns thundered upon the doomed town like a visitation from the heavens. Earth and mortar and *débris* rose in blinding clouds. The neighbouring buildings suffered heavily; even the English Consulate was threatened. Anon, a terrific explosion spoke of the wrecking of her powder magazine. Two hundred men, an authority computed, were

he was excited is to use a commonplace where a commonplace will not suffice. Few in that fleet had seen a shot fired in earnest from a great battleship. Few had been permitted to witness a beaten and cowed city in the first hours of its destruction. When Jack turned in, flames were still to be seen in the European quarters of the town. Like beacons of the defeated, they flared up at many points, kindled as much by the looters, whom Arabi had left as his legacy, as by the shells which our guns had dropped. While they burned, and after the question, "What of to-morrow?" Jack fell to discussing to-day. Already it was whispered that the fleet had lost only ten men. Two were killed upon the *Sultan*,

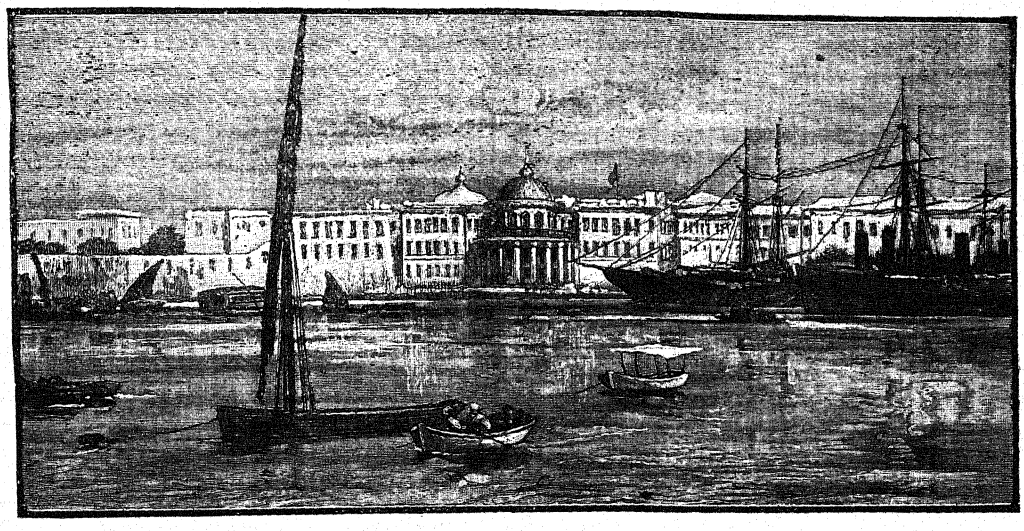
which had been hit no less than twenty-three times. The *Alexandra*, which had fourteen shells in her, had lost one man. The *Superb* and the *Inflexible* each mourned one brave fellow. Of wounded there were twenty-seven: the unfortunate *Sultan* nursing seven of these, the *Invincible* six, the *Alexandra* three, the *Inflexible* two, the *Superb* one. To the list of dead, unhappily, there was added subsequently the name of Lieutenant Jackson, who was struck and mortally wounded by the same shell which killed the carpenter of the *Inflexible*. But, viewed in any light, the loss was amazingly small. Granted that the gunners of Arabi were unworthy of the officers who led them so gallantly, none the less did it seem miraculous that our ships should face the fire of some hundreds of guns for ten hours, and that three of them should not have a dead man to show. The little *Condor* had no casualty of any sort. The crews of the other gunboats were without a scratch. Jack told his mates this, and his jubilation was unbounded. Nor could he forget that rewards were ripe for plucking. The name of Lord Charles was upon many tongues. Midshipman Hardy was a hero of the night. Major Tullock's plucky swim through the surf before Fort Marabout, the daring of his comrades when spiking the guns, were things to tell and tell again. It was good to hear that Gunner Harding, of the *Alexandra*, had picked up a live shell from his maindeck and soused it in water, with the coolness of a man rinsing a rag. None knew at that time that Arabi had withdrawn his forces and retired upon Rosetta. "The morning gun will be a signal for resumption," said Jack. In which hope he lay down at last upon a night to be for ever memorable among the nights which he would live.

On the morning of the 12th an early observation made it clear that the survivors of Arabi's force had not been altogether idle during the night. Fort Moncrieff, whose two barbette guns, mounted on the Moncrieff system, had offered such a stubborn and lasting resistance to the fire of the *Alexandra*, the *Superb*, and the *Sultan*, obviously had been repaired. Elsewhere, however, there was no sign either of activity or of truce; and when this was plain, the *Inflexible* and *Téméraire* opened fire again, their first three shots practically laying low all that Arabi's men had done in the night. With these shots the whole work of the morning ended. A white flag, displayed upon Ras-el-Tin, caused the admiral to signal the "Cease firing" almost with the echo of the first gun. For the rest of the day our men lay idle, while in Alexandria herself awful scenes of massacre and of pillage were being prepared for. Nearly the last act of Arabi had been to let loose his so-called Bedouins — in reality cut-throats and robbers of the finest brand. When night fell on the 12th, these men were already busy. How many Christians they slaughtered in the streets, what was the sum total of their pillage, will never be known. All that our men could surmise was the story of the leaping flames which rose up in clouds of lurid fire from every quarter of the city. Alexandria was burning—destroyed by those who had boasted of their desire to become a nation and to save their country.

Throughout the night the nameless horrors were at their zenith. The tremendous holocaust lighted the devils at their work of murder and of pillage. How many defenceless men cried for mercy and were not answered, how many were stabbed or ripped open and shot, history will never tell us. We can only imagine the scene so full of terror and of dread. No sack of modern times is to be named with this sack of the city of the Ptolemies. During two days the riot, the incendiarism, and the murder were unchecked. Lack of instruction held the admiral's hand. For forty-eight hours he felt it impossible to send help to the hunted Christians, whose brothers' blood was running red in the alleys and in the squares. When, at last, a landing was effected, and an heroic attempt was made to grapple with the situation, Alexandria was no more. Empty rocking shells marked the spot where houses had been; smouldering heaps of cinders stood for churches and for *cafés*. In the European quarter there was hardly a building which had not some scar to show. The French Consulate was a heap of ruins. In the Rue Chérif Pasha, only the Anglo-Egyptian bank stood up. So great a space had been cleared by fire around the statue of Mehemet Ali that those most familiar with the centre could not tell where they were. Ras-el-Tin had been looted with a fine appreciation of finish. In the Rosetta Road the very pavements were littered with the broken clock-cases, the remnants of jewel-boxes, the splinters of the plunder and the loot. An early examination of the forts—one of the first tasks of our men—spoke of a success for our guns beyond any which had been looked for. Jack heard with wonder that every engineer or gunner in the service of Arabi had been killed. The famed Pharos fort

was a heap of ruins woeful to see. The great tower had become a crumbling mass of ruins. Of the hundred weapons of all sizes, not one had escaped. Two great 12-ton guns had been so shelled that they stood straight up on end, their muzzles pointing to the sky. In Fort Ada the destruction was even greater. The Mex forts were so many acres of shattered batteries sown with the dust of parapets. In Marabout itself there was fresh testimony to the skill of the *Invincible's* gunners. They had espied from their decks a building in the nature of a tomb rising up in the centre of Marabout. The word was given that this tomb should be held sacred, if that were possible. When our men entered the fort they found the sarcophagus absolutely unharmed, though shell had fallen all around it, and the environing destruction was appalling. Nor may I forget, when speaking of these details, that in Fort Ada, Jack came upon the customary cat, yawning and prowling, as though inexpressibly bored by the whole thing.

Once our bluejackets were in possession of the city, their task of battling with the flames and with the marauders was quickly accomplished. How Sir Archibald Alison and his companies grappled with the looters bequeathed to us by Arabi, is a story belonging rightly to him who speaks of the subsequent campaign in Egypt. It is sufficient to remember here that our ships stood up for ten hours to forts that would not have disgraced any port in Europe ; that our men proved themselves to be possessed of all those qualities which gave to our forefathers the supremacy of the sea ; that our navy vindicated itself before Europe as a force worthy of a nation to whom the kingship of the deep implies all that makes for national greatness. These things we record, and must ever record, with a deep sense of gratitude. Whenever the history of our navy is written, then must the historian beware lest he turn aside lightly from the memorable events of that memorable 11th of July.



THE PALACE OF RAS-EL-TIN.

The Siege of La Puebla

May 1863. By A. Hilliard Atteridge

THE capture of La Puebla de los Angeles, in 1863, may be said to have been the high-water mark of the fortunes of Napoleon III. It opened the gates of Mexico to his army, and enabled him to pose as the founder of an empire in the New World. Strange to say, it was the defeat of the Confederates at Gettysburg, and the fall of Vicksburg only a few weeks later on in the same year, that decided the fate of this new-made conquest of France, which could only be maintained on condition that the great Republic beyond the Rio Grande was no longer in a position to assert its traditional policy of excluding European interference from the American continent. But on the day that Puebla fell many of even the shrewdest observers thought that the Southern Confederacy had come to stay, and that thus a power friendly to France was being built up on the frontiers of Mexico. The siege of Puebla is also notable on account of the determined valour with which it was held against the French. The veterans of the Crimea and of Italy, the victors of Sebastopol and Solferino, were held at bay for weeks by a half-irregular force, inspired by the ardent courage of the heroic Ortega.

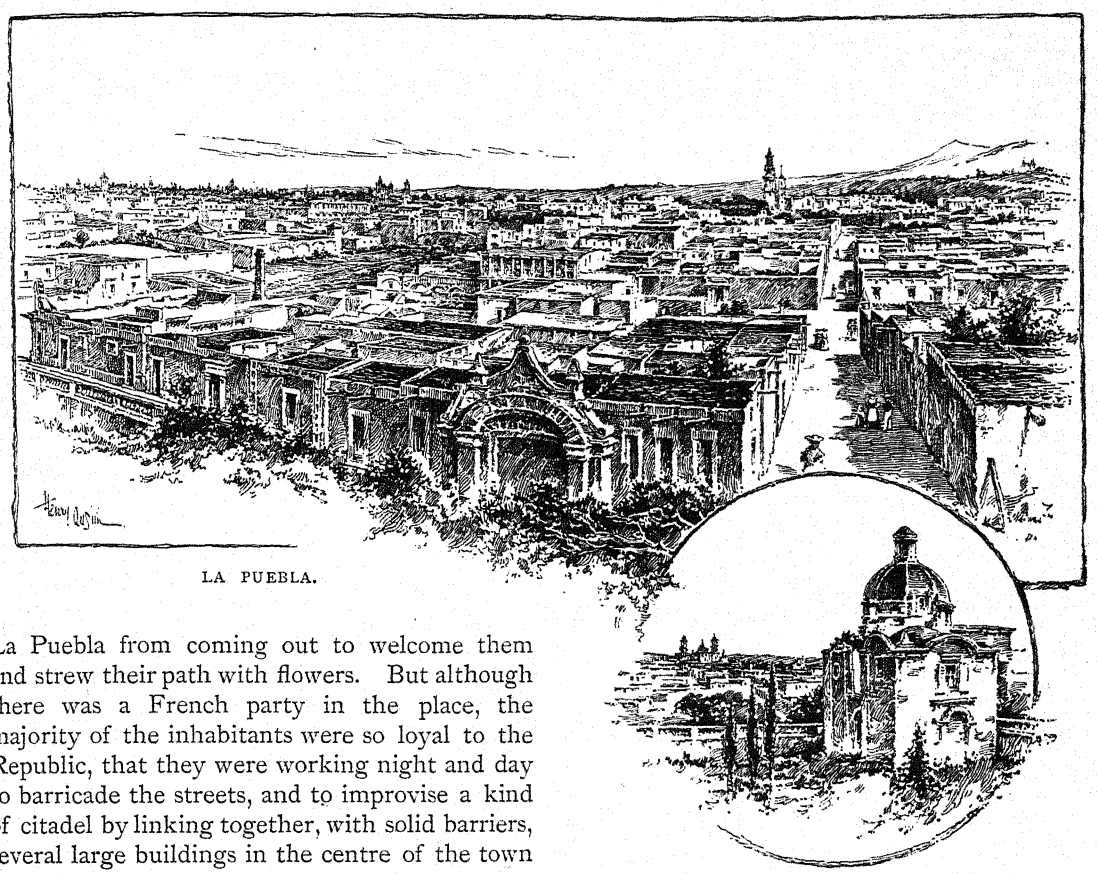
First a word as to the events which brought the eagles of the Second Empire to the Mexican plateau. In 1861 England, France, and Spain formed an alliance to occupy the city and port of Vera Cruz, in order thus to compel the Republican Government of Mexico to pay the interest on its loans, the bonds of which were chiefly held by the subjects of the three allied Governments. At that time Vera Cruz was the only important port in Mexico, and the allies proceeded to collect the revenues of its custom-house in order to pay their own expenses and make up the default on the Mexican bonds. There had been no resistance to their landing, but the Republican army held Orizaba and Puebla, on the road to the capital, ready to resist any advance into the interior. The alliance between the three Powers did not last long. Napoleon had entered into relations with the anti-Republican or Conservative party in Mexico, and flattered himself that with their aid he could make himself master of the country. But neither England nor Spain had any such projects in view, nor would they co-operate in them, and their troops and ships were withdrawn from Vera Cruz, leaving the French corps, under General de Lorencez, in sole possession.

After some fruitless negotiations the French plenipotentiaries issued, on April 16th, 1862, a proclamation of war, not against the Mexican people, but against the Republican Government under President Juarez. Three days later Lorencez began to march towards the highlands, starting from Cordova, to which he had moved up during the negotiations. On the 20th he occupied Orizaba, after a brief skirmish with some Mexican horsemen, the main Republican army retiring to the pass of the Cumbres, where the road to Puebla and Mexico city ascends the rocky wall of the plateau, by a series of loops and inclines, commanded by strong positions on the upper slopes.

Lorencez marched out of Orizaba on the 27th at the head of 7,500 men, with ten guns. He had a squadron of Chasseurs d'Afrique with him, and his infantry was made up of a regiment of the line, a regiment of Zouaves, a battalion of Chasseurs, and a naval brigade of marines and seamen. On the 28th he drove the Mexicans from their strong position on the Cumbres Pass, General Zaragoca, who commanded there, retreating to Puebla. Lorencez pursued him, and on May 4th the French bivouacked at Amozoc, less than three miles from the eastern side of the city.

La Puebla de los Angeles ("the town of the angels"), to give it its full name (derived from

that of an old mission station), was in 1862 the second city of Mexico. It had a population of 74,000 inhabitants. Its streets cross each other at right angles, dividing the solidly built stone houses into square blocks ; in several of these blocks there are churches and monasteries, with thick and lofty walls. The French were led to believe by their Mexican friends that it was only the terror inspired by Zaragoca's 10,000 or 12,000 soldiers that prevented the good people of La Puebla from coming out to welcome them and strew their path with flowers. But although there was a French party in the place, the majority of the inhabitants were so loyal to the Republic, that they were working night and day to barricade the streets, and to improvise a kind of citadel by linking together, with solid barriers, several large buildings in the centre of the town near the cathedral.



LA PUEBLA.

On the south-east side of the city ran the Rio San Francisco. On its further bank rose a bold rocky ridge about 300 feet high and about three-quarters of a mile long. The road from Amozoc crossed it, coming up sharply from a ravine on its eastern side, the ascent being commanded by a large fortified monastery on one side and the fort of Loreto on the other. When the Americans took Puebla in 1846, they had avoided this ridge—locally known as the Cerro de Guadalupe—by a flank march to the south side of the city. But Lorencez had been so easily successful against the Mexicans at the pass of the Cumbres, that he despised the difficulties presented by the Cerro, and resolved to attack Puebla from the eastward. He flattered himself that the capture of the ridge would cost only a short sharp fight, and that, once he had got his guns to the top of it, the city would not offer any further resistance.

At 11 o'clock on the morning of May 5th the French advanced to the attack of the Cerro. It was held by the Mexican general Negrete, with 1,200 men and two batteries. The French guns opened with shell at a range of 2,000 yards, the Mexicans replying from the ridge. The fire of the Mexicans was slow and ineffective, and after about three-quarters of an hour of this artillery duel, Lorencez, supposing that the Mexicans had been sufficiently shaken, gave the signal for the assault of the position. As a matter of fact, the Mexicans had suffered very little loss, and were quite ready to meet the attack. The 2nd regiment of Zouaves formed the storming party. A battalion of Chasseurs covered their right. A battalion of bluejackets with some mountain-guns was on their left. The marines were to support the sailors. The linesmen were held in reserve.

Negrete had been reinforced from the town, and now had five battalions at his disposal. As the French rushed up the steep slopes they were received with a withering fire, but they came on pluckily, until their further progress was stopped by the ditches of the fort and the fortified monastery. Even here, under a cross-fire from the fort on the right and three rows of loopholes on the left, and with hostile infantry barring the road above them, they tried to struggle across the ditches. Roblot, a bugler of the 2nd battalion of the Zouaves, stood for some time on a heap of earth on the edge of the ditch sounding the charge while the bullets whistled round him, yet he escaped untouched. At last the order was given to retire, just as a terrible thunderstorm burst over the battlefield. The Chasseurs on the right were charged by the Mexican cavalry, and two companies had to form square, and were for a few minutes completely surrounded by the rush of horsemen. The French had lost 156 killed and over 300 wounded. The Mexican loss was only 83 killed and 132 wounded. The invaders retired to Amozoc, where they waited for some days, in the hope that Zaragoca would come out and attack them. But the Mexican knew better than to risk the fruits of his victory. The French were suffering from sickness, encumbered with wounded, and unable to collect any supplies from the country, while their Mexican allies had failed to join them. Lorencez at last decided that it was better to retire by the Cumbres to Orizaba, and Zaragoca issued a proclamation to his army, congratulating them on having repulsed "the best soldiers in the world."

The failure at the Cerro de Guadalupe was a stain on the French arms that had to be wiped out at any price. Napoleon determined that next time the march on Puebla should not be attempted by a mere brigade. Thirty thousand picked troops were shipped off as reinforcements for the army of Mexico, and in September General Forey, the victor of Montebello, landed at Vera Cruz to take command. On October 24th he went up to Orizaba, and proceeded to organise his army for the field. Its effective strength was about 26,000 combatants. The infantry were organised in two divisions, each about 8,000 strong, under General Bazaine and General Félix Douay. There was, besides, a brigade of marines and colonial troops. The cavalry, 1,500 strong, were commanded by General de Mirandol. The advance upon Puebla was not really begun till the following February. In December the advanced guard was pushed forward to secure the pass of the Cumbres, but three months in all were given up to collecting supplies and organising a series of posts to secure the communication of the army with Vera Cruz. At this time Napoleon was in close relations with the Khedive of Egypt, and one curious result was that he was able to obtain the loan of a negro battalion of the Egyptian army, which arrived at Vera Cruz in February, and was employed to garrison some of the posts in the lowlands between Vera Cruz and the hills—the flat *tierras calientes*, or "hot lands," so fatal to Europeans.

When the French again approached Amozoc on March 4th, Zaragoca no longer commanded at La Puebla—he had died during the winter—but the most daring and energetic of his lieutenants, General Ortega, had taken his place. During the winter the place had been strengthened with an earthwork rampart. Each of the blocks of houses within the city had been converted into an improvised fortress, the forts of the Cerro de Guadalupe had been strengthened, and the fort of San Xavier on the west, between the Mexico and Cholula roads, had been armed and put into a thorough state of defence. The French sympathisers, so far as they were known, had been expelled from the town, and with them went most of the women, children, invalids, and old men. Ortega had resolved that La Puebla should be held against the French, with the same desperate courage and determination that had animated the defenders of Saragossa in the Spanish war of independence.

Strong as he was, Forey would not venture to repeat the tactics of Lorencez by attacking the Cerro de Guadalupe. Halting near Amozoc, he summoned Ortega to surrender, and the reply was a defiance. Then, after some skirmishing with the Mexican cavalry, he pushed Bazaine's division to the north of the place, with orders to barricade the bridges on the road to Mexico and Cholula; for in this direction the Mexican general, Comonfort, was in the field with an army that, although it might not be able to raise the siege, might easily harass the besiegers and cut off their convoys. Douay's division moved round to the south and west. The marines held Amozoc. Forey established his own headquarters on the north-west near the road to Mexico, in some buildings on a low ridge known as the Cerro de San Juan. The fort of San Xavier was directly opposite to him. But to have effectually closed all the approaches to the place, and made the investment a real blockade, Forey would have required, not 25,000,

but at least 60,000 men. This was how it was that, on the night of March 21st, Ortega was able to send out half his cavalry to reinforce Comonfort's army. He had not much further use for them in the defence of the city, and 1,500 of them rode through a gap in the French lines almost without firing a shot or losing a man. Mirandol, Forey's cavalry commander, pushed his force to the northward in pursuit of them, and in the course of the following day, Colonel du Barail, with the Chasseurs d'Afrique, encountered the Mexican horsemen at Cholula and scattered them in a splendid charge.

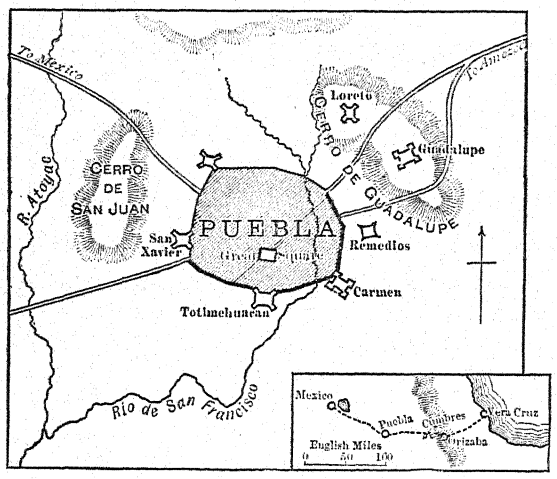
With the city thus incompletely invested, and with the evidence experimentally obtained the year before at the Cerro de Guadalupe, that mere bombardment was not likely to shake the nerves of Ortega's soldiers, Forey had to make up his mind that if La Puebla was to be taken it must be by sheer hard fighting. He chose as his point of attack the salient formed on the western side by the fort of San Xavier, and proceeded to work his way up to it by a regular system of parallels and saps. In the darkness of the night of March 23rd the engineers opened the first parallel, the trench being only seven hundred yards from the western angle of San Xavier. There were few guns in the fort, and none of them were of heavy calibre, while to right and left there were no formidable batteries to support it, otherwise the French would have had to begin much further off. Under officers who had learned their business well in the trenches before Sebastopol, the engineers pushed the saps forward so rapidly that in the night of the 25th the heads of the trenches were united by the second parallel at a little less than four hundred yards from the rampart. The siege batteries were established in the parallel, and in the next two days their fire had silenced the guns of the fort, the Mexicans withdrawing the cannon to the barricades in the streets behind it. The angle of the fort was in ruins, and a mass of the ramparts on both sides of it had been brought down into the ditch. The third parallel was constructed at one hundred and fifty yards from the breach; but in order to still further diminish the distance to be crossed by the storming column, the sappers went to work again, and a fourth parallel was opened only eighty yards from the steep slope of ruined rampart that was to be the way by which the French would rush the town.

The 29th of March, only six days after the opening of the trenches, was the date chosen for the assault. The troops detailed for the storming party were the same regiments which had led the unsuccessful attack upon the Cerro de Guadalupe in the previous month of May. They were given this chance of avenging that defeat. General Douay directed the operations, the Zouaves being under the immediate command of Colonel Gastalet, and the Chasseurs under Commandant de Courcy. In the afternoon the stormers were gradually collected in the fourth parallel, while the batteries directed a storm of shells upon San Xavier. At five o'clock the artillery was suddenly silent, and General Douay gave the signal for the assault. Led by Gastalet, the Zouaves, with the fierce yell imitated from the Arabs, sprang over the breastwork of the parallel, poured down into the ditch and up the breach, the Chasseurs covering their advance with their rifle fire, and then dashing on to support them. But the Mexicans had rushed to the ramparts and the head of the breach the moment the artillery had ceased firing, and it was only after a fierce bayonet fight that the French cleared the fort. Even then it was seen that it could not be held unless the Mexicans were driven from the neighbouring houses and the streets between them, and until darkness closed in there was a series of desperate combats in the houses and at the barricades. At last the French were in secure possession of San Xavier. Over 600 of the Mexicans had been bayoneted. The victors had lost 230 killed and wounded, General de Laumière, of the artillery, being among the dead.

In most sieges the opening of a practicable breach is followed by a surrender. In nearly every case, once the stormers penetrate the ramparts resistance ceases. But it was not so at La Puebla. The successful assault marked, not the end, but the beginning of the real defence of the place. The French had secured beforehand excellent plans of the city, and on these they had numbered off the blocks of houses. There were 158 in all, each bounded by four streets, and it looked as if each block would cost a little siege of its own. Thus, on March 31st, Blocks Nos. 2 and 9 were stormed by the Chasseurs, one of the boundary walls of No. 9 being blown in with gunpowder. Next day an attack on Block No. 26, which was a large barrack, was repulsed. In the night between the 2nd and 3rd of April an attempt was made to run a mine under its walls, but it was soon stopped by a mass of hard rock. Close by, at Block 24, a section of the engineers were carried off by a vigorous sortie of

the Mexicans from the neighbouring barricades. Soldiers and citizens were fighting against the invaders side by side, and this struggle in the streets was a costly business. On the 7th of April only the houses near San Xavier had been captured, and already more than 500 of the French had fallen. Gunpowder had been so freely used by the engineers that the supply was running short. General Douay gave up for the present the attempt to advance further into the town, and was content to hold his own.

Next day Forey, the commander-in-chief, sent down to Vera Cruz a despatch which showed what he thought of the situation. Addressing the naval officer in command of the squadron, he said: "Write at once to the Minister of War, in



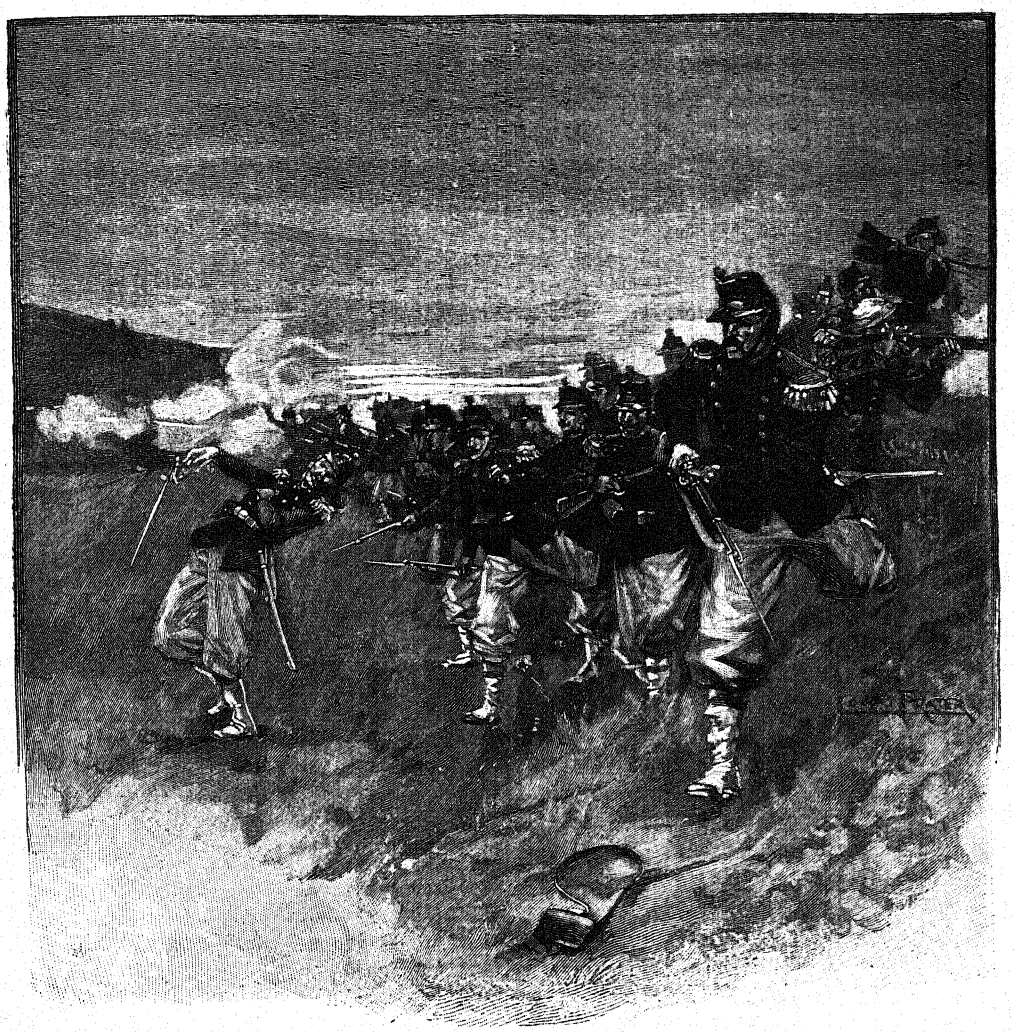
my name, that the siege of Puebla is a *serious* operation; and tell him that I beg that he will send us, without loss of time, siege material, men, and munitions of war, with which to replace what are already expended and further provide for the eventualities of the future; and let him take as the basis of his calculations the fact that the means hitherto put at my disposal are quite insufficient." This was written ten days after the breach had been stormed, and yet Forey evidently felt that the end was still far off, otherwise he would not have expected supplies to reach him from France in time to be of any use.

Meanwhile, on the south side of the town, Bazaine, with the first division, began a new attack, in the hope that progress might be more rapid in this direction. He had first to deal with the outlying forts of Carmen and Totimehuacan, on the banks of the river below the town. His engineers opened the first and second parallels and began to sap up to the forts. In the second week of April supplies began to run short in the town. Ortega had still 1,500 horsemen with him, and in order to economise his provisions, and in the hope of their bringing in a convoy, he sent them out through the French lines. They got away safely, but when they tried to bring in a convoy the enterprise ended in failure, and they had to gallop off, leaving the waggons to the French. A sortie from the south side against Bazaine's trenches was repulsed, with considerable loss to the garrison; but they renewed their attacks, and thus delayed the progress of the engineers. Then, a supply of powder having arrived from Vera Cruz, Douay began again the desperate street-fighting near San Xavier. He attacked the monastery of Santa Inez. The massive building was loopholed, and its walls and those of the adjacent blocks were manned with some 2,000 Mexicans armed with all kinds of weapons, from modern rifles to shot-guns and blunderbusses. The French were repulsed with the loss of 350 killed and wounded, and 130 prisoners. Douay again gave up the attempt to advance, and encouraged by the success at Santa Inez, the Mexicans assumed the offensive and made a fierce attack on the houses and barricades held by the French. This counter-attack failed; and then there was a lull in the street-fighting, both parties being temporarily exhausted.

So the month of April ended. Bazaine's siege-guns were battering the southern forts, and on the west side Douay held a mere corner of the city. The 5th of May, the anniversary of the French defeat at Cerro de Guadalupe, was approaching, and President Juarez resolved that, if possible, it should be signalised by the relief of La Puebla. He joined Comonfort's army, and sent in word to Ortega that he was to make a vigorous sortie on the morning of the 5th, while Comonfort with the field-army would attack the besiegers from the south-west. The attack was made entirely by the Mexican cavalry, but they were met and dispersed by the better-trained squadrons of the French Chasseurs d'Afrique. At the same time the garrison poured out upon Bazaine's trenches, and within the town attacked Douay's barricades. Everywhere the French held their own. But Forey felt that it would be dangerous to allow Comonfort to combine a more serious attack with another sortie of the garrison. The Mexican field-army of about 8,000 foot and 2,500 horse was entrenching itself at San Lorenzo, in the Atoyac valley, about seven miles north of La Puebla. Bazaine was ordered

to make a night march and break up the Mexican camp. Leaving at midnight the lines before La Puebla, with a small column made up of four battalions of infantry, eight guns, and four squadrons of cavalry, Bazaine marched up the valley, and making a wide sweep to the west-

Fort Totimehuacan and the fort of Remedios, between the town and the Cerro de Guadalupe. The siege works were pressed forward, and an assault on the south side was being prepared, when on the 17th several loud explosions were heard in the town just before dawn, and when the sun



"FELL SUDDENLY UPON THE MEXICAN POSITION IN THE GREY DAWN."

ward, fell suddenly upon the Mexican position in the grey dawn of the 8th of May. The attack was a complete success, and after a brief struggle the Mexicans dispersed, leaving in the hands of Bazaine 3 standards, 8 guns, 1,000 prisoners, and a large convoy of supplies which Comonfort had hoped to throw into Puebla.

The victory of San Lorenzo sealed the fate of Ortega and his brave garrison. Bazaine was back in his trenches the same morning. On the 12th his batteries had silenced the fire of both

rose, the white flag was seen flying on all the forts. After a defence of sixty-two days, La Puebla was on the point of falling into the hands of the invaders. It had held out for just seven weeks from the storming of San Xavier, which Forey had hoped would put the whole place in his possession.

On the evening of the 16th, General Ortega had decided that further resistance could only last a few hours, and would entail a useless sacrifice of brave men's lives. His provisions were

exhausted ; his men and the citizens who acted with them were already half-starved. Ammunition was running short : it was doubtful if there were enough rifle cartridges for another day's hard fighting. It was true that the French only held a corner of the town on the western side, but on the south Bazaine's approaches had been pushed close up to the forts, and Ortega thought he saw signs that an assault was being prepared for the early morning of the 17th. Under these circumstances he would have been quite justified in capitulating, but the brave soldier was determined that the invaders should obtain as little advantage as might be from his surrender.

Shortly after midnight he issued an order to his officers telling them the end had come, and that further resistance was impossible. The order then went on to direct that, "in order to save the honour and dignity of the army," the hour from 4 to 5 a.m. was to be devoted to a rapid destruction of all the arms in the town. All the cannon mounted on the walls and at the barricades were to be, not simply spiked, but broken up with heavy charges of powder. "This sacrifice," he said, "our native land demands of her faithful children, in order that these arms may not be in any way of service to the enemy who has invaded our country." This done, the generals commanding divisions and brigades were to declare to their soldiers that the army was disbanded and no longer existed. The men were to be told that after their gallant fight their officers were not going to hand them over as prisoners to the French. There was no complete line of investment round the city, and nothing could prevent a considerable number of them from making their way to the national armies that still kept the field, if they chose to do so. As they were released from their service, they need not take such a step unless they wished ; but as there was no capitulation the laws of war left them free to fight for Mexico again at the first opportunity. The funds in the war-chest of the army were to be divided among the men. Officers and soldiers alike were told that they had reason to be proud of their defence. Only the want of food and other supplies had put an end to it ; "for," wrote Ortega, "at this moment we hold the city and its forts, with the exception only of the one fort of San Xavier and a few blocks of houses in its neighbourhood."

He further announced that the white flag would be hoisted on the forts and at the barricades facing the French near San Xavier at 5 a.m. At the same hour the officers would assemble in the square before the cathedral, where he would meet them. He would not try to make any terms for them with the conqueror, nor would he bind them in any way : each was free to take whatever line his own honour and conscience prescribed. Those who remained with him would doubtless be made prisoners.

By 4 o'clock the preparations for the destruction of the arms and the burning of all the standards were completed. In the next hour the work was carried out, the series of explosions giving the French at first an idea that the garrison was attempting a great sortie. By 5 the proclamation dissolving the army of La Puebla had been read, and the disarmed soldiers had broken their ranks with a last cheer for Mexico and for Ortega. The general with his officers, none of whom wore their swords, and most of whom had broken the blades, were assembled before the old cathedral. There was to be no laying down of their arms at the feet of the conqueror. An aide-de-camp had ridden out with a flag of truce to Forey's headquarters on the west of the town. He handed the French general the following letter :—

"La Puebla de Los Angeles,
"*May 17th*, 1863.

"MONSIEUR LE GÉNÉRAL,—As it is no longer possible for me to continue to defend this place, through the want of ammunition and provisions, I have disbanded the army placed under my orders, after having destroyed its armament, including the artillery.

"The place is therefore at your disposal, and you can proceed to occupy it, taking, if you judge fit, such steps as prudence may dictate to avoid those evils which might result from a sudden and forcible occupation, for which there is now no reason.

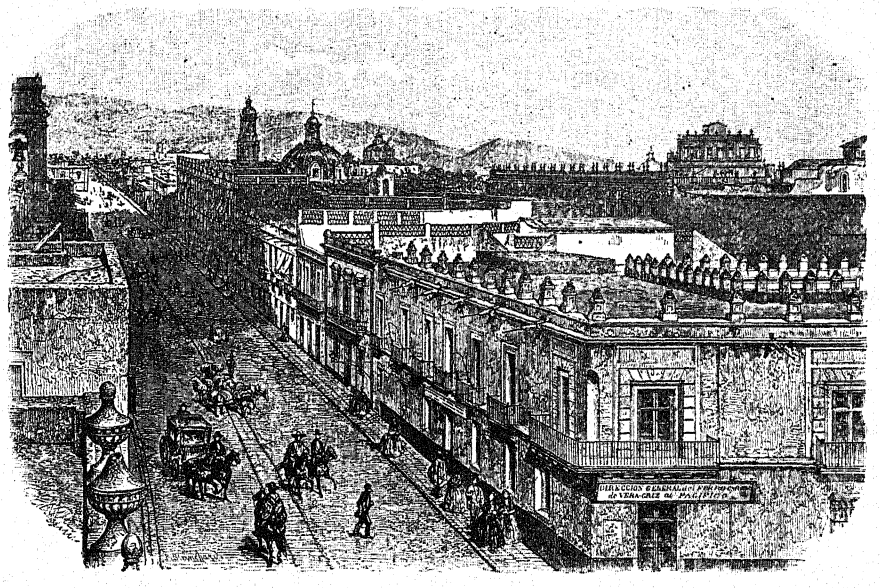
"The generals and officers of the army are now assembled on the Plaza del Gobierno. These individuals will become your prisoners. I cannot, Monsieur le Général, prolong the defence. If I could, you may take my word for it that I would.

"ORTEGA."

It was not till early on the 19th that Forey rode in triumph into the captured town. The 17th and 18th were devoted to quietly taking possession of the forts and walls, and then searching the blocks of houses one after another for arms. It was not till this had been thoroughly done that the victors felt safe. They made prisoners of all whom they could identify as having taken part in the defence in the ranks of the regular army. In all they thus captured 26 generals, 1,432 officers of lower rank, and about 11,000 soldiers. The generals and other officers refused to give any kind of parole, and

more than half of them succeeded in escaping either from Puebla or from Orizaba, or other points on the road to Vera Cruz, down to which they were marched in order to be sent to France. Of the Mexican officers 530 were actually shipped across the Atlantic to Brest, but 650 escaped, most of them rejoining the national army, where some thousands of the defenders of La Puebla had preceded them. Amongst those who thus regained their liberty was the brave Ortega.

Juarez, having lost Puebla, made no attempt to defend the capital against the French. He retired to San Luis de Potosi, and on June 10th, three weeks after the fall of La Puebla, Forey entered the city of Mexico. The capture of La Puebla, and the occupation of the old capital of the Aztec monarchy, won Forey his marshal's baton. But the honours of the fight were really with the Mexican general, who had made of Puebla another Saragossa. Perhaps the most striking testimony to his merits is the fact that a French soldier who saw his first campaigns in Mexico, and who now commands an army corps on the eastern frontier of France, has told the story of Ortega's gallantry, and set forth the very words of his last order to the garrison of La Puebla as an example to French soldiers of what a brave man should do when fortune is no longer on his side. In his great work on the art of war, General Pierron cites a series of "Heroic examples to be imitated rather than surrender," and he groups together "Ortega at Puebla" and "Taillant at Phalsbourg," as types of the iron courage and determination which refuse to leave to the victor any advantage of his success that can be wrested from him, even in the depths of defeat.



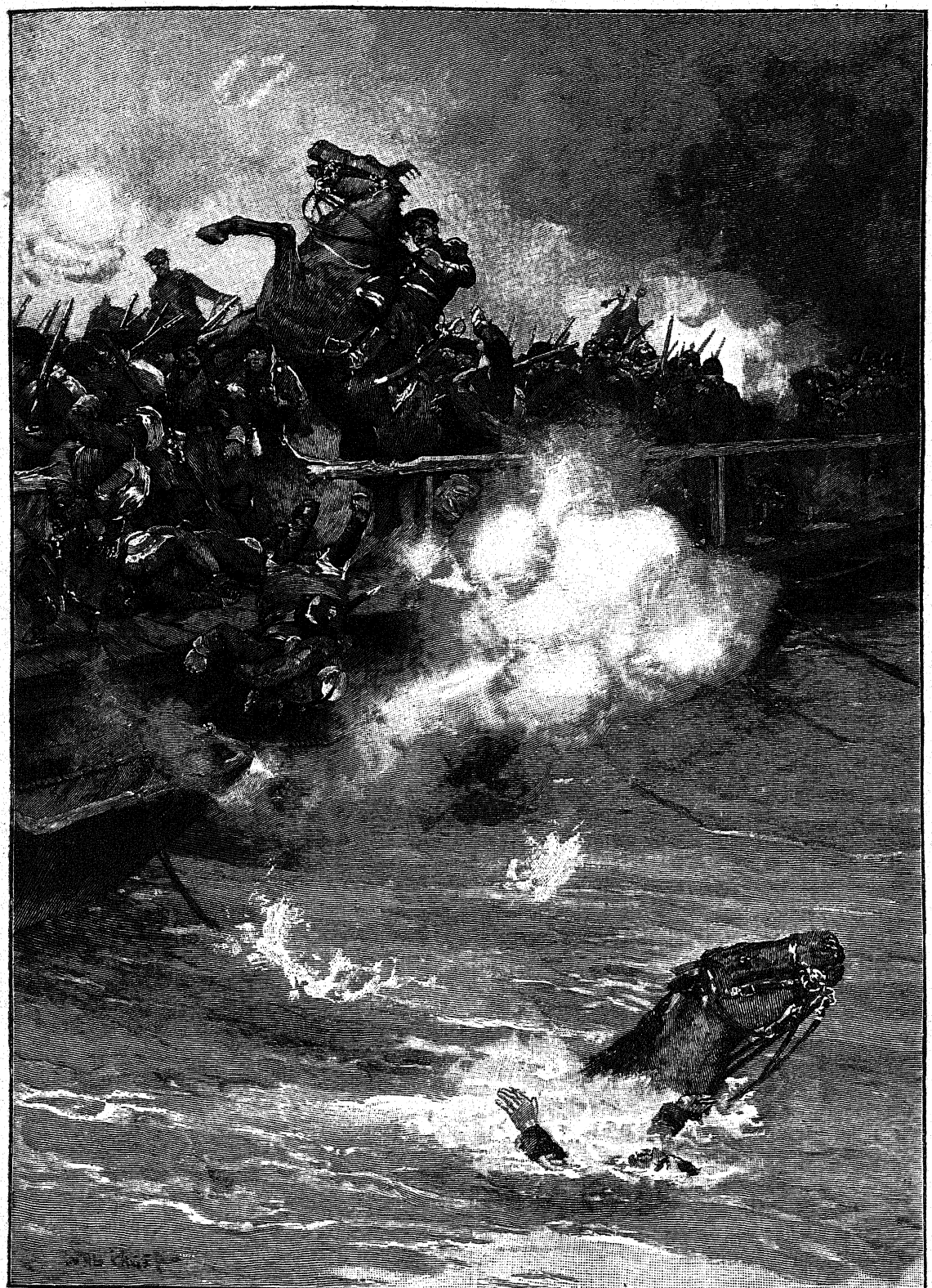
CITY OF MEXICO.



ON the 9th September, 1855, the present writer was standing at day-dawn on a high point of vantage, surveying a scene so strange and striking that its memory can never be effaced. Sebastopol at last was ours. On the day previous the final assaults had been made. The French, attacking with fiery courage and in overwhelming numbers, had captured the Malakoff; we, on the other hand, using but meagre forces, had failed at the Redan. Watching from the left attack, at no great distance, I had seen our men go forward, a mere handful, had noted anxiously the hurry-scurry of the advance, the crash of conflict, the struggle, long time in doubt, within the great earth-heap, the final retreat; stricken soldiers dropping back regretfully by twos and threes, still tormented by fire and often overtaken by death. Everyone who watched was strongly affected, not so much indeed by the failure, but because no supreme effort was made to retrieve it. At that time the English trenches were swarming with troops; whole divisions lined them; the Guards had been brought up, and the Highlanders—the 3rd and 4th Divisions—were close at hand, yet nothing was done. The day ended in deep despondency and disgust; the guards in the trenches were not relieved, and our particular party returned for a second night to the Cemetery, an advanced post in front of the Creek battery, always much harassed by the enemy's guns.

What next? Grave anxiety prevailed, at least amongst us of the junior ranks, for the completeness of the French success in the capture of the true key of the fortress was scarcely appreciated, nor was the utter discouragement of the Russians known. On the contrary, a general sortie upon our lines was expected, and strict orders were given to maintain the utmost vigilance, to post our sentries well to the front, and by constant visitation make sure that they were always on the alert. All about this Cemetery lay vineyards loaded with grapes, free to all who would gather them undeterred by the dropping fire that did not cease till long after midnight. There, as we lay dozing between the reliefs of sentries or enjoying the luscious fruit, a tremendous concussion filled the air, and the ground on which we rested seemed shaken to its very depths. A mine! The prelude to a vigorous attack! The guards stood to their arms; messages came and went; officers collected together, taking counsel, and all were on the tiptoe of expectation. Soon, however, the Russian fire ceased entirely. The vexed air grew calm, and in the growing stillness a distant murmur of rattling wheels, the hum of voices, the trampling of feet reached us, but with no distinct impression of their meaning.

Morning presently broke—the dawn of a splendid autumn day—and in the growing light everything was explained. The evacuation had commenced; the garrison was in full retreat by a bridge of boats constructed weeks beforehand. Now our batteries on the higher level above had got the range of the retiring columns, and opened a furious fire. A terrible carnage ensued upon the overcrowded bridge: whole sections of men were swept away, numbers were blown into the air, and the dropping fragments, bodies and limbs, and bits of exploded shells, tore up the water like monster hail. More awful still was the ruin that soon spread over the doomed city. There, under our very eyes, it crumbled away into formless and chaotic elements; the great forts blew up one after the other with thunderous explosion, vomiting clouds of black smoke into the blue vault, to hang there or fall again, brooding thick and low upon the shapeless wreckage, while darting flames quickly shot up and gradually embraced the whole town in one general conflagration.



"A TERRIBLE CARNAGE ENSUED UPON THE OVERCROWDED BRIDGE" (*p.* 464).

So ended Sebastopol, in a horror of carnage and fire, after a siege of nearly twelve months' duration, in which three great European Powers had put forth all their military strength. Every credit is due to those engaged upon either side; but the tardy success was achieved after such a stubborn resistance, that the greatest glory was, if anything, to the losing side. The issue was never in doubt, perhaps: it was only a question of time, although it might be wearily, almost indefinitely, postponed. But the more strenuous the attack, the more noble was the defence, and as the allies, rising slowly to a full appreciation of the magnitude of their task, gathered together men and material in overwhelming proportions, so the Russians, undismayed, developed such indomitable tenacity, mixed with such enterprising skill and boldness in engineering, that at times the besiegers became the besieged. Through the terrible winter the defenders were certainly stronger and more numerous than their assailants, better fed and better found. Mentschikoff's field-army had been practically broken up; a large contingent had been drawn in to reinforce the garrison; the vast storehouse of the arsenals and the warships seemed inexhaustible, supplies of all sorts reached the fortress unimpeded along its always open communications. Thus all losses were speedily made good; there were troops enough to man all the works, and yet leave from 6,000 to 10,000 free to labour continually upon the fortifications. Every battery was armed anew; hundreds of heavy guns were moved easily through the streets from the arsenal and wharves to the works. Nothing could be finer, more worthy of admiration, than this resolute defiance.

And yet no one can understand why Todleben did not do more: why he did not convert defensive into offensive operations; why, in the plenitude of his superior strength, he did not essay to drive the allies from their trenches back to their ships, or into the sea. He was fully aware of their wretched condition. In the first place, his spies, daring and pertinacious, kept him always well informed. Moreover, he learnt much from the garrulity of his foes. These were the early days of war-correspondents, of those fluent and irrepressible writers, ever active in the service of an anxious public at home, but not as yet restrained by the modern military censorship, which nowadays secures a certain reticence at least on all vitally important matters. There was such an eager and insatiable thirst in England for news, that much was published in the English papers that might more safely have been withheld. Everything that went on before Sebastopol reached Todleben in the course of a few weeks. There were few secrets kept, and certainly those which betrayed the weakness of the besiegers were not among them. Todleben, thus encouraged, might surely have made a bold stroke to deliver the fortress. By concentrating superior numbers on one or more points in the ill-defended trenches he might, in all probability, have succeeded in raising the siege. That he did not do so is explained by one or both of two suppositions: one is that he did not dare to risk the tremendous failure involved by thus putting all upon the throw; the other that he and his soldiery had fared so badly in hand-to-hand conflicts that they had no stomach for further fighting in the open field.

The gallant and intrepid engineer did not, however, go beyond the *rôle* of defence; but in this he was incomparable, untiring, unyielding, full of ingenuity and endless resource. Todleben bent everything to his purpose, turned everything to account, made the most of every opportunity. By this time he knew by heart the ground he held, every inch of it, and tried all he could to render it impregnable. All through the winter months, while we were in such sore straits, he was continually increasing our difficulties. With consummate skill he devised many new and harassing processes in military engineering. Such were the rifle-pits pushed forward within easy reach of our trenches. Each of these was a hole containing a single marksman, who, being safely screened by sandbags, picked off our gunners and inflicted perpetual loss. When mining was tried by the French, Todleben countermined, and so effectually that he had the best of this underground warfare. He was continually stealing ground, too, wherever he could thus annoy us or strengthen his own lines. One day new earthworks appeared upon the slopes facing the Inkerman battlefield; then the Mamelon was seized and fortified as an outwork of the Malakoff, and this at a time when we had ourselves recognised the importance of this commanding knoll and were about to occupy it. The Russians, by forestalling us and crowning the hill with strong earthworks, struck a serious blow at the besiegers, especially on the English Right Attack, for the Mamelon looked into these trenches, and forbade any further advance against the Redan. Another obstacle thrown forward to bar our progress was the work established in the Quarries before the Redan, ere long to be

nobly contested, but yet carried with great courage by the English troops.

As time passed, however, the balance became more even between attack and defence. Still, fresh complications arose, caused by the ambitious interference of Napoleon III., who began to hanker after military glory, and actually contemplated taking the command of the French army of the Crimea. He was at this time much under the influence of General Niel, an engineer officer who disapproved of the methods hitherto employed against Sebastopol, and had been sent out to the seat of war in order to impress his views upon the general commanding. Niel's contention was that the proper scientific procedure was to invest the fortress completely—to surround Sebastopol on every side, and cut it off from all communication with the outer world. In theory this argument was perfectly sound, but the principle should have been adopted at an earlier date. There are many who incline to the belief that the whole strategical plan of the allies was unsound, and that, if it had been controlled by a higher military genius, our aim would have been to isolate Sebastopol by seizing the throat or isthmus which connected the Crimea with southern Russia. Active field operations would then have been substituted for a tedious siege; and the wisdom of this course was seen when it was tried by the occupation of Kertch at the eleventh hour.



GENERAL NIEL.

But when General Niel reached the Crimea, the allies were too far committed to the siege to abandon it for other doubtful operations elsewhere. Better weather had greatly improved the situation before Sebastopol. Abundant transports of all sorts, rail and wheeled vehicles, kept the troops at the front well fed, well clothed, and well housed; huts had replaced tents, and stores of all kinds were plentiful, especially war material. The allied artillery had grown portentously strong: there were now 378 French guns in position, and 123 English—numbers not really disproportionate, seeing that now the English trenches were far less extensive than the French; but withal, the English ordnance was generally of weightier metal, and we had up at the front 500 rounds per gun and 300 per mortar. The Russians, it is true, were equally strong: they had a thousand guns mounted on their works, and could directly oppose us with 466, well placed. But it was confidently expected that in the next battle of the guns the allied artillery would have a distinct advantage.

For a new bombardment was obviously imminent, the prelude, as everyone believed, to a general assault. The former began on the 8th April, but the latter never came off, for the reason already given. The great enterprise which should soon have ended the siege was robbed of all pith and purpose by the insistence of the French Emperor continually harping on field operations. Nevertheless, the cannonade commenced at the date given, and was continued for ten days almost without intermission. It was a terrific storm of projectiles, and it inflicted immense damage. The Russians, who were short of powder, replied slowly and ineffectively. Ere long many of their batteries were put out of action. The French breached the salient of the Central Bastion, and greatly injured the Flagstaff Battery; our guns silenced one face of the Redan; the French and English guns overpowered the Mamelon; the Malakoff was silenced, so were the White Works. The Russians suffered horribly. Believing that the bombardment would be followed by assault, large bodies were kept close up to repel it, and

so were fully exposed to this incessant, murderous fire. The carnage was frightful. Sebastopol became a shambles; all its great buildings were converted into hospitals and crowded with dead and dying; the floors lay half an inch deep in coagulated blood; great piles of severed limbs filled tubs around the amputating tables in the churches; funeral dirges were chanted all day long. It is calculated that in this April



MARSHAL PELISSIER.
(*Photo, Braun, Paris.*)

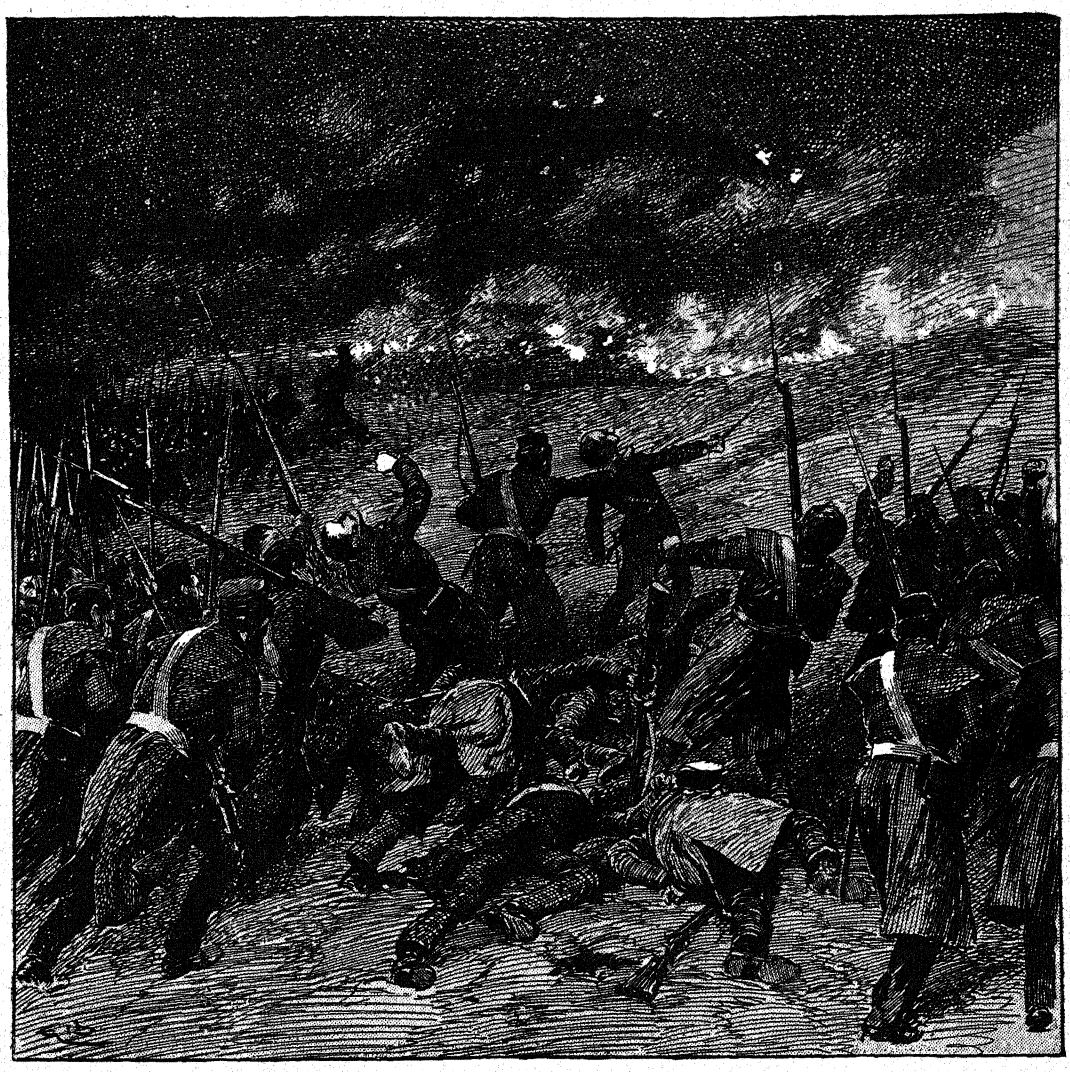
bombardment the Russian garrison lost in killed and wounded 6,000, as against 1,585 French and 265 English.

If ever an assault had been duly prepared, it was now. Yet none was delivered. A feeling that the bombardment was a wasted effort produced deep disappointment and chagrin throughout the allied camps. Canrobert, the French general-in-chief, was principally blamed. The constant interference of his imperial master, either by direct communication or through his confidential agent, General Niel, greatly increased that native irresolution which was the one weak point in Canrobert's character. It is now well known that this amiable and, according to his means, most excellent soldier was undecided in action—ready enough to promise beforehand, slow to execute when the critical moment arrived. This want of vigour was heightened by the presence of General Niel, and Canrobert's perplexity reached its climax when detailed instructions reached him for giving effect to the emperor's plan. This plan, as has been said, meant the subdivision of the whole allied forces—one to maintain the siege, the other to take the field—a scheme that did not commend itself to anyone, least of all to the allied commanders at the seat of war. But Canrobert did not feel strong enough to criticise and resist the emperor: he preferred to resign his command. With true nobility of soul, he strongly urged that Pelissier, a general junior to him, should replace him, as more competent to deal with the crisis. Canrobert's magnanimity did not end here, and he begged to be allowed to take a back seat—to return to his old division, and continue to serve under the new commander-in-chief.

With Pelissier's appointment, the siege entered upon a new stage: it was to be prosecuted henceforth with extraordinary vigour. He was a man of unbounded resolution and self-reliance, thinking only of the end in view, nothing of the cost by which it was to be obtained. An old Algerian comrade, comparing himself to Pelissier, said if Paris was in insurrection he would not mind burning down a quarter of the city to repress it, but "Pelissier would not shrink from burning the whole." Although of humble origin, and once a private soldier in the ranks, he had studied the science of war deeply, and was a great strategist, his knowledge being supported by life-long experience, and improved by great natural sagacity. Nothing shook him from his purpose when he had once made up his mind, and he was as fearless in expressing his opinion as he was bold in forming it. Not even the respect he owed his imperial master—an absolute sovereign, the fountain of all honour, who had first raised him to the highest post in the French army, and who might dispose of him by a stroke of the pen—could deter him from taking his own line, and that was not Napoleon's. Pelissier, after mature thought, rejected the emperor's scheme, and "without regret." He

was determined not only to hold on to the siege in preference to all other "unknown adventures," but to push it forward resolutely. Niel, at his elbow, still sought to recommend the other course, but was at once put down with a high hand. Pelissier plainly told him at one conference to hold his tongue; at another he warned Niel that if he dared go beyond reading aloud a formal memorandum he would resort to vigorous measures—meaning, no doubt, to put him under arrest. Even the distinct and positive orders, issued in the most peremptory terms by the emperor himself, could not divert Pelissier from his purpose. The sovereign might suggest schemes from Paris, flashing them by wire, but the responsibility of conducting operations rested with the general commanding in the field, and Pelissier, with the rare courage of an unusually strong but wisely obstinate man, persisted in having his own way.

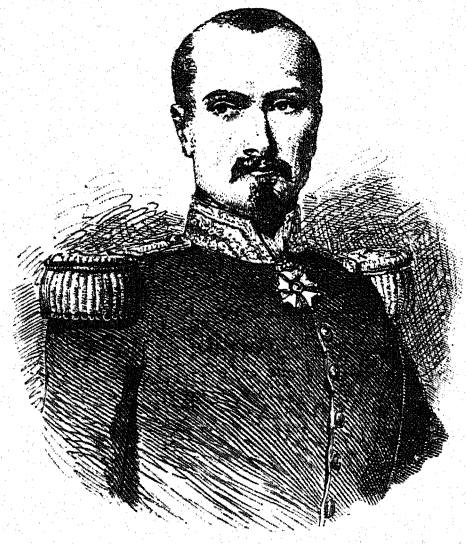
Within a week two important events showed the direction of the new current. One was the French attack upon a newly-constructed earthwork, planted by the enterprising Todleben between the Central Bastion and the sea. The other was the despatch of an expedition to Kertch, to strike at the Russian communications by the Sea of Azof. Both were eminently successful. The first, after victory had changed sides more than once, ended in the gaining and including this new work in the French line of trenches; the second "struck deep into the



"OUR MEN NEVER GOT NEAR THE REDAN—THEY WERE SWEPT AWAY IN HUNDREDS BY A STORM OF GRAPE" (*p.* 471).

Russian resources," so Pelissier reported. "Their chief line of supply is cut." Other decisive steps followed, and the allies by the end of May had gained air and space, by pushing back Liprandi's army, which had long hung round our flanks in the Tchernaya valley; and the river of that name once more became our boundary, as it had been before the battle of Balaclava.

The main efforts of the allied commanders were now directed to closing in upon the defences of the town, and as a first step it was necessary to gain possession of the various outworks and advanced posts still maintained by Todleben in front of his inner line. These—the White Works, the Mamelon, and the Quarries—have already been mentioned, with the important influence they exercised in delaying the progress of the besiegers. It was on June the 6th that a fresh bombardment was undertaken in order to reduce them, both the English and French guns being actively engaged—to the number of 544. The Mamelon was soon crushed, the White Works greatly damaged, and only the Malakoff was able to return our fire at the close of the day. The cannonade was continued all through next day and towards dusk. Bosquet sent forward two brigades, and took possession of the White Works without serious opposition, which during the night were incorporated with the French trenches. On that same evening, the 7th June, about 5.30, three French columns moved out boldly to attack the Mamelon, headed by a brave colonel, Brancion, who was slain just as his men triumphantly crowned the parapet. Another column of Turcos took the works by the rear, and this combined attack was for a time perfectly successful; then the Russians, reinforced, made a counter-attack, retook the Mamelon, held it for a time, and were in their turn again expelled. The entry of the French into this work was the signal for our attack upon the Quarries, and this tough job was entrusted to detachments of the 2nd and Light Divisions, the whole under Colonel Shirley. These Quarries were soon carried, but, being at the rear, they were searched through and through by the enemy's guns, and proved untenable until the Russians came out and were mixed with the assailants. Then the fight rolled back and forward, the victory now inclining to this side, now to that. In the end, however, when dawn broke, the whole of the works we had attacked remained in our hands.



GENERAL BOSQUET.

This substantial triumph greatly elated the allies. All who were engaged in it hoped that a turn was approaching in this wearisome siege, and impatiently awaited the final attack, which must now, surely, be soon made. This, indeed, was the fixed intention of the allied generals, and in the days following the last-named captures, measures were concerted to assault the inner and chief works of the town. Even now the Emperor Napoleon persisted in advising field-operations, and continued to telegraph orders to Pelissier to that effect. The sturdy French general protested, pleading how impossible it was for him to exercise his command "at the end, sometimes paralysing, of an electric wire"—and still went his own way. To the emperor's last peremptory message he replied: "To-morrow, at daybreak, in concert with the English, I attack the Redan, the Malakoff, and their dependent batteries. I am full of hope."

Yet this great attack was foredoomed to failure. Everything went wrong, especially with the French commander-in-chief. It is now believed that Pelissier, although outwardly firm, was greatly harassed in mind by the continual interference of the emperor. Whatever the reason, he made mistake upon mistake. In the first place, he removed Bosquet from the command of the troops that were to attack the Malakoff, and substituted a general but lately landed, and quite ignorant of the ground, which Bosquet knew, as the French say, "as well as his own pocket." In the second place, although it had been arranged with Lord Raglan that the attack should be preceded by a two days' cannonade, the fire of the 17th June was not

resumed by the French on the fatal morning of the 18th, and Pelissier suddenly decided to attack at daybreak without it. This, the anniversary of Waterloo, when two old foes now were to fight side by side, had been chosen on purpose, and yet it was to be associated with disaster. The French columns intended to assault the Malakoff found themselves mixed up and confused in the trenches. It was a brilliant starlight night, and the Russians, seeing them plainly, brought up all their strength to resist. The assailants, when they moved forward, encountered fierce opposition from dogged men posted behind works rapidly repaired, and the French presently retreated with considerable loss. The same misfortune met the English, for Lord Raglan, although aware of the French failure, felt bound to also attack. Our men never got near the Redan—they were swept away in hundreds, as they crossed the open, by a storm of grape. Their leaders were killed, General Campbell and gallant Lacy Yea, and the remnant fell back disheartened. Only at one point, down by the Creek battery, that fiery leader Sir William Eyre had penetrated the defences and entered the town. But he was wounded himself, and the lodgment made was relinquished, failing proper support.

From this grievous disaster Lord Raglan, who was already in failing health, never recovered. The noble English soldier, who had long borne unmerited contumely in proud silence, content to do his duty to the utmost of his power, was now heartbroken at this defeat, and sinking gradually, he died ten days after the 18th of June. How greatly his fine character had impressed all who were joined with him in this chanceful campaign was shown by Pelissier's great grief at his death. The rugged, stern, intractable Frenchman had from the first evinced the highest respect and affection for his English colleague ; and it is said that when Lord Raglan was no more, General Pelissier came and "stood by his beside for upwards of an hour, crying like a child."

But although Pelissier could thus yield to his generous emotions, he never weakened on the business in hand. Defeat only redoubled his dogged determination to succeed in his own way. This indomitable attitude at last won him the respect of his hitherto hostile superiors, and even the Emperor Napoleon, surrendering his beloved projects, admitted that now every effort must be concentrated on the siege. The affront of failure must now be wiped out—speedily, if possible, but at any rate surely. Progress was still slow, but still the sap crept steadily forward, until it approached in some places the very foot of the enemy's defences, while, without intermission, the war of weapons continued. We had established an overwhelming superiority of fire, and our guns worked frightful havoc in the garrison. "Losses!" said a young Russian officer who had accompanied a flag of truce ; "you don't know what the word means. You should see our batteries : the dead lie there in heaps and heaps." The Russians during the last bombardment lost from 1,000 to 1,500 a day.

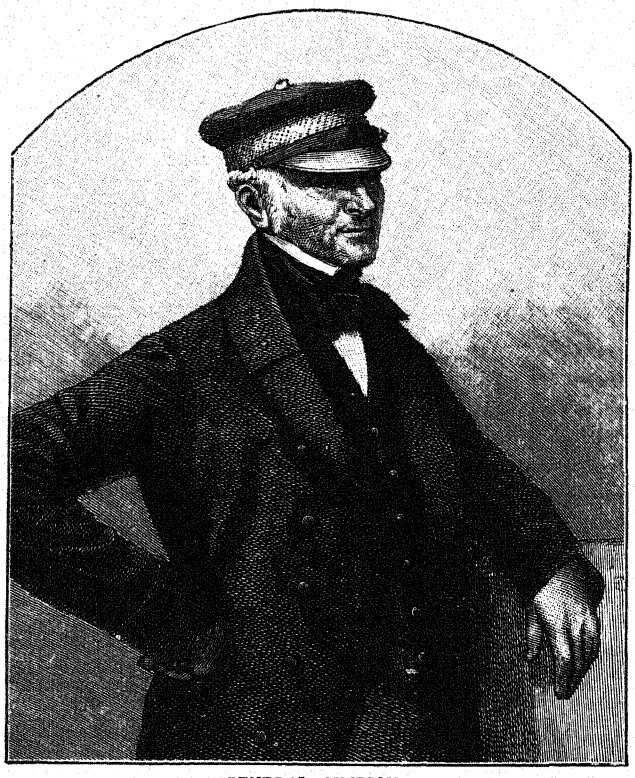
Yet two more months passed, and the allies were still outside. Neither Pelissier, with his strong and masterful spirit, nor Sir James Simpson, Lord Raglan's successor—a much poorer creature—was disposed to risk failure again by another premature or ill-considered attack ; and while they waited to make all sure, the enemy took his fate in both hands, and sought to relieve the nearly ruined fortress by one last great counterstroke.

The battle of the Tchernaya, or of Tractir Bridge, fought on the 15th of August, was a despairing but most vigorous attack upon the French right flank, where our newly-arrived Italian—or, more exactly, Sardinian—allies were also posted. Thirty thousand Russians, under Generals Read and Liprandi, with a reserve of 19,000 more infantry, the whole supported by cavalry and a numerous artillery, came on at daylight, but attacked too soon the heights held strongly by the French, and were driven back with great slaughter. The Sardinians also fought well, and some horse artillery also took part in the fight.

The *dénouement* still tarried, but all hope of holding Sebastopol was at an end. Since the commencement of the Crimean campaign the Russians had lost hundreds of thousands of men in the fortress and in the field, and their condition was nearly desperate. Preparations to evacuate the city were at last begun—the great bridge of retreat across the harbour, barricades and obstacles in the streets and approaches. Yet Prince Gortschakoff still hesitated, and wished at the eleventh hour to prolong the defence in spite of the tremendous sacrifices it would entail.

But now, at last, opportunity was ripe : the French most advanced trench was within five-and-twenty yards of the Malakoff, and the hour of attack was at hand.

Once more, and for the last time, the guns reopened fire and blazed away incessantly on the 6th and 7th September, doing, as usual, infinite injury; but in the early morning of the 8th the Russians stood ready, their reserves in hand, their guns loaded with grape. It was not Pelissier's intention to attack the Malakoff—the principal point—before noon. He had observed that at that hour the old guards were relieved by the new, but that the one marched out of the works before the others replaced. This was the plan which the French general hugged so closely to his heart that, as he himself put it, he would not whisper it to his pillow. The general control of the attack was placed under Bosquet, but the actual assault of the Malakoff was entrusted to MacMahon, that fine soldier who, years later, became President of the French Republic. Other troops filled in the line towards the Redan, where the English, under General Windham, were to come into play; but theirs was essentially an inferior and subsidiary *rôle*, for under no circumstances should we have attacked the Redan alone. Further subordinate moves were to be made by the French on the Flagstaff Bastion, while the Central Bastion was to be dealt with by the Sardinians.

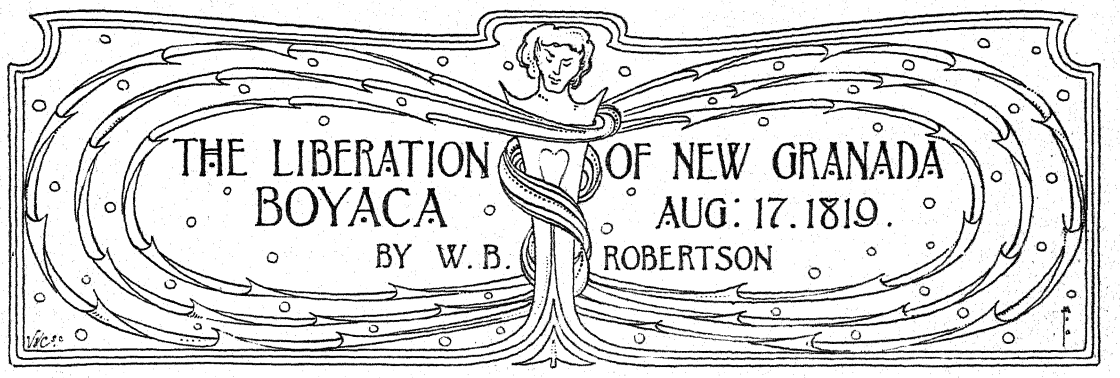


GENERAL SIMPSON.
(*Photo, Fenton.*)

At noon exactly, MacMahon's first brigade crossed the open at a run, and found the Malakoff nearly empty; but then the Russian relief came up, and a fierce hand-to-hand struggle began. Every traverse, every coign of vantage, was taken and retaken, the Russians fighting with desperate courage; and it was not until the French had broken into the work by its eastern face that victory inclined to their side. Still, the conflict was maintained till late in the afternoon, the Russians bringing up every reserve, but all to no purpose, and finally the tricolour waved over the Malakoff. The key to the fortress was won.

Elsewhere fate had been adverse. The French columns on the left of the principal attack had not greatly prospered, while we English at the Redan had distinctly failed. No doubt we were more or less doomed to failure from the first; for the Russians, retiring from the Malakoff, swarmed into the Redan and soon filled it with vast numbers, while the English assailants at best were few. Yet they went up undaunted; many boldly climbed over the huge parapet, and for some time maintained a firm front inside. Unfortunately, support in sufficient strength was not promptly sent forward, and General Windham went back in search of them. This ill-advised step left the combatants, already hardly pressed, without the guidance of any leader of rank, and the unequal contest was not long maintained. Had the French, it is said, turned the Russian guns they had captured in the Malakoff on to the Redan, that work would have been quite untenable, so that its assault—except, perhaps, as a feint—was really unnecessary.

Thus Sebastopol, or its principal part—smoking ruins and an empty shell—fell at last to the allied forces of French and English. Probably the assault upon the Malakoff, if it had not been successful, would have been renewed; for everybody agreed that if the fortress was not taken before the second winter arrived, it would have been necessary to raise the siege.



FOR deeds of fiendish cruelty we are accustomed to turn to those pages wherein are recorded the butcheries of savage arms. Such are untrammelled by any of the rules which are supposed to govern civilised warfare ; and, though we may be shocked, yet are we not surprised when they are vengefully stained with unnecessary and innocent blood. The fact that barbarities are so named shows them to be regarded as characteristic of the barbarian. They are, however, unhappily, not confined to the barbarian, as we shall see in seeking to exemplify the bloody nature of the struggle between Venezuela and New Granada, fighting, on the one hand, for independence, and Spain fighting, on the other hand, for dominion.

It seems to be generally agreed that Spain was the first to depart from the ordinary usages of war. Her generals treated the colonists as rebels, and as such shot them, or committed them to loathsome dungeons when taken captive. They would also, on entering upon an engagement, place prisoners in the front rank, so that they might be shot by the bullets of their own friends. Of course, the other side retaliated, and war "unto the death" was proclaimed in impassioned strains like these :—

"The executioners, who entitle themselves our enemies, have violated the sacred rights of nations in Quito, La Paz, Mexico, Caracas, and recently in Popayan. They sacrificed in their dungeons our virtuous brethren in the cities of Quito and La Paz ; they beheaded thousands of them, prisoners in Mexico ; they buried alive in the subterranean vaults and pontoons in Puerta Cabello and La Guayra our fathers, children, and friends of Venezuela ; they have immolated the president and commandant of Popayan, with all their companions in misfortune; and ultimately, oh God! as it were in our very presence, they have perpetrated a horrid butchery in Barinas of our fellow-soldiers made prisoners of war, and of our peaceful compatriots of that city. But these victims shall be avenged ; these executioners shall be exterminated. Our gentleness is already exhausted ; and, since our oppressors force to a mortal struggle, they shall disappear from America, and our soil shall be purged of the monsters that infest it. Our hatred shall be implacable, *and the war shall be unto death.*"

In 1815 Ferdinand of Spain determined to put an end once for all to the movement for independence that, in varying forms, had been agitating for five years the whole of Spanish America. Accordingly, strong reinforcements to the Royalist armies were sent out, under General Morillo. These arrived at Porto Cabello, and, besides ships of war, comprised 12,000 troops—a force in itself many times larger than all the scattered bands of patriots then under arms put together. Morillo soon had Venezuela under his thumb, and, planting garrisons throughout it, proceeded to lay siege to Cartagena. Capturing this city in four months, he marched unopposed to Santa Fe de Bogota, the capital of New Granada, ruin and devastation marking his progress. In a despatch to Fedinand, which was intercepted, he wrote :—"Every person of either sex who was capable of reading and writing was put to death. By thus cutting off all who were in any way educated, I hoped to effectually arrest the spirit of revolution."

An insight into Morillo's methods of coping with the "spirit of revolution" is furnished by his treatment of those he found in the opulent city of Maturin on its capture. Dissatisfied with the treasure found there, he suspected the people of wealth to have anticipated his arrival by burying their property. To find out the supposed

buried treasure, he had all those whom he regarded as likely to know where it was hidden collected together, and, to make them confess, had the soles of their feet cut off, and then had them driven over hot sand. Many of the victims of this horrid piece of cruelty survived, and were subsequently seen by those that have narrated it. "In another city," proceeds a writer, "I saw several women whose ears and noses had been cut off, their eyes torn from their sockets, their tongues cut out, and the soles of their feet pared by the orders of Monteverde, a Spanish brigadier-general." Instead of quenching the "spirit of revolution," such inhuman treatment was only calculated to fan it into a fiercer flame. Hence Morillo himself, after boasting of "cutting off all who were in any way educated," in the hope of effectually repressing revolution, had to confess:—"Twelve pitched battles, in which the best officers and troops of the enemy have fallen, have not lowered their pride or lessened the vigour of their attacks upon us."

Take one final picture from the pen of an English officer, who served, with many others of our countrymen, under the Venezuelan flag:—

"The people of Margarita saw their liberties threatened and endangered; their wives, children, and kindred daily butchered and quartered; and the reeking members of beings most dear to them exposed to their gaze on every tree and crag of their native forests and mountains; nor was it until hundreds had been thus slaughtered that they pursued the same course. The result was that the Spaniards were routed. I myself saw upwards of seven thousand of their skulls, dried and heaped together in one place, which is not inaptly termed 'Golgotha,' as a trophy of victory. Each of these skulls bears the deep cuts of the machetti—a long knife resembling a sabre in shape, and of admirable temper, which is used in time of peace to cut sugar-cane and for other agricultural purposes, and in war as a weapon of defence, being a very formidable one in the hands of an expert native. These skulls are still preserved by the order of General Arimendez, whose hatred and vengeance have ever been implacable."

Meanwhile, Simon Bolivar, who in 1813 had been proclaimed "Liberator of Venezuela," had been obliged to seek refuge in Jamaica; and here he was now engaged devising plans for delivering his country a second time from the oppressor. Though the achievements upon which Bolivar's fame rests were not yet accomplished, his patriotism and his energy had shown him to be the enemy that, above all others, Spain had to fear. Bolivar once removed, there was not then above the political horizon a man with sufficiently exalted aims to attract around him the scattered and sometimes antagonistic forces of the revolution. Hence it was that a Spanish spy was despatched to Jamaica, with the sinister object of taking the Liberator's life. This spy, after familiarising himself with Bolivar's movements, bribed a negro to assassinate him. In the dead of the night, the negro stole up to Bolivar's hammock and plunged his dagger into the sleeper's breast. It was not Bolivar's breast, however, but his secretary's. The negro was caught, tried at Kingston, condemned for murder, and executed.

Leaving Jamaica, Bolivar proceeded to San Domingo, where he found a warm supporter in the president, Petión. Here, too, he met Luis Brion, a Dutch shipbuilder of great wealth. His zeal for the principles of liberty infused Brion with a like zeal. The result was that Brion fitted out seven schooners and placed them at Bolivar's disposal, supplied 3,500 muskets to arm recruits with as they joined Bolivar's standard, and devoted his own life and services to the sacred cause. Thus slenderly equipped, Bolivar commenced operations in 1816 at the port of Cayos de San Luis, where the leading refugees from Cartagena, New Granada, and Venezuela had sought sanctuary. By them Bolivar was accepted as leader, and Brion, with the title of "Admiral of Venezuela," was given command of the squadron he had himself furnished. The growing expedition now made for the island of Margarita, which Arismendi had wrested from the Spanish governor; and here, at a convention of officers, Bolivar was named "Supreme Chief," and the third Venezuelan war began—began with many a disaster to the patriot arms, and was marked throughout its course with so many vicissitudes that, until the culminating triumph of Boyaca on August 7th, 1819, it remained ever doubtful upon which side victory would ultimately decide to rest.

At the commencement of the war, excepting the little band on the island of Margarita, the patriot cause was represented by a few scattered groups along the banks of the Orinoco, on the plains of Barcelona, and of Casanare. These groups pursued a kind of guerilla warfare, quite independently of one another, and without any plan to achieve. They were kept together by the fact that submission meant death. The

leader of one of these groups, Paez by name, presents one of the most picturesque and striking characters that history has produced. He was a Llanero, or native of the elevated plains of Barinas, and quite illiterate. As owner of herds of half-wild cattle, he became chief of a band of herdsmen, which he organised into an army, known as the "Guides of the Apure," a tributary of the Orinoco, and whose banks were the base of Paez's operations. Only one of his many daring exploits can be here recorded. That occurred on the 3rd of June, 1819, when Paez was opposing the advance of Morillo himself. With 150 picked horsemen, he swam the river Orinoco and galloped towards the Spanish camp. "Eight hundred of the royalist cavalry," writes W. Pilling, General Mitre's translator, "with two small guns, sallied out to meet him. He slowly retreated, drawing them on to a place called Las Queseras del Medio, where a battalion of infantry lay in ambush by the river. Then, splitting his men into groups of twenty, he charged the enemy on all sides, forcing them under the fire of the infantry, and recrossed the river with two killed and a few wounded, leaving the plain strewn with the dead of the enemy."

This illiterate though brave warrior was in 1831 elected first constitutional President of the Republic of Venezuela, and again elected in 1838, being presented by Congress with a sword of honour, and also by King William IV. of Great Britain and Ireland. Yet he was banished from his country, and died an exile in New York in 1874. Hence it was that that city in January, 1891, was presented by a number of Venezuelans with a painting commemorative of the engagement just recorded. In the painting is pictured the scene at the moment when Paez suddenly turned and charged the Spaniards whom he had drawn into the ambush. The general is mounted on a superb horse, which he has pulled sharply back on its haunches, as he gives the order: "Vuelvan cara!" (face about). On one side are his troopers, rough-looking fellows carrying long spears; their clothing, saddles, trappings, and equipments are all characteristic of their country. In the distance the Spanish cavalry are seen charging, in ignorance of the trap into which they are about to fall.

While Paez's dashing exploits were inspiring the revolutionary leaders with fresh courage, which enabled them to at least hold their own, a system of enlisting volunteers was instituted in London by Don Luis Lopes Mendez, representative of the republic. The Napoleonic wars being over, this enabled the European Powers to reduce their swollen armaments, and English and German officers entered into contracts with Mendez to take out to Venezuela organised corps of artillery, lancers, hussars, and rifles. On enlisting, soldiers received a bounty of £20; their pay was 2s. a day and rations, and at the end of the war they were promised £125 and an allotment of land. The first expedition to leave England comprised 120 hussars and lancers, under Colonel Hippisley; this body became the basis of a corps of regular cavalry. The nucleus of a battalion of riflemen was taken out by Colonel Campbell; and a subaltern, named Gilmour, with the title of colonel, formed with 90 men the basis of a brigade of artillery. General English, who had served in the Peninsular War under Wellington, contracted with Mendez to take out a force of 1,200 Englishmen; 500 more went out under Colonel Elsom, who also brought out 300 Germans under Colonel Uzlar. General MacGregor took 800, and General Devereux took out the Irish Legion, in which was a son of the Irish tribune, Daniel O'Connell. Smaller contingents also went to the seat of war: these mentioned, however, were the chief, and without their aid Bolivar was wont to confess that he would have failed.

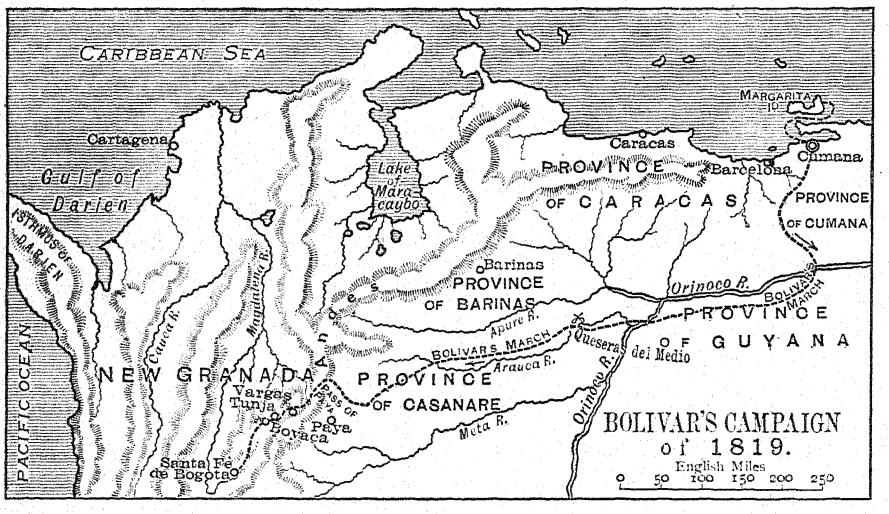
Now it was that a brilliant idea occurred to Bolivar. He had already sent 1,200 muskets and a group of officers to General Santander, who was the leader of the patriots on the plains of Casanare. This enabled Santander to increase his forces from amongst the scattered patriots in that neighbourhood. He thereupon began to threaten the frontier of New Granada, with the result that General Barreiro, who had been left in command of that province by Morillo, deemed it advisable to march against him and crush his growing power. Santander's forces, however, though inferior in number, were too full of enthusiasm for Barreiro's soldiers—reduced to a half-hearted condition from being forced to take part in cruelties that they gained nothing from, except the odium of the people they moved amongst. Barreiro, accordingly, was driven back; and, on receiving the news of Santander's success, Bolivar at once formed the conception of crossing the Andes and driving the Spaniards out of New Granada. The event proved that this was the true plan of campaign for the patriots. Already they had lost three campaigns through endeavouring to dislodge the Spaniards direct from their strongest positions, which were in Venezuela; now, by gaining

New Granada, they would win prestige and consolidate their power there for whatever further efforts circumstances might demand.

Thus, as it has been described, did the veil drop from Bolivar's eyes; and so confident was he of ultimate success, that he issued to the people of New Granada this proclamation:—"The day of America has come: no human power can stay the course of Nature guided by Providence. Before the sun has again run his annual course, altars to Liberty will arise throughout your land."

Bolivar immediately prepared to carry out his idea, and on the 11th of June, 1819, he joined Santander at the foot of the Andes, bringing with him four battalions of infantry, of which one—the "Albion"—was composed entirely of English soldiers, two squadrons of lancers, one of carabiniers, and a regiment called the "Guides of the Apure," part of which were English—in all 2,500 men. To join Santander was no easy task, for it involved the crossing of an immense plain covered with water at this season of the year, and the swimming of seven deep rivers—war materials, of course, having to be taken along as well. This, however, was only a foretaste of the still greater difficulties that lay before the venturesome band.

General Santander led the van with his Casanare troops, and entered the mountain defiles by a road leading to the centre of the province of Tunja, which was held by Colonel Barreiro with 2,000 infantry and 400 horse. The royalists had also a reserve of 1,000 troops at Bogota, the capital of New Granada; at Cartagena, and in the valley of Cauca were other detachments, and there was another royalist army at Quito. Bolivar, however, trusted to surprise and to the support of the inhabitants to overcome the odds that were against him. As the invading army left the plains for the mountains the scene changed. The snowy peaks of the eastern range of the Cordillera appeared in the distance, while, instead of the peaceful lake through which they had waded, they were met by great masses of water tumbling from the heights. The roads ran along the edge of precipices and were bordered by gigantic trees, upon whose tops rested the clouds, which dissolved themselves in incessant rain. After four days' march the horses were foundered; an entire squadron of Llaneros deserted on finding themselves on foot. The torrents were crossed on narrow trembling bridges formed of trunks of trees, or by means of the aërial "taravitas."* Where they were fordable, the current was so strong that the infantry had to pass two by two with their arms thrown round each other's shoulders; and woe to him who lost his footing—he lost his life too. Bolivar frequently passed and re-passed these torrents on horseback, carrying behind him the sick and weakly, or the women who accompanied his men.



The temperature was moist and warm; life was supportable by the aid of a little firewood; but as they ascended the mountain the scene changed again. Immense rocks piled one upon another, and hills of snow, bounded the view on every side; below lay the clouds, veiling the depths of the abyss; an ice-cold wind cut through the stoutest clothing. At these heights

* Bridges made of several thongs of hide twisted into a stout rope, well greased and secured to trees on opposite banks. On the rope is suspended a cradle or hammock to hold two, and drawn backwards and forwards by long lines. Horses and mules were also thus conveyed, suspended by long girths round their bodies.

no other noise is heard save that of the roaring torrents left behind, and the scream of the condor circling round the snowy peaks above. Vegetation disappears: only lichens are to be seen clinging to the rock, and a tall plant, bearing plumes instead of leaves, and crowned with yellow flowers, like to a funeral torch. To make the scene more dreary yet, the path was still greater difficulties lay before them, and asked if they would persevere or not. All were of opinion that they should go on, a decision which infused fresh spirit into the weary troops.

In this passage more than one hundred men died of cold, fifty of whom were Englishmen; no horse had survived. It was necessary to leave the spare arms, and even some of those that were



"THE ROADS RAN ALONG THE EDGE OF PRECIPICES" (*p.* 476).

marked out by crosses erected in memory of travellers who had perished by the way.

On entering this glacial region the provisions gave out; the cattle they had brought with them as their chief resource could go no further. They reached the summit by the Paya pass, where a battalion could hold an army in check. It was held by an outpost of 300 men, who were dislodged by the vanguard under Santander without much difficulty.

Now the men began to murmur, and Bolivar called a council of war, to which he showed that carried by the soldiers. It was a mere skeleton of an army which reached the beautiful valley of Sagamoso, in the heart of the province of Tunja, on the 6th July, 1819. From this point Bolivar sent back assistance to the stragglers left behind, collected horses, detached parties to scour the country around and communicate with some few guerillas who still roamed about.

Meanwhile, Barreiro was still in ignorance of Bolivar's arrival. Indeed, he had supposed the passage of the Cordillera at that season

impossible. As soon, however, as he did learn of his enemy's proximity, he collected his forces and took possession of the heights above the plains of Vargas, thus interposing between the patriots and the town of Tunja, which, being attached to the independent cause, Bolivar was anxious to enter. The opposing armies met on the 25th of July, and engaged in battle for five hours. The patriots won, chiefly through the English infantry, led by Colonel James Rooke, who was himself wounded and had an arm shot off. Still, the action had been indecisive, and the royalist power remained unbroken. Bolivar now deceived Barreiro by retreating in the day-time, rapidly counter-marching, and passing the royalist army in the dark through by-roads. On August 5th he captured Tunja, where he found an abundance of war material, and had now cut Barreiro's communication with Bogota, the capital. It was in rapid movements like these that the strength of Bolivar's generalship lay. Freed from the shackles of military routine that enslaved the Spanish officers, he astonished them by forced marches over roads previously deemed impracticable to a regular army. While they were manœuvring, hesitating, calculating, guarding the customary avenues of approach, he surprised them by concentrating a superior force upon a point where they least expected an attack, threw them into confusion, and cut up their troops in detail. Thus it happens that Bolivar's actions in the field do not lend themselves to the same impressive exposition as do those of less notable generals.

Barreiro, finding himself shut out from Tunja, fell back upon Venta Quemada, where a general action took place. The country was mountainous and woody, and well suited to Bolivar's characteristic tactics. He placed a large part of his troops in ambush, got his cavalry in the enemy's rear, and presented only a small front. This the enemy attacked furiously, and with apparent success. It was only a stratagem, however, for as they drove back Bolivar's front, the troops in ambush sallied forth and attacked them in the flanks, while the cavalry attacked them in the rear. Thus were the Spaniards surrounded. General Barreiro was taken prisoner in the field of battle. On finding his capture to be inevitable, he threw away his sword, that he might not have the mortification of surrendering it to Bolivar. His second in command, Colonel Ximenes, was also taken, as were also almost all the commandants and majors of corps, a multitude of inferior officers, and more than 1,600 men. All their arms, ammunition, artillery, horses, etc., likewise fell into the patriots' hands. Hardly fifty men escaped, and among these were some chiefs and officers of cavalry, who fled before the battle was decided. Those who escaped, however, had only the surrounding country to escape into, and there they were captured by the peasantry, who brought them in tied. The patriot loss was incredibly small—only 13 killed and 53 wounded.

At Boyaca the English auxiliaries were seen for the first time under fire, and so gratified was Bolivar with their behaviour, that he made them all members of the Order of the Liberator.

Thus was won Boyaca, which, after Maipo, is the great battle of South America. It gave the preponderance to the patriot arms in the north of the continent, as Maipo had done in the south. It gave New Granada to the patriots, and isolated Morillo in Venezuela.

Nothing now remained for Bolivar to do but to reach Bogota, the capital, and assume the reins of government, for already the Spanish officials, much to the relief of the inhabitants, had fled. So, with a small escort, he rode forward, and entered the city on August 10th, amid the acclamations of the populace. Here we get a glimpse of him as seen by an English officer, who arrived soon after with despatches from the Venezuelan Government at Angostura.

"I went into a room," says the officer, "which was large, but dirty, and scantily provided with furniture. At the further end sat Colonel O'Leary, then one of his Excellency's secretaries, on the ground with a small writing-desk in his lap, writing despatches of a military nature at the dictation of Bolivar, who, at the other end of the room, was sitting on the edge of a large South American cot, slung from the ceiling. To avoid the inconvenience of the heat, he was *quite unencumbered with apparel* or *covering of any description*, and was swinging himself violently by means of a coquita rope, attached to a hook driven into the opposite wall for the purpose. Thus curiously situated, he alternately dictated to O'Leary and whistled a French republican tune, to which he beat time by knocking his feet laterally. Seeing him so circumstanced and employed, I was about to retire, when his Excellency called to me, in very good English, to enter, and desired me to be seated if I could find anything to sit upon, which was not an easy matter ; but, looking round the room, I espied an old portmanteau, upon which I sat until he was disengaged."

THE BATTLE OF VIMIERA

Aug: 21. 1808. By Major General Sir E. F. Du Cane

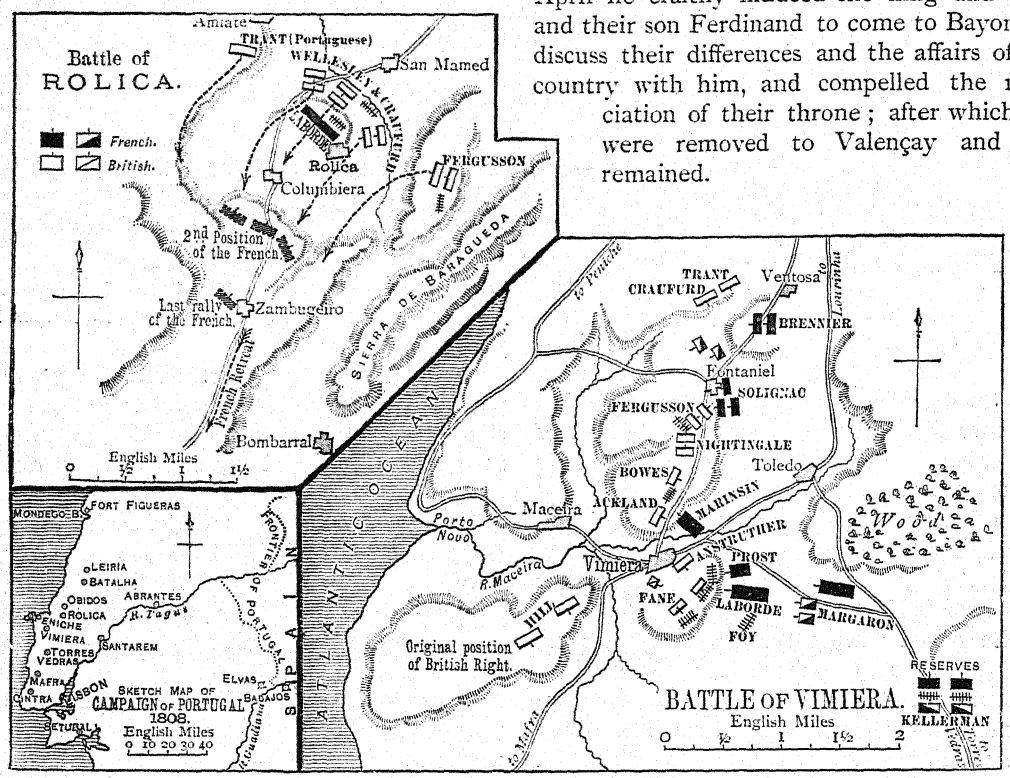
NAPOLEON'S great project for the invasion of England, in 1805, was frustrated by the failure of De Villeneuve to carry through the profound naval strategic operations which were intended to procure for him the necessary command of the Channel. It was indefinitely postponed by the subsequent destruction of the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar, on the 21st October, 1805. His persevering and fertile mind at once was directed to devising some other plan for humbling and ruining the nation whom, ten years later, he called "the most powerful, the most constant, the most generous of my enemies."

England was turning to account her preponderant sea power by carrying out a blockade of the whole line of French coast. As Napoleon could not retaliate by a naval blockade of the English ports, he believed that her commerce might equally be interrupted and blockaded at the other end of the voyage, if she was not allowed to land her goods at their destination. He therefore conceived the plan, called "the Continental system," of closing the ports of the Continent against us, which his superior power on land would, he thought, enable him to do. He hoped by this means to distress and impoverish her; and that, gradually building a new navy, and possessing himself of those of other Powers, he might obtain command of a fleet large enough to overwhelm the English force, and ultimately carry out his scheme of invasion. This Continental system was embodied in the Berlin decree of November, 1806, and the Milan decrees of 1807. It required, in order to its full success, not only the obedience to his decrees which he might expect from those countries in which his power and influence were direct and predominant, but also the co-operation of other Continental Governments which still retained their independence; and his course of action for the rest of his career was largely influenced by his determination to force them to follow his policy in this respect.

Great Britain naturally resolved that countries which excluded her trading ships from their ports should not obtain the merchandise they needed in any other way, and her command of the sea enabled this resolution to be effectually carried out; with the result that all the countries which submitted to Napoleon's influence endured the hardship of being deprived of all commerce, of having no outlet for their own surplus produce, and no means of obtaining the comforts and necessaries they had been accustomed to obtain from other countries. These hardships were so unendurable that they came to be corrected by a system of licences—or tolerated smuggling—which was employed on both sides; but the feeling they gave rise to had a large share in the ultimate combination which led to Napoleon's overthrow. Meanwhile the system of compulsion, to which Napoleon found it necessary to resort, had to be applied to Portugal, whose ports had always been open to Great Britain. This advantage he determined that she should no longer enjoy, and this not only in order to carry out his Continental system, but because he was conscious that an attack on his frontier on the side of the Peninsula might receive much assistance from troops and stores brought by sea and poured in through the ports of Portugal.

In 1806 he had already assembled an army at Bayonne intended to subjugate Portugal, but his project was postponed because his troops were required for his wars with Prussia and Russia in that and the early part of the following year; but, after he had settled matters to his satisfaction at Tilsit and elsewhere, he resumed his designs on Portugal and, secretly, on Spain, calling on the former to close her ports against Great Britain and declare war against her; and,

not content with forcing the Prince Regent to adopt these measures, further required him to confiscate the property of British merchants. The Portuguese Government refused to comply.



Napoleon thereupon announced that "the house of Braganza" had "ceased to reign." On 27th October, 1807, he entered into a treaty with Spain for the partition of Portugal, under the provisions of which Junot, at the head of 29,000 men, made his way by forced marches through Spain to Lisbon, which he reached at the end of November, and took possession of the country. The Prince Regent fled to Brazil, in a fleet got quickly ready by the aid of British seamen. The Portuguese were then disarmed, the army disbanded—except a part, who were sent to France—and the country was plundered—officially through forced contributions, and privately by Junot and his officers. Following shortly on these measures, Napoleon, early in 1808, without any pretence of right, marched his armies into Spain, surprised and seized the principal frontier fortresses, and by the beginning of March had possessed himself of all the country north of the Ebro, the cession of which he demanded from the Spaniards. Thence Murat marched, in the same month, to Madrid; Dupont was directed on Cadiz, Duhesme on Catalonia, and Bessières held the north-east and the communications with France. Napoleon resolved to dethrone the Bourbons, and set one of his own brothers on the throne of Spain. In April he craftily induced the king and queen and their son Ferdinand to come to Bayonne to discuss their differences and the affairs of their country with him, and compelled the renunciation of their throne; after which they were removed to Valençay and there remained.

The Spanish authorities of Madrid, and 150 notables assembled at Bayonne, were prevailed upon to elect Joseph Bonaparte king of Spain, and he proceeded to Madrid to take up the government.

The removal of the royal family caused an insurrection in Madrid, which broke out on the 2nd May, and was suppressed by Murat with great barbarity.

The news of this spreading through Spain, a general insurrection broke out all through the country. The Spanish regular army had been weakened by drafts sent to join the French troops in Germany, so numbered only 70,000 men; but by the middle of June 150,000 men enrolled themselves to support the regular army, and the French forces were attacked on all sides with varying success. Saragossa succeeded in repelling Lefèvre, and other towns in Catalonia were equally successful. Moncey was compelled to retreat from Valencia, and the French retained nothing in Catalonia but Barcelona and Figueras. Bessières obtained a great victory over Cuesta at

Rio Seco, but the Spaniards struck a resounding blow against Dupont, who, with 20,000 men, surrendered as prisoners of war on the 19th July, at Baylen, in Andalusia.

The effect of this last victory was prodigious, for it destroyed the reputation for invincibility which had attached itself to the French troops all over Europe, and the more so because the victorious army was principally composed of untrained levies. It forced King Joseph to abandon Madrid and retire to Burgos, and Castaños, the successful general, entered Madrid in triumph.

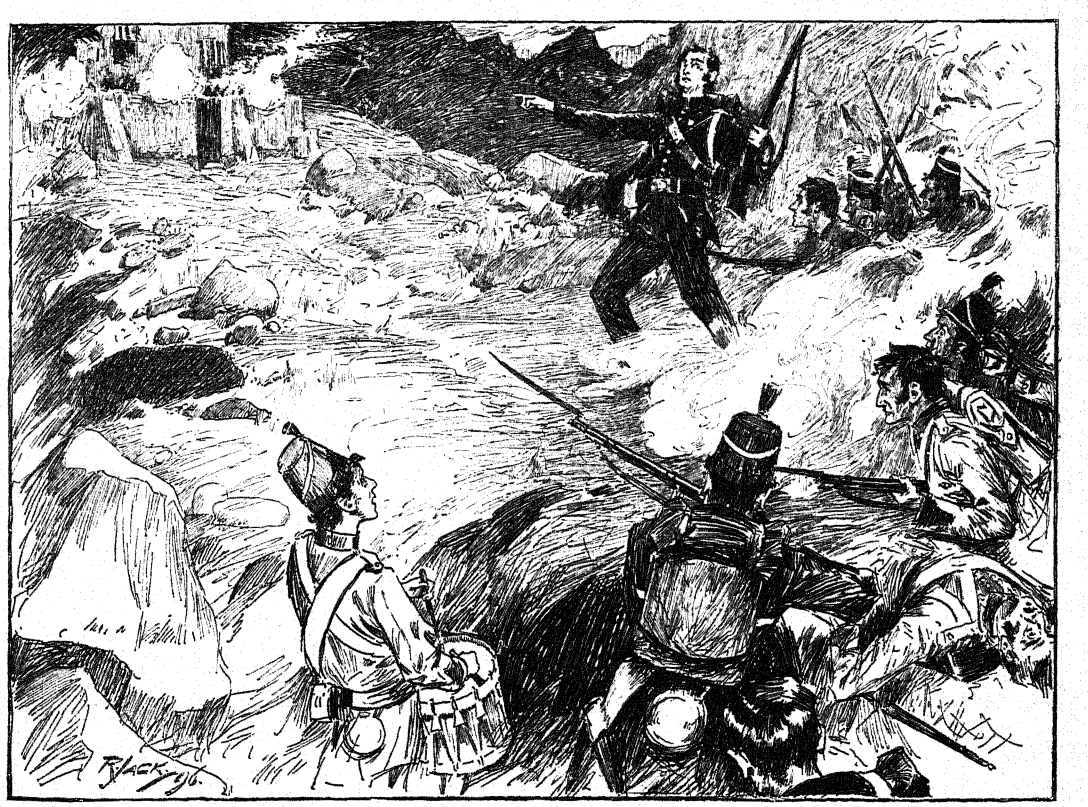
The news of the revolt of the Spaniards was received with great satisfaction in England, which was increased by a deputation from the Asturias to solicit help. With the hearty approval of all parties, it was determined to aid the movement in every practicable way.

Portugal had not been behindhand in following the example of Spain, and had risen against her conquerors, largely under the guidance of the Bishop of Oporto.

It was determined to send an expedition to co-operate with and reinforce the popular movements in both countries. A suitable force was ready to hand when the determination was come to. A corps of 10,000 men, after assembling in the Downs, had been brought together at Cork, with a view to operations in South America; and here the force lay in transports for about six weeks, during which time most of them were not allowed to disembark, the delay being due, probably, to the change of circumstances which suggested a change in their destination.

Sir Arthur Wellesley was put in charge of this little army. He was the junior lieutenant-general on the list, and was not designated for the chief command of the expedition. This position was given to Sir Hugh Dalrymple, with Sir Harry Burrard as second in command.

This force sailed on the 12th July, with sealed orders. Sir Arthur went on in advance, to settle the point of disembarkation. He had an interview with the Spanish authorities at Corunna, but they were not anxious that the British force should disembark near their strong post of Ferrol, and encouraged him to land in Portugal, which, indeed, was the most desirable course, for it enabled them to support and connect the



"THE FRENCH HAD POSSESSION OF TWO SMALL BUILDINGS ON THE HILL" (*p.* 484).

operations of the Spanish armies of the north and south from behind the curtain which the Portuguese mountains afforded.

Sir Arthur, after consulting Admiral Cotton at Lisbon, decided that it would not be prudent to disembark near that city, where the French were in force. He therefore directed the transports on Mondego Bay, which is about 110 miles north of Lisbon, and commanded only by Port Figueras, which was held by some English marines.

Here, then, they arrived, after a propitious voyage, on the 30th July, and heard the encouraging news of the surrender of Baylen.

This brief sketch is necessary for the understanding of the position of affairs in the Peninsula when our army landed in Mondego Bay to commence the war which lasted six years, with momentous results to our own country and to Europe. It is now necessary to give some description of the country, with a view to the proper understanding of the plan of campaign.

The Peninsula may be roughly described as being a square of about 500 miles north and south, and approximately the same distance east and west, surrounded by the sea on all sides excepting where it joins on to France on the eastern portion of its northern side, the boundary between the two countries being formed by the Pyrenees. A mountain chain, continuous with the Pyrenees, runs parallel with the northern coast, and cuts off the narrow provinces of the Asturias and Biscay.

Portugal, on the west, is not cut off from Spain by a similar continuous mountain chain, for the large rivers Douro, Tagus, and Guadiana, which rise towards the eastern side, run a generally east and west course through the whole of Spain and Portugal, and are separated by mountain chains; but the spurs of the separating mountain chains interlace so completely at the lower part of the courses of those rivers that they practically constitute a continuous rocky boundary, enclosing a width of a little more than 100 miles from the Atlantic seaboard, which constitutes the kingdom of Portugal. The mountains thus form such an effective obstacle as to have enabled that kingdom always successfully to resist forcible annexation by Spain.

To a country which had command of the sea, as Great Britain had, Portugal afforded a most favourable position to act against an enemy in Spain and France; for its ports afforded many secure landing-places for troops and munitions of war, which could be transferred by sea from one part to the other of the theatre of war, to issue from behind the rocky screen which the mountains afforded, and attack the enemy on the north or south, as might be desired.

The first object, then, was to obtain possession of this country and its ports, or, in other words, to turn the French armies out of it. The operations by which this object was attained afford a very remarkable illustration of the advantage gained by the power of free movement by sea, secure from any interruption by the enemy, and they are given in some detail in order to show how the sea-coast of Portugal formed one prolonged base of operations, at any point of which reinforcements, victuals, and stores for the army could safely be delivered.

Junot was more or less isolated by the effect of the insurrection in Spain; he was further hampered by the insurrection in Portugal, and by the presence, as part of his force, of a contingent of Spanish troops. Those under his immediate command in Lisbon he disarmed and placed in hulks in the Tagus, but those who were in Oporto took the French general prisoner and marched for Galicia. Junot then took measures to concentrate his army at Abrantes, on the Tagus, holding the frontier fort of Elvas, which ensured his line of retreat to Spain by the basin of the Guadiana, and guarded him against attack on that side, and Almeida, which served the same office in the north in the basin of the Douro. He also kept possession of the forts of Setubal and Peniche, on the coast. The total force he held at his disposal numbered, on 26th July, 26,000 men.

He detached Laborde with 5,000 men, of whom 500 were cavalry, and six guns, northward, to suppress the insurrection—in which he was not successful—to cover the concentration of the French troops, and also to watch and check the English army, of whose anticipated arrival Junot had heard. Loison, with 7,000 foot and 1,200 horse, was operating against the insurgents in the south, and had gained a victory over them at Evora, when he was directed to join Laborde and concentrate against the new enemy. This they intended to do at Leiria, but were forestalled, as will be seen; and the two divisions were therefore separated by a mountainous and difficult country.

The army above referred to as having sailed from Cork, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, formed only a part of that which was destined to operate in the Peninsula. Five thousand men, under Generals Anstruther and Acland, sailed to join

Wellesley—the former from Ramsgate, the latter from Harwich.

General Spencer had brought 5,000 men from Egypt to Sicily and thence to Gibraltar: it had been proposed to employ them at Cadiz, but, as their assistance was refused at that point, they were ordered to join Sir Arthur Wellesley's force, and disembarked at Mondego Bay.

A force of 12,000 men, under Sir John Moore, was recalled from Sweden and directed to join the British army in Portugal. The total British force, therefore, considerably outnumbered that which was at Junot's disposal, without taking into account any assistance the Portuguese could supply; but it was at first very deficient in cavalry, having only one squadron of the 20th Light Dragoons.

The disembarkation commenced on the 1st August by the landing of the Rifles, and was not completed until the 8th. The shores of Mondego Bay are open and shelving, and when there is any wind a heavy surf is formed, just enough to make disembarkation difficult. Several boats were upset, and the cavalry found the advantage of the orders which had been given them, to stand upright in the boats with bridle in hand, ready to leap into the saddle.

On the 9th, Sir A. Wellesley moved off with 12,300 men and 18 guns, carrying eighteen days' provisions—three in haversacks and the rest on mules. On that day and the 11th the army assembled at Leiria, on the main road from Lisbon to Oporto, forestalling and preventing the junction at that point which Laborde and Loison had arranged. Here the baggage and tents of the army were left. They followed the high road for some days, marching in burning sun and hot sand, and bivouacking in the open. On the 13th they were at Batalha, where Laborde had spent the 11th and 12th looking for a defensive position, but, finding it too extensive, had fallen back on Obidos.

It was observed that the Portuguese did not help the British very heartily. They had only 6,000 men, and refused to co-operate unless they were supplied with food, money, and arms from the English stores, so that no more than 1,400 joined under Colonel Trant, and about 300 cavalry came in by four and five at a time, with a few officers. They were well equipped and mounted, and some had belonged to the Lisbon police. On the 15th, the army first felt the French at Brilhos, in front of Obidos, and a few men fell in a skirmish, among them Lieutenant Bunbury, of the Rifles, who was shot in the head and died immediately—the first English officer killed in the Peninsular War.

On the 17th August the army, comprising 14,000 men and 18 guns, left Obidos. Sir Arthur reconnoitred Laborde's position from a steep rock about two miles west of the Roliça road, and found him, with 5,000 men and six guns, occupying isolated ground of moderate elevation near the village of Roliça, which closes in the valley three miles south of Obidos. Laborde's great care was to hold on to the mountains on his right, in the hope of Loison joining him with his 6,000 men. The British, on the other hand, wished to keep them separate, and to drive Laborde back before Loison could come up. Sir Arthur, therefore, formed his force in three parts. The centre, consisting of 9,000 infantry with twelve guns, he himself commanded, having Craufurd under him. On his left he sent Fergusson, with a division and six guns, to make a movement through the mountains by which he could turn Laborde's right. On the right he sent Trant's Portuguese to turn the French left. The cavalry were not engaged, but disposed so as to look more formidable than they really were.

General Foy, who was present with the French army, notices the fine appearance presented by the English, who marched slowly, regaining at once their compact order whenever it was broken by the obstacles of the ground, and ever converging towards the narrow position of the French. This, he observes, would much strike the imagination of the young French soldiers, who had hitherto only had to deal with bandits and irregulars.

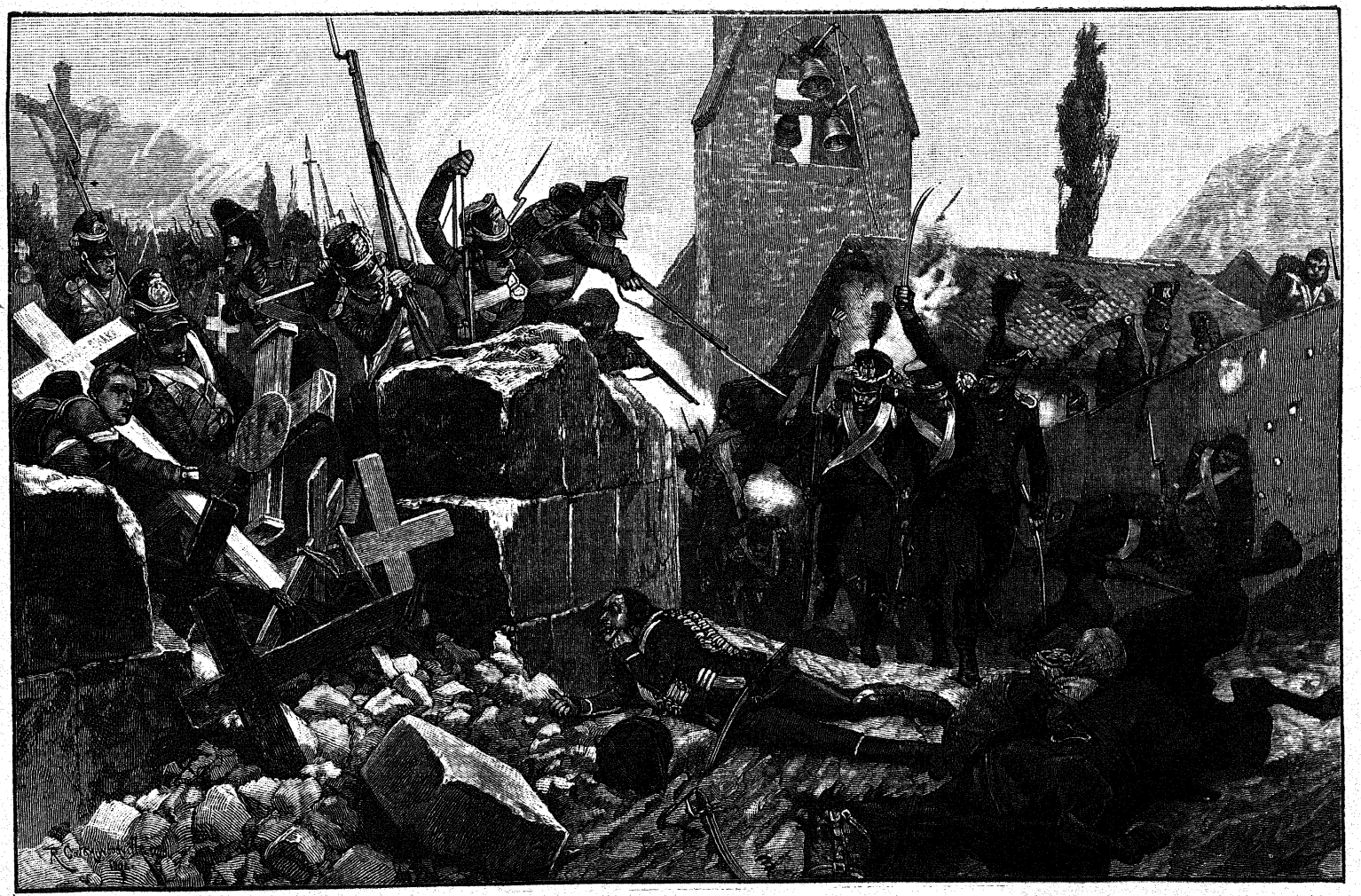
As the movements were developed, Laborde found it prudent to retire to the heights of Zambugeiro, about a mile in rear, where the two mountain spurs join. The British general, who now further reinforced his left wing, continued the same tactics as before—namely, a centre attack, assisted by turning movements on both flanks, which his greatly superior numbers made possible — but Fergusson's force, instead of marching round the French right so as to take them in rear, inclined towards their own right, and thus came upon and attacked them in front, crowding the centre. The centre also attacked before the Portuguese, on their right, were in a position to give much assistance.

The whole British force was, therefore, crowded into a space of less than a mile of very broken and craggy ground—so broken that the different bodies of troops were unable to keep up effective connection. The advantage of numbers was

therefore entirely lost, while the French retained the advantage of a very strong position. The right wing of the 29th Regiment, now taking a wrong direction, came upon a point in Laborde's line to which he was drawing in the troops from his left. The regiment was therefore taken in flank while it was attacking in front, and its right wing was almost annihilated, losing its colonel—Lake—and a major and some men prisoners; but General Hill (afterwards Lord Hill) galloped up, rallied them on their left wing, and on the 9th joining them, put himself at their head and charged the enemy, who resisted strongly, and Colonel Stewart of the 9th fell fighting with great vehemence. The French had possession of two small buildings on the hill, from which they annoyed the skirmishers of the 95th Rifles very much. They became angry, and one of them, jumping up, rushed forward crying "Over, boys, over!" to which the whole line responded "Over, over!" and dashed in, fixing bayonets as they ran. The French turned tail and evacuated the buildings, in which were some wine butts. These being pierced by bullets, the wine ran out and mingled with the blood of the wounded men lying there while they were being tended by the surgeons. A man of the 95th Rifle Brigade named Harris, who relates this incident, describes the French soldiers as wearing long white frock coats and bearing the imperial eagle in front of their caps. Laborde now found himself strongly attacked in front and both his flanks being turned, cutting off his line of communication with Loison. Retreat was therefore absolutely necessary, and this movement he carried out steadily, attacking his enemy three times with half his force and with cavalry charges, so as to enable the other half to retire. At the village of Columbiera, where the ridge of hill widened out, but was protected by ravines on the flanks, he made another stand, but finally was forced to retreat into the mountains, ultimately reaching Torres Vedras. The British bivouacked at and round Zambugeiro. In this action Laborde was wounded, and lost 600 men killed and wounded; the British loss was 500.

The high road towards Lisbon was now clear, and it was the intention of Sir A. Wellesley to march for Torres Vedras, and so cut off Loison and Laborde from that capital; but in the night he heard of the arrival of a fleet off the coast with reinforcements, so, relinquishing the high road, he moved by one nearer the coast, so that he might cover their disembarkation. On the 18th August, therefore, he marched to Lourinha, and on the 19th to Vimiera, a small village on the Maceira, nine miles from Torres Vedras, and two or three miles from Porto Novo at its mouth, where the troops brought by General Acland were to disembark, which they did on the night of the 20th. General Anstruther's troops disembarked on the 19th at Payo Mayor, at the mouth of the river which runs by Lourinha. They landed without camp kettles, and apparently with little baggage; for Captain Dobbs, of the 52nd, says: "We used to wash our shirts in the nearest stream and sit by watching till they were dry; but the men had great joy, for they were relieved from hair-tying, which was an operation grievous to be borne." Among the officers who landed with Anstruther's brigade was Colin Campbell—afterwards Lord Clyde—who says in his diary, "Lay out that night for the first time in my life." On the day of the battle his captain thought it well to commence his instruction, so, being in a rear company, he took him out and walked him about under fire, which he says was "the greatest kindness that could have been shown me, and through life I have been grateful for it."

Junot, meanwhile, marched from Lisbon, with Loison, to join Laborde at Torres Vedras, where he assembled a force of 14,000 men, including 1,300 cavalry under Margaron. Hearing that large reinforcements for the British were off the coast, he desired to attack them before the disparity in numbers became too great. The British force now amounted to 16,000 men, and while Junot designed to march on the night of the 20th, in order to attack the British on the 21st, Sir Arthur Wellesley intended to march at 5 a.m. on the 21st round his flank, avoiding Torres Vedras and marching on Mafra, thirteen miles nearer to Lisbon than Torres Vedras. By this movement he would cut the French off from the capital. But at this juncture Sir Harry Burrard arrived off the port, in company with Clinton, the adjutant-general, and Murray, the quartermaster-general. Sir Arthur had an interview with him on board the *Brazen*, in which he communicated his proposed march. Sir Harry Burrard disapproved the project. Sir Arthur therefore issued the order on the 20th: "The army will halt to-morrow, the men to sleep accoutred to-night in readiness to move out, and to be under arms at three o'clock in the morning.". Sir Arthur's project was, perhaps, risky. The road he would have to follow was narrow and rocky, the troops would have to move on a single line with the French on their flank, and there was no good



"TWO ENGLISH BATTALIONS . . . POURED IN A MURDEROUS VOLLEY ON THEIR REACHING THE SUMMIT OF THE HILL" (*p.* 487).

fighting-position available. Sir H. Burrard therefore observed, with some reason, that it would be more prudent to await the arrival of Sir John Moore and his large force, by which he would much outnumber the enemy. The position the army now occupied was not taken up with a view to a defensive battle, as Sir Arthur had not intended to stop there. Near the village of Vimiera the little river Maceira breaks through a chain of hills, the southern portion of which runs about east and west, and joins the sea above Porto Novo; the northern part runs almost parallel with the coast—or, say, north-east and south-west—and has an intermediate ridge between it and the sea. In front of these, and in front, too, of the little village of Vimiera, is a lower and isolated hill, which covers the opening in the chain of hills and the plain through which the Maceira runs. The bulk of the army—six brigades, commanded by Generals Hill, Nightingale, Bowes, Craufurd, Fergusson, and Acland—besides artillery, was placed on the southern hill, which formed the right of the position, with advanced posts on the Mafra road. The lower hill in front was occupied by two brigades—Fane's on the left, and Anstruther's on the right—with six guns. The northern hill, forming the left, was protected by a difficult or impassable ravine in its front, and being without water, besides being out of the direct line of an enemy's attack, it was occupied only by Trant's Portuguese and some of the Rifles. The commissariat stores were posted on the plain behind the central hill, and here the cavalry were stationed, facing south, to protect the level opening between the centre and right.

The advance of Junot's army was detected during the night by a cavalry patrol posted about two miles south of Vimiera, who heard from an innkeeper in a village in front that his young man had that day come from Lisbon, and had passed the French army in full march. This news was shortly confirmed by the noise of horses and guns passing a wooden bridge in front of the village, and the patrol took back the information to Sir Arthur, who was found with his staff sitting back to back on a table in the hall of his house, "swinging their legs." Sir Arthur took the necessary precautions, though he did not quite believe the report, and this incredulity was confirmed by the continued failure of the French to appear, for indeed they did not advance that night beyond the village near which they had been heard. About seven o'clock in the morning clouds of dust disclosed the approach of the French: drums and bugles sounded, and the troops took up their positions. In an hour the French cavalry crowned the hill eastward of the English position, and, as no advance was made against the hill forming the English right, it became apparent that Junot intended to attack them on the left. He had, in fact, reconnoitred their right, which was the more direct point of approach, quite up to the mouth of the river, and having found them strongly posted on that side, he had decided to leave it entirely alone and to assail the centre of the position, at the same time marching round them to capture the hill on the left, which, as has already been described, was very scantily furnished with troops. If he got possession of this hill he would take in reverse all who were on the right of the position, as well as those who were in the centre, who were posted on the little hill in front of the village.

As soon as Sir Arthur Wellesley perceived this movement, and that no attack was to be made on his right, he withdrew all the troops on that hill except three regiments under General Hill, which he retained there as a reserve for the centre, and marched them across the valley, concealed by the ground from the French, to take position on the hill on the left, which they believed to be unoccupied. Trant's Portuguese, and one brigade of British under Craufurd, were posted on the ridge intermediate between that hill and the sea. Fergusson commanded on the extreme left. Bowes and Acland, with five regiments, were posted to form a column on the hill overlooking Vimiera, so as to be a reserve to Fergusson. General Laborde was directed, with 6,000 men, to attack the centre hill, supported by Loison. Each division was in column, with two brigades in front and artillery in the intervals. Laborde led at the head of the 86th French, which crossed bayonets during the action with the 50th English. Brennier, with a brigade, was at the same time sent directly at the hill forming the English left. Kellerman with his grenadiers was held in reserve.

The morning was bright and sunny, tipping the bayonets of the advancing French and of the steady British line, with the colours floating over them and the dark cannon on the rising ground. About eight o'clock a cloud of light troops, followed by a strong column of the enemy, entered a pine wood in front of our position, in which some Rifles were posted on picket, and drove them in on the 97th, who were in support. In this fight three brothers of the name of Hort, in the 95th Rifles, pressed on the French with such

daring intrepidity that Lieut. Molloy, who himself was never far from his opponents in action, had to rebuke them repeatedly. "D——n you," cried he, "get back and get under cover. Do you think you are fighting with your fists that you run into the teeth of the French?"

The line, seeing the Rifles retiring, cried out, "D——n them: charge!" but General Fane interfered. "Don't be too eager, men—not yet. Well done, 95th! Well done, 43rd and 52nd!" As soon as the riflemen had cleared the 97th, passing by their right flank to the rear, the latter regiment poured a steady fire upon the advancing column and held it in check, while the 52nd took it in flank and drove it back in confusion.

With this attack began the battle of Vimiera. There was so little wind that the smoke from the rifles hung about and prevented the men from aiming. Anstruther then detached the 43rd to take up its position in a little churchyard on the edge of the declivity on Fane's left, in order to meet Kellerman's grenadiers, who were reinforcing the attack on that side.

This battle was remarkable for another innovation besides the absence of pigtails—viz. that shrapnell shell were first used there by the battery under Colonel Robe. Foy remarks on the shot first knocking over the leading files of French and then bursting among those in the rear. General Fane, on the left centre, soon made use of a discretionary power which had been given him, and increased the artillery force on the hill by ordering up the reserve, and the French, on coming within a hundred yards of the summit, were met by the converging fire of six regiments. The artillery tore lanes through the advancing columns, and each time the English soldiers shouted; but the French closed up and marched steadily on. All the horses of the French artillery were killed, two colonels wounded, and two pelotons of grenadiers disappeared—being, in fact, wiped out. Soon they had to contend with the fire of another battery of artillery—for Acland, whose brigade was ascending the left-hand ridge when the battle began, halted his guns, unlimbered, and poured their fire into their right flank; and, again, of two English battalions who moved forward to meet them, and poured in a murderous volley on their reaching the summit of the hill; they were besides charged in flank by the 50th, who were wheeled to their left by Colonel Walker. They were also charged by the 43rd in mass, and driven back with strenuous fighting, in which the regiment lost 120 men. The French then turned and fled down the hill, with the loss of many prisoners and seven guns.

The moment had now arrived for making use of the small force of cavalry. General Fane therefore directed the 20th Light Dragoons to advance and charge the retreating troops. "Go at them, lads," he said, "and let them see what you're made of." The cavalry, therefore, went threes about and swept round the elbow of the hill, forming into half-squadrons on the way—the 20th in the centre, the Portuguese on the flanks. "Now, 20th — now!" shouted Sir Arthur Wellesley, and his staff clapped their hands and gave them a cheer, on which the whole force put their horses to speed. The Portuguese, however, soon pulled up right and left, and no more was seen of them till the 20th returned, when they were found still standing where they had been left. The 20th are said by Foy to have made two officers prisoners and to have taken some guns, and that the charge reached the Duke of Abrantes, who was with the reserve. He says, too, that they were charged in their turn by the general's guard—the 26th Chasseurs, led by Prince Salm-Salm, and the 4th and 5th Dragoons, a formidable force against the small English body.

The charge is thus described in a letter written from Belem, on 28th Sept., by Lieut. Du Cane, of the 20th Light Dragoons. It differs curiously from the account given by the historians:—

"I rather suspect my information will be more correct than the despatches, for they describe our being overpowered by the enemy's cavalry. Certainly they were strong enough to have cut us up if they'd known what they were about, but not one of them, although within fifty yards of us, ever attempted to come amongst us; and a few of our men, thinking they were Portuguese, by being so quiet nor offering to molest us, went in amongst them, by which they got either killed or taken. Otherwise, they were the only men we lost by the French dragoons, the rest being shot by the infantry. Poor Colonel Taylof was shot by them by pressing the broken infantry too far, without support. Captain Eustace was taken in the same manner by following them up too far, and was severely wounded in the thigh, but is getting a little better since he got out of the hands of the French. I thought it was a toss-up whether we were not all taken or destroyed; for we charged too far amongst them, and never was there a more unequal contest, on account of the ground. We first of all charged through a vineyard and got into a

wood, which was intersected from the vine-yard by immense large dykes, in which several horses fell, unable to extricate themselves."

Our infantry on the hill seemed disposed to follow the 20th to repair its check, but Sir Arthur forbade them to leave their position without his order, and the cavalry returned with their white leather breeches, hands, and arms all besmeared with blood. Lieut. Du Cane's letter proceeds :—

"When Eustace, my captain, was taken—which is the second time now—he was taken to General Junot, who appeared exceedingly pleased to see him, gave him refreshments out of his own canteen, and, after paying him several compliments, declared to him that he had seen a good deal of service, but that he never was a witness before of a detachment like ours of dragoons doing their duty so well. He gave us wonderful praise, and certainly not undeservedly."



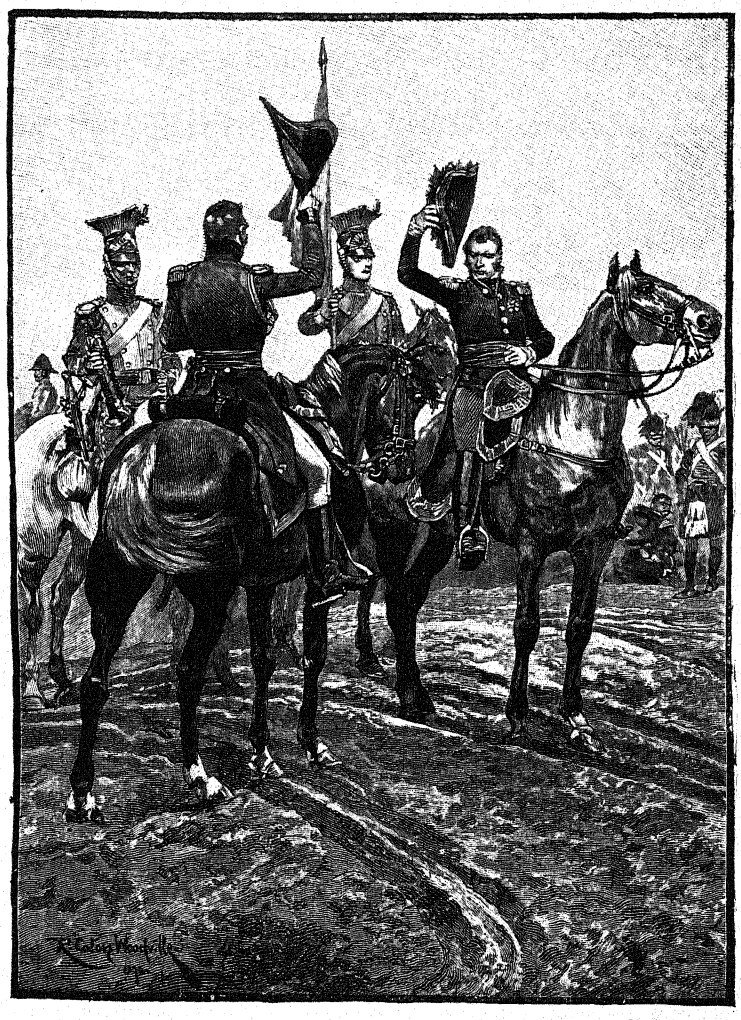
SIR HUGH DALRYMPLE.
(*From the Picture by J. Jackson, R.A.*)

While this attack on the English centre was going on—to end in a complete repulse—Brennier, who was trying to force his way to the hill which formed the English left, was faring very badly, for want of knowledge of the ground. The attack was directed on an impassable ravine, and his force for a long time produced no effect. Junot, perceiving this, sent Solignac with a column of all arms to make a wider sweep, so as to turn the ravine, and come upon the English left more on a level. Having effected this movement, he expected to find himself on the flank of the English, but instead of that he found himself opposed by a front, three lines deep, consisting of Fergusson's, Nightingale's, and Bowes's Brigades, which faced across the ridge, with skirmishers on their flank, relying for protection on one flank on the steep rocky ravine which had baffled Brennier, and on the other on a force of Portuguese, who, with one brigade of English under Craufurd, were so posted as to be able to cut him off if he advanced, and place him between two fires. As Solignac approached, Fergusson met him with a determined and impetuous bayonet-charge, which drove the French down the hill and destroyed the whole front line of one regiment. Solignac was wounded and his force cut off from their line of retreat, with the loss of six guns, of which the 71st and 82nd took charge. But at this moment Brennier, who had found an accessible place in the ravine, worked his way up to the ridge behind Fergusson, beat back the above regiments, and recaptured the guns. The English troops, however, rallied, charged, and broke the French, making Brennier a prisoner. Craufurd's brigade arrived and attacked them on their right.

The English had now gained a complete victory on all parts of the field, and their trumpets and bugles sounded all along the line. The French left had been completely driven back, leaving only Margaron's cavalry and half Kellerman's grenadiers unbroken. Solignac was cut off, and on the verge of having to lay down his arms. Brennier's brigade was completely broken. When that general was taken prisoner he anxiously inquired whether the reserve had attacked. Sir Arthur Wellesley heard him make the inquiry, and questioned the other prisoners on the subject, who declared that it had. Knowing then that the French were beaten and exhausted, while he had still a large force, fresh and available for further operations, and that owing to the movement of the French to his left, which was the side furthest from Torres Vedras and from Lisbon, the troops which formed his right were some two miles nearer to those towns than the French, he planned a combined movement which should finish the campaign at a stroke.

Solignac's division was, as has been related, on the point of laying down its arms. Sir Arthur proposed to assail the weakened French troops on his front, and drive them into the mountains away from Lisbon, and at the same time to detach the fresh troops from his right and centre, under General Hill, to march on Torres Vedras,

and so effectually to bar the French from the capital. Unfortunately, at this time Sir Harry Burrard thought fit to assume the direction of affairs. He had landed about 9 o'clock, and finding the army engaged, considered it right not to interfere, but to allow Sir Arthur Wellesley to complete the operations he had commenced; but now he sent orders to Fergusson to halt, and thus allowed Solignac's force, of which Junot's chief-of-the-staff, General Thiebault, had been sent to take command, to escape and rejoin the main body; nor would he sanction the operations which Sir Arthur had designed. This decision is thus referred to in the letter from which a quotation has already been given, which exemplifies the feeling in the British army. "There is not the smallest doubt but if the enemy had been pursued by us—for but a half of our force were in action, and all the French nearly—for an hour, they would have surrendered at our discretion, and which was Sir Arthur's intention; but he was ordered not by Sir Harry Burrard, to whom much blame is attached, as well as Sir Hugh Dalrymple, for making terms. As it was, we certainly gained a very signal victory over the common enemy, and never had the English so fine an opportunity of gaining one of the most decisive victories ever known, as that on the 21st August: they would have made no less than 20,000 men prisoners of war." The justice of this view is confirmed by General Foy, who says that by 12 o'clock, though the action had lasted but two and a half hours, all the French army had fought, and had lost 1,800 killed, wounded, and taken; the English reserve infantry had not fought, and their artillery was intact. There was nothing for it, however, but to halt. Junot quickly recovered his position between our army and Torres Vedras, and the opportunity of ending the campaign was lost. The unfortunate wounded had still to be attended to. Two long tables were arranged end to end in the churchyard, and on these were placed the men whose legs were to be amputated. Private Harris relates how he saw as many as twenty legs lying on the ground, many of them still having on the long black gaiters then worn by the infantry. Less tragical was the loss suffered by Major Travers, commanding the 95th Rifles, who was seen riding about the field, calling: "A guinea to the man who will find my wig."



"IT TURNED OUT TO BE KELLERMAN WITH A FLAG OF TRUCE" (*p.* 490).

On the 22nd of August Junot assembled a council of war, and in conformity with its decision, Kellerman was sent to treat for terms. By this time another remarkable change had taken place in the British side. Sir Harry Burrard, who had superseded Sir Arthur Wellesley, was himself superseded by Sir Hugh Dalrymple. Sir

Harry Burrard's action in this campaign seems to have been confined to forbidding the fine strategic movements which Sir Arthur Wellesley planned. Two instances of this have already been related, but another had previously occurred. On reaching Mondego Bay he found letters from Sir Arthur Wellesley recommending that Sir John Moore's division should, on its arrival, be directed on Santarem, where he would close the French line of retreat from Lisbon, while Sir Arthur attacked him with superior forces in front, thus ensuring their surrender. Sir Harry Burrard would not, however, accede to this, and directed Sir John Moore to proceed to Maceira Bay, though he afterwards gave him the option of marching on Santarem. Ultimately this force landed at Maceira after the 21st.

Sir Hugh Dalrymple, who commanded at Gibraltar, had been given general directions of the operations in Portugal and the south of Spain, with the option to act personally, where he thought most advisable, but with a special recommendation of Sir Arthur Wellesley to his confidence, which probably was meant as a hint not to interfere with him. He thought fit, however, to set off on the 13th August for the scene of operations in the *Phœbe*, and hearing at Lisbon from Admiral Sir A. Cotton that the army had landed at Mondego Bay, he made for that point, intending to join the reinforcements expected with Sir H. Burrard, but on the 21st they descried the fleet of transports in Maceira Bay and heard of the victory. On the 22nd Sir Hugh Dalrymple landed and saw Sir H. Burrard. Sir A. Wellesley soon after arrived, and expressed much anxiety that the army should advance. Sir Hugh acceded to this. It was determined that they should march next day, but between 1 and 2 p.m. the enemy seemed to be again advancing, and Sir Arthur was directed to take up his position as before. It turned out to be Kellerman with a flag of truce. Kellerman was a keen observer, and he at once concluded, from the defensive attitude so quickly taken up by the English army, that their chiefs did not feel the confidence and security of victory. He observed also that Sir Hugh Dalrymple was hardly able to conceal his satisfaction that the French were ready to treat, and further, he noted the conversation aside of the British generals, who did not reckon on his understanding English. They expressed their fear that Sir John Moore's army might not be very near—possibly might not be able to land on such a bad coast—that bad weather might prevent the armies from receiving provisions from the ships, and that nothing was to be hoped for from the Portuguese. All these imprudent revelations suggested to him to hold high language, and to extol the energy of the French and the help they could get from the Russians. A suspension of arms was finally agreed upon, and an agreement come to for a convention, on the basis of the French giving up Lisbon and all the strong places in Portugal, the French army to be transported in English ships to France, and the Russian fleet to be taken to England. This convention was signed at Lisbon on the 30th August, and confirmed by Sir Hugh Dalrymple on the 31st at Torres Vedras; but, having been transmitted to Lord Castlereagh on the 3rd September from the headquarters at Cintra, has always been called the Convention of Cintra. This triumphant result of the operations, by which Portugal was freed and became available as a fortified base for further operations against the French in Spain, was, nevertheless, most unfavourably received in England, as it seemed to compare disadvantageously with the Spanish success at Baylen; and the sensationalists of that day would gladly have seen a Marshal of France and 20,000 French troops arrive as prisoners in England.

A commission of inquiry was therefore held, on which Napoleon remarked that he was about to send Junot before a council of war, but that the British got the start of him by sending their generals to one. To him, indeed, the result was in disastrous comparison with his successes elsewhere. Of 29,000 troops sent to Portugal, 3,000 had perished, either from fatigue or in hospital, or assassinated; 2,000 fell in battle or were made prisoners; 2,000 who were embarked never returned, having been either wrecked or, being Swiss, taken service with the English; 22,000 only returned to France. The English, however, were not satisfied. All the principal officers concerned were summoned home to give evidence on the subject, leaving Sir John Moore in command of the British forces. This general commenced in December the operations in Spain which ended at Corunna, and closed that chapter of the Peninsular War.

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN IN FINLAND

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

1808

IN the opening years of the century, when Europe echoed with the thunder of Napoleon's great battles, many minor campaigns passed almost unheeded. Yet some of these have had more lasting effects on the world's history than some of the more famous battles with which they were contemporaneous. How few have ever heard anything of the war between Sweden and Russia in 1808, the marches and battles amid the northern snow and ice, and the siege of Sweaborg! Yet the result of these operations was the annexation of Finland to the imperial crown of Russia, and the predominance of that Power on the shores of the Baltic.

The war was brief but eventful. If success finally rested with Russia, notwithstanding hard-fought Swedish victories in the field, it was because the policy of King Gustavus made the efforts of his generals unavailing, and because a weak and irresolute commandant prematurely yielded the chief fortress of Finland and of the Swedish crown to the invaders. Sweaborg, a mass of granite forts and ramparts, built on a group of five rocky islands, in the midst of the sea, was till then supposed to be impregnable. It was the chief arsenal both of the Swedish armies in the north end of the kingdom and of the flotilla maintained for operations in the shallow waters of the gulfs of Bothnia and Finland. In war time a fleet stationed there was already at the gates of St. Petersburg, and could blockade and menace the Russian capital. No wonder that its possession had long been coveted by the Czars.

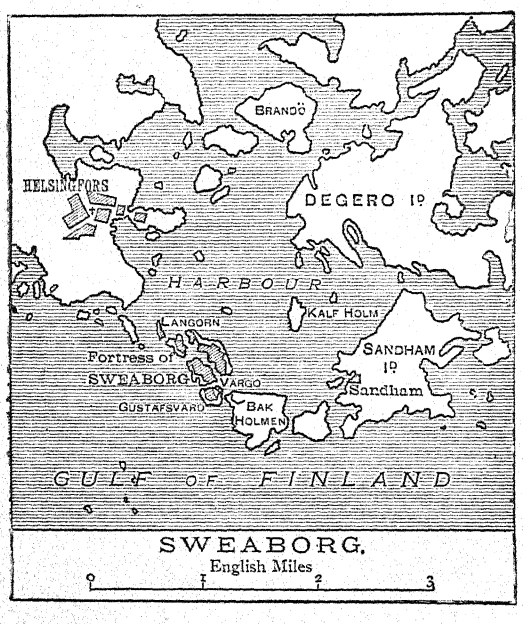
By the secret articles of the Treaty of Tilsit, it was agreed between Napoleon and the Emperor Alexander that Russia should take possession of Finland. The ministers of the Czar proceeded at once to press various complaints against the conduct of the court of Stockholm. Gustavus Adolphus, the king of Sweden, was warned by friends that he was to be attacked in Finland; but he obstinately refused to believe that there was anything more serious than diplomatic friction with Russia. In any case, he expected that there would be no war till the summer. But the Russians had planned a winter campaign. In the summer they would have had to reckon with the opposition of the Swedish fleet, probably reinforced by a British squadron; but in the winter months, the frozen northern seas made naval warfare impossible. It is true that on the land the intense cold would add to the difficulties of campaigning; but the advantage of being secure from an attack by sea was so great that the winter campaign was decided upon.

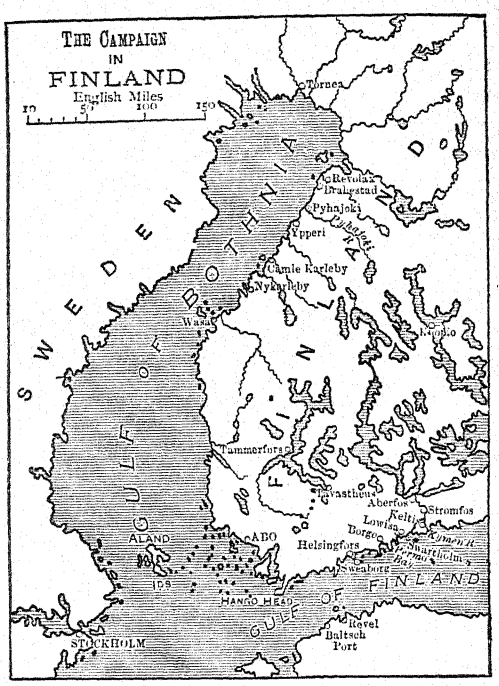
The banks of the frozen river Kymen, which then formed the frontier of Swedish Finland, were only held by a feeble line of detached posts, the usual guard maintained in time of peace for Customs and police purposes, and nothing more. On the Russian side of the frontier in the first half of February, 1808, 16,000 men were concentrated under the command of General Count Bouxhoevden. The troops were specially equipped for winter campaigning. The infantry were provided with snow-shoes, the guns and stores were mounted on sledges. As soon as everything was ready war was declared, and the little army of invasion crossed the Kymen in three columns at Aberfos, Stromfos, and Keltis.

The Swedes were in no position to make an effective resistance on the frontier. Everywhere they fell back before the Russians. The first blood was spilt at Aberfos, where the Swedish post fired upon the cavalry of the Russian vanguard, and killed a dragoon officer who was anxious to distinguish himself by being first across the Kymen bridge.

The left column of the invaders, under

General Gortschakoff, moved parallel with the shore of the Gulf of Finland. The little town of Lowisa was occupied; a detachment of 1,800 men was left to besiege the fort of Swartholm on an adjacent headland; and Gortschakoff pushed on towards the defile of Fosby, strongly held by Swedes under Colonel Palmfeld, who hoped to stop the Russian advance at this point where the coast road passed through a rocky ridge. In summer the position would have been a good one; but now the ice on Permo Bay enabled the attacking force to work round the headland and turn the defile. As the Russians marched out upon the ice, a squadron of Swedish dragoons attempted to check them by threatening a charge, but they were in their turn charged by the Cossacks of the Imperial Guard; and the strange spectacle was seen of a fierce cavalry fight upon the frozen waters of the bay. The Swedes were thus forced to abandon their position, and on February 26th the Russian left occupied Borgo, the most ancient town in Finland. Two days later the right, under Prince Bagration, made a night attack upon Artsjo, held by a Swedish detachment, and captured the place after a hard struggle in the snowy streets. The Russian centre column met with no resistance worth noting. In summer the numerous lakes and marshes would have rendered the Russian advance more difficult, but now they were able to move across lake and marsh more rapidly than through the rocks and woods of the solid land between the lakes.





The Swedish Government was taken by surprise. There were about 15,000 regular troops and some 4,000 local militia in Finland, but they were scattered in various garrisons, and no army was ready to act against the Russians. Seven hundred men were blockaded in Swartholm, 7,000 held Sweaborg, and about 4,000 under General Klercker were at Tavastheus, the principal town in the south-west. To Tavastheus General Count Klingsporr, whom King Gustavus had appointed to the command in Finland, hurried as quickly as relays of horses could convey his sledge. When he arrived there he heard that the Russians were already in possession of all the south-east of the country. They had occupied Helsingfors without resistance, seizing a number of guns and a quantity of valuable stores in the town. The siege of Sweaborg had begun; a column of invaders under General Toutchkoff was overrunning the east of the country; throughout nearly one-half of it the reserve men and the militia could not be called out; Bagration was advancing upon Tavastheus with a force superior to that under Klercker and Klingsporr, so that the Swedish commander had to begin his campaign by retiring northwards to Kurvola, while the Russians occupied Tavastheus on March 6th. By a bold initiative, a series of forced marches and a few unimportant engagements, they had secured enormous advantages. At first Klingsporr had an exaggerated

idea of their numbers, for the detachments they pushed forward in so many directions acted so boldly, that the Swedes took them for the vanguards of strong *corps d'armée*.

Bouxhoevden, the Russian generalissimo, while maintaining the blockade of Swartholm and of Sweaborg, sent a detachment to seize Abo, the old capital of Finland, and with his main body pursued Klingsporr. The latter could not do more than delay the Russian advance by some show of resistance. His rearguard made a stand at Bjorneborg, but the place was stormed by Bagration's division. Tammerfors was abandoned, after a cavalry fight on the neighbouring lake. Klingsporr could have retired from Wasa (now known as Nikolaistadt) across the ice of the Gulf of Bothnia into Sweden, but he decided rather to draw the Russians after him to the northward, retiring along the west coast of Finland, and receiving his supplies from Sweden through Tornea at the head of the gulf, by which route also some reinforcements reached him. His hope was to prolong the campaign until the break-up of the ice in the spring would enable the Swedish fleet first to relieve Sweaborg, and then to co-operate with him against the invaders.

Swartholm surrendered on March 18th, after five or six days' bombardment. The garrison had plenty of corn, but they were short of water, and sickness had broken out in the crowded and ill-ventilated casemates. Seven hundred prisoners and 200 guns and mortars were the prize of the victors. The detachment under Chepeleff occupied Abo, and seized sixty-four galleys which were ice-bound in the harbour. Finally, on April 12th, the Cossacks marched across the ice of the Baltic and occupied the Aland isles. Klingsporr all the while was retiring slowly northwards, skirmishing among the rocks and woods. It was not till the middle of April that he felt strong enough to make a serious stand. Meanwhile, all unknown to him, the fate of Sweaborg had been sealed—Sweaborg, on



"THE STRANGE SPECTACLE WAS SEEN OF A FIERCE CAVALRY FIGHT UPON THE FROZEN WATERS" (*p.* 492).

which his hopes for the defence of the province finally rested.

The defence of the famous fortress had been entrusted to Admiral Count Cronstedt, a veteran officer of the Swedish navy, although the force under his command included only about 200 sailors among more than 7,000 combatants. Half the garrison were Swedes, the rest Finns. A large flotilla of galleys and gunboats lay in the creeks between the islands, protected by the works, but themselves unable to take any part in the defence of the fortress, for they were frozen fast in the ice. The same thick ice joined the islands to the coast, and extended in a solid sheet far out to seaward.

The Russian force which was detached from the army of invasion for the siege of Sweaborg, was directed by an engineer officer, General Suchtelen. When he approached the place in February he had not quite 3,000 men at his disposal, but he was gradually reinforced until, in the first week of March, he commanded eleven battalions of infantry, four squadrons of cavalry, four field-batteries, a company of garrison artillery, and two companies of engineers. Heavy guns for the siege-batteries were taken from the Russian fortresses on the frontier of Finland, packed on sledges, and dragged slowly across the snow ice to Helsingfors, the busy commercial town which stands on a point of the mainland west of Sweaborg. Naturally, there was a limit to the number of guns that could be thus brought up, especially as for every gun a quantity of ammunition would have to be conveyed to the front in the same laborious fashion. Thus it was that Suchtelen had never more than thirty heavy guns and sixteen mortars in his batteries, though there were some 2,000 cannon, mounted and unmounted, in the forts and arsenal of Sweaborg. Nor was the want of ordnance the only difficulty of the attack. Suchtelen had to construct the batteries for the few guns he possessed with logs, bundles of brushwood, gabions filled with snow, and other light materials; for the bare rocky ground of the islands and capes made it impossible to dig, and between the capes and the fortress there was only the level ice of the Gulf of Finland, covered with frozen snow, and broken here and there by a ridge of rocks. To carry parallels and zigzags across such a surface, and erect breaching batteries upon it, was out of the question. Suchtelen, therefore, decided that this singular siege should be chiefly a blockade, varied with an occasional bombardment, when his limited supplies of ammunition would permit of such a display of fireworks.

He mounted his heavy guns and mortars at Cape Helsingfors and on Skandetlandet island, and some adjacent rocks. Back Holm, on the east of Sweaborg, was held by a detached force, and the expanse of ice to the northward covering the great roadstead was continually patrolled by night and watched by day. There was not much chance of the garrison breaking out to the southward, where the ice covered the open sea for miles. At first Suchtelen had thought of attempting a *coup-de-main*, in the shape of a sudden assault with scaling-ladders; but, considering the great risk and the certain cost in life of such an enterprise, he decided that it should be attempted only if other means failed.

The first cannon-shots were exchanged on March 6th. At daybreak a Swedish working party, several hundreds strong, was seen to be busy on the west side of Sweaborg, breaking up the ice in front of the fortifications. It was a difficult piece of work; for blocks of ice had to be sawn out and carried off, so that it was more like quarrying than the ice-breaking we see on an English pond or river. Count Cronstedt was trying to secure a barrier of open water, or at least of thin ice, for the forts that he believed to be most exposed to attack. A Russian battery on a rocky island between Sweaborg and Helsingfors opened fire on the ice-cutters, and they ran back behind the nearest forts, which promptly replied to the Russian fire. Laid with a high elevation, the Swedish guns sent most of their projectiles over the Russian battery and into the town of Helsingfors behind it, where roofs and walls were soon crashing down. On this Suchtelen ceased firing, and sent an officer with a flag of truce across the ice to Sweaborg. The officer was brought to Admiral Cronstedt's quarters, and told the Swedish commander that he had been sent by General Suchtelen, out of motives of humanity, to remonstrate with him as to the damage his guns were doing to the peaceful inhabitants of Helsingfors. Most of them, he pointed out, had relations and friends in the garrison; and if, nevertheless, the governor was so unfeeling as to destroy their homes and expose them to the horrors of a northern winter, the Russian army would make reprisals on Swedish towns that were already in its possession. The old sailor replied that the destruction of Helsingfors was necessary for the security of his garrison; and, sorry as he was for the poor

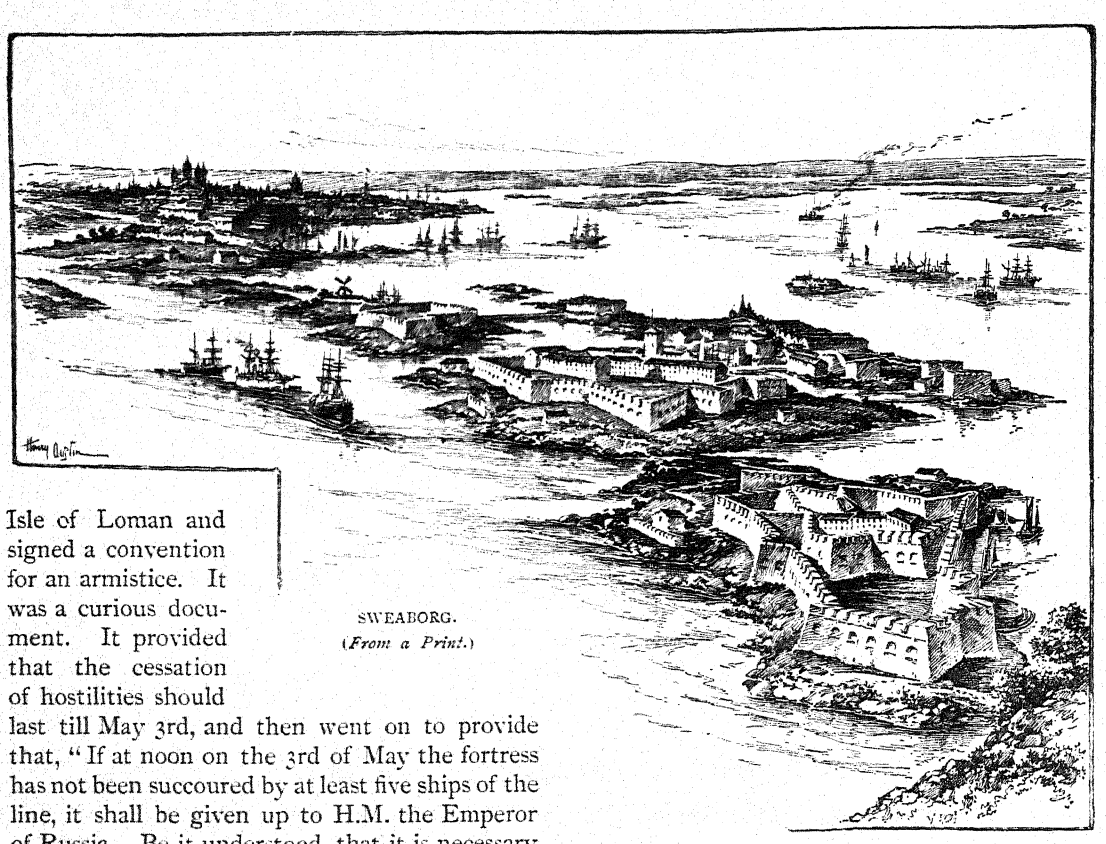
people of the town, he must think first of the defence of the fortress. But Cronstedt was anything but a determined man, and after giving this decision he consented to take the advice of a council of war on the point. Now, councils of war, almost without exception, avoid strong measures and disagreeable courses, so the result was that later in the day Cronstedt agreed to a compromise suggested by Suchtelen. On the one hand, the Swedes agreed not to fire upon Helsingfors ; on the other, the Russians pledged themselves not to erect any batteries in the direction of the town. There was to be no fighting on the north-west front of Sweaborg, "from motives of humanity."

But the old sailor had been outwitted by the wily Russian, who had gained a tremendous advantage out of this humanitarian compact. To quote Suchtelen's own words in his report on the siege :—"Our ammunition trains, our hospitals and stores, could thus be placed in perfect safety at Helsingfors. The town afforded at the same time to the headquarters, and to the troops carrying on the siege, the only shelter from the weather that was to be found in the neighbourhood."

Having thus secured a base of operations, the Russians proceeded to harass the garrison by day and by night. The heavy batteries bombarded the fortress, taking aim at the mills and the masts of ships that rose above the ramparts, and especially firing at the great snow-covered roofs of the shipbuilding-slips and workshops of the arsenal. Day after day fires broke out in the place. Even at night the garrison was allowed no rest. Troops would march out upon the ice from the Russian lines, with drums beating and torches flaring, only to disappear as the first gun was fired from fort or rampart. The Russian field-artillery added to the alarms of the garrison. Colonel Argoun, who commanded it, was always playing a gigantic game of hide-and-seek among the rocks around Sweaborg. His guns would slip along from rock to rock, appear suddenly where they were least expected within point-blank range of the ramparts, send a shower of grape over them, and retire just as the garrison beat to arms to repel a supposed attempt to storm the works. For, with all this activity in the Russian lines, Cronstedt was persuaded that Suchtelen was meditating an assault. The result was that the garrison turned out to its alarm posts several times every day and night, besides having to work continually at putting out the fires in the dockyard and arsenal. Exposed to bitter cold, working hard by day, deprived of proper rest at night, no wonder the men began to break down. Cronstedt had no idea of the weakness of the force opposed to him, or of the strength of his own position. To his mind, Sweaborg was an island fortress depending on the sea for its security ; and now, thanks to the ice, the sea was traversed even by field-artillery, and a column of assault could march right up to the ramparts. Yet all the while, if he had abandoned his attitude of passive and irresolute defence, he was himself in a position to seriously menace the besiegers with disaster.

Soon he began to be anxious about the supply of food. On the approach of the invaders a large number of the people of Helsingfors had fled to Sweaborg. Cronstedt would have liked to get rid of these "useless mouths," and he sent some of them out to try to reach their old homes. The Russian outposts drove them back at the point of the bayonet. But General Suchtelen sent in a courteous message to the admiral under a flag of truce. He could not allow him to increase his supplies by sending out hundreds of the civilian inhabitants of Sweaborg, but he would be happy to give a safe conduct and an escort to the admiral's own family, in order to spare them the sufferings of the siege. Cronstedt nobly replied that he and his must share the lot of the garrison. He would accept no special privileges for his wife and children.

The Russian general further showed his courtesy by sending into the Governor gazettes, newspapers, and letters for the families of officers and men. But all the papers and letters had been carefully examined beforehand, and only those were allowed to pass out of Helsingfors which contained depressing news for the Swedes about the progress of the Russian arms and the sufferings of the rest of the country. All good news was carefully kept back. Flags of truce were thus always coming and going, and the Russian staff arranged, on one pretext or another, to have as many conferences as possible with the admiral and his officers. They soon found out that he had no confidence in his position, no expectation of the siege being raised, and that he was particularly suspicious of the promised English naval succour in the spring. He thought that if the British came it would be to get possession of the Swedish fleet. Hopes were artfully held out to him that it might be possible to save the flotilla at Sweaborg by negotiating a separate capitulation for the fortress, and on April 3rd Suchtelen and Cronstedt met on the



SWEABORG.
(*From a Print.*)

Isle of Loman and signed a convention for an armistice. It was a curious document. It provided that the cessation of hostilities should last till May 3rd, and then went on to provide that, "If at noon on the 3rd of May the fortress has not been succoured by at least five ships of the line, it shall be given up to H.M. the Emperor of Russia. Be it understood, that it is necessary such succour shall at that hour have actually entered the harbour of Sweaborg, and that if it should only be in sight of the fortress it shall be considered as not having arrived."

On the ratification of the armistice, the Swedes were to give up to the Russians, as a guarantee, the island of Langorn, with its batteries. The one advantage which was held out to the old admiral as the price of this convention was the preservation of the flotilla. But even this was only conditional, for the article referring to it ran thus:—"The flotilla shall be restored in its actual condition to Sweden, after the peace, provided always that England shall restore to Denmark the fleet taken from that Power last year."

Next day the Russians were given possession of Langorn, the batteries of which commanded the entrance to the great harbour, and they immediately took precautions to prevent any rescuing squadron from getting in when the ice broke up. Additional guns were mounted. Furnaces were prepared and kept ready day and night for firing red-hot shot, and the gunners slept in shelters beside their guns. But the ice held on, and no relief appeared; so on May 3rd Admiral Cronstedt surrendered, and the Russians took possession of the fortress, with 2,000 guns, over 300,000 projectiles, and a great store of arms and ammunition, 2 frigates, 19 transports, and 100 galleys, sloops, gunboats, and small craft, besides a considerable supply of rigging and naval stores. Two hundred and eight officers and 7,368 men laid down their arms.

"The Russians," wrote Suchtelen, "had hardly enough men to occupy the place and see to the dispersion of the enemy's garrison." There were rumours that Cronstedt had been bribed to surrender the fortress, but both Russian and Swedish writers deny that there was any ground for such a charge against him. Without supposing anything of the kind, his conduct is explained by the fact that, though a brave sailor, he was quite out of place as the commandant of a mixed garrison of soldiers and militia in an ice-bound fortress; and, above all, the simple-minded old man was no match for a soldier diplomatist like Suchtelen. Cronstedt was weak and vacillating at a time when victory was within reach of a determined man, and so the great prize of Sweaborg fell into the hands of adversaries who were full of resource, enterprise,

and determination, the very qualities in which he was deficient. On May 8th the Russian flag was hoisted on the forts, with a salute of 101 guns, and a *Te Deum* was solemnly celebrated in the great square of the citadel. The Black Eagle has flown there ever since. In the Crimean War Sweaborg defied the attacks of our Baltic fleet.

Its surrender to Suchtelen came at a most unfortunate time, for not only was the ice breaking up, so that very soon a joint Swedish and British fleet would have been in the Gulf of Finland, but the Swedish armies in the field, under Klingsporr, had been winning decided victories over the Russian army of invasion. The first serious fighting took place in the second week of April. On the 13th the Swedes were in and about Pyhajoki, at the mouth of the river of the same name. Klingsporr's head-quarters were in the town, and Colonel Gripenberg, with about 200 men, covered it by holding the strong position of Ypperi, on the coast a little to the south. On the 13th, Gripenberg was attacked in front by the Russian vanguard, while another column, led by General Koulneff in person, moving on the ice of the Gulf of Bothnia, turned his right flank. In this way Gripenberg was driven out of three positions in succession. His fourth stand was made close to Pyhajoki, and here Klingsporr came to the rescue of his rear-guard. His artillery checked the Russian advance on the coast road, while his chief-of-the-staff, Colonel Count Löwenhjelm, with a brigade of infantry and some squadrons of dragoons, charged Koulneff's Russians on the ice. In one of these charges, which he led sword in hand, Löwenhjelm had his horse killed, and was himself wounded and taken prisoner. This caused some confusion among his followers, but the result of Klingsporr's attack was that he disengaged his rear-guard, stopped the Russian pursuit at the mouth of the Pyhajoki, and was able to continue his retreat unmolested.



GENERAL SUCHTELEN.
(*From a Print.*)

The Russians occupied Brahestad on April 18th, and drove the Swedish rear-guard out of Olijoki. But a few miles to the northwards, near the church of Sikajoki, Klingsporr made a more determined stand than he had yet ventured upon. At the mouth of the Sikajoki river, the Russians tried to repeat the manœuvre which they had so often found successful, by moving out on the ice to turn the position of the Swedes on the land. But this time Klingsporr was ready for them, and they were beaten back with heavy loss by the Swedish artillery and cavalry. The frontal attack made no more progress. The Russians came on again and again, but the Swedes doggedly held their ground. The fight went on for eight hours, the whole length of the short northern day. Towards sunset General Adlerkreutz, who was now acting as Klingsporr's chief-of-the-staff, noticed that the Russian fire was slackening, and abandoning the defensive attitude for the attack, charged them all along the line, and drove them from the field. The fight had cost a loss of about 1,000 killed and wounded, among the former the Swedish general Fleming. One of the chivalrous incidents of the struggle is worth noting. In those days of smooth-bore flintlocks, men fought at a range of from 100 to 200 yards, and so it was that Koulneff, who commanded the Russian attack, noticed a Swedish officer who was recklessly exposing himself to danger, and, admiring his courage, he told the Cossack sharpshooters not to fire at the brave fellow. The officer bore a name now famous in Scandinavian literature—he was a Captain Björnsterne. But the Swedes were equally generous, for, in the same fight, Adlerkreutz was so struck by Koulneff's intrepid bearing, that he gave orders that care should be taken not to shoot down the Russian general.

Klingsporr withdrew next day northwards to Lumijoki, where he waited for reinforcements, which soon gave him the advantage of numbers over the Russians, who now made no further attempts to disturb him. In the last week of April he felt strong enough to assume the offensive. He had good information, for the peasants were all friendly to the Swedes, and he learned in this way that two Russian columns, under Generals Boulatoff and Toutchkoff, were marching to unite their forces near Revolax in his front. He resolved to delay one of them while he overwhelmed the other with a sudden attack, and on April 27th he set in motion two columns. The smaller, under Adlerkreutz, was to keep Toutchkoff engaged, while the larger, under General Cronstedt (a relative of the admiral), was to interpose between his force and Boulatoff, and try to break up Boulatoff's corps. The attacks were to have been simultaneous, but Cronstedt's march was delayed by deep snow drifts, and Adlerkreutz was in a very serious position, engaged with Toutchkoff's force (which repelled all his attacks), and at the same time exposed to the danger of Boulatoff's corps coming up. But in the afternoon, when Boulatoff, marching towards the sound of his colleague's guns, was approaching Revolax, he suddenly found himself attacked by a Swedish column, which, to his utter surprise, debouched not from a road, but from the hollow of a frozen stream, the ice of which it had used as a roadway. At the same time a sharp fire from the edges of all the firwoods on both his flanks told him that Cronstedt, before showing his hand, had lined all available cover with his sharpshooters. He saw he was caught in a trap. Forming his brigade into a solid column, he tried to bear down the Swedish main attack, but as this first effort failed, he cut his colours from the staff, and giving them to one of his officers, told him to try to get through to Toutchkoff, and tell him that the brigade would fight to the last. Wounded several times, Boulatoff did not give the word to cease fire till he was actually dying. In this condition he fell into the hands of the Swedes, who took 800 prisoners and four guns. Some hundreds more of the Russians got away in the gathering darkness, and the wreck of the brigade rallied to the standard of Toutchkoff, who, on hearing of his colleague's fate, retreated to Pyhajoki, leaving a rear-guard at Brahestad. His force was a little over 5,000 men, with nineteen guns. Klingsporr had now 12,000, but there was a good deal of sickness in his army.

He followed the Russians with his main body, sending a flying column under Colonel Sandels to recover possession of the lake-land of central Finland. The Russians had declared that they came to deliver the Finns from Swedish tyranny, but now the peasants were rising in insurrection on the flank and rear of the invaders and cutting off their convoys. It was thus difficult for them to get supplies, or to maintain their communications. The Russians abandoned Brahestad and retreated to Gamle Carlaby before the advancing Swedes, Klingsporr crossing the Pyhajoki in triumph, while the insurrection spread eastwards, supported by Colonel Sandels' column, and the Russians had to rapidly take precautions for the defence of their own frontier.

Then with the first days of May there was a pause in the operations. For the thaw had begun, and every river was a torrent of rushing water and whirling masses of ice; the streams of melting snow made watercourses of the roads; and marsh and lake were no longer passable for the flying columns. To Count Klingsporr it must have seemed that victory was now assured for Sweden. He had recovered the north of the kingdom. Even with the forces at his command he could drive the Russians back to the south, where, as he supposed, Sweaborg was defying their attacks. The thaw would bring to his aid not merely the Swedish fleet, but the English squadron, which had reached Gothenburg, escorting transports that conveyed 14,000 British troops under Sir John Moore. It looked as if the summer would see the disastrous retreat of the invaders from Finland.

But all these hopes were dashed to the ground when news came, first that Sweaborg was in the hands of Russia, and then that King Gustavus was quarrelling with his English allies. He was dreaming of vast schemes of conquest—of repeating the exploits of his great namesake, the Gustavus of the Thirty Years' War, by throwing himself into Denmark at the head of his Swedes and Sir John Moore's troops, and intervening in Germany with decisive effect. When Sir John would not listen to these wild schemes, the king refused to co-operate with him in any other direction, and after useless debates, the British troops re-embarked, and Sir John Moore sailed away to find victory, death, and fame in the Spanish peninsula. Even the king's Swedish forces, after a long delay, were frittered away in ill-directed enterprises against the Russian fortified positions in the south of Finland. In the shallows among the islands Gustavus carried on,

with varying success, a kind of amphibious warfare, where his own galleys and troops acted against the Russian batteries and the galleys and gunboats taken by the invaders from his own arsenals. Had he used his resources to reinforce Klingsporr, that brave and capable soldier would have accomplished more.

Even as it was, Klingsporr inflicted further defeats on the invaders, recovered all the west of Finland from them, and, co-operating with Sandels, freed the centre, where at one time all the Russians held was the fortified town of Kuopio, strong in its position in the midst of a labyrinth of lakes and creeks.

Meanwhile the joint Swedish and British fleet had defeated the Russian fleet off Hango Head, and blockaded it in Baltsch Port till the autumn. It lay there under the protection of some shore batteries, until one day a violent storm forced the blockading squadron to stand out to sea, when the Russians ran out also and got safely into Cronstadt. No attempt was made by the allied fleet to recover Sweaborg, or even to menace it. With the key of Finland thus in their hands, the Russians held the south of the country through the summer.

Then came an armistice; divided counsels among the Swedes, quarrels and dissensions among the leaders, which were the prelude of the revolution in the following year; and 1809 saw the fall of Gustavus, and the treaty signed which gave Finland to Russia.



A FINNISH PILOT.

The Red River Expedition: 1870

By Angus Evan Abbott

SOON all the mystery of the great North-West of Canada will have disappeared for ever. Even now the cry of the ploughman to his unruly beasts startles the prairie chicken, and the click-and-purr of ten thousand machines is heard reaping, where but a few years ago numberless buffalo and deer and Indian ponies cropped the prairie grasses. Snug houses now stand where once the smoke from the wigwam lost its blue in the blue of the sky; wheezing steamers have crowded the birch-bark canoe from river and lake; the grimy stoker and thrashing screw are taking the place of the painted brave and his white-ash paddle, and the black locomotive, vomiting smoke, rocks shrieking across the plains, swinging its comet-tail of carriages, where, in days not long past, the Indian courier dug his bare heels into the ribs of his lean pony and urged the beast over the rough ground. And the red man? He has gathered his flaming blanket about his shoulders, and is stealing into the land of the unknown.

When Canada, on payment of £300,000 to the Hudson's Bay Company, acquired the great North-West, she acquired a kingdom.

Up to the date—1869—of this transfer of authority from "the governor and company of adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" (as King Charles's Charter described the company) to the Dominion of Canada the vast region was little else than a howling wilderness. True, dotted here and there on the banks of scarcely known rivers, and by the shores of lakes as yet unexplored by white man, were busy posts or forts belonging to the great fur-trading company; but between these lay vast stretches of prairie and forest, hundreds of miles dividing post from post. To these forts came the Indian, the Half-breed, and French-Canadian trapper, so like the Indian in habits, dress, and complexion as to be hardly distinguishable from the pure Indian. These brought with them the product of their winter's hunt, the result of months spent in the solitudes of lonely stretches of wildernesses. Strange, gloomy, taciturn hunters and trappers frequented the posts, men imbued with the silence of the pine forests from long months passed in solitude when the snow lay banked like white clouds in the woods, and the Frost King smote with his clenched fist on the bosom of unnamed lakes until the ice burst into ribbon-like splits of translucent blue that ran for leagues away. The short days in that northern region were spent by these trappers, white and red, in thridding the wood, noting the tracks in the snow of furry beasts, and examining their craftily-set traps for the silver fox and sable, and the long nights were passed sitting alone in a log hut crouching close to the log fire, while the storm roared down the chimney like an ogre struggling to get in. To such as these the Hudson's Bay Company was the motive of life. At its posts they sold their furs, and bought clothing, food, tobacco, and powder.

Some years before the transfer of authority to the Dominion, settlers, from Ontario principally, having discovered the richness of the prairie land, began to drift into the territory. In the older provinces of Canada the land was heavily wooded, and consequently required much sore labour to bring to a state of cultivation; but in this new region the prairie rolled flat and clear, and all ripe for the plough.

These settlers, assured of justice at the hands of the Dominion authorities, were favourable to the transfer of the rich wilderness from the rule of a chartered company to that of a responsible colony. Not so, however, the Half-breeds. Pretending that they feared that their rights to certain lands staked out by various individuals of them would not be protected, they first

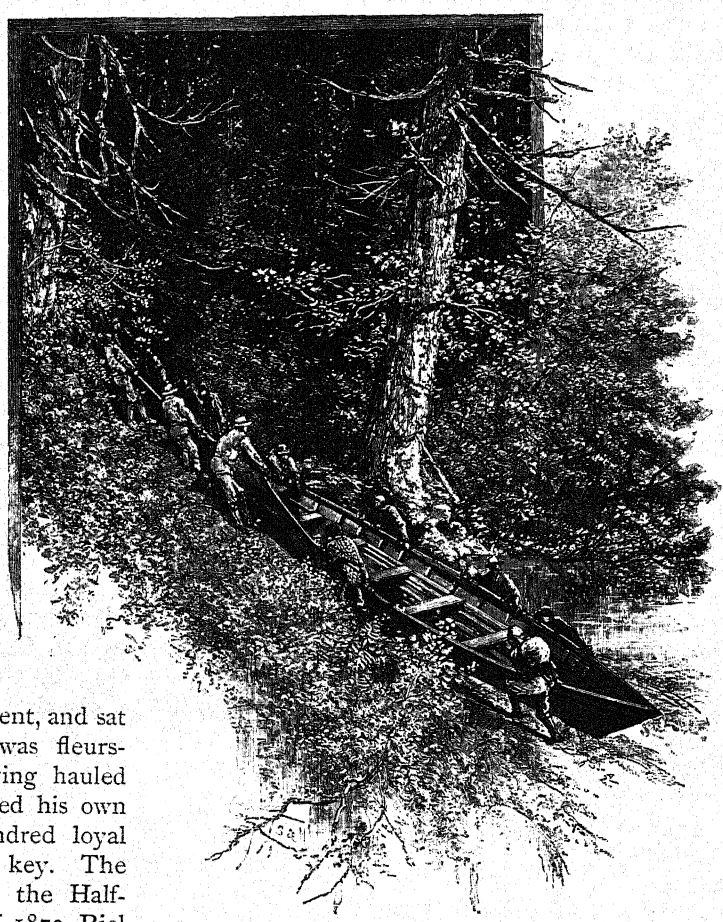
opposed the entrance into the North-West of a surveying party, and then refused to allow the Hon. William McDougall, who had been appointed Governor of the newly-purchased territory, to set foot upon his domain. For some long time the people of Canada were hugely diverted by the spectacle of a Governor forced to stay outside the domain he had been appointed to govern. He made no serious attempt to enter the territory, having no sufficient force behind him, but resided for months on the safer side of the boundary.

The demonstration of the Half-breeds was planned by one Louis Riel, a man of considerable energy and shrewdness, and a right-down scoundrel, who tried his best to stir into action the numerous strong Indian tribes of the North-West. Had he succeeded, one of the greatest of Indians wars must have followed, a war that would have been heralded by massacre of unprotected settlers, their wives and children; this succeeded by many months of bitter bloody fighting. That these calamities were avoided was in no ways owing to Riel.

After an effective period of agitating, Riel whipped the Half-breeds into line, seized the Hudson's Bay Company's posts—the Company's officials seem to have been not ill-disposed to the rebels—formed a provisional government, and with an army of 400 or 500 men, prepared to meet with force any attempt on the part of Canada to take possession of the North-West.

The Ottawa Government tried conciliatory measures. Commissioners were sent to interview Riel, who had assumed the title of President, and sat under a flag the design of which was fleurs-de-lys and shamrocks. Besides having hauled down the Union Jack and substituted his own flag, he had more than half-a-hundred loyal subjects of the Queen under lock and key. The commissioners made little effect on the Half-breeds. During the early months of 1870, Riel spent his time in making an impression on the credulous French Half-breeds, frequently sentencing loyal citizens to be shot, only to pardon them after the poor fellows had suffered all the agonies of looking into the face of an inglorious death. Unfortunately for all concerned, Riel committed one horrible crime. On March 4th, 1870, the "President" ordered that Thomas Scott, an Ontario man and a prisoner, should be tried by court-martial, on what charge it is difficult to say. The fact of the matter was that Riel had determined to show his power, and at the same time to commit his followers irrevocably. The court-martial sentenced Scott to be shot the same day.

It was a ghastly crime. Scott, poor fellow, was led out of Fort Garry, knelt in the snow and was shot. He was not killed outright by the volley, and the *coup de grâce* proved to be no *coup de grâce*, for the bullet striking him in the eye passed around the head without penetrating to the brain. Probably sickened by the horror of these proceedings, it is said the Half-breeds had the victim bundled into his coffin and deposited inside the Fort, where he lay moaning for eight hours before someone put an end to his suffering—some say by shooting him, others



A PORTAGE.

that he was stabbed to death with a butcher's knife.

A thrill of horror ran through Canada. Such crimes could not be countenanced by a justice-loving people. All idea of negotiations and conciliatory measures left the minds of the people of Ontario. A shout went up for energetic action, for effective action, and action without delay. In answer to this call, and to take practical possession of the country, the famous Red River Expedition came into existence.

Now, it so happened that when these events were taking place, one Colonel Wolseley, since become famous in the world, was Deputy Quartermaster-General in Canada. Colonel Wolseley had made himself conspicuous, not only by the comprehensive view he took of his profession, but also by his intimate acquaintance with the least particular of the service. He soon attracted the attention of the authorities both in England and Canada. So it came about that when in April, 1870, Lieutenant-General the Honourable James Lindsay reached Canada to take over the position of commander-in-chief, he found no difficulty in selecting his commander for the expedition. Wolseley received word that he had been appointed to conduct the little force which must make its way through the strange region of lake, forest, river, and prairie. Toronto, capital of the rich province of Ontario, was chosen as a rendezvous for the various battalions then being raised for the work ahead.

This little force consisted, in round numbers, of 1,200 men. Of these one-third were regulars—350 men of the 60th Royal Rifles, 20 men of the Royal Engineers, and 20 Royal Artillery, and small detachments from the Army Service Corps and Army Hospital Corps. The other two-thirds of the force were volunteers from the militia of the twin provinces, Ontario and Quebec, and were formed into two battalions—the 1st or Ontario Rifles, and 2nd or Quebec Rifles.

For service such as lay before this little band of volunteers and regulars, no commander could have wished for a finer stock of people from which to draw his men than were the citizens of the broad provinces Ontario and Quebec. Ontario, which supplied by far the greater proportion of the volunteers, although by this time well "settled," nevertheless was peopled by those who had felled the forest, and who had allowed the sun's rays after untold centuries of darkness to sweeten the loam into life. Towns, even villages, were few, and the broad stretches of rolling lands lay like a great chess-board, the squares alternate clearings and forest. The highways were cut in long straight lines through the woods, and dotted along these, often miles apart, were the farmers' houses, built for the most part of unhewn logs; and over the door, supported by the antlers of a buck itself had slain, lay the rifle, for the settler and his sons could use with equal skill rifle and axe. Through great stretches of the province the deer still browsed. In the early morning when the first frosts of autumn caused the beech-burrs to open, the strange exuberant call of the wild turkey-cock, as with trailing wings and feathers puffed in pride he led his flock under the trees, sounded on the air. The lynx, the wild-cat, and in parts the wolf, still lurked in the swamps. Small wonder then that the Ontario backwoodsman was hardy, skilled in woodcraft, and a deadly shot. The pick of these (for a rigid medical examination was insisted upon) Colonel Wolseley led into the great North-West.

On the morning of May 21st, 1870, Colonel Wolseley took train from Toronto to Collingwood, a little port at the southernmost point of Georgian Bay—a bay which rides, like the hump of a camel, on the back of Lake Huron. This section of ninety-four miles was to be sure the least eventful of the whole journey, and the trains rapidly spilt the little expedition into the town. At the wooden piers running out into the bay lay the steamers *Frances Smith* and *Chicora*—the latter, I believe, famous during the years of the American War as a successful blocade-runner. The night of the 21st was one of infinite bustle and excitement.

Georgian Bay is a wonderful sheet of water. Islands almost without number dot its bosom, raising their heads in sizes varying from a handful of earth—only large enough to furnish a precarious hold for a clump of green trees—to the Grand Manitoulin, which is 100 miles long by thirty miles broad, and now contains a population of 10,000 souls. Between the islands are many curious channels of great depth, and waves of the deepest blue break on the ribbons of white sand which girdle the islands, whereon to this day the she-bear leads her chubby cubs to play in the moonlight, and wet their fat paws in the lake. Many of the islands are uninhabited, but all are rich in trees and grasses, and in summer are green blotches in the rolling waters. But when winter closes down the Great Lakes freeze to an incredible depth, and the fierce north wind sweeping across the leagues of ice-piled lake, the islands are

indeed, inhospitable dwelling-places for white man or red.

However, the troops of the Red River Expedition made the journey under most favourable conditions of time and weather. The steamers sped across the beautiful bay winding in and out among the islands, occasionally stopping at some out-of-the-way settlement to take on fuel. The soldiers sat on deck watching with curious eye the many strange sights, and gazing with admiration at the light birch-bark canoe and the picturesque brave, who held his paddle deep in the water while he glanced stoically at the passing steamers. On the 23rd the *Chicora*, the leading steamer, made her way up the narrow Ste. Marie River and passed the famous "Soo" Rapids. Here were picked up four companies of the Ontario Rifles and a large party of Iroquois Indians—splendid fellows, who proved of great service to the expedition, for they were capital at handling the boats and canoes. At the "Soo" the first real hard work of the expedition was encountered. A portage had to be made of most of the stores, and although everyone worked with a will it turned out to be a heavy job. Here, too, the transport department was increased by the addition of the propeller *Shickluna* towing two schooners. Out upon the Lake Superior the steamers made their way, and early on the morning of the 25th the bold outline of Thunder Cape loomed against the sky, and a few hours afterwards Thunder Bay was entered and the fleet brought to an anchor. The second stage of the journey had been won.

On the shore of this great bay and surrounded by mountains, the pioneers of the expedition under Dawson had already prepared a landing-place and erected a few rough shanties. All round the land-side of the spot stretched hundreds of miles of forests, inhabited only by the bear and wolf, and which furnish the fuel for those tremendous fires that roll over the land, their flames leaping high into the heavens and flinging their smoke in clouds so dense that the sailor on Lake Superior has to feel his way along the decks of the craft he is speeding from shore. On landing, Colonel Wolseley named the place Prince Arthur's Landing (now Port Arthur) in honour of the Prince then in Canada. From this port ran a road cut for the expedition, a forty-miles-long slit in the green forest.

Those of the expedition who were shipped on the *Frances Smith* began the disagreeable experiences of the journey early. On the voyage across Georgian Bay, the captain of the steamer, having got himself into a proper condition to do so, hopelessly lost his way among the islands. It was only by the greatest of good luck that the steamer was saved from shipwreck, and every soul aboard considered himself fortunate when, after an anxious time, the captain finally happened on the mouth of the Ste. Marie River. It was probably just as well that when he navigated his vessel to the "Soo" he demanded such an outrageous sum of money before he would consent to proceed out upon Lake Superior, that the authorities decided to dispense with the services of his ship. Thus the troops were forced to disembark and take other steamers, hastily chartered for the emergency, to their destination.

A strange scene, indeed, the tiny speck of clearings on the lake shore, the little fleet rocking to the swell that rolled in from the bosom of Superior, the great forest blasted by the flames that had but a short time before swept across the face of the land, and the thin highway in the forest, as if a giant plough had passed from the lake shore away for the north. Indian squaws parted the underbrush, stole out of the forest, their papooses strapped to their backs and flame-coloured blankets drawn round their shoulders, and stood in picturesque groups watching the strange company of white men who were swinging the battering-ram of civilisation against the barricades of the great North-West.

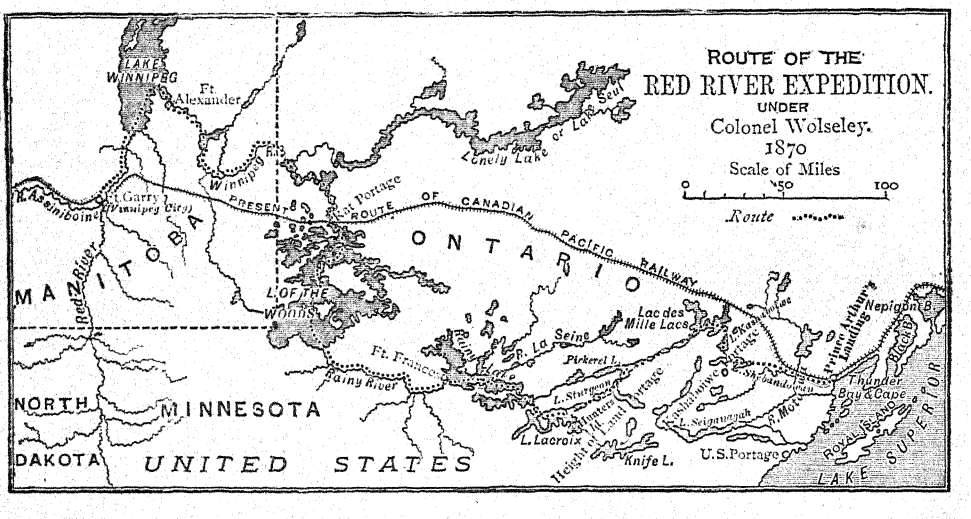
Between the vessels and the shore plied a wooden scow some fifty-five feet long, this under the charge of a Mr. Mellish—whom the light-hearted volunteers at once nicknamed "the Admiral"—and his cumbrous scow the *Water-Lily*. On the *Water-Lily* men, horses, oxen, stores, cannon, everything, were conveyed to the shore. While this was going on, Colonel Wolseley personally inspected the road that ran from Prince Arthur's Landing to Lake Shebandowan. Probably not until he had made this inspection did he realise the grave difficulties that he was called upon to surmount. A more primitive highway it would have been difficult to find.

Under the best circumstances a newly-constructed road through a Canadian forest is but a sorry highway. The trees that are felled to clear the way are usually cut into lengths of a dozen feet or so, and rolled into position cheek-by-jowl, the crossways of the highway. For this purpose—and, in fact, for all work in the bush—oxen are used in preference

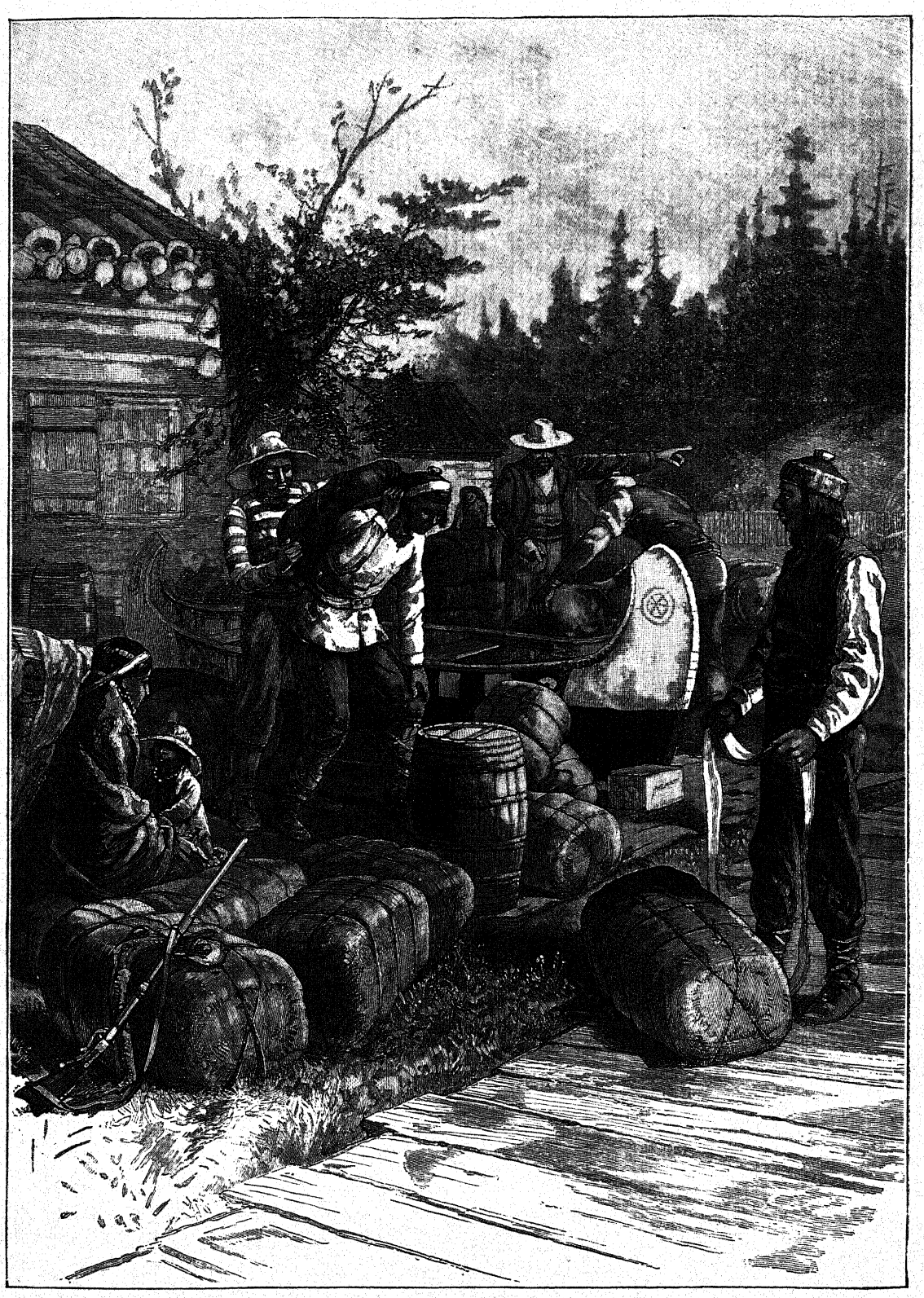
to horses on account of many qualities, among others their great strength, their ability to scramble unhurt over logs and through brush, their cleverness in passing over bog-land and through mire, and their coarse appetites which allow them to thrive on rank grasses and brush-wood. Moreover, their very slowness of movement is a virtue. The road formed of logs is called "corderoy," and it will be readily understood that it makes a jolting, wracking way for vehicles, only preferable, in fact, to loose undrained earth.

When Colonel Wolseley rode on his visit of inspection, matters looked far from promising. Ahead one-fourth of the distance to Shebandowan, where the expedition was to embark in canoes, had not even been cleared of the trees, and the remainder which had been "corderoyed" was in a bad way owing to a forest fire which ten days before had raged, burning bridges, setting fire to the "corderoy," and entirely destroying the barricades of timber that had been reared to support deep cuttings, allowing miniature landslides to blockade the road. But these grave difficulties were surmounted in the most energetic manner. Every man worked like a nailer. Soldiers lay aside their arms to ply the spade and swing the axe, and parties commenced work on burnt culverts and filled-in cuttings. Strange to tell, in a country abounding in young men who thoroughly understood the management of horses, the expedition was seriously retarded by the incapacity of the teamsters. The horses, badly handled, were soon knocked up, and the teamsters, not having been regularly enlisted and so not bound to obey orders, turned obstinate and discontented. Wolseley and his officers were well-nigh at their wits' ends over the matter. The guns—for the expedition took out a battery of bronze muzzle-loading 7-pounders, weighing 200 pounds apiece—were heavy baggage, and the boats required for navigating the hundreds of miles of lakes and rivers had to be transported through the forest on waggon-wheels, attached by chains to bow and stern. As there were a hundred and fifty boats to be transported, and as the waggons were urgently needed for the removal of the general stores, Colonel Wolseley cast about him for other means of sending forward the boats.

A few miles from Port Arthur stood a Hud-



son's Bay post, and the factor of this suggested that an attempt be made to propel the boats up the Kaministiquia River, a stream full of rapids, which, after taking a wide sweep through the bush, crossed the road some twenty-two miles from the landing. On June 4th Captain Young and Lieutenant Fraser, commanding thirty-four men of the 60th in two heavy boats built at Quebec and four raftsmen's boats, set out to make the attempt. They found the river quiet only when it was gathering force for a run down wild rapids or a plunge over great falls. Before they reached the bridge that carried the highway across the river, the men of the 60th had made seven portages, one of them around the Kakabeka Falls, a mile in length. Indians who knew every foot of the way piloted the flotilla, and the men, by wading waist-deep, hauling at ropes, pushing and paddling, managed to send forward the boats, while the waggons laboured along the primitive highway with the stores.



A HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S POST.

But the heavy and wet work was by no means the only hardship encountered. The forests of this district are the homes of the most aggravating, maddening flies, diminutive and vicious: black flies that rise like clouds in the air, sand flies, mosquitos; at high noon or at midnight it is the same—nipping, biting, stinging, burrowing under the skin until hands and face are raw and tingling and swollen. Veils were served out to the men, but one might as well spread a tennis net to catch a shoal of minnows as hope to keep the black fly from the face by means of a veil. The poor horses and oxen came in for their share of trouble from flies. Nor were the elements a whit more kind. Several times forest fires swept across the rough road, burning the bridges, and after the fires subsided frightful thunderstorms turned streams into raging torrents, carrying away bridges and roadbed. But all the time the little army battled bravely against its strange foes: forests, floods, fires, and—flies.

This was indeed a trying stretch of road for the young commander, and at one time the success of the expedition was in grave danger. But Wolseley by judicious compromises, here keeping to the road, there trusting all to the rapidly-running rivers, at last succeeded in reaching Lake Shebandowan. When the expedition was trailing its length across this section of brush, the lieutenant-general paid Colonel Wolseley a visit, and was received in proper style, as the following extract will show.

Captain Huyshe of the Rifle Brigade, who has written a good-humoured and entertaining account of the Red River Expedition, says:—

"At the time that the lieutenant-general arrived at the Matawan"—a river which the road crossed twenty-seven miles from Thunder Bay—"on his visit of inspection, I happened to be present, and was much amused at the dress in which the inspecting officer was received by Captain Young, who was then at his daily work in the boats taking supplies up the river. His dress consisted of but three articles: a red woollen night-cap, a flannel shirt, open at the throat and chest with the sleeves rolled up to the elbows, a pair of duck trousers tucked up to the knees and confined round the waist by a leathern belt and sheath knife; no shoes or stockings, and a pipe in his mouth, which he politely removed to shake hands with the general."

This terribly hard stage of the journey proved a good sifting ground. The idle and inexperienced were soon marked men, and all such were left behind at McNeil's Bay.

Before the little expedition now lay a great stretch of waterway, and from this point the *voyageurs*, Indians for the most part and French-Canadians, became the all-important men. These were under the leadership of Ignace, a splendid old Indian who had been to the Arctic regions with Dr. Rae, and who knew the North-West well. A beautiful evening was that of July 16th, calm and clear, when the little fleet of boats—a short time before the cause of many heart-burns, but now to repay for all such by safely bearing the expedition to its journey's end—put out upon the bosom of Lake Shebandowan. The army was now quite out of touch of civilisation. The forest stood with its toes in the water, the wild fowl rose in long thin lines, leaving beaded ripples where their wings trailed their red feet from the water, and far and near sounded the cries of the loon. Until this time the waters had never been ruffled but by the boats of the *voyageurs*, the canoe of the red man, or the buck that had plunged into the lake to escape the pack of wolves steadily overtaking him in a long hard run, or to answer a challenge sounding from the forest on the other side of the river or lake.

Six hundred miles away stood Fort Garry, the goal of the expedition—six hundred miles of lake and river, through picturesque scenery entirely novel to the great majority of those in the boats, bivouacking at evening under the pines on the banks, and paddling all day. From Lake Shebandowan the foremost boats came to Kashaboiwe portage, passed it (heavy work it turned out to be, everything having to be carried on the back. There were no horses or oxen now) and into Lake Kashaboiwe. At Height-of-Land portage the expedition passed over the "back" or water-shed of the country. On one side of this "back" lay the Lac des Mille Lacs, whose waters run away to the north to finally flow into Hudson's Bay; on the other side the waters flow into the Great Lakes and down to the St. Lawrence.

The stage of the journey from Height-of-Land portage to Fort Frances need not be described in detail. Every man of the force, now that the serious obstacles offered by the pine forests had been overcome, worked with a lighter heart. Instead of the monotony of blasted pine and miry way, each stroke of the paddle now opened up a new view—beautiful islands, glassy reaches of water, wooded banks. While the *voyageurs* piloted the boats down the rapids, the volunteers strolled in the woods

or along the bank, pestered only by the flies. Pickerel Lake was passed, Dorá Lake (where Colonel Wolseley—who had remained behind to see the whole expedition safely into canoes and boats—now caught up with the pioneers, having been brought forward in a gig rowed at a great pace by Iroquois Indians. He kept ahead of the expedition from here on), Sturgeon Lake, Lac Lacroix, Loon Lake, and Rainy Lake—where the wind blew so violently as to "hold up" the expedition for a day—and into Rainy River. Three miles down this splendid river stood Fort Frances, an old Hudson's Bay Company's post. This was reached on August 4th.

After six days spent at this important post, Colonel Wolseley took his place in a birch-bark canoe paddled by Iroquois, and made off down the Rainy River. At the mouth of the river messengers from the North-West were encountered. They had come to meet the expedition and to implore all speed, as the danger of an Indian uprising was great; but as the expedition was making the best time possible, nothing more could be done. Here, too, the troops heard of the declaration of war between France and Prussia. The next stretch of water that lay before the boats was the beautiful Lake of the Woods, which was with difficulty crossed owing to storms, and the innumerable small islands offering great inducements to lose the way—which many of the boats accepted.

At Rat Portage the turbulent but grand Winnipeg River begins its course of more than one hundred and sixty miles. It is a river of many dangers—cataracts, rapids, whirlpools, rocks, and numerous channels—and it flows through a wild, picturesque country. It took but four days for the boats to do the distance between Rat Portage and Fort Alexander. During the journey down the river the men experienced all the thrilling sensations of shooting the rapids. A wild Indian as pilot, the foam flying high in the air, waves roaring around and over stubborn rocks, and the canoes and boats shivering and shuddering like steeds at the scent of blood. On the 19th the "Seven Portages" were passed, and the next day Colonel Wolseley reached Fort Alexander. Two miles further on spread out the inland sea, Lake Winnipeg. The last stage of the journey now had been reached.

No rest at Fort Alexander! Colonel Wolseley was determined to push ahead, and so next day he set out with all the boats that had arrived, and the little flotilla was soon sailing around Lake Winnipeg for the mouth of the Red River. Here the boats were formed into proper order in case of opposition being met with from Riel and his Half-breeds, and canoes were sent ahead to act as "scouts." Farther up the river troops were "unshipped" and marched along the bank of the river, the rebel-infested country thus being entered with all proper caution. The two 7-pounders were mounted in boats, and when camp was pitched, some six miles below Fort Garry—a strong post held by Riel—pickets were thrown out and sentries posted. While all this was going on, no definite news of the march was brought to the rebel leader. Indeed, Riel seems to have altogether disbelieved in the existence of the expedition, which was soon to be a very patent fact to him.

On the 24th, Point Douglas was reached, and here the whole party disembarked and formed in battle array, expecting that at length fighting must begin. Through deep mud the little army advanced on Winnipeg; but when the followers of the Half-breed saw the Canadian army advancing they refused to fight, and instead took to their heels, deserting Fort Garry by the south gate. Riel and his chief men made good their escape to the United States, floating across rivers on rafts made of fence-rails, and doing long marches barefoot. Some years later he returned to the North-West, stirred up a second rebellion, was captured, and, together with a number of Indian chiefs, suffered death by hanging.

When Wolseley entered Fort Garry "the Union Jack was hoisted, a royal salute fired, and three cheers given for the Queen." So happily ended the first Red River Rebellion and the active work of the Red River Expedition.

Trace on the map the route followed by this enterprising little force and you will realise that perhaps never in the history of armed expeditions has an army shaped a more devious way, and did its work under a greater variety of circumstances of travel. From Toronto to Georgian Bay sped by locomotives, up the great lakes in churning steamers, through the woods on waggons, wracking over corderoy roads, and then by portage, river and lake on to Fort Garry, 1,280 miles of ever-changing scenery and conditions, and hard work, always in danger from fire and flood, invading a hostile region, plunging down foaming rapids, losing the way among unnamed islands, riding the waves like a strange flock of wild fowl, and ever pushing on cheerful and confident, the expedition—a mere handful of brave men—did the duty set for it expeditiously, effectively, and without the loss of a man of them all.

SEPT: 1842—MARCH 1843

THE CONQUEST OF SCINDE

BY

ARCHIBALD FORBES

"LADY SARAH LENNOX," wrote Horace Walpole, "was more beautiful than you can conceive. No Magdalen by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive." So thought the young King George III., who sent her a proposal of marriage through a common friend. On the next Court-day the king took Lady Sarah aside, and asked what she thought of his message. "Tell me," he pleaded, "for my happiness depends on your answer." "Nothing, sir," replied the lady, who just then had someone else in her head. "Nothing comes of nothing," said his Majesty, as he turned away in manifest vexation; but he never ceased to treat the lady with marked distinction.

Had Lady Sarah accepted George, there had been no Sir Charles Napier to conquer Scinde. But fate and politics marred the proposed romantic union, and Lady Sarah, after a most unhappy first marriage, became in 1777 the wife of Colonel George Napier. She became the mother of a numerous family, in whose veins flowed illustrious blood; for on the paternal side the pedigree went back to Montrose, the Napiers of Merchiston, and the Scots of Thirlestane; on the maternal side it descended from Bourbons, Stuarts, and Medicis.

The family was reared in the village of Celbridge, a few miles from Dublin. The three eldest sons—Charles, George, and William—became distinguished and gallant soldiers: William in his later years was the author of the famous "History of the Peninsular War." In that war they were all repeatedly wounded, and performed prodigies of valour. As the eldest son, Charles was the first to receive a commission, which he obtained in 1794, when he was just twelve years old. He had interest, and rose rapidly—mostly employed on staff duty. All three brothers served under Sir John Moore when, in the Shorncliffe camp in 1805, that great soldier taught the principles and practice of war to the three regiments which, a few years later, became Wellington's famous "Light Division" in the Peninsular War. The three Napier brothers took part in Moore's retreat to Corunna in the winter of 1808-9, and fought in the battle which was the brilliant ending to the disastrous retreat. This campaign was Charles Napier's first experience of active service, yet he was then a major, in command of the 50th Regiment. When the noble Moore was struck down in the heart of the fighting at Corunna, the 50th was suddenly recalled, when Napier and four soldiers were left in the extreme front. They were immediately surrounded, and the four soldiers were instantly bayoneted; Napier was struck down, repeatedly stabbed, and struck as he lay with clubbed muskets. A French drummer saved his life and was assisting him to the rear when a lone soldier of the 50th was met. Napier himself must recount the sequel.

"He (the soldier of the 50th) instantly halted, recovered his arms, and cocked his piece, looking fiercely at us to make out the situation. Then he levelled at my French drummer; but I struck up his musket, calling out, 'For God's sake don't fire! I am a prisoner, badly wounded, and can't help you; surrender.' 'For why would I surrinder?' the soldier shouted, in the deepest of Irish brogues. 'Because,' said I, 'there are at least twenty men upon you.' 'Well, if I must surrinder, there!' he exclaimed, dashing down his firelock across their legs and making them jump—'there's me firelock for yez.' Then, coming close up, he threw his arm round me, and giving the drummer a push that sent him and one or two more reeling against a wall, he shouted out, 'Stand back, ye bloody spalpeens!—I'll carry him myself. Bad luck to the whole of yez!'"

On the second day after the battle Charles

Napier was brought into Corunna a prisoner of war, and treated most kindly by Soult and later by Ney, Soult's successor. His family mourned him dead, but after two months' importunity induced the Government to send to ascertain his fate. What happened then illustrated the chivalry of the French of that period. Clouet received the flag of truce and informed Ney, who replied, "Let him see his friends and tell them he is well and well-treated." Clouet looked earnestly, but did not move; and Ney asked him why he waited. "He has an old mother," said Clouet, "a widow, and blind." "Has he?" exclaimed Ney; "let him go then, and tell her himself that he is alive!" In Sir John Hope's despatch Napier had been reported among the "killed" at Corunna, and when he recovered his liberty on 20th March, 1809, he was to his family and friends as one risen from the grave. His brother George and his sisters met him as he entered Exeter on the top of the Plymouth coach, still in the old, threadbare red coat he had worn in the battle, out at elbows, patched, and covered with the stains of blood and time. Charles Napier was one of the few men who ever recovered their own will after its having been probated. I have in my possession an extract from the Reports of the Court of Probates, dated May 3rd, 1809, of the following tenor:—

"In the goods of Charles James Napier, Esq., heretofore supposed to be dead.

"In February last probate of the last will and testament of the above was granted to Richard Napier, Esq., as brother and sole executor named in the said will, Richard Napier having made an affidavit deposing that he had received intelligence,



"NAPIER, IN FULL UNIFORM, WAS BORNE INTO HYDERABAD IN A MAGNIFICENT PALANQUIN" (*p.* 511).

which he believed correct, that the said Charles James Napier had been killed in battle at Coruña on the 16th of January last. On this day, Bogg, proctor for Richard Napier, brought into Court and left there the said probate, and the Judge revoked the said probate granted in error, and declared the same to be null and void. At the same time Charles James Napier appeared personally; and the Judge decreed the original will, together with the probate, to be cancelled, and delivered either to him or the said Bogg for his use."

Ever after Corunna, Napier's manner was eager and restless, with sudden spasmodic movements, springing from his wounds. "His countenance had assumed a peculiarly vehement, earnest expression, and his resemblance to a chained eagle was universally remarked." Ney, on releasing him, had exacted his parole not to serve until exchanged, and it was not until May, 1810, that he was enabled to return to the Peninsula, when he joined the Light Division as a volunteer, and presently took part in the action of the Coa, where his brother William was dangerously wounded. At Busaco he himself was shot through the face when on Wellington's staff, and had to go into hospital at Lisbon. "My jaws are crooked," he wrote, "and will always be so; my mouth opens but stiffly." He was returning to the front in the spring of 1811, when he heard the noise of battle and met a litter borne by soldiers and covered with a blanket. "What wounded officer is that?" he asked. "Captain Napier, of the 32nd—a broken limb." Another litter followed. "Who is that?" "Captain Napier, of the 43rd, mortally wounded"—it was thought so then. Charles Napier looked at his two brothers, and passed on to the fight in front. The Napiers were always getting hit. Charles himself had seven wounds; his brothers had some sixteen between them.

Promotion was slow—Charles Napier, after two years' hard fighting was still a major; but in the summer of 1811 he was promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 102nd Regiment—a corps just returned from Botany Bay with a bad character for insubordination and mutiny. In the beginning of 1812 he took the regiment to Bermuda, where he restored it to order by firm, yet not tyrannical, resolution. Years passed without employment, for the wars were over. For eleven years he was in the Ionian Islands, for the most part as Military Resident of Cephalonia—a pleasant, useful time, the happiest period of his life; diversified occasionally, however, by friction with the home authorities. Canning, then Prime Minister, had been listening to statements that Napier had been using his position to negotiate with the Greek chiefs. The story was wholly untrue, and in as many words he said that it was so, adding—"For my part, I scorn to deprecate the wrath of any man who suspects my integrity. If you doubt my conduct, or wish my place for a better man, in God's name use your power to employ the men you think best calculated for the king's service." Brave, if rash, words to come from an elderly half-pay lieutenant-colonel, with nothing but his half-pay to rely on. It need not be said that Napier was recalled.

When he was in his fifty-sixth year and had been unemployed for eight years, Lord John Russell gave him the command of the Northern district, a post for which he was now eligible, having become a major-general. He did much, at once with resolution yet with discreet moderation, to hold within bounds the Chartist agitation. But home duty, with its continuous quill-driving, was irksome to him; rumours of war in India rekindled his military ardour; and on his fifty-eighth birthday we find him writing—"I dare swear few men have had more adventures than myself; and yet, eventful as my life has been, my present position and the threatening state of the country render it probable that the short portion of life which is left to me may be the most eventful of the whole." This anticipation turned out a true prophecy. In the autumn of 1841, in his sixtieth year, he was voyaging to India. With a body worn with wounds and toil, with two children unprovided for, he was on his way to expose himself to fresh dangers and undertake arduous duties in a land where the climate alone, in the opinion of those who knew him, would be more than he could bear. When he had paid for his passage, he landed in Bombay with just two pounds in his pocket.

Sir Charles Napier—the Queen in 1838 had made himself and his brother George Knight-Commanders of the Bath—was in command of the Poona division for nearly a year. On September 3rd, 1842, he sailed from Bombay for Kurrachee in a vessel carrying 200 European troops. She was scarcely clear of Bombay harbour when virulent cholera broke out. When next morning dawned, twenty-six bodies had been thrown overboard. "The darkness of the night," wrote Napier, "the pouring rain, the roaring of the waves, the noise of the engine and

the wheels, the dreadful groans of the men dying in horrid convulsions, the lamentations of men and women who were losing wives, husbands and children, the solemnity of the burial service read by the light of a solitary lantern, presented altogether a dreadful scene." Fifty-four lives were lost during the three days' voyage; eighty men more were down on the filthy, reeking deck. Of the survivors brought ashore a dozen more unfortunately perished. In eight days sixty-four soldiers—one-third of the detachment embarked—had died, besides sailors, women, and children.

Three days after landing at Kurrachee, when reviewing its garrison, Napier tried some rockets he had brought from Bombay. The second rocket burst, and he was cut clean across the calf by a sharp splinter of the iron case—the injury was to the same leg which he had broken when a boy, and which had been subsequently damaged at Corunna. Nevertheless, within a week after arriving at Kurrachee, he was steaming up the Indus—the great river on whose shores he was soon to become the central figure in a series of great events.

The population of Scinde in 1842 numbered rather more than a million souls. It consisted of four distinct elements—Scindians proper, Hindoos, Beloochees of the plain, and Beloochees of the mountains. The two former were the helots of the territory. The chieftainship was vested in the Belooch clan of Talpoorees, and was divided among the Ameers of Kyrpoor, or Upper Scinde; the Ameers of Hyderabad, or Lower Scinde; and the Ameer of Meerpoor, on the border of the eastern desert. The Beloochees of the plain held their lands by military tenure; those of the hills regarded the Ameers as their feudal superiors. During the march in 1838–9 from British India through Upper Scinde of the British army proceeding to Afghanistan to replace Shah Sooja on the throne of Cabul, the Ameers of Scinde had been forced into compliance with our demands, which included cession of territory and strong places, payments of treasure to Shah Sooja, annual subsidies to ourselves, and rights of passage for troops and supplies. Roostum, the head of the Khyrpoor Ameers, declared his territory a British dependency; but no sooner had the British army moved forward than Lower Scinde broke out into open violence. The British stores at Hyderabad were plundered, and the British agent was driven from the Residency. The Ameers, however, did not find themselves strong enough to fight, and in March, 1839, was signed the treaty which, along with that with Roostum, formulated the relations existing between the British Government and Scinde when Sir Charles Napier came on the scene. Its main stipulations were: That a British force of a strength specified by the Governor-General was to be quartered in Scinde; that three specified Ameers should pay £10,000 annually towards the maintenance of the force; that the Ameer's territory should be under British protection; that the Ameers should be absolute in regard to their own subjects, but quarrels among themselves were to be referred to British mediation; that their foreign policy was to be sanctioned by the British Government, and that they were to furnish a defensive force at call; and that tolls on trading boats on the Indus should be abolished.

At the date of Napier's arrival in Scinde, Major Outram, "the Bayard of India," was Resident at Hyderabad. Lord Ellenborough, the new Governor-General, communicated to him his fixed determination to punish, cost what it might, the first chief who should prove faithless, by the confiscation of his dominions. Outram temporised, because of his knowledge that the Ameers as a body were so conscious of treasonable designs that Lord Ellenborough's menacing tone might drive them to extremities. It was at this stage when Sir Charles Napier, on 25th September, arrived at Hyderabad, had his first interview with the Ameers of Lower Scinde, and took over the management of affairs, as Lord Ellenborough's instructions directed him to "exercise entire authority over all political and civil officers within the limit of the military command."

Napier, in full uniform and wearing his decorations, was borne into Hyderabad in a magnificent palanquin—his wound preventing him from riding—surrounded by an escort of Scinde irregular horsemen: wild picturesque figures in brilliantly coloured trappings. At the city gate he was met by the Sirdars, mounted on lean but active horses caparisoned fantastically. When the procession reached the quarter in which were situated the palaces of the Ameers, he was carried to a seat on the right hand of Nusseer Khan, the chief Ameer, and compliments were exchanged. Next day Napier was off on his further voyage up the Indus to Sukkur, where his political work began. Apparently at this time he had the conviction that the practical annexation of Scinde by peaceful

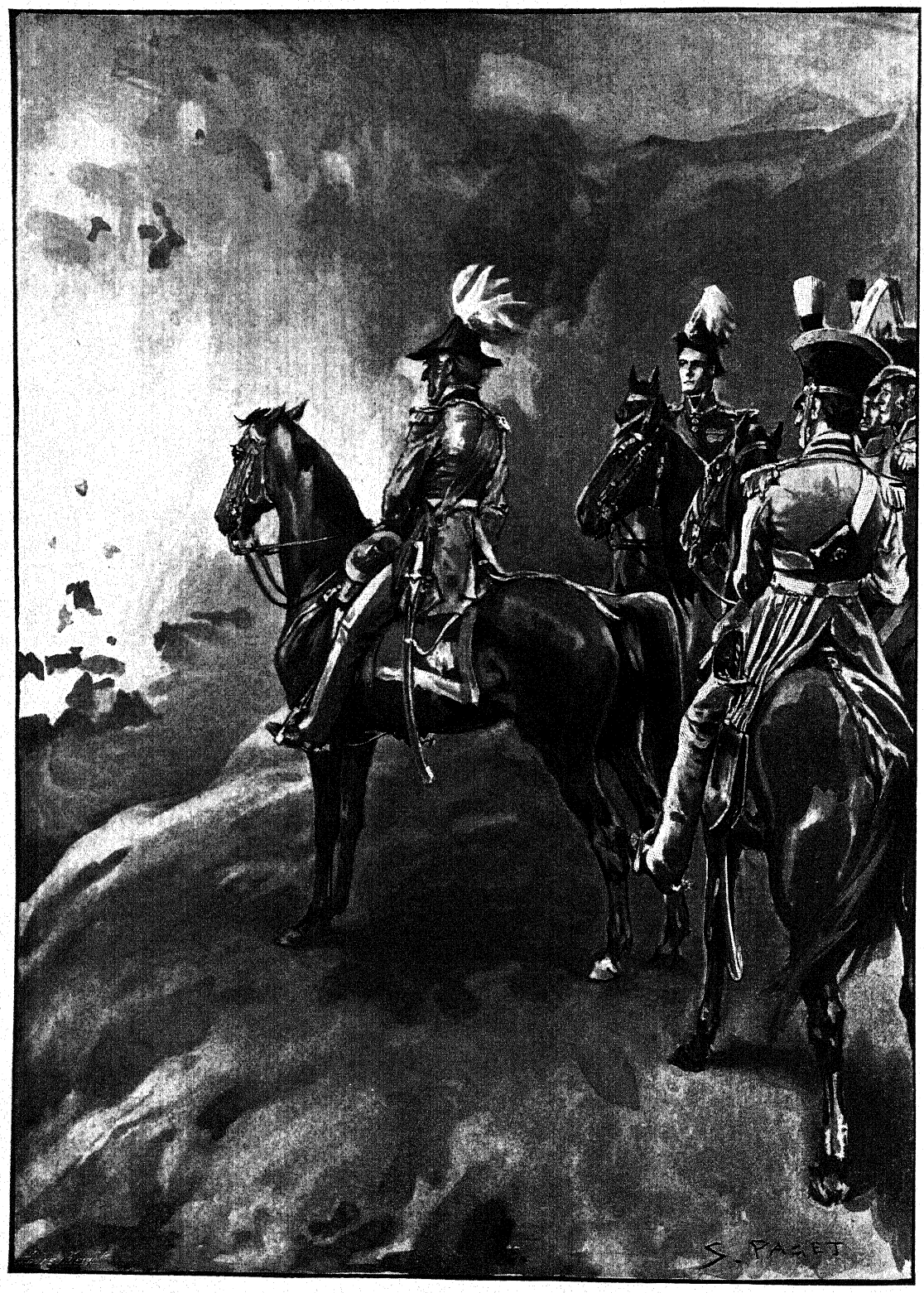
means was neither difficult nor far distant. But it was not long before he discovered serious breaches of the treaty on the part of the Ameers, and he became aware also that they were entering into secret compacts against the English, and were sending messages to their feudatories and the chiefs of the hill tribes. Matters came to a head when Napier had to present a new and more stringent treaty than that previously in force. Violent remonstrances came from the Ameers, followed quickly by assurances of submission which were only meant to gain time. The military strength of the Ameers was variously estimated from 30,000 up to double that number. The total British force in Scinde amounted to 8,000 men, of whom about 2,000 were in garrison at Kurrachee. If Napier meant fighting, he had no time to lose, for no military operations could be carried on in Scinde later than the beginning of April. A garrison was left in Sukkur, and the Indus was crossed in the middle of December.



LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

"It is rare," wrote Sir William Napier, the historian, "to see great prudence in war tempering the heroic valour and confidence of a youthful general; more rare to find the sanguine daring of early years untamed by age and its infirmities." Charles Napier was both prudent and daring. The Ameers thought to harass the veteran by petty warfare, and by watching for opportunities to assail his base and annoy his communications. But that sort of hostilities did not commend itself to Napier. When they were hesitating and trifling, he was acting. He had heard of the fortress of Emaum Ghur, a hundred miles out in the great eastern desert. The Ameers believed that it was invulnerable, and that a hostile force could not reach it; while, should he assemble a large force, they could fall back on the desert fortress and so be safe. While this assurance existed, they held Napier light; but he believed that he could reach Emaum Ghur, and so convince the Ameers that they could find no refuge from the British power, and no resource but good behaviour. He was aware of the risks involved, but he was the man to surmount them.

The site of the desert fortress was unknown to Napier, but it was believed to be about eight long marches from Khyrpoor by vague, ill-defined tracks. The scouts, for whose report he had halted, brought in so dismal accounts of arid sands and empty wells, that he determined to go only with a picked body, consisting of 350 men of the Queen's 22nd Regiment on camels, two soldiers on each, two 24-pound howitzers, with double teams of camels, and 200 troopers of the Scinde Horse, with provisions for fifteen days and water for five. The march began from Dejee on the night of 5th January, 1843. Two marches brought the little force to the springs of Dom, where were water and trees; but at Choonka, on the confines of the desert, 150 troopers were sent back. For eight days the gallant little band pressed on, sometimes finding water, sometimes not, but always cheery and resolute; and on the 12th, Emaum Ghur was reached. From a sandy eminence Napier looked down on a strong and well-built fort in the hollow. The complete silence about the place had a strange weirdness. Emaum Ghur had been evacuated; the clatter of Napier's horses' hoofs in the courtyard awoke only echoes. On the battlements were loaded cannon with the priming freshly laid; for the garrison, numbering,

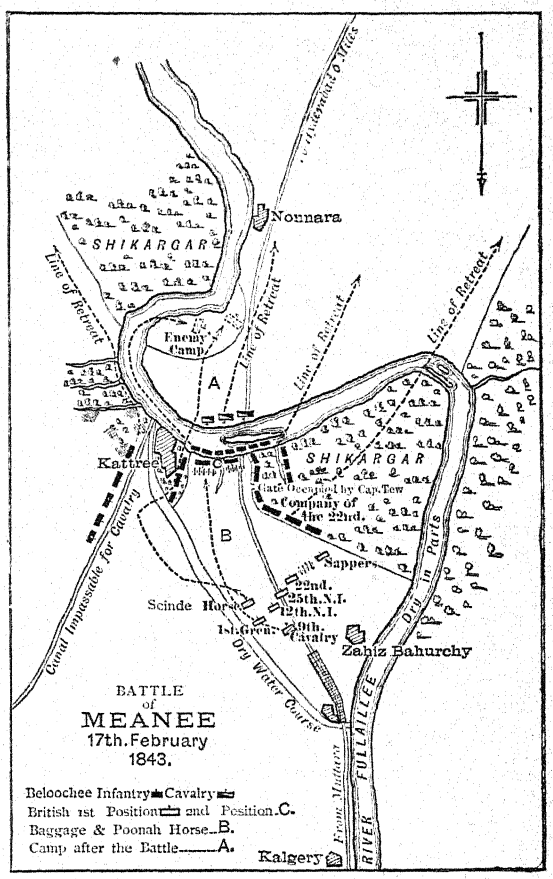


THE DESTRUCTION OF EMAUM GHUR.

it was said, 2,000 men, had gone off but a few hours before. Thus the impregnable refuge of the Ameers, the fortress which no European had ever before seen, fell into British hands without the loss of a single man. During the three days of rest twenty-four mines were loaded with gunpowder; and just before the departure the fortress was blown up. "Emaum Ghur," wrote Napier, "is shattered to atoms with 10,000 lb. of powder. The explosion was grand and hellish beyond description; the volumes of smoke, fire, and embers flying up were a throne fit for the devil!"

The little force, without losing a life, returned to the vicinity of Dejee, to wait for the coming up thither of Napier's main body—his position one from which he could fall on the Hyderabad Ameers or on those of Khyrpoor. Of the desert expedition the Duke of Wellington wrote:—"Sir Charles Napier's march on Emaum Ghur is one of the most curious military feats I have ever known to be performed, or have ever read an account of, in my life. He moved his troops through the desert against hostile forces; he had his guns transported under conditions of extreme difficulty, and in a manner the most extraordinary; and he cut off a retreat of the enemy which rendered it impossible for them ever to regain their position."

After issuing in vain a proclamation calling on the Ameers to assemble at Khyrpoor to complete the treaty, Napier put his army in motion and marched slowly southward, still inclined to yield to his natural desire to avoid bloodshed. Outram, at his own request, went to Hyderabad, the general writing to him:—"I am sure the Ameers will not resist by force of arms, but I would omit no one step that you think can avert that chance." The time for signing the treaty was extended again and again. Outram's chivalrous feelings had a deep sympathy with the Ameers in their approaching downfall, which he was striving in vain to avert. So unwilling was he to admit the truth of reports of warlike preparations on their part, that he informed Napier that not a man in arms was in Hyderabad, and that a peaceful arrangement could be concluded if the general would leave his army and come in person into Hyderabad. But Napier's spies reported that 25,000 men were gathered within a few miles of Hyderabad, and that 25,000 more were rapidly converging on the general rendezvous. On the 12th February the Ameers signed and sealed the treaty with full formalities in Outram's presence. But two days later a deputation informed him that the chieftains and tribesmen were determined to fight, and that the Ameers could not restrain them. Outram had already been threatened and insulted by the turbulent populace of Hyderabad; on the 15th the Residency was assailed; Outram and Conway, with their gallant band of 100 men, withstood the attacks of 8,000 Beloochees with six guns for



four hours, and then effected a retreat to the steamers, which bore them off to rejoin the main force.

Napier waited at Nowshera until 6th February. Delays occurred at Outram's instance, who still pleaded hard in favour of the Ameers. On the night of the 12th, Napier's cavalry seized some Beloochee chiefs passing his camp. On the leader of the band was found a letter from Ameer Mahomet of Hyderabad, calling on him to assemble all his warriors and be at Meanee on the 9th. Ameer Mahomet was the person foremost in assuring Outram that there was no intention on the part of the Ameers to resort to hostilities. The discovery of this message

decided Napier: he would march straight on Meanee. On the 16th he was at Muttara, 16 miles from Hyderabad. Towards evening he heard that the enemy were near Meanee—a ten-miles' march further south—entrenched in the dry bed of the Fullaillee river, from 25,000 to 30,000 strong, and as many on the British flanks and rear. Napier made his arrangements. He would march early in the morning, so as to arrive in front of Meanee about 9 a.m. The coming battle, his first in the high and responsible position of commander-in-chief, might also be his last as husband and father. The old man wrote his letters and closed his journal with a message to his wife and children, and then he made his round of the outposts. Then he slept until at 3 a.m. the "fall-in" sounded, and the march on Meanee began.

The lowest estimate of the opposing strength was 22,000 fighting-men; according to the Ameers' pay-roll subsequently found, it amounted to 40,000. On Napier's side, when the baggage-guard over the camel-laager and Outram's detachment were deducted, there were but 2,200 men under arms, of whom less than 500 were Europeans. It was plain to Napier at a glance that there was no chance of manœuvring to gain the Beloochee flank, and that he had no alternative but to attack the enemy's centre directly in front across the bare white plain, narrowed as it was by the dense and rugged "shikargas," or hunting-forests, bounding it on either side. He would, indeed, have barely scope to deploy when the time should come for that evolution; meanwhile, with the enemy's eighteen guns pouring their shot on Napier's troops, the order of battle was deliberately framed. On the right were Lloyd's twelve guns, flanked by 50 Madras sappers. On Lloyd's left stood, less than 500 strong, the 22nd Queen's under Colonel Pennefather, consisting in great measure of Irishmen, "strong of body, high-blooded soldiers, who saw nothing but victory." On the left of the 22nd were the three Bombay native regiments, of which the 25th was immediately on the left of the 22nd, then in succession towards the left the 12th, and the 1st Grenadiers; the whole force in *échelon* of battalions from the right. Closing the extreme left, but somewhat held back, rode the 9th Bengal cavalry under Colonel Pattle, on which flank also the gallant Jacob with his Scinde Horse were out to the front, along with the Grenadier and light companies of the 22nd in front of the centre and right, taunting the enemy to show his strength.

When the Beloochee front, just showing above the hither bank of the hollow, was distant about 1,000 yards, the order was given to advance. Napier with his staff joined the skirmishers, he conspicuous in blue uniform and helmeted head-dress; and rode forward under a heavy fire from the enemy's guns. As he passed near the high containing wall of the shikargah on his right, he observed a gap in it through which his right rear could be taken in reverse. He instantly thrust into this gap Captain Tew's company of the 22nd, with orders to hold it to extremity. His orders were obeyed. Tew was slain but the gap was maintained, and 6,000 Beloochees were paralysed by the constancy of a single company. The main body advanced in columns of regiments. When within a few hundred yards of the Fullaillee the 22nd rapidly deployed into line, and all the columns formed in succession, each company as it came up directing its fire on the top of the bank, over which the faces of the Beloochees could just be discerned, bending with fiery glances over their levelled matchlocks. The British front was still incomplete when the voice of the general rang out shrill and clear as he stood out to the front ordering the charge. Then rose the answering British shout, as, bending with the forward rush of a mighty movement, the red wall of the 22nd fronted with steel came rushing on at the charge. If to the Beloochee foemen the sight and sound of a British charge must have been strange, not less terrible was the scene as it all at once opened on the British regiment. Below, on the wide bed of the dry river, a dense mass of warriors stood ready to withstand the shock. With flashing tulwars and shields held high over turbaned heads, 20,000 fighting-men, shouting their war-cries and clashing sword and shield together, gave fierce welcome to the enemy. For a moment the vast numerical superiority of their opponents checked the ardour of the British advance. The red wall seemed to stagger and then momentarily recoiled, when the eager and animated figure of the brave veteran chief was seen out in front of his soldiers, as with pealing voice and vigorous gesture he urged them to fight forward into the furious *mêlée*. The young soldiers of the 22nd—it was their first battle—responded gallantly to the old leader's call. The sepoy regiments prolonged the line of fire to the left, coming into action successively with ardour and resolution.

But the Beloochees did not yield. They closed in denser masses, the rush of their swordsmen

was fierce, and their shouts, answered by the pealing musketry-fire, were heard along the line. Such a fight ensued as has seldom been told of in the annals of war. For ever those wild fierce warriors, with shields held high and blades drawn back, strove with might and valour to break through the British ranks. No fire of small arms, no sweeping discharges of grape, no push of bayonets could drive them back: they gave their breasts to the shot, their shields to the bayonets, and, leaping at the guns and gunners, were blown away by scores at every discharge, their dead rolling down the steep slopes till the corpses rose in piles; but the gaps were continually filled from behind, and sword and bayonet clashed in maddened and furious conflict. The antagonists fought hand to hand, often indeed intermingled, and several times the British regiments were forced violently backward, staggering under the might and passion of the Beloochee swordsmen. But always the brave old general was there to rally and cheer his people.

For more than three hours this storm of war continued, until every British officer was either wounded or killed. Things were going wrong on Napier's left. But the general could not quit the right, so stern and dreadful were still the Beloochee onslaughts, so wearied and exhausted were his men. In this dilemma, he sent orders to Colonel Pattle to charge the enemy's right with the whole mass of the Bengal and Scinde cavalry. It was the command of a master in battle, and it was obeyed with brilliant courage. The troopers dashed through the Beloochee guns, crossed the deep bed, gained the plain beyond, charged with irresistible fury, and spread confusion along the rear of the masses opposed to the British infantry. The barbarian swordsmen abated their fury and looked behind, Then the 22nd leaped forward with the shout of victory, and pushed their antagonists back into the deep ravine. The Ameers had lost the battle, and their dogged tribesmen slowly and reluctantly retired, the conquerors following closely, pouring in volley after volley. So threatening still was the Beloochee attitude that the general thought it expedient to recall his cavalry and form a square round the baggage and followers.

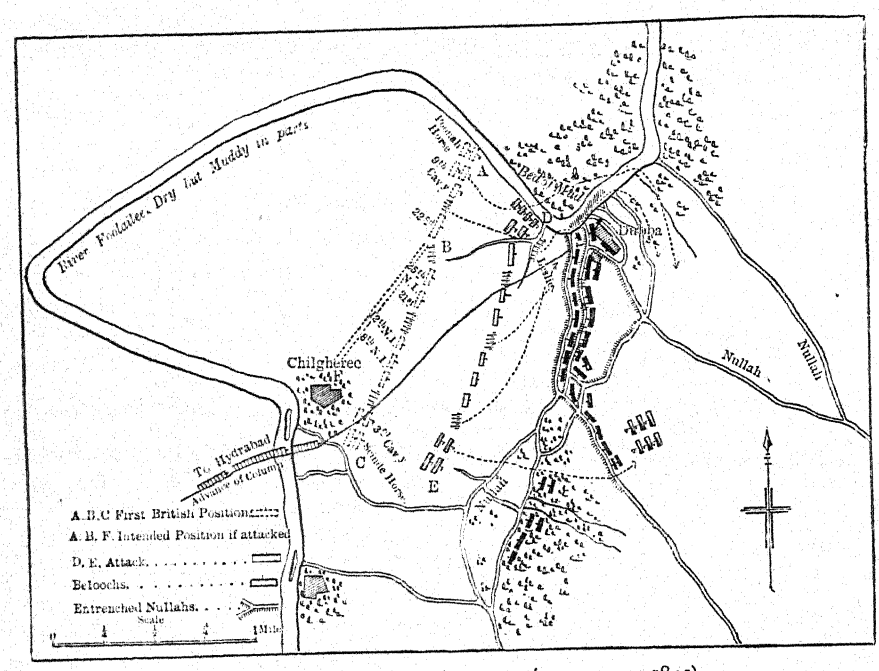
Meanee was one of the fiercest actions of modern times. The loss of the Beloochees was about 7,000 men. Twenty British officers fell, of whom six were killed; 250 men went down, of whom more than fifty were killed. No quarter was given or taken. When the old general, emerging uninjured from the strife, exclaimed, "The enemy are beaten! God save the Queen!" the army, with an unanimous shout, hailed him the hero of the day. He was in so great pain from a maimed hand that he could scarcely hold his reins; yet he had never ceased to walk his horse slowly up and down in the thick of the fighting. At one time he was alone for several minutes in the midst of the enemy, who "stalked round him with raised shields and scowling eyes; but none lifted weapon against him, and he got away unharmed."

Immediately after the victory of Meanee, Napier summoned Hyderabad to surrender. In answer to the question of terms, he offered "Life, and nothing else"; adding that the decision must be taken before mid-day, "for the dead will then be buried, and my soldiers shall have had their breakfasts." Six Ameers promptly came and laid their swords at Napier's feet. Napier instantly returned them. He learned that the "Lion of Meerpoor," Shere Mohammed, had been within a few miles of Meanee during the battle, with 10,000 men. So confident had the Ameers been of victory that he had purposely stood aloof to avoid swelling their anticipated triumph. Napier was desirous to attack the "Lion" while as yet astonished at the result of Meanee; but Outram believed the "Lion" to be friendly. The result was that the "Lion," thankful for the respite, retreated on Meerpoor, found himself in a few days at the head of 25,000 men, and presently rekindled the war.

Napier was a man who could strike quickly, but who also could wait patiently. The heat of Scinde in March is terrific, and Napier determined to remain quietly on the defensive in a fortified position on the Indus, leaving to the "Lion" the time to recruit to himself the beaten Beloochees of Meanee, and then come down and offer battle to the British general. Meanwhile the Ameers were detained as prisoners of war, having, of course, free intercourse with the city and the country. They abused the indulgence, whereupon Napier confined them on a river steamer until they were sent to Bombay. The "Lion" was approaching, and Napier would fain have his reinforcements arrive. He had just resolved to fight the "Lion" next morning, when the reinforcements from down-stream were seen steaming up; and almost immediately afterwards there came into view from up-stream his troops from Sukkur.

In the evening the whole force was drawn up in front of the camp, to accustom officers and men to their posts and duties. Just as the line was formed, envoys came from the "Lion" with a final summons to the British general to surrender. Napier simply bade them report to their master what they had seen, and then dismissed them. By three o'clock next morning he was in the saddle, marching straight on the enemy. After a ten-miles' march Napier found himself in sight of the enemy, and of the battle-field of Dubba. The "Lion's" right rested on the Fullaillee at the village of Dubba: that flank could not be turned because of a great pond of soft mud in the river bed. From Dubba there stretched along a nullah for two miles to leftward a double line of Belooch infantry as far as a wood which appeared to be the left flank, but in reality a single line was prolonged further to the left behind another nullah somewhat retired. The enemy's position was skilfully chosen and utilised: it was held by at least 26,000 men with matchlocks and artillery; while Napier's force consisted of 5,000 men, of whom 1,100 were cavalry, with 10 guns, five of which were horse-artillery pieces.

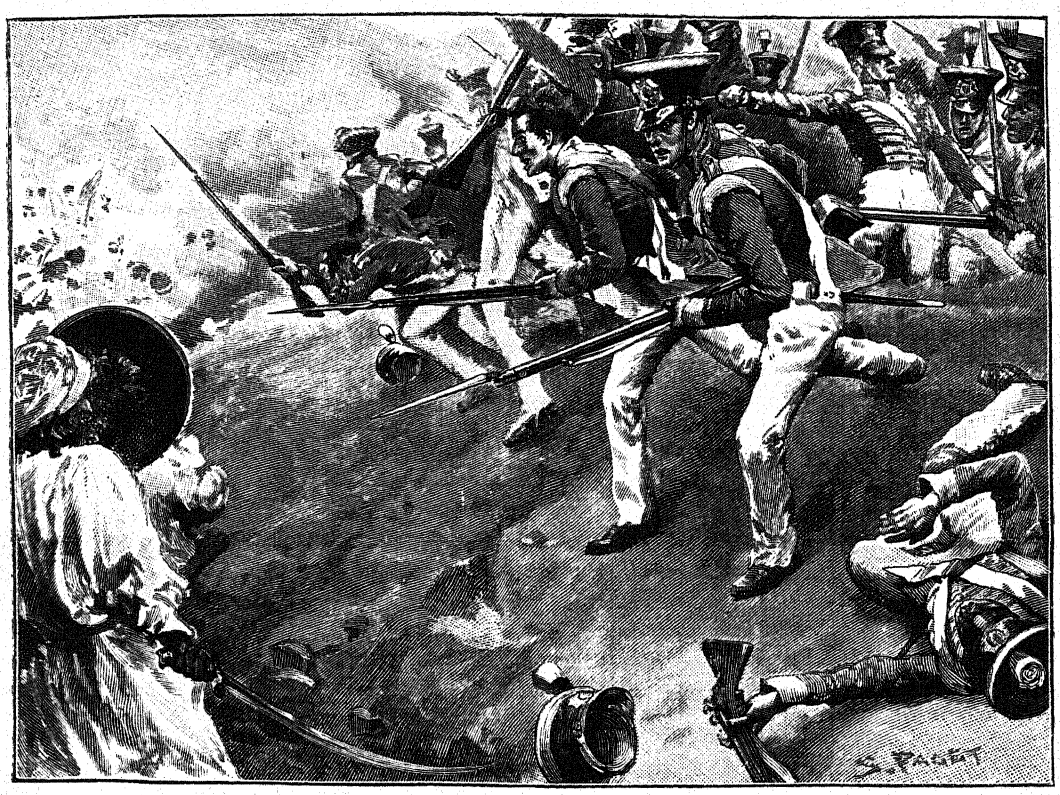
The village of Dubba did not seem occupied, and Napier hoped to seize it in advance of the enemy. He sent forward his horse artillery in its direction, and advanced with his infantry in *échelon* of battalions. But the Beloochees were too quick for him, and the village was found full of men. The general recognised that he had underrated the "Lion's" skill. He was riding to the attack of Dubba at the head of the 22nd—this day on the left of the infantry line—when tidings came to him from the right that all the cavalry on that wing was charging prematurely. He ordered Major Poole of the 22nd to continue the advance on Dubba, and himself galloped to the right. Yes, the whole body of cavalry was at full speed, dashing across the smaller nullahs, the riders shouting triumphantly and waving their swords. The general, having ascertained that his horsemen on the right were doing well, galloped back to his left and gave the order for the infantry charge. With deafening shouts the soldiers swept down into the midst of the swordsmen. Murderous was the fire of the British guns and musketry, and the bayonets drove back the bravest of the Beloochees, until the struggling throngs were forced into the second or deeper nullah, where with desperate fury the fight was renewed. Soon the victorious troops passed the second nullah, pressing fiercely on the rear of the retreating swordsmen until the village of Dubba was reached, where the most warlike tribesmen of Scinde were found entrenched in the houses. Two of Napier's regiments lapped round the nearest point of the



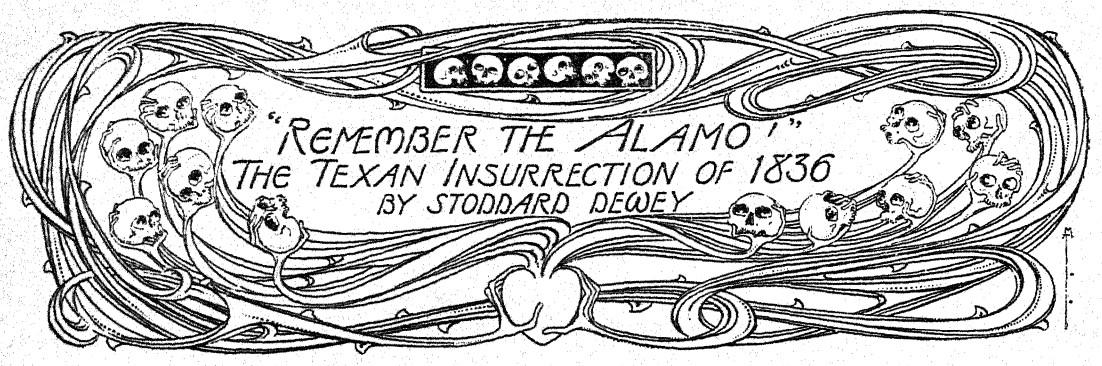
PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF DUBBA (MARCH 24, 1843).

village, while the cavalry of the left wing turned the place. In a few minutes more Dubba was completely invested by the infantry, while the cavalry and horse artillery repeatedly charged the retiring masses in the plain beyond. The "Lion" himself was very nearly captured. The general, after leading the storm of Dubba, and pursuing with the cavalry on the left for several miles, returned, to be greeted with ringing cheers by the infantry. Of the enemy 5,000 lay dead; Napier's loss amounted to 270 officers and men, of whom 147 were of the 22nd Regiment. The "Lion of Meerpoor" ultimately escaped across the Indus, and took refuge with the Beloochees of Khelat and the Afghans. He ended his days at Lahore, sunk in fatuous sloth.

The war was now at an end, and the conquest of Scinde was complete. "We have taught the Belooch," wrote Napier, "that neither his sun, nor his deserts, nor his jungles, nor his nullahs can stop us. He will never face us more." And in this respect Sir Charles Napier was a true prophet.



"WITH A DEAFENING SHOUT THE SOLDIERS SWEPT DOWN INTO THE MIDST OF THE SWORDSMEN" (*p.* 516).



"WHO will join old Ben Milam in storming the Alamo?"

The speaker was little past forty, not old as a peaceful and civilised generation would have reckoned him. But he and the men who listened lived in troublous times, in which the experience of many years was crowded into one. They were American frontiersmen, mainly of Anglo-Saxon race, who had drifted over from the Southern United States on to the limitless prairies of the Mexican province of Texas. And they were now in full revolt against the authority of General Santa Ana, the President of the Mexican Republic.

Ben Milam was a good sample of his class. Born in Kentucky, with rifle-shooting and horsemanship for his sole education, he fought before he was out of his 'teens, with General Jackson against the British forces at New Orleans. Then he went trading for several years with the wild Indians around the head-waters of the Texan rivers. When Mexico rose against Spain, he was among the Revolutionists. After the independence, he took part in the first of the many uprisings against the newly-established government. Being captured, he served his time in prison until another revolution freed him and gave him an extensive grant of lands in Texas.

The Texans had now risen in their turn. It was the year 1835, and first blood had been shed on the 20th of September. Ben Milam was once more captured, and hurried off in a caravan of prisoners toward the city of Mexico, a thousand miles away. At Monterey he escaped, and, finding a horse, rode back alone six hundred miles to rejoin his comrades. On the 9th of October he issued, wayworn and triumphant, from the mezquit thickets where the little band of Texans was preparing an attack on a Mexican post. He was in time to share in their victory. A month later a provisional government was organised, and reinforcements of sharpshooters from the Mississippi valley arrived daily. With December the insurgents moved forward to San Antonio, the chief place of Texas. It was there the Mexican general Cos had concentrated his troops. In case of need, he could shut himself up behind the walls of the fortified Alamo mission to the north-east of the town.

It was the Alamo which Ben Milam proposed storming first, but the leaders decided to begin by the town. They entered it successfully on the 5th of December, advancing under shelter from house to house by breaking through the walls between, instead of trying to force their way down the open street. Two days later Ben Milam was shot through the head as he crossed an unprotected space. But the next day General Cos took to the Alamo, and on the 11th surrendered. He marched away on parole with all his troops to the loyal provinces across the Rio Grande, and there was not a Mexican soldier left on the soil of Texas.

The heroic days of the Alamo had only just begun. Santa Ana at once made ready all his forces to crush out the rebellion. What Thermopylæ was to the Greeks against the Persians, this mission fortress was to be in the long conflict between Anglo-American immigration and Spanish-American rule.

I.—The Struggle of Manifest Destiny.

The map of North America in this year 1835 had a very different look from that which it has to-day. The United States, instead of stretching across the continent from ocean to ocean, were stopped short not far west of the Mississippi river by the boundary line of Spanish America. This ran gradually north and west from the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Besides the entire present State of Texas, it took in a part of what is now Kansas on the eastern

slope of the Rocky Mountains, all the elevated plateau which is now divided among New Mexico and Arizona, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada, and on the Pacific coast that empire of boundless wealth in itself, California. The rights of Spain over this immense territory were conceded by the United States in a treaty ratified only a few months before the former country lost for ever her possessions on the North American continent. The independent Republic of Mexico, by the revolution of 1821, succeeded to her claims.

Spain had long recognised the danger to these northernmost provinces from the continual advance westward of "settlers" from the United States. To avert it, she first tried the policy which European nations are now renewing in other quarters of the globe by constituting neutral or "buffer" States between the rival territories. In the year 1800 she made a cession to France of Louisiana. It had been originally colonised by the French, and separated the United States along the whole southern course of the Mississippi from the Spanish province of Texas. The cession was made on the express condition that Louisiana should never be turned over to the United States.

Three years later, Napoleon, who was conquering too many lands in Europe to remember his promises in America, sold Louisiana outright to the United States. The question of the boundary at once came up, and another effort was made to constitute a buffer. Political negotiations failed, and by 1806 Spain had 1,500 soldiers watching the hardy militiamen of Louisiana. War nearly broke out; but the two opposing generals, on their own responsibility, agreed that a broad band of territory west of the Sabine river should be considered neutral ground. Their governments accepted this arrangement for the time being.

Spain—too late in the day, as it proved—now adopted the policy of colonising the desolate regions which she claimed to the exclusion of all others. At that time there was in Texas a settled population of only 7,000 souls for 7,000 square leagues of land. It was made up of Spanish and French "creoles" (the name given to men of European race born in America), of "Anglo-Americans," as those from the United States were called, and of a few civilised Indians and half-breeds. All these were huddled around San Antonio, far inland toward Mexico to the south, Espiritu Santo (or Goliad) on the Gulf, and Nacogdoches in the north. The two former settlements were the scenes of heroic fighting when the final revolution came; the latter was the general rendezvous of immigrants from the United States. Besides these, there were a few military posts and about 14,000 wild Indians. Some of the Americans (to use the name which has been attributed to the settlers from the United States) were pursuing agriculture under difficulties on their ranches. Others, like Ben Milam, belonged to a sharpshooting generation of Westerners drawn hither by the chase of buffaloes and wild horses, or by mere restlessness and love of adventure. The lawful trade of the province was with the cities of Mexico—many days' weary journey to the south. The contraband trade, by the easier and more profitable way of New Orleans, flourished more, and consisted in the exchange of horses and mules for good silver and gold.



Until the end of the Spanish domination Texas had all the experiences of a troubled borderland. In 1811 Zambrano, the priest of San Antonio, captured for the Spanish authorities the embassy and money which the revolutionary priest Hidalgo was sending to the United States for men and arms, in his abortive attempt to secure the independence of Mexico. Two years later the same warrior *cura* decoyed an expedition composed of 850 Americans, 1,700 Mexicans, and 1,600 Indians into a fan ambuscade, from which only 93 Americans escaped.

The pirate Lafitte took possession of the bay of Galveston, which furnished a safe harbour for privateers and slave-traders with the southern United States. In the latter, popular feeling ran high against the treaty which confirmed Spain in her rights over Texas. A favourite officer of General Jackson led 300 armed men into the country and declared it independent in the name of its few American citizens. He was easily defeated, but the repeated disturbances had done their work. A few months later, when the Mexican revolution triumphed, only 4,000 civilised inhabitants were left in the whole province, with a roving population of border ruffians on the north and wild Indians to the west.



MEXICAN FILIBUSTERS.

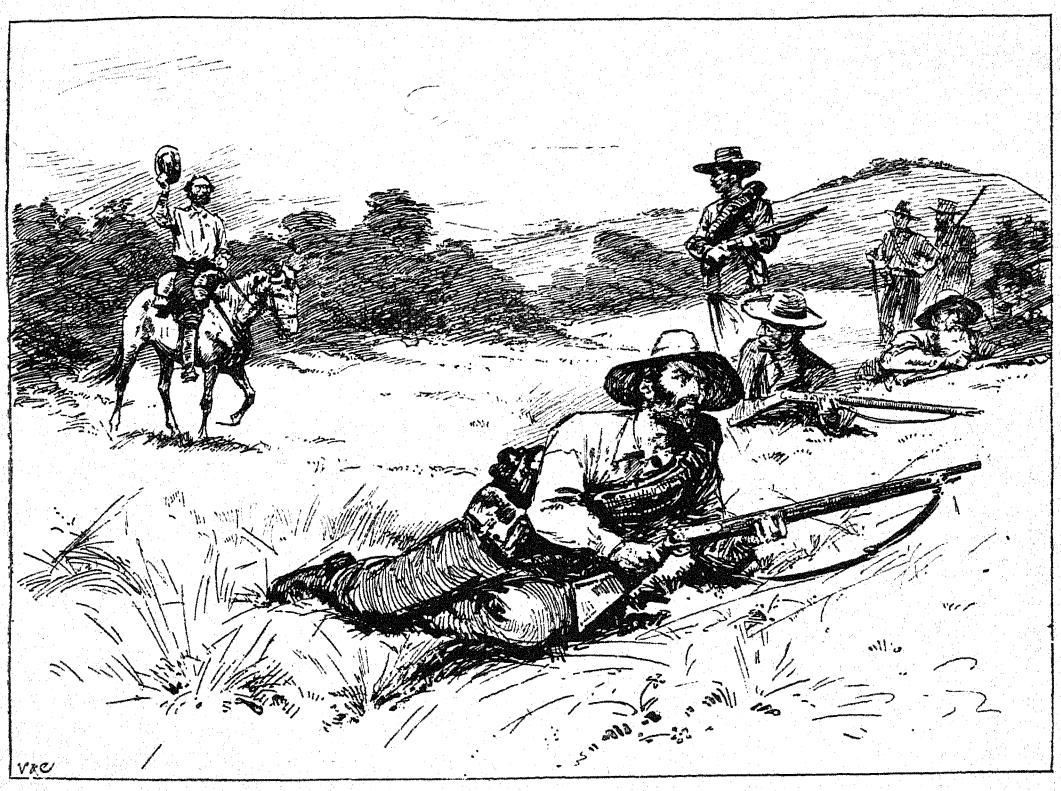
The last act of Spain had been to open the country in a measure to agricultural colonisation from the United States. It was this policy, cautiously persevered in for a dozen years by the new Mexican Republic and then suddenly reversed with a veritable persecution of the American settlers, which brought about the final conflict.

Moses Austin, a New Englander of education who had been a successful mine-projector in Virginia and Missouri, obtained a grant of lands from the Spanish authorities in 1820, through the good offices of the *alcalde*, or mayor, of San Antonio. This was the Baron de Bastrop, who served as a young soldier of fortune under Frederick the Great, and then wandered in the love of adventure and science as far as this obscure colony of Spain. Moses Austin died, and his son Stephen was delayed in the proper working of his grant by the outbreak of the revolution. For the next two years Mexico played at government by an elected emperor. At last General Santa Ana established by force a republic on the model of the United States. He renewed the grant of lands to Austin, whom he named civil governor, administrator of justice, and commander of the militia, with power to make war on the Indians, subject only to the Mexican governor and general commanding in Texas.

In 1824 the 300 first families of settlers arrived. The grant allowed one square league to each family, with 177 acres of tillage. It was surveyed by Bastrop, who did not live to know the fate of a colony which he had laboured sincerely to plant in the interests of the Mexican Republic. In 1825 permission was given to bring in 500 more families, and soon other extensive grants were made to American immigrants. By 1827, there were 10,000 of these new inhabitants of Texas living widely separate on their ranches and developing the natural resources of the country. In 1830 the civilised population of the province rose to 20,000.

These new-comers believed in the manifest destiny of their race—as their favourite statesman, Henry Clay, expressed it in the United States Congress—to occupy the vast regions which the Spanish-Americans seemed neither able nor willing to colonise and bring under settled law and order. For the most part they sympathised with the intense desire of the slaveholders of the

Southern United States to extend their system of negro slavery to this vast territory, and so strengthen their own position against the abolitionist North. They were not inclined to submit tamely to government annoyance from Mexico, for which they had neither respect nor fear. The Mexican Republic soon recognised that, in peopling this desolate province of the frontier, it had simply Americanised large portions of its territory.



"HE ISSUED, WAYWORN AND TRIUMPHANT, FROM THE MEZQUIT THICKETS" (*p.* 518).

President Bustamante, who came into office in 1829, said publicly that the only law recognised by these frontiersmen of the two Republics was *la razon del rifle* (musket right). He excepted Austin, who seems loyally to have fulfilled his obligations as a Mexican official, and who protested loudly against the agitation of the "Nacogdoches madmen." The next year Alaman, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, introduced laws which excluded all further immigration from the United States into Texas. Under pretext of levying taxes and controlling the ports, he sent troops to a dozen places. These soldiers were mainly convicts liberated from the Mexican prisons, and their presence was not calculated to appease the exasperation of a people who had so long been a law to themselves. Only the settlements of Austin and two others were recognised by the government as existing on a legal basis.

An irritating attempt was also made to enforce other colonising laws, which weighed heavily on thousands of American settlers. It was exacted of them that they should profess the Roman Catholic religion, like the other citizens of the Republic. Where religion counted for so little, this requirement ended in a mere formality. A more serious matter was the positive discrimination made in favour of native Mexican settlers. The Americans, who now made up the immense majority of the population of Texas, were not like the old fugitives of the frontier. They were serious-minded citizens, intent on working their land and inclined to resent any interference with their liberties. Their growing discontent was shown in partial insurrections breaking out in sympathy with the constant conflict of parties all through the Mexican Republic.

The Federal system of the United States, in which each separate State is free and independent to legislate for its own internal affairs, and

subject to a central government only in what is of common interest to all the States, could not work well in a country so unsettled and ill-organised as Mexico. Bustamante was accused of encroaching on the rights of the frontier States; and Coahuila, to which Texas officially belonged, rose against him. Arms were smuggled into Texas, and an outbreak was imminent. Bradburn, an English sea-captain who had been pirate, privateer, and slave-trader, was sent by the President to put the coast under martial law. Suddenly Santa Ana, who for thirty years to come was to be President or professional Revolutionist by turns, declared against Bustamante. He had the soldiers of the frontier on his side, and the Texans, to be rid of the intolerable stress, consented also. The troops went off to aid Santa Ana, as the settlers had hoped, and the latter had a breathing-space in which to plan their future action.

In 1833 Austin called a Convention, which demanded the rights of Statehood and Home Rule for Texas. Bearing these resolutions, which protested loyalty to Santa Ana's own Constitution of 1824, he set out to meet the latter, who had triumphed in the Civil War. To his surprise, he found that the new President, after winning his office in the name of State rights, was already turning back to the party of the Centralisers, who were more powerful to support him in his arbitrary rule. Santa Ana received Austin without giving satisfaction to the Texan demands. Time passed, and in 1834 he suddenly ordered that Austin should be thrown into prison. The news only strengthened the party of agitation in Texas, and Austin wrote in vain from his confinement in the capital to implore those settlers who had fixed homes and led laborious lives "between plough handles" not to give ear to dangerous counsels.

Santa Ana, meanwhile, marched steadily with an armed force through the States which held out against his centralising policy. From Zacatecas, where he won after a bitter struggle, he sent General Cos to dissolve the Legislature of Coahuila and Texas, and to take up a position to watch the American settlers in the latter province. The governor of the city of Mexico joined with the governor of Coahuila in urging a coalition of States against this dictatorship of Santa Ana. All over the territory of the Republic there were constant small outbreaks in favour of State rights. Santa Ana, aided by the rich religious corporations and land proprietors, was able to overcome all opposition. On the 31st of July, 1835, he ordered that the revolting governors and the leaders of the *Norte-Americanos* should be seized. There were also persistent rumours that he was sending troops to dispossess the American settlers of their lands.

The Americans of Texas had now to make their choice—either to submit to Santa Ana or to fight for their independence. They were tired of the unceasing revolutions of Mexicans among themselves; and they felt a general antipathy of race against the Mexican minority in the territory which their own superior enterprise had developed. Besides, they were constantly encouraged by promises of assistance from land speculators and slaveholders in the United States.

At last Santa Ana deemed it prudent to release Austin, with specious promises that might allay the growing discontent. The two Mexican governors had already joined the Texans; and this time the fighting priest Zambrano declared against the authorities of Republican Mexico, just as he had before supported the Spanish rule. In September, after an imprisonment of many months, Austin arrived in Texas, only to find "all disorganised, all in anarchy, and threatened with immediate hostilities." General Cos marched forward to San Antonio; and, on the 29th of the month, 168 Texan volunteers fought at Gonzalez with 100 of the Mexican troops. On the 4th of October Austin issued a proclamation against military despotism in behalf of State rights.

Through all the succeeding months the Texans still fought under the tricolour flag of the Mexican Republic, protesting their willingness to submit to the Federal Constitution of 1824. But General Santa Ana was unable to undo by force of arms the manifold blunders of his centralising policy. The Alamo was to decide the struggle of manifest destiny in favour of Texan independence.

II.—The Storming of the Alamo.

On the 22nd of February, 1836, Santa Ana arrived at San Antonio with the first brigade of the Mexican army, which he was commanding in person. He had had a painful march of seven days across the plains. The other brigades were following close behind. It was now the turn of the Texan troops to retire to the Alamo. Their commander, Colonel Travis, had only 145 men, and little provision against an energetic siege. But when Santa Ana summoned him to surrender, he answered by a cannon shot. The

Mexican general at once hoisted the red flag, as a signal that no quarter would be given.

The Alamo, in spite of the peaceful purpose of its original building, had been made strong enough to resist any attack except from artillery. Built in 1744, it was the last of a line of Franciscan missions established along the San Antonio river for the conversion of the wild Indians. The neighbourhood of the Spanish military post was not sufficient to guarantee the friars and their converts against sudden raids; so they began by enclosing an oblong space, from two to three acres in extent, in the midst of the cottonwood trees (*alamo*—a kind of poplar), which gave the name to the mission. This Mission Square, as it was called, was more than 450 feet long from north to south and 150 feet wide. Its wall was 8 feet high, and nearly a yard thick. On the east side was the convent, a two-storey building of *adobe* (sun-dried clay), 191 feet long and 18 feet deep. In front was the convent yard, 186 feet deep, and surrounded by another strong wall. At the south-east corner was the church, with walls of hewn stone 4 feet thick and 22½ feet high. In the southern wall of the Mission Square was the great gateway, beside a one-storey prison 115 feet long by 17 feet deep. Outside the wall a ditch and stockade went from the prison to the corner of the church. There was no lack of shelter from which the sharpshooting Texans might fire their guns, so long as the Mexican artillery made no breach in the outer walls; even then a retreating fight might be kept up through the various enclosures.

The friars had disappeared with the Spanish domination, and the mission had since been used for military purposes. In the roofless church were installed the magazine and soldiers' quarters. The friars' apartments in the convent building had also been divided up into armoury and barracks. There was plenty of water from two *acequias*, or waterways, which passed under the walls, one at the north-west corner of the Mission Square and the other to the east of the church. To strengthen the position, fourteen guns had been mounted at different parts of the walls. The three heaviest pointed north, south, and east from the church. There were two for the stockade, two for the gate of the Mission Square beside the prison, one for each of the corners of the square, and two each for the exposed walls to north and west. The mere fortification of the place promised well against any ordinary attack.

That lack of foresight and union which is common to raids and revolutions led by adventurers, destroyed these advantages of defence. On the 14th of February Colonel Travis had already complained to General Sam Houston, the commander-in-chief of the Texan army, that he had been left destitute in face of the threatened attack. Several hundred men and the greater part of the ammunition had been withdrawn for distant expeditions, which could not even turn aside the march forward of the Mexican army.

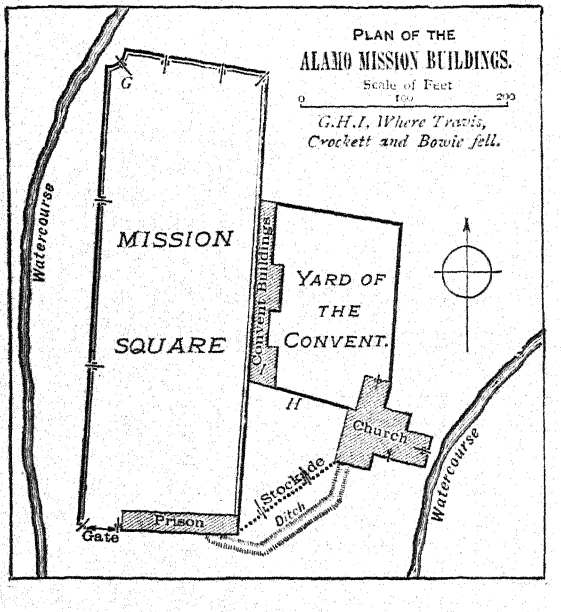
The provisional government which had been organised in November was not working well. Austin's loyal policy had been put aside; but the new governor and the council quarrelled among themselves. The commander-in-chief was himself little more than an improvised soldier, and was powerless to take independent action. When the governor remonstrated about the unprotected state of the Alamo, the Council refused to listen. Time was frittered away in the oratory which pleases the popular assemblies of new countries, or in mutual recrimination and vaunts of personal bravery.

Travis himself was careless about the service of his scouts, and knew little of the real strength and organisation of the enemy's forces. It is also supposed that he had little control over his men, who were accustomed to the reckless skirmishing of the frontier and had never faced a disciplined body of troops. At the last moment, when the coming of Santa Ana was already forcing them to retire from San Antonio, they hurriedly stocked the Alamo with the scant provisions which came to hand. For food they had to rely on twenty beeves and eighty bushels of Indian corn. Their supply of ammunition was more unsatisfactory still.

Santa Ana, while waiting for the remainder of his troops, was unable to complete the siege of the Alamo. On the 24th of February Colonel Travis sent out a final desperate appeal for help across the prairies. The messenger succeeded in reaching Gonzalez, where the first battle of the revolution had been fought. Captain Smith, with more than thirty men, responded to the appeal; and, at three in the morning of the 1st of March, they made their entrance into the Alamo. Besides the soldiers of the garrison, they found the wives of two of the officers with their two children, a Mexican woman, and the negro boy of Travis.

The second in command bore a name of might in frontier warfare. It was James Bowie, the

eldest of three brothers, the second of whom was the inventor of the long-bladed "bowie-knife" used by the hunters and desperadoes of the plains. They had been engaged in buying negro slaves for the Southern United States from the men of Lafitte, the pirate. When the pirate's haunts were broken up, James Bowie remained to take due part in the Texan struggles. On the 27th of October he had already fought a bloody battle, with ninety-one others of his kind, against four hundred Mexicans. With him was Davy Crockett, who is remembered as one of the earliest of the "American humorists," but whose share in the tragedy of



the Alamo should not be forgotten. He was a tall, powerful, fearless hunter from Tennessee; Irish by descent, with all the wit and careless courage of his race, and a thorough frontiersman, trained to use the rifle from his childhood. He had been elected once to the United States Congress; but he had not the sonorous eloquence required by his half-primitive constituents, and they chose another for the post when his term of office was over. Shouldering his rifle in disgust, he made his way to the Texan frontier, just in time for this last adventure.

General Santa Ana at once began work by setting up two batteries of artillery in the *alameda* (cottonwood grove) by the river. He also disposed five entrenched camps to command the mission from different points and guard against all attempts to force a way out. Then he began throwing shells, and by the 3rd of March the Texans counted two hundred which had fallen inside their works. Not a man had been injured and little effect had been produced on the walls. On their side, they had picked off a number of Mexicans who showed themselves within range of their sharpshooting rifles. But it had already become necessary for them to economise their small store of ammunition. Moreover, their strength of endurance was sorely tried. Besides the skirmishing by day, they were harassed by constant fears of an attack by night.

On the 4th March, the third Mexican brigade arrived. This brought Santa Ana's forces to the number of 5,000 men, well trained and organised. The next day was passed in making ready to storm the Alamo. Two thousand five hundred men were chosen for the attacking force, divided into four columns, which were to engage the garrison on every side at once. At the head of one of these columns Santa Ana placed General Cos, who had broken his parole and marched back to revenge his own recent defeat on this spot. All the columns were supplied with ladders, crowbars, and axes. The cavalry was stationed around, so as to cut off every chance of escape.

The next day (March 6th) was Sunday. At four o'clock in the morning the Mexican columns took their positions. They advanced in silence, but the strained senses of the besieged could hear their doom drawing nigh amid the darkness. Suddenly the bugle sounded, and the Mexicans made a first rush forward. The twelve cannons and all the rifles of the garrison spoke together, and the assailants fell back in disorder. On the north side, their leader had been wounded, leaving his men in confusion. The officers rallied their troops, and again drove them forward to the foot of the walls; but they could not scale them. Then a united attack was made from the north, and again the Texan fire wrought havoc and carnage in the dense mass of troops. But this last move had brought the attacking party below the range of the cannon on the walls. The garrison had fired only two shots, and a small breach had already been made in the north wall. Travis, struck in the head, had fallen beside his gun at the north-west corner.

A third assault was at once made. This time the wall was scaled and the breach enlarged. The soldiers poured into the Mission Square faster than the Texan rifles could pick them off. On another side one of the columns forced the

stockade, and captured the two guns at that point. The outer walls were now abandoned by the garrison, who retired to the shelter of the barracks and the church. Soon their own cannon were directed against them, amid the increasing fire of the Mexican musketry. Apartment after apartment was forced. There ensued a series of hand-to-hand fights, ending in death-struggles, as the successive groups of Texans were overborne by superior numbers. Through the convent cells, built for peace, the Mexican soldiers charged with fixed bayonets, only to be met by the clubbed rifles and flashing knives of their victims driven to bay. Early in the fight Bowie had fallen from a scaffolding by the walls, and received such injuries that he was unable to move from the bed where he had been laid in an upper room of the convent barracks. But he was still able to die as he had lived, firing the pistols which had been placed by his side before he was finally run through with a bayonet.

The church was the last to be taken. One of its guns bore directly on the Mexicans in the Mission Square, and did valiant execution until all who manned it had fallen. When the church itself was carried, its defenders, too, fell back inch by inch, fighting till each man was slain. Davy Crockett was among the last to fall, close to the passage which the friars had made long ago to lead from their convent to the sacred precinct.

In less than an hour all was over. General



"THE MEXICAN SOLDIERS CHARGED WITH FIXED BAYONETS, ONLY TO BE MET BY THE CLUBBED RIFLES AND FLASHING KNIVES."

Santa Ana, during the fight, had kept to his safe post by the southern battery. By his orders the bands played incessantly the shrill *deguello*—the signal that no quarter should be given. When he entered the Alamo at last, a search of the now silent rooms brought to light five men of the garrison who had hidden away. The under-generals begged the President to spare their lives, now that victory was complete. Santa Ana turned implacably to the soldiers, who ran the captives through before his eyes. Thus perished to the last man the defenders of the Alamo.

There were left to tell the tale only the two widowed American women, with their two children; the Mexican woman, who was torn from Bowie's side by his murderers; and the negro slave-boy of the dead commander. The widow of Lieut. Dickenson was given a horse and sent across the plains with an arrogant proclamation from Santa Ana to the Texan rebels, summoning them to surrender at discretion.

The inhabitants of San Antonio—Mexicans and Americans alike—asked leave to bury the dead bodies of the Texan victims of the massacre. Santa Ana, following up his barbarous policy, refused, and ordered that the corpses should be burned. They were heaped together in layers, with wood and dry brush between. One hundred and eighty-two bodies were counted before the torch was applied. Under cover of the night, men of San Antonio gathered up the ashes and few bones which were all that remained of the little garrison. A year later these were buried reverently in one coffin near the Alamo, which was left standing as a memorial of Texan independence, now definitely won.

On the Mexican side, Santa Ana gave a lying account of his victory, reporting the number of the Texans at 600, and assigning only 1,400 to his own attacking columns. Of these he admitted only 70 killed and 300 wounded. His more truthful secretary, when the speedy reverses of his master unsealed his lips, gave numbers which are confirmed from other sources. One hundred and eighty-two Texans, who were slain to the last man, had been besieged by 5,000 Mexicans, of whom 2,500 engaged in the attack. Of the latter, 300 were killed on the spot, and 100 afterwards died of their wounds. The Alcalde of San Antonio, who was charged with the burial of the Mexican dead, thought even this estimate far too low.

The first news of the siege had roused the Texan authorities to action. On the 2nd of March the Convention proclaimed the absolute independence of Texas as a nation. On the 11th of the month, General Houston, who was still without news from the Alamo, arrived at Gonzalez with 400 men. The next day Mrs. Dickenson, worn out with emotion and fatigue, rode into camp. In a single village twenty women learned that they were widows like herself. Houston, panic-striken, retreated, after burning the town lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy.

Santa Ana marched straight on Goliad by the coast. Texans could not yet believe in the military power of the despised "greasers," and several hundred men fell into his hands. He again ordered a massacre, but this time it was after a surrender had been made. There could be no further doubt of his policy of extermination.

The triumphant army continued its march northward toward the heart of the American settlements. At San Jacinto, near Galveston, the Texan troops at last ventured on a pitched battle. Their training had been accomplished; they entered the fight to the cry of "Remember the Alamo!"

The Mexican President, and what remained of his army after the battle, were taken prisoners. It was with difficulty that the Texan officers prevented their men from revenging in kind the massacres of the Alamo and Goliad. Santa Ana, after the independence of the Texan Republic had been recognised, was handed over to the Government of the United States, who restored him to a diminished Mexico. After ten years, when Texas was definitely to be annexed to the United States, he was again at the head of the Mexicans. This war—against the whole United States and not, as before, with the single province of Texas—formed the bloody end of the strife begun at the storming of the Alamo. The Mexican Republic lost for ever its immense northern territory from the Gulf to the Pacific Ocean.

In 1876 the aged widow of Lieut. Dickenson revisited the Alamo. She had seen its heroic defence of the liberties of 30,000 souls; she had lived to see the State of Texas with a population well on towards 3,000,000. In the State House of Austin, capital city of Texas, on a monument made of stones of the ruins of the mission fortress, are inscribed 166 names—all that were known of the men whose death gave the Anglo-American race eternal reason to remember the Alamo.

THE BATTLES IN THE PYRENEES

July: 1813—Feb: 1814 By Major Arthur Griffiths

ONE of the most striking incidents in the long struggle for victory in the Peninsula was when Wellington met Marshal Soult, his great antagonist, face to face among the rugged mountains of the Pyrenees. It was at a critical moment. Soult had made a brilliant advance, and, by clever concentration of all his forces, was in greatly superior strength; he might count upon inflicting a crushing defeat upon the English opposed to him before their supports could arrive. Wellington was hurrying them up, with the consciousness that they were well placed and near at hand. How was he to gain time? Alone he rode up to the front and showed himself conspicuously to both friends and foes. His nearest troops, some Portuguese, raised a shrill and joyful cry at seeing him; it was taken up by the next regiments, and "soon swelled as it ran along the line into that stern, appalling shout which the British soldier is wont to give upon the edge of battle, and which no enemy ever heard unmoved." On the other side of the valley were the enemy, and at their head their great commander, Soult: he was so near that a spy at Wellington's stirrup pointed him out. The two generals plainly saw each other's features; and Wellington quickly drew his own conclusions as he carefully studied Soult's appearance. "Yonder," he said aloud, "is a great commander, but he is cautious, and will delay his attack until he can ascertain the cause of those cheers; that will give time for the 6th Division to arrive, and I shall beat him"—which he did, and handsomely, as we shall see.

This was in the early part of the great struggle in the Pyrenees—the longest, most arduous, most fiercely-contested campaign in the whole Peninsular War. It was fought out from first to last among the mountains; some of its most terrible episodes occurred at altitudes of five and six thousand feet. The warfare was incessant and greatly varied, comprising skirmish, combat, and set battle, the attack and defence of rocky positions, the forcing of narrow defiles, advance alternating with retreat, always by rugged flinty roads, by goat tracks and mountain paths, through crooked and winding valleys, across difficult hills intersected with deep glens and chasms and tremendous precipices, their flanks clothed frequently with impenetrable forests. To travel over such a country called for the greatest exertions from the troops. Marches were long and toilsome, more suitable to Alpine climbers than foot soldiers hampered with knapsacks, guns, and cartridges. Both sides were taxed severely, and were subjected to the most frightful hardships. The weather, even in the summer, was inclement; great heats were followed by terrific thunderstorms. As winter drew on, snow fell heavily; and the British, still in the hills, under tents or in the open, were exposed to great suffering. It was difficult to bring up the commissariat supplies; food was scarce; work—and such work!—had to be done constantly on a half-ration of biscuit, eked out with such morsels as the starving soldiers could forage for themselves in a poverty-stricken district and only by setting discipline at defiance, for the hangman's rope certainly awaited every detected marauder.

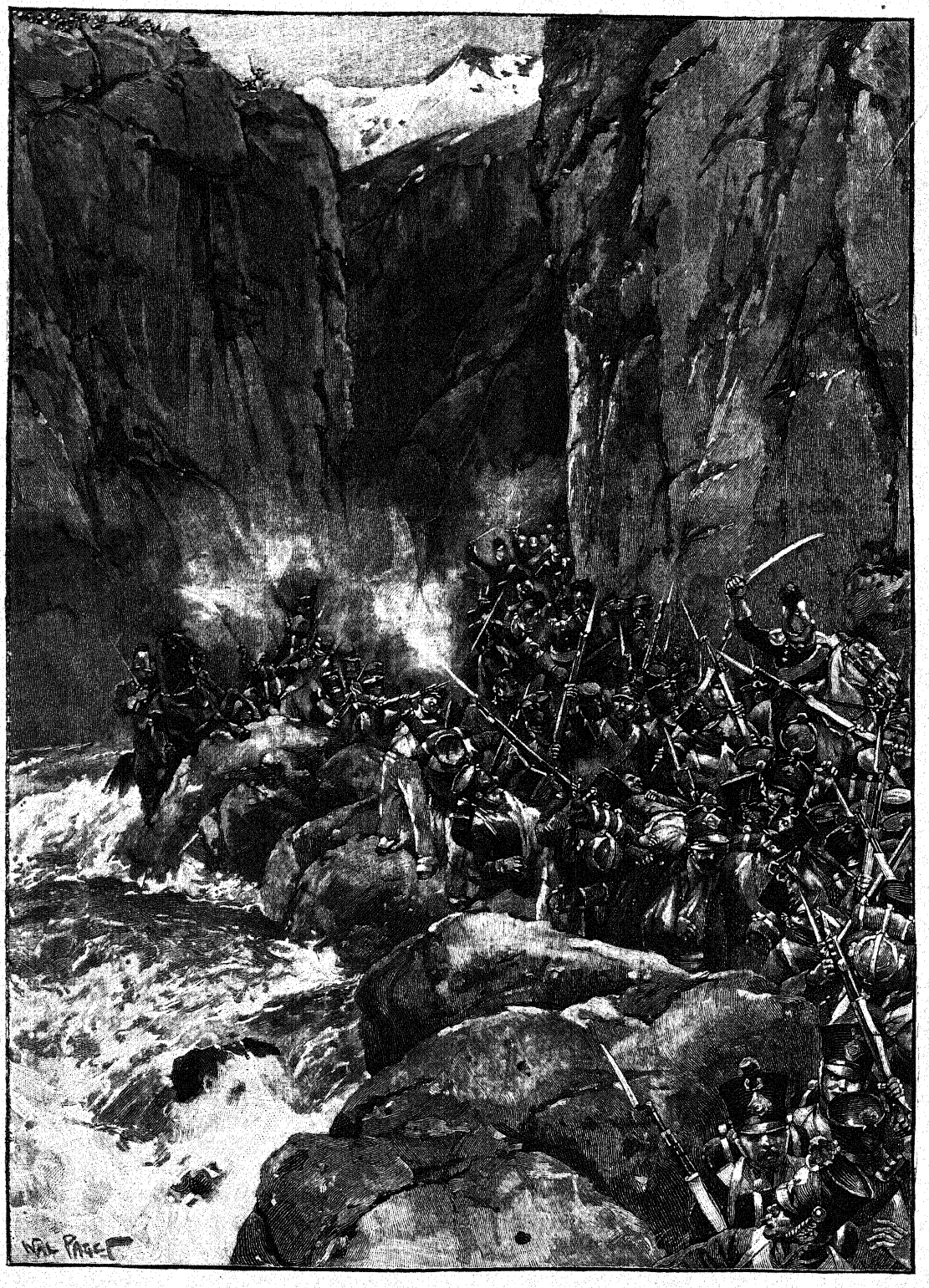
Here is a graphic picture, drawn by an officer of the Light Division, at the end of a long day, when his men, now in pursuit of the flying French, had marched nearly forty miles, mostly up hill, and for nineteen consecutive hours. "We had nearly reached the summit of a tremendous mountain, but nature was quite exhausted; many of the soldiers lagged behind; many fell heavily on the naked rocks, frothing at the mouth, black in the face, and struggling in their last agonies, whilst others, unable to

drag one leg after the other, leaned on the muzzles of their firelocks, looking pictures of despair, muttering in disconsolate accents that they had never fallen out before." Down below were the French. "We overlooked the enemy at stone's throw," records the same officer, "and from the summit of a tremendous precipice. The river separated us, but the French were wedged in a narrow road, with inaccessible rocks on the one side and the river on the other. Confusion, impossible to describe, followed: the wounded were thrown down in the rush and trampled upon; the cavalry drew their swords and endeavoured to charge up the pass of Echellon [Echellar], but the infantry beat them back, and several, horses and all, were precipitated into the river; some fired vertically at us, while the wounded called out for quarter, and others pointed to them, supported as they were on branches of trees, on which were suspended great-coats clotted with gore, and blood-stained sheets taken from different habitations to aid the sufferers."

"On these miserable supplicants brave men could not fire," Napier says speaking of this incident, and thus doing due justice to the chivalrous spirit which animated both British and French alike in this campaign. They had so long faced each other, had met in so many sharp encounters, that mutual respect and a certain noble *camaraderie* had sprung up between them. They were foes, pledged to fight in their masters' quarrel, but having no special enmity of their own. A hundred stories could be told in proof of this—of friendly hobnobbing at the outposts, the interchange of compliments, of water-bottles, even of grog and wine. There was a regular code of signals between the picquets; when one side intended to advance or to occupy ground further forward, notice thereof was given by tapping the musket-butt, and, unless a serious move was expected, the other side withdrew. Sentries never fired wantonly or causelessly. One stormy night Colonel Alexander, when going round the advanced picquets, missed his way, and his horse fell over an unexpected obstacle with much noise. Instantly a French sentry near at hand cocked his musket, and Alexander, hearing the ominous click, called out quickly: "Don't fire! It is only the English field-officer of the day." "All right, mon Colonel," quickly responded the gallant Frenchman. "I only hope you're not hurt." The same Colonel Alexander was able to do a kindly turn for another French soldier, to whom his attention was called by one of our own sentries. It was a bright moonlight night, and the French sentry was plainly seen to be sound asleep on his post—an offence punishable in the French army with death. Colonel Alexander at once went across, and, first taking possession of the man's musket, waked the sleeper, who was, naturally, much terrified to find himself disarmed and in the hands of an English officer. The poor fellow soon expressed the deepest gratitude at finding he was still to go free, and that he had escaped the terrible retribution that must have overtaken him if he had been caught by his own people. He was yet anxious to excuse his unsoldierlike conduct by declaring that he had been put on outpost duty after a long and most fatiguing march. Another pleasant story may be told before passing on to the sterner operations of war. When the Light Division, after the march above mentioned, regained the heights of Santa Barbara, in front of the pass of Vera, they came upon two Frenchmen left behind in the retreat. One was a corporal, whose leg was broken; the other a comrade who had stayed with him to protect him from the knives of the implacable Spaniards. He had, however, no fear of the English, and cheerfully resigned his friend, for whom he had risked his life, to their care. Then, shouldering his musket, he walked off—of course, unmolested—with a parting "Au revoir, bons camarades Anglais." Such incidents as these do much to brighten the inevitable horrors of war.

To proceed now with the narrative of military events in the Pyrenees.

After the crushing defeat of Vittoria, Napoleon, although sorely pressed elsewhere, was resolved to make a last desperate stand on the frontiers of Spain and France. Unable to take command in person, he sent thither his most trusted lieutenant, Soult, the doughtiest antagonist—except Masséna—that Wellington, in his own judgment, had ever encountered in Spain. Marshal Soult travelled post-haste, and reached Bayonne early in July, where, with characteristic energy, he strained every nerve to reorganise his shattered forces. He gathered up reinforcements as he went, hurrying troops forward by every kind of conveyance, and soon got together upwards of 100,000 men. Marshal Suchet, it must be remembered, was yet in the eastern province of Spain, so that the French could still make a good show. Wellington at this time was in about equal strength with Soult; but his army, as usual, was made up of three nationalities



"THE WOUNDED WERE THROWN DOWN IN THE RUSH AND TRAMPLED UPON" (*p.* 528).

—English, Spanish, and Portuguese. Of the first-named he had little more than 30,000 infantry, with some 7,000 cavalry. According to the muster-rolls, the numbers actually facing each other, although not always available, in the Pyrenees were, roughly, 82,000 under Wellington, against 78,000 under Soult. The latter could also count upon a number of foreign battalions and a large body of National Guards, all fierce and hardy mountaineers.

Soult, as has been said, was a man of indomitable and indefatigable activity. Within four days of his arrival at Bayonne he had worked out a new plan of operations on the boldest and most extensive scale. He was now resolved to take the offensive—that is to say, he meant to attack, not await attack—and his scheme was very admirably and elaborately devised. The initiative or first move gave him, as he knew, a very distinct advantage: he could choose his own line of advance, moving along it in strength, while his enemy, until fully alive to his direction and meaning, could not safely risk concentration to meet him. Wellington's position in the Pyrenees, it must be understood, was at this time defensive. He held all the passes along this long range of mountains, being obliged thus to cover the two sieges he had in progress—those of San Sebastian and of Pampelona, sixty miles apart. To hold passes in this way is considered the most hazardous undertaking in war. The only safe plan is to concentrate well to the rear of the passes, only leaving at them strong bodies to check the advancing enemy and give time to collect against him wherever he shows in strength. The run of the mountain ridges southward from the great central chain forbade this by cutting off lateral communication, or making it too tedious to be quickly effected. Soult believed, and rightly, that if he could throw his whole weight upon the centre or either end of the long line of English defence before he was expected, he would gain an early and signal success. He could do this by good beaten roads. All he had to consider was the best line of advance—right, centre, or left.

He decided to move by the last-named, and he came to this conclusion partly because he feared for Pampelona on this side, and partly because he knew or hoped that San Sebastian upon the other could long hold its own. Moreover, he knew that Wellington's principal force was gathered towards San Sebastian, and held on that side singularly strong positions of defence. The English centre could also more quickly reinforce its left than its right: two marches would suffice for the first, three long days for the last. Again, the English right, although posted in the mountains, was in more or less isolated bodies; while, as has been said, the support of the centre and left could not be obtained for three or more days, and then much further to the rear. Wherefore Soult resolved to move with all his available force by his own left against Wellington's right, counting, and with reason, upon being much stronger there than his opponent. Great consequences would follow a first success. He expected to easily overbear all resistance, to succour Pampelona, then seize the great road that came from Bayonne through Irun, Tolosa, Lecumberri, and Izurzun. Here he would be firmly established directly in the rear of the English, and could operate with marked advantage against each British division piecemeal, as it came tumbling back from its now hazardous position in the advanced passes and foremost hills.

A full comprehension of the close and intricate fighting now imminent can only be gained by studying the map, and acquiring an exact knowledge of the positions occupied by the troops on either side at the outset of the campaign. Then the movements should be followed as they occurred, and I propose to give these briefly in a more or less military way.

The general position of the English was along the whole of the Western Pyrenees from opposite St. Jean Pied de Port on the extreme right, through the valley of the Bastan by the line of the Bidassoa river to Irun and the sea, on which rested the left. Speaking more in detail, and taking the forces as they stood from right to left, there were—

1.—Byng's British brigade in front of the pass of Roncesvalles in the main chain of mountains.

2.—Next, Campbell's brigade of Portuguese was in the Alduides on the north side of the chain.

Behind 1° and 2° was Sir Lowry Cole with the 4th British Division at Viscayret, in the valley of Urroz, south of the chain. Farther to the rear was Sir Thomas Picton with the 3rd Division at Olague, in the valley of Lanz.

3.—The pass of Maya was held by the 1st Division, under Stewart, and part of the 2nd, under Sir Rowland Hill.

4.—The pass of Vera, in front of Echellar and the mountains of Santa Barbara, was held by the Light and 7th Divisions, under C. Alten and Lord Dalhousie.

Behind 3° and 4° stood the 6th Division at St. Estevan, in a central position, ready to move in support to either side.

5.—On the southern bank of the Bidassoa the Spaniards took up the line of defence from Lesaca to the sea at Irun.

Behind them Sir Thomas Graham, with the 5th Division and the Portuguese, was in support and carrying on the siege of San Sebastian.

Pampelona was blockaded by a Spanish force.

The British cavalry and the heavy guns were held about Tafalla, a long way to the rear of Pampelona.

Recapitulating briefly: the allied Anglo-Portuguese right was about 12,000, counting advanced troops and supports; the centre, 24,000; the left, including the troops besieging San Sebastian, 21,000. This was in the middle of July, just before Soult began his advance.

Let us take the French next. Soult had formed his forces into three principal bodies, or *corps d'armée*, as we should call them nowadays.

First Corps: Clausel's, at St. Jean Pied de Port, destined to operate against Roncesvalles.

Second Corps: Reille's, withdrawn from the line of the Nivelle towards Clausel, whom he was to reinforce and second in his move against the English right.

Third Corps: D'Erlon's, occupying a central position at and about Urdax. He was first to cover the concentration at St. Jean Pied de Port; then when Clausel and Reille, under the supreme direction of Soult in person, had driven back the English right, he was to force the pass of Maya, and manœuvre to his left, so as to join hands with Soult.

At the same time a Fourth corps of reserve, under Villatte, stood firm on the Bidassoa, so as to occupy and distract Wellington's attention with threatenings of laying bridges and of vigorous attack on this side.

Heavy rains and floods delayed the march of the French, which began on the 20th July, and lasted four days. It was not until the 24th, therefore, that Clausel, Reille, and D'Erlon were ready, 60,000 men in all, to operate in overwhelming strength against the relatively weak right and right centre of Wellington's defensive line.

We will now follow the movements with the map, day by day.

25th July.—Clausel fell on Byng, in front, 16,000 against 1,600. At the same time Reille attacked his right, and sought to cut him off from Campbell. Byng stood fast; Campbell came up on his flank, where he encountered and stoutly resisted Reille, until Sir Lowry Cole arrived with the 4th Division in support. That night Cole drew off, surrendering the passes and his hold on the main chain, reaching Zubiri next day, where he halted and offered battle.

26th July.—Clausel followed Cole, but slowly; Reille, detained by mists and want of guides, made little progress. The English, however, were not yet concentrated; Picton, although at no great distance, had not come up, nor had Campbell made good his retreat. For about five hours Cole was in some danger. Alone and unsupported he might have been obliged to withstand Soult's whole strength. But the French marshal delayed his attack till next morning, and by that time the whole of the English forces in this direction had effected a junction.

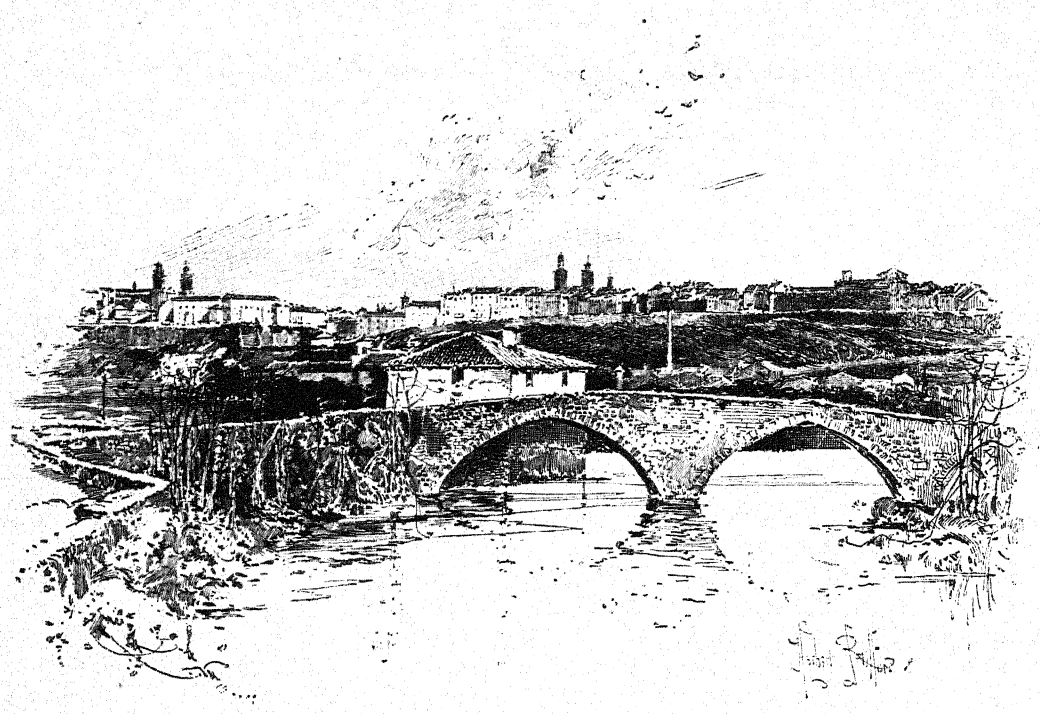
Meanwhile, on the 25th and 26th, D'Erlon with 18,000 had been on the move, but in a dilatory fashion; yet he was at first successful. On the 25th he forced the pass of Maya, whereon Hill retreated to Vellate, a pass in the main chain of the Pyrenees. D'Erlon should have followed up his advantage, manœuvring, as instructed, to his left towards Soult; but he paused to incorporate new reinforcements, and only followed Hill on the 28th, too late to be of service in the forward movements.

So much for Soult: now for Wellington.

The English general-in-chief was at San Sebastian when he first heard of Soult's general advance, and fully understood its purport. His proper place now was with his fighting divisions; and on the 26th, as he rode rapidly to the right, he ordered everyone he met to march towards Pampelona by the valley of Lanz. He counted upon Picton holding his ground in front of that fortress, and so instructed him, promising to come up with all possible support at once.

27th July.—The 6th, 7th, and Light Divisions were moving from St. Estevan, Echellar, and Vera respectively, towards Pampelona. It was a general retreat, very demoralising, and the confusion was greatly increased by vague rumours of terrible disasters everywhere. Picton, however, had turned, as Wellington expected, on the steep ridge of St. Christoval, and there assumed a strong position, which Cole, now under Picton's orders, rendered more secure by seizing some heights on his right. Soult, who was now up with his advanced troops, promptly decided that he must assail Picton at once in front and on both flanks

This was the movement he suspended on the sudden advent of Lord Wellington in the manner already described. The great English general, a splendid horseman, had come up from Lanz literally at racing speed, and with unerring instinct had fathomed the dangers that threatened, had dismounted, written his own orders, hurrying everyone forward, had despatched them by the only staff-officer still with him, Lord Fitzroy Somerset (afterwards the Lord Raglan of Crimean history), and ridden on, hoping to delay the action. In this he succeeded, as has been told.



PAMPELONA.

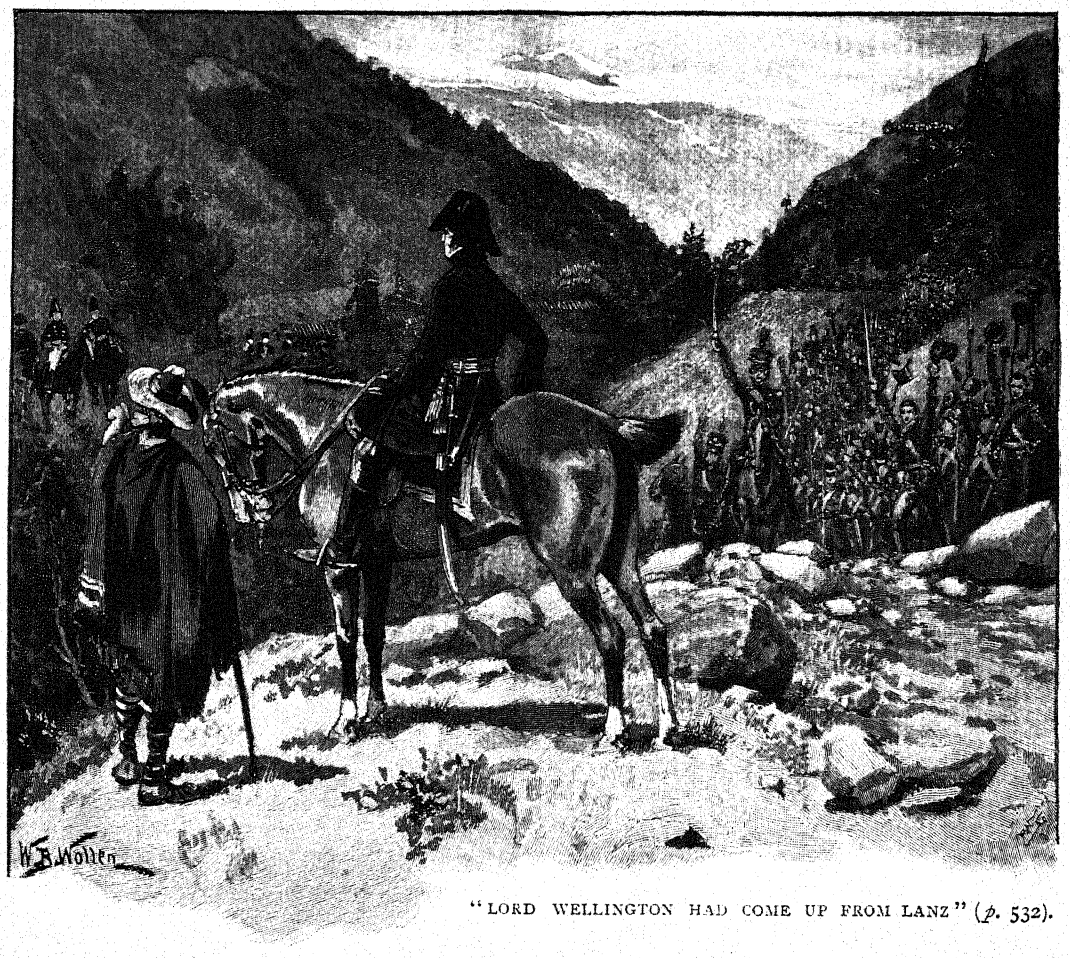
28th July.—On this day was fought the first battle of Sorauren, a fierce encounter, when such great valour and determination were displayed on both sides that Wellington in his despatch called it "bludgeon work." About midday, Soult having heard that the English reinforcements were approaching, resolved to attack Cole and Picton without delay. Clausel's 1st Division turned the left, and would have gained the rear, when Pakenham, with the 6th Division—the first to come up in obedience to Wellington's pressing orders of the day before—appeared in strength over the ridge and delivered a counter-stroke which has been compared to that of Salamanca. The French were caught on both flanks, and severely handled; nor could Clausel's other divisions, nor yet Reille's, restore the fight, although they behaved with superb courage, assaulting again and again the craggy heights occupied by the English. On the other flank Reille tried to dislodge the Spaniards on the Zabaldica hill; but they were reinforced by the British 40th, "that invincible regiment," which awaited in stern silence the French attack, then charged down and drove all before them. Four times the French remounted the steep slope, being at last so wearied that their officers were seen to drag up many by their belts; four times they were repulsed, and at last, "with thinned ranks, tired limbs, hearts fainting and hopeless from repeated failures, they were so abashed that three British companies sufficed to bear down a whole brigade."

29th July.—The whole of the British divisions, with the exception of the Light, which had gone astray in the mountains, were now well in hand, and Wellington was on the safe side. But Soult was feeling the pressure of events, and, realising that he must soon retire, had already sent off his guns, his wounded, and part of his cavalry to the rear. Now, however, he heard of D'Erlon's approach; 18,000 fresh troops had come up to Ostiz, within a few miles of him, and with these reinforcements he thought to extricate himself without entirely losing the reward of his

bold advance. His plan was to hold his left in seeming strength about Sorauren, then under cover of D'Erlon, draw off behind his right into the Bastan valley, where he would be once more in touch with the frontier and his reserves.

30th July.—Wellington was not to be outmanœuvred. He quickly penetrated Soult's design to detain him with an inferior force, and, however, Wellington's divisions, pushing steadily forward, drew closer and closer round the French, and Soult was nearly caught in a net from which there could be no escape but to surrender or disperse. It would be tedious to detail the various encircling marches made by the British, but on the

31st July, the situation was this:—Soult, with



"LORD WELLINGTON HAD COME UP FROM LANZ" (*p.* 532).

dashing forward at once with two divisions, attacked Sorauren in front and flank, thus bringing on the second battle of that name. It was hardly contested; but the determined gallantry of the British broke the French resistance, with frightful loss. Two French divisions were completely disorganised; a third, swollen with fugitives, was quite cut off from the main body. Meanwhile Soult had carried out the rest of his programme, and, acting against Hill's left, had opened for himself a retreat through the pass of Doña Maria which he threaded in safety, protected by a strong rear-guard. Now, the remnant of his army, barely 35,000, many of them dispirited by defeat, occupied St. Estevan, a town in a deep narrow valley hemmed in by high hills, the exits from which were all closed. Wellington had three British divisions and one Spanish behind the mountains; the pass of Doña Maria was held by another; the Light Division, with more Spaniards, was blocking the pass of Vera, Byng that of Maya, Hill was in strength at Vellate. The French were in complete ignorance of their critical condition, and knew nothing of the dangerous proximity of Wellington. Now happened one of those small vexatious

incidents that will mar the best dispositions in war. While the English general was still most anxious to hide his presence, forbidding all straggling or the lighting of any fires, "three marauding English soldiers entered the valley and were instantly carried off by the *gens-d'armes:* half an hour afterwards the French drums beat to arms and their columns began to move out of San Estevan towards Sumbilla. Thus the disobedience of three plundering knaves, unworthy of the name of soldiers, deprived one consummate commander of the most splendid success and saved another from the most terrible disaster." Soult escaped, but his further retreat was a rout: he was torn and harassed at every step, and when he at last regained the comparative security of the frontier it was in great disorder and after incalculable losses. His invasion of the Pyrenees, with its nine days of continual movement and ten serious engagements, had cost him from 13,000 to 15,000 men killed and wounded, and 4,000 taken prisoners. On the other side the allies—British, Spanish, and Portuguese—lost 7,300 killed, wounded, and taken. Wellington himself was nearly included in the latter; for on the very last day's fighting, near Echellar, the English general was closely studying his map under the protection of a half-company of the 23rd, when the French came upon him suddenly and sent a party to cut him off. He was only saved by the intrepidity of an active young sergeant of the escort, Blood by name, who, "leaping, rather than running, down the precipitous rocks," warned him of his danger, and he galloped away, followed by a volley from the enemy, now close at hand.

Soult was beaten badly, but not cowed. In the weeks that followed his first disasters in the Pyrenees he strove hard to restore strength and spirit to his scattered forces, Wellington the while being busily employed on the now renewed siege of San Sebastian. Nearly a month so passed; and as the condition of that fortress grew more and more critical, the French commander felt constrained to strike a fresh blow for its relief. Soult in his weakness was not very hopeful of success; but he assumed a bold demeanour, and made a very desperate effort to raise the siege. For this, after all, it was only necessary to reach Oyarzun, behind the great mountains south of the Bidassoa and on the royal road from Bayonne and Irun. Three days before the second storming of San Sebastian he embarked upon this momentous enterprise.

Soult resolved this time to concentrate against the English left. He thought to gather here, as he had previously done upon the right, more quickly than his enemy, and forestall him, with 40,000 men all told, upon the line of the lower Bidassoa.

30th August.—Clausel with 20,000 men and 20 guns was behind the hills above Vera; Reille with 18,000, and having Foy with 7,000 in reserve, was posted in rear of high points on the north of the river. D'Erlon farther back held Sarre and Ainhoa, whence he could check any wide outflanking movement by Wellington, or reinforce Clausel and Reille.

Wellington's army was at this time stationed as follows:—

1.—The Right—composed of the 2nd, 3rd, and 6th Divisions—at Roncesvalles, Maya, and in the valley of the Bastan.

2.—The Centre, of the 7th and Light Divisions, had the first-named at Echellar, the second occupying the heights of Santa Barbara, facing Vera.

3.—The Left, on the lower Bidassoa, was entrusted to the Spaniards in the position of San Marcial—heights that rose abruptly from the river-bank, and so steep that an eye-witness declared they could only be mounted by swinging from bough to bough. Behind San Marcial rose a four-ridged mountain called the Peña de Haya, and upon its lower slopes on the right were more Spaniards under Longa, while two British brigades were in support on the left. Higher up the Peña de Haya the 4th Division, of both British and Portuguese, stood in reserve; and as the mountain was so enormous that all these troops were insufficient to guard it, a brigade of the 7th Division was also brought across for the purpose from Echellar.

31st August (the day of the capture of San Sebastian).—Reille, covered by artillery fire, crossed the fords of Biriatu and stormed San Marcial. Clausel was to attack Vera simultaneously, and the two French corps, uniting on the Peña de Haya, were to force their way forward, driving the allies from ridge to ridge until they reached their objective point, Oyarzun.

Reille, moving out at daylight, attacked the formidable heights with great intrepidity, and, although the Spaniards fought well, they were near defeat when Wellington appeared in person. His presence was acknowledged by loud shouts, and, acting as an incentive to renewed and more gallant efforts, encouraged the Spaniards to drive the French down headlong. Soult stiffened his

columns by drawing up his reserves, but forebore to renew the attack until that of Clausel was further developed.

On the side of Vera, Clausel sent three heavy columns across by the fords and up against the Portuguese, fighting his way forward amidst the asperities of the Peña de Haya but very slowly, so that it was two in the afternoon before he had gained much ground. But now Wellington had strengthened the defence of this mountain by the rest of the 7th Division, while the whole of the Light threatened Clausel's left flank and rear. Fearing for his communications, that general now paused and informed Soult of his condition. This was the turning-point of the action. Almost at the same moment news from D'Erlon reached Soult that he was threatened by the whole weight of Wellington's right wing.

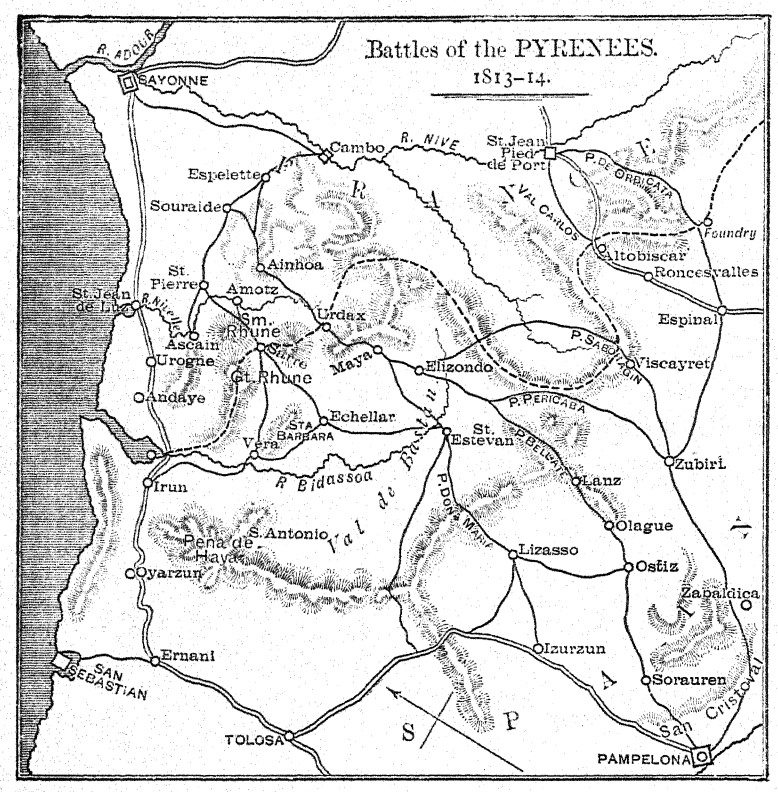
The English general, with true military sagacity, had penetrated Soult's intention from the first. Seeing that his left was to be attacked in force while his right was held in check by D'Erlon, he promptly resolved to throw his right forward, and so disturb Soult's plan. On the 30th he directed three lines of attack against D'Erlon, and these were made with such fierceness that that general believed a great movement was in progress against Bayonne. Wellington had in reality no such aim : it was only a masterly strategical move, which, by unsettling Soult, changed the face of the battle at the most decisive point. The French commander at once drew Foy's division from Reille to reinforce D'Erlon, and ordered Clausel to withdraw behind the Bidassoa. Reille himself was still on our side of the river, under the position of San Marcial, and opposed only by the Spaniards, who were losing heart ; but any fresh engagement was rendered impossible by the outburst of a terrific storm of wind and rain, in the teeth of which no man could stand, while the thinnest streams swelled rapidly into raging torrents. Reille retreated under cover of and uninjured by the elements ; but Clausel's last division was half-drowned at the fords, and the rest were nearly cut off at the bridge of Vera.

Next day, the 1st September, Soult learnt that Wellington's advance towards Bayonne was only a feint, and he was disposed to organise a fresh attack upon San Marcial. But now came the news that San Sebastian was captured, all but the citadel, and it was deemed hazardous to continue the forward movement. Already Soult had lost, in the five different combats of the 31st August, some 3,600 men, and many generals and other officers. In the seven last weeks he had fought in all twelve battles, and he felt now that the tide was turning against him, that he must relinquish offence for defence, and limit himself to a stubborn resistance. He was well placed strategically for defensive warfare, and his army held many strong positions ; moreover, "his vast knowledge of war, his foresight, his talent for methodical arrangement, and his firmness of character peculiarly fitted him" for operations of this kind. We enter now upon the second great period in the Pyrenean conflict, when the initiative passed from Soult to Wellington, and the English general, at the head of the allied troops, invaded France.

All through September and into the first days of October the opposing armies remained inactive. Both sides were reorganising, replenishing, regaining strength. It was an especially trying time for Wellington and his troops, most of whom were still among the mountains, exposed to the wet and cold of an inclement autumn, while down below the fertile plains of France glittered in the warm sunshine, a veritable Promised Land. Duty was severe and unremitting, the outposts were ever on the alert, and a most stringent, irksome discipline was always maintained. The troops were discontented and lost heart ; desertions became frequent ; the provost-marshal was kept constantly busy ; the halberds and the gallows found many victims. The forward move came not a day too soon, and was hailed with delight by all ranks as a prelude to brighter days.

All this time Wellington was being continually worried by the politicians to invade France, and so hasten the overthrow of Napoleon, now sorely pressed on every side. But the English general was reluctant to advance ; the time was not yet ripe. Soult, undismayed, with abundant forces, stood based upon two fortresses, Bayonne and St. Jean Pied de Port, holding strongly-entrenched positions between them. Another French marshal, Suchet, was in Catalonia with an army of 60,000, ready to act against Wellington's flank and rear if he made any forward move. There was much to impose caution ; yet the English general, yielding at length to the persistent pressure from home, resolved at least to place his left in a menacing attitude within the French territory. His right and centre, occupying the passes from Roncesvalles to Maya, were already well situated for attack, and it was on this side that Soult naturally looked for the next move.

To deceive your enemy is one of the first and most important of all military maxims, and Wellington did everything to encourage Soult's idea, although he had no intention of so acting. He continually disquieted Soult with feints in this direction, while he was preparing serious operations in the other. His plan was to move by his left, to force the passage of the lower Bidassoa, to drive the French out of their entrenchments there, and at the same time



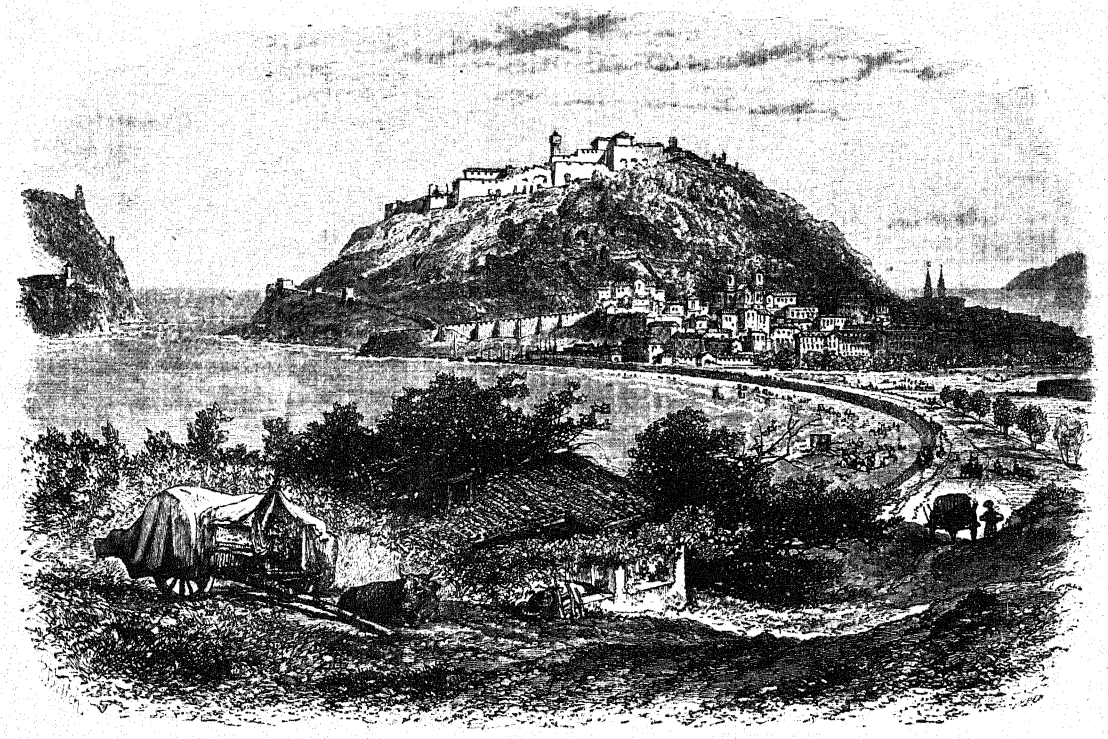
move to the right, attack and, if possible, capture the Great Rhune mountain, a rocky peak rising some three thousand feet above the sea. This enterprise has been justly deemed by the historian to be "as daring and dangerous as any undertaken during the whole war." Let us now see how it was accomplished, briefly considering first the positions of the opposing armies.

Taking the French first from left to right, from Pied de Port to the sea: Foy was at that town and fortress, having, however, power to reinforce the right by the bridge of Cambo; D'Erlon stood next at Ainhoa, with an advance at Urdax and his right at the bridge of Amotz, on the Nivelle; then came Clausel, reaching as far as Serres on the same river, while redoubts covered his left front, and his right flank was behind the Great Rhune; finally, Reille occupied two long ridges that ran from the main chain of La Rhune towards the sea, one constituting the northern bank of the Bidassoa and rising sheer above the river's bed, the other in rear of it, and both crowned with many formidable earthworks. Behind all, about Ascain, was Villate in reserve and keeping up the connection between Reille and Clausel.

Wellington, on the other hand, kept his extreme right still at Roncesvalles, but with a preponderating weight towards his centre about Maya, where was Hill with the 2nd Division, having the 3rd a little to its left front. The 7th Division was at Echellar, with the 6th in support. More to the left was Giron's Spanish Division, backed up by the Light Division, and that again by the 4th, on the heights of Santa Barbara. Beyond Vera and on the farther or southern side of the Bidassoa were Longa's Spaniards, while the rest of the river was held by the 1st and 5th Divisions, with Freyre's Spaniards and two independent brigades, Aylmer's British and Wilson's Portuguese.

This was the plan of battle. Giron was to take the right of the Rhune mountain, with Alten next and in the centre, while Longa, crossing by the ford of Salinas and the bridge of Vera, was to assail the left. These troops numbered 20,000 in all, and they had much stiff climbing with hard fighting before them. Wellington held 24,000 more for a perhaps tougher job, the passage of the river lower down, where it was unbridged and where its few known fords were raked by artillery placed on purpose in entrenchments strongly garrisoned. But Wellington had heard of other fords, three of them secretly discovered near the mouth of the river; and it was on the existence of these that he based the main part of his hazardous operation. These last-named fords were only practicable at

low water. The tide hereabouts rose and fell sixteen feet; but when quite out, it left broad sands firm for half a mile, good going, but in full view of the French positions on the northern shore. To cross so near the mouth of the river was deemed impossible, and the French were thus lulled into false security, never dreaming of attack on that side. They had in consequence established themselves most strongly about the centre, where the Bildox or Green Mountain overlooked the known fords. Soult was himself deceived. He had been warned by spies and deserters of the movement contemplated, yet he would not believe it, and his subordinate generals were as negligent as he was incredulous.



SAN SEBASTIAN.

The 7th of October was the day fixed for the passage, and just before daylight a terrific storm burst over the French positions, which with tempest and darkness helped to cloak Wellington's movements. He had left all his tents standing, so as to further deceive the enemy; and his seven columns of attack, embracing a front of five miles, approached their several points of crossing without being observed. The 1st and 5th Divisions took the sands at the lowest fords—pointing the one towards the great redoubt of "Sans Culottes," to the right rear of the French position, the other towards Andaye, on the right flank. Both passed the river before a shot was fired; then the English signal went up—a rocket, fired from the steeple of Fuentarabia—the English guns began to play, and the remaining columns entered the water. Now the French awoke and gathered slowly, but all too tardily, to the defence. Their artillery in the nearest redoubts—the "Louis XIV.," the "Café Républicain," and the "Croix des Bouquets"—opened fire, and the struggle commenced. The 1st British Division, with Halkett's Germans and Wilson's Portuguese, quickly drove the French out of the two first-named redoubts into the third, which was really the key to the position, and here the fight raged fiercely. Both sides brought up guns and troops in reinforcement, but the day was gained by Colonel Cameron at the head of the 9th Regiment, who charged with such astonishing courage and impetus that he carried all before him. Meanwhile Freyre with his Spaniards had gone up against the Bildox and neighbouring heights, had gained them, and thus turned the French left; while the unopposed advance of the 5th Division towards the "Sans Culottes" equally compromised the French right. Reille, who was now in chief command, found himself beaten in

the centre and menaced on both flanks. A precipitate retreat followed; only the arrival of Soult with some of Villatte's reserves saved the flight from degenerating into a disastrous rout.

On this lower side Wellington triumphed easily; his losses were trifling, his success extraordinary. Yet with less masterly skill in disposition, less unhesitating boldness in execution, this "stupendous operation," as Napier calls it, might have had a far different ending. Had Soult guessed Wellington's real design and prepared to meet it, he could have opposed him with 16,000 men securely posted and protected with artillery sufficient to resist, or greatly delay, the passage. Any prolonged check would have been fatal, "because in two hours the returning tide would have come with a swallowing flood upon the rear."

The attack on the Great Rhune has still to be described; and here, although the French were also taken unawares, the fight was closer, more nearly balanced, and much more prolonged. The French general Taupin occupied the long saddle from the Rhune to the river, and had in his front a lesser hill, called the Bear's Back, which must be taken first. It was carried most gallantly by Colborne of the 52nd, who passed on to attack Taupin's right; while Kempt's brigade and, farther back, Freyre came up on the left, and all pressing forward, in spite of the steep incline and the enemy's desperate courage, succeeded at length in driving the French out of their entrenchments. Meanwhile Giron, higher up, had assailed the Great Rhune, where he was met with a stout resistance, and might have been repulsed but for the intrepid bravery of a young Englishman, Havelock, General Alten's aide-de-camp, who came to Giron with a message, and stayed to see the fight through. Havelock, seeing the check, nobly pushed to the front, and gave the Spaniards fresh spirit; with loud cries of "El Chico Blanco!" ("The fair-haired boy!") they willingly followed him, and were led on to victory. Now the French drew higher up the mountain, where bold staring crags just below the summit had gained the name of The Hermitage, and in this impregnable fastness made a last determined stand all through the night. Next day Wellington ordered a flanking movement, a strong demonstration by the Sixth Division round the rear of the Rhune, whereupon Clausel, fearing for his communications, abandoned the mountain and drew off entirely behind the Nivelle. Later on he vindicated his position and again occupied the Lesser Rhune, movements that had an important bearing upon the next battle.

Wellington had now entered France, but he was still in the Pyrenees; victory had improved his military situation, but his troops, posted mainly on high bleak mountains, suffered terrible privations. Supplies came up with such difficulty that the men were often half-starved; their clothing was insufficient, and their tents but poor protection against the snow and cold on the hills. Many reasons urged Wellington forward; the politicians were still clamorous for advance, but a stronger argument was the necessities of the troops. The next great effort promised great reward. "The plains of France, so long overlooked from the towering crags of the Pyrenees, were to be the prize of battle; and the half-famished soldiers in their fury broke through the iron barrier erected by Soult as if it were but a screen of reeds."

For Soult, after the passage of the Bidassoa, was more than ever limited upon a strict defensive, hoping, behind a strong line of fortifications, to revive the spirit of his troops. Since the loss of the Bidassoa he had taken up a more concentrated position between the Nive and the sea, and had strengthened it to the utmost with redoubts and forts and entrenched camps. These formidable works, hardly inferior to Wellington's celebrated lines of Torres Vedras, which had stopped Masséna in Portugal in 1810, had been thrown up with incessant labour and at great expense; they were strongly armed, and held by 60,000 men. To understand the situation and follow the operations on both sides it is once more necessary to examine the positions of the opponents with the aid of the map.

Soult's line of defence was in three great portions, the Right, Centre, and Left, all more or less inter-dependent, although each French commander had a special position assigned to him.

1.—The Right, under Reille, in front of St. Jean de Luz, was nearly impregnable in strong fortifications upon the lower ground, extending from the sea towards Ascain.

2.—The Centre, under Clausel, occupied a range of hills from Ascain to the bridge of Amotz, and as the Nivelle described a great curve behind him, both his flanks rested on that river. In front a brigade held the Lesser Rhune, and another the redoubts of St. Barbe and Grenada, both of which acted as advanced posts, covering his front and his entrenched camp at Sarre.

3.—The left, under D'Erlon, was beyond the Nivelle, on its right or northern bank, and between that river and the Nive, so that his flanks rested also on rivers. His right connected with Clausel at the bridge of Amotz, his left was on the Mondarrain mountain, and in between these he had two lines of defence—the first, and most forward, a continuation of the Mondarrain range ; the second was a broad ridge farther to the rear, its right flank at Amotz, where it touched upon Clausel.

Soult's weakest point was at this junction, between D'Erlon and Clausel, and Wellington knew it—knew that from the lie of land it could not be so strongly fortified as the rest of the line ; knew, too, that if he could smash in there with considerable numbers he would separate these commanders, turn the right of one, the left of the other, and by the sole direction of this victorious march oblige Reille on the right to retire by taking him in reverse. This was how it struck the great strategist, and his adoption of this, the true line of movement, was no less a mark of his military genius than were his masterly dispositions to give it due effect. Throughout the intricate combinations which followed he showed himself Soult's superior in war, and a most successful exponent of its unalterable principles.

It is a leading axiom in generalship to bring masses to bear on an enemy's fractions ; and whenever and wherever the allies had met the French, Wellington had always the advantage of numbers on his side at the decisive point.

All through October the English general had been minded to attack Soult's entrenched camps, which he realised were growing stronger day by day ; but want of supplies had delayed him, and then the weather. It was not until the first week of November that he began his movement, by drawing Hill from the right to the centre behind the pass of Maya. It should be mentioned here that, in anticipation of the coming offensive operations, the whole allied force had been organised anew into three great army corps, composed and commanded as follows :—

1.—The Right Corps, under Sir Rowland Hill, with whom were the 2nd and 6th British Divisions, also Morillo's Spaniards, Hamilton's Portuguese, and some light cavalry.

2.—The Centre, under Sir William Beresford, in two bodies—the 3rd, 4th, and 7th Divisions composing the right ; while the left was made up of the Light Division, Freyre's and Giron's Spaniards, and the cavalry under Victor Alten.

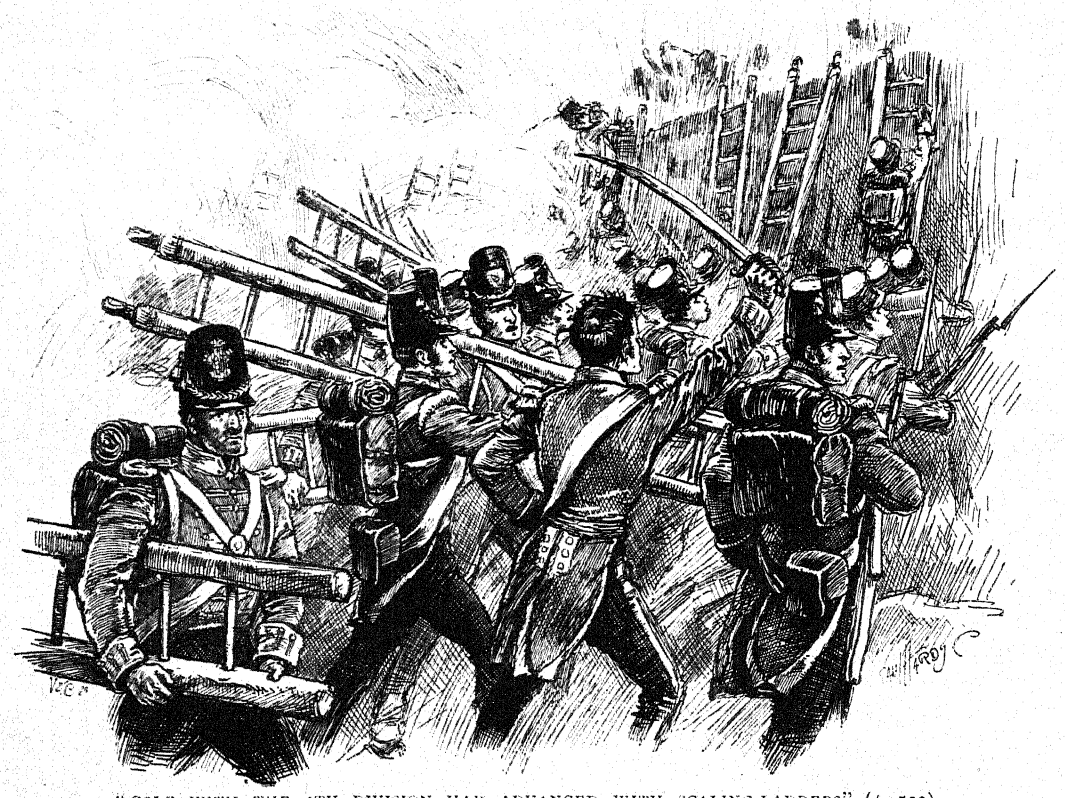
3.—The Left, under Sir John Hope, consisting mainly of the troops who had forced the lower Bidassoa—namely, the 1st and 5th Divisions, with Aylmer's British and Wilson's Portuguese.

Wellington's plan being to thrust in at the centre, as already described, he collected some 40,000 men for the purpose on the night of the 9th November. Hill, with the 2nd and 6th Divisions, was to go against D'Erlon, striking him on his right or inner flank in the direction of Ainhoa and Amotz ; Beresford, with the 3rd, 4th, and 7th Divisions and Giron's Spaniards, assembled on the mountains from Zagaramadi to the slopes of the Greater Rhune on the left, was to aim at the entrenched camp of Sarre and press on against Clausel's left, where it was strongly posted in redoubts above Amotz ; C. Alten with the Light Division (part of Beresford's corps) were designed to attack Ascain and Clausel's right, and were to be aided therein by the Spanish generals Longa and Freyre. On the far left, beyond the range of the principal engagement, Hope had the less glorious but vitally important *rôle* of occupying Reille and Villatte all day, thus preventing them from working to their left to reinforce Clausel.

The battle began at daylight, when Alten, who had gained his positions during the darkness, sprang forward to assail the Lesser Rhune, the capture of which must necessarily precede any movement against Ascain. The 43rd went forward at a run, but were exhausted before they gained the summit ; pausing there to recover breath, they pressed forward and drove all before them. The 52nd next turned the flank of the Rhune, and gained the Star fort behind. Meanwhile Cole with the 4th Division had advanced with scaling-ladders to the attack of Sarre, which, with the advance redoubt of St. Barbe, was speedily abandoned by the French, and then, the 7th Division joining in, the whole pressed forward against the main position and line of redoubts above. Hill with the 2nd and 6th Divisions, after a difficult night march, neared the enemy about 7 a.m. ; the 2nd Division soon drove the French out of Ainhoa, while the 6th Division aimed at D'Erlon's right on the bridge of Amotz. Three divisions in all now attacked D'Erlon in his second and rearmost position, and the defence was but feeble. D'Erlon was, in fact, feeling the pressure of events on the other side of the river, where Clausel's approaching extremity was uncovering and weakening D'Erlon's right. Beresford's 3rd Division, under Colville, had edged away to the

right, while the rest assailed the front, and, aiming at Amotz, joined hands with the 6th Division, the two thus forming the wedge thrust in between the French commanders at the most vital and decisive point. Now D'Erlon yielded, and, fearing to be cut off, retreated upon St. Pé, where he was no longer of value in the fight.

But Clausel was not yet beaten, and still showed a bold front. He had two divisions intact: Morransin's, which held fast to the front



"COLE WITH THE 4TH DIVISION HAD ADVANCED WITH SCALING-LADDERS" (*p.* 539).

of the redoubt Louis XIV., but, being attacked in front and flank, was presently hurled headlong down the ravines; Taupin's, still firm on the right. With the latter Clausel essayed to form a new battle around the signal redoubt, and drawing his reserves to him from the right beyond the river. Now Alten with the Light Division, whom we left on the inner slopes of the Lesser Rhune, had shot forward to his front and smote Taupin, who tried to stand; but the Spaniards, under Freyre and Longa, had made an enveloping movement round by Ascain, and the noise of their battle in the rear struck Taupin's men with such panic that many fled. Clausel made a last unsuccessful effort, to withdraw his garrison from the signal redoubt, and then left it to its fate. Through the mistake of a staff officer the 52nd were wasted in useless attacks upon this redoubt, which presently surrendered to Colborne. This was the last hostile act in the fight; the French were in full retreat; and although Soult came up with reserves and tried to rally the fugitives, the victory could no longer be withheld from the allied troops. In the night Soult availed himself of the darkness to draw off Reille from the right, a delicate manœuvre impossible in daylight, for Hope would have pressed the retreating columns, and Wellington could have struck with effect upon their flank.

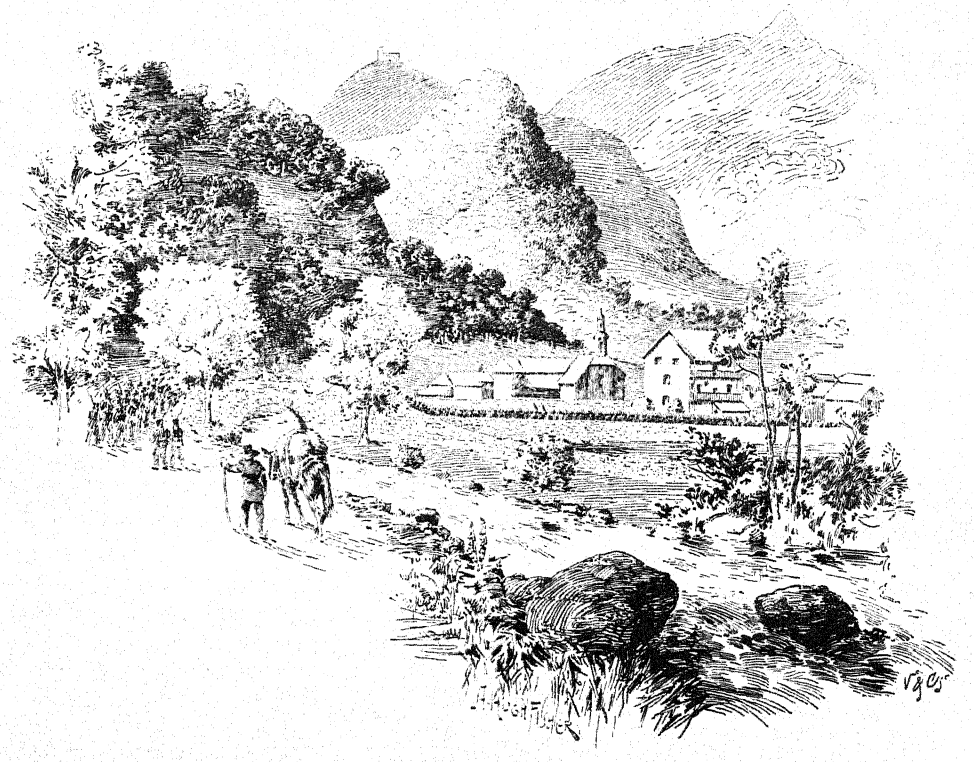
The battle of the Nivelle was, strictly speaking, the last fought among the Pyrenees. It was a decisive defeat, very costly to the enemy, who lost 50 guns, 4,000 killed and wounded, and 1,500 prisoners. On our side there were but 500 killed. No doubt this brilliant result was mainly due to good generalship. Wellington had superior numbers, but he wielded them with superior skill. Yet he was ably seconded by the bravery of his troops; no others would

have so easily won works which Soult confidently expected would have repelled them or cost them at least five-and-twenty thousand men to force. As to the French, it was no discredit to troops dispirited by successive disasters that they should be overmastered when both outnumbered and outmanœuvred.

Other battles were still to be fought, and soon; but they hardly belong to the campaign in the Pyrenees.

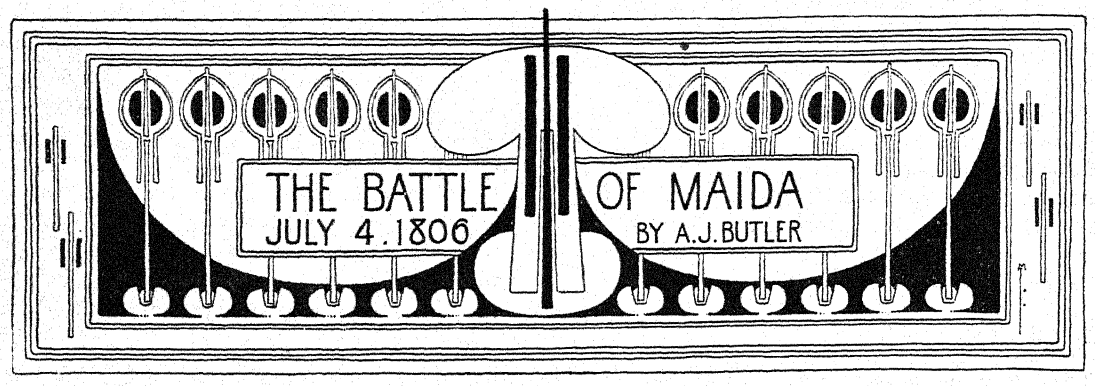
Early in December Wellington felt constrained to throw his army across the Nive river, in order to have access to the more fertile country beyond. Hill moved by the fords at Cambo and the bridge at Ustaritz, followed by Beresford; while Hope, still occupying the left, advanced close under the walls of Bayonne. Soult was now well placed in the centre, and could act by the radii of a circle, on the outer circumference of which the allies were distributed at some distance apart. He sought to profit boldly by this advantageous position, and sallied forth in strength to first overwhelm Hope. Foiled in this, after a hard-fought engagement, he turned next upon Hill, whom he hoped to find isolated upon the north of the river Nive. Wellington, anticipating this attack, had sent reinforcements across; but Hill's situation was for a time critical, and he had to stand the shock alone. The battle of St. Pierre, which he fought and won on the 13th December, was generally agreed by both French and English to have been one of the most desperate in the war. "Wellington said he had never seen a field so thickly strewn with dead; nor can the vigour of the combatants be well denied, when 5,000 men were killed and wounded in three hours upon a space of one mile."

After this the opposing armies went into winter quarters; the allies occupied cantonments, the French withdrew behind the lines of Bayonne, and nothing of interest occurred till the middle of February, when the spring weather returned.



LESACA.

(After a drawing made from nature by Colonel H. Maurice Scott, 6th Royal Warwickshire Regiment, during the operations)



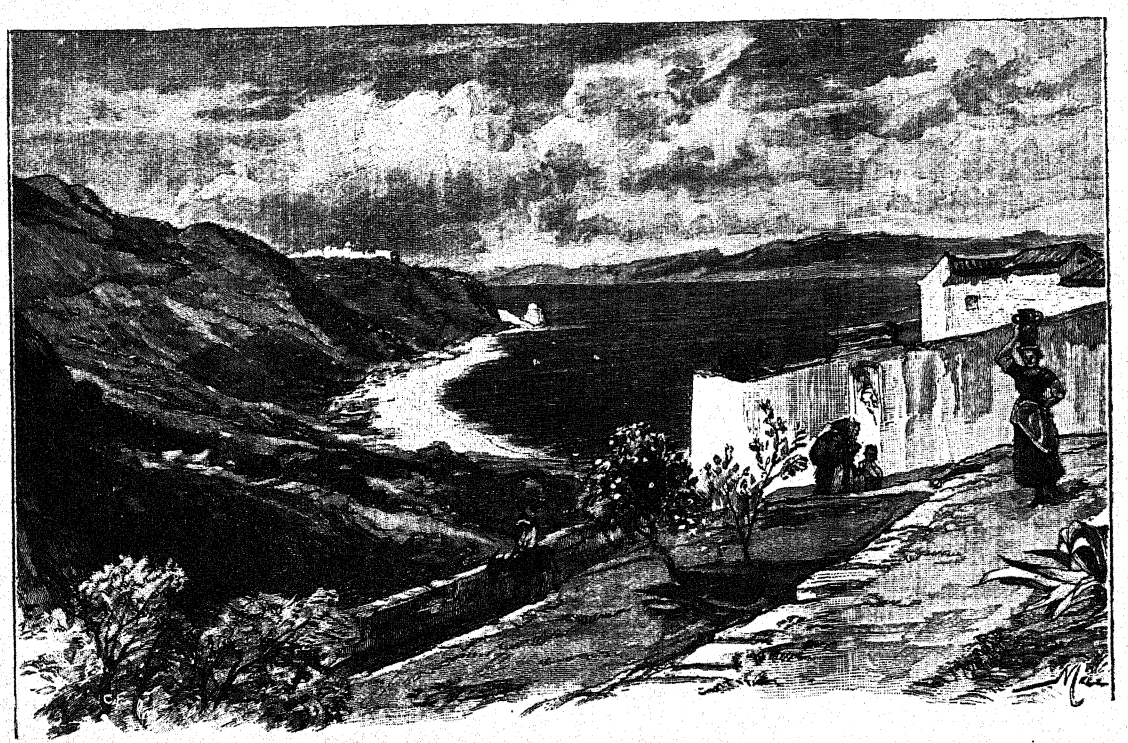
WHEN the year 1806 opened, it is probably not too much to say that the state of affairs on the continent of Europe was the most momentous which the world has ever seen. The victory of Austerlitz had, for the time at all events, laid all the lands from the North Sea to the Pyrenees, and from the Atlantic to the Adriatic, at the feet of one man. Half the old monarchies of Europe had gone down, and on their ruins new dynasties were being set up, new boundaries traced at the pleasure of a soldier of fortune whose name a dozen years before was unknown beyond the limited circle of his comrades and kinsfolk. In no part of Europe was the pressure more acutely felt than in Italy. In the closing years of the eighteenth century, not for the first or second time in history, French armies had overrun and pillaged that unlucky country. Compelled to withdraw for a time, they had soon returned in stronger force; and in 1805 Buonaparte assumed the title of King of Italy. For a while the Kingdom of Naples, which had always been regarded as a separate State, was allowed to remain under its former sovereign of the Bourbon family, Ferdinand IV., but in the early days of 1806 he, too, was expelled and forced to take refuge in Sicily. The kingdom was given by Napoleon to his own brother Joseph, and French armies were sent to overcome any objections which the inhabitants might have to being transferred without their own consent from one sovereign to another. The Bourbon government had indeed been about as bad as it well could be; but this fact did not make the task of the French appreciably easier. Under the lax and corrupt rule of their old kings the wild mountainous country of Calabria swarmed with brigands, with whose aid the partisans of the expelled monarch had no difficulty in keeping up a guerilla warfare. A clever French man of letters, who by one of the odd turns of chance not unusual in troubled times was then serving as an officer of artillery in Calabria, gives the following picture of the kind of opposition which the French had to face, and of the way in which they met it. "Imagine on the slope of some hill a detachment of our people, a hundred strong or so, marching carelessly along beneath rocks covered with myrtle bushes and aloes. Why take any precautions? We have not had a soldier murdered in this neighbourhood for the last week. At the foot of the slope runs a swift torrent which has to be crossed; part of the line is in the water, some have got across, some are still on this side. Suddenly a thousand men jump up in every direction; peasants, brigands, escaped convicts, deserters, all under the command of a sub-deacon. Well-armed, good shots, they open fire on our men before they are themselves seen. The officers are the first to fall; those who die on the spot are the lucky ones; the others serve for the next few days to furnish sport for their captors. Then the general or whoever he may be, who has sent the detachment without taking the trouble to ascertain the state of the country, takes it out of the nearest villages. He sends an aide-de-camp with five hundred men; they pillage the place, ill-use the women, cut the men's throats; and whoever escapes goes to swell the sub-deacon's forces."

In this fashion General Reynier's army made its way to the city of Reggio, which stands at the tip of the "toe" of Italy. Sicily, of which Ferdinand was still king, lay on the other side of the narrow strait, only a mile or two away. But for Reynier that strait was as impassable as if the blue Mediterranean water had been a stream of fire. Here, as at Boulogne, the effect of Trafalgar was felt, and the Straits of Messina

marked no less surely than the Straits of Dover the limit of Napoleon's power. Sir Sidney Smith, the brilliant yet wary admiral, whom Napoleon feared and hated perhaps more than any other man on earth at that time, held the Tyrrhenian Sea with his squadron—small indeed, but sufficient to prevent any French transport from putting out so long as he was within striking distance. Moreover, not very far up the coast, just where the "toe" passes into the "instep," the fortress of Amantea still held out for Ferdinand. Presently, too, Reggio itself was recaptured, and Reynier thought it better to turn back.

Some English troops, under Sir James Craig, had been sent to co-operate with a Russian army in aiding the Neapolitans to resist the first entry of the French upon their territory; but the news of Austerlitz showed the hopelessness of checking their advance at this point, the Russians withdrew, and Craig saw that the stand could best be made in Sicily. Thither he accordingly transferred his force; but, being himself invalided, he was in the course of the spring of 1806 replaced by Major-General Sir John Stuart, a gallant and able officer who had distinguished himself in the Egyptian campaign of 1801.

Before the end of June, Stuart was in command of about 5,000 men, including a certain number of Corsicans, Sicilians, and others. Of English troops he had the 20th, 27th, 58th, 78th, and 81st Regiments. The flank companies of these regiments, after the fashion of the time, were detached and formed into a grenadier battalion and a light battalion respectively, the latter with the Corsican Rangers forming the light brigade under Colonel Kempt. Stuart's total force amounted to 4,795 men, with a strength of artillery consisting of ten 4-pounders, four 6-pounders, and two howitzers. Of cavalry he had none, unless some of Sir Sidney Smith's "young gentlemen"—who are said to have accompanied the army after its landing, on donkey-back — may be reckoned under that head.

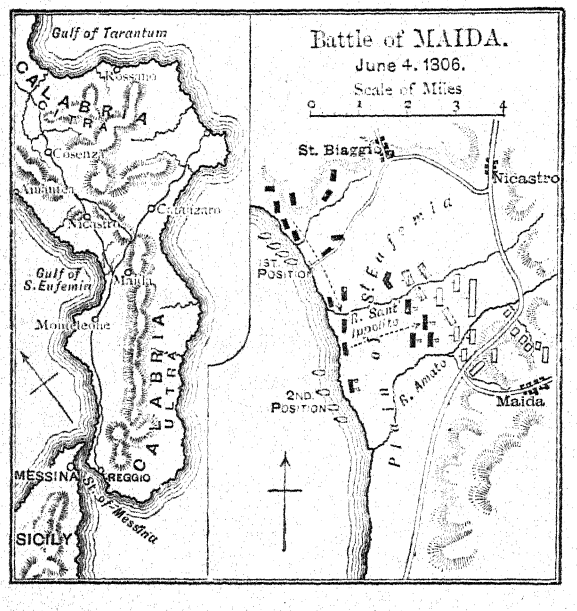


THE MOUNTAINS OF CALABRIA FROM SICILY.

On June 30th, the 20th Regiment was sent off from Messina, in some large open boats, to cruise along the coast to the south of Reggio, in order to draw off the attention of the French commander while the main body was preparing to land in the Bay of St. Eufemia, some fifty miles further to the north, and close to the still uncaptured fortress of Amantea. With a view of still further deceiving the enemy, the regiment was distributed among a much larger number

of boats than would have sufficed to carry the whole number; a ruse which may possibly have contributed to the exaggerated estimates of Stuart's strength which French writers have chosen to put forth.

The general himself, with his main body, reached St. Eufemia Bay on the evening of July 1st, and began at once to disembark his troops. No opposition was offered. A sand-bag redoubt (afterwards magnified by French reports into an entrenched camp) was thrown up to protect his stores and supplies, of which a considerable quantity had been brought, with the intention of equipping the Calabrian insurgents.

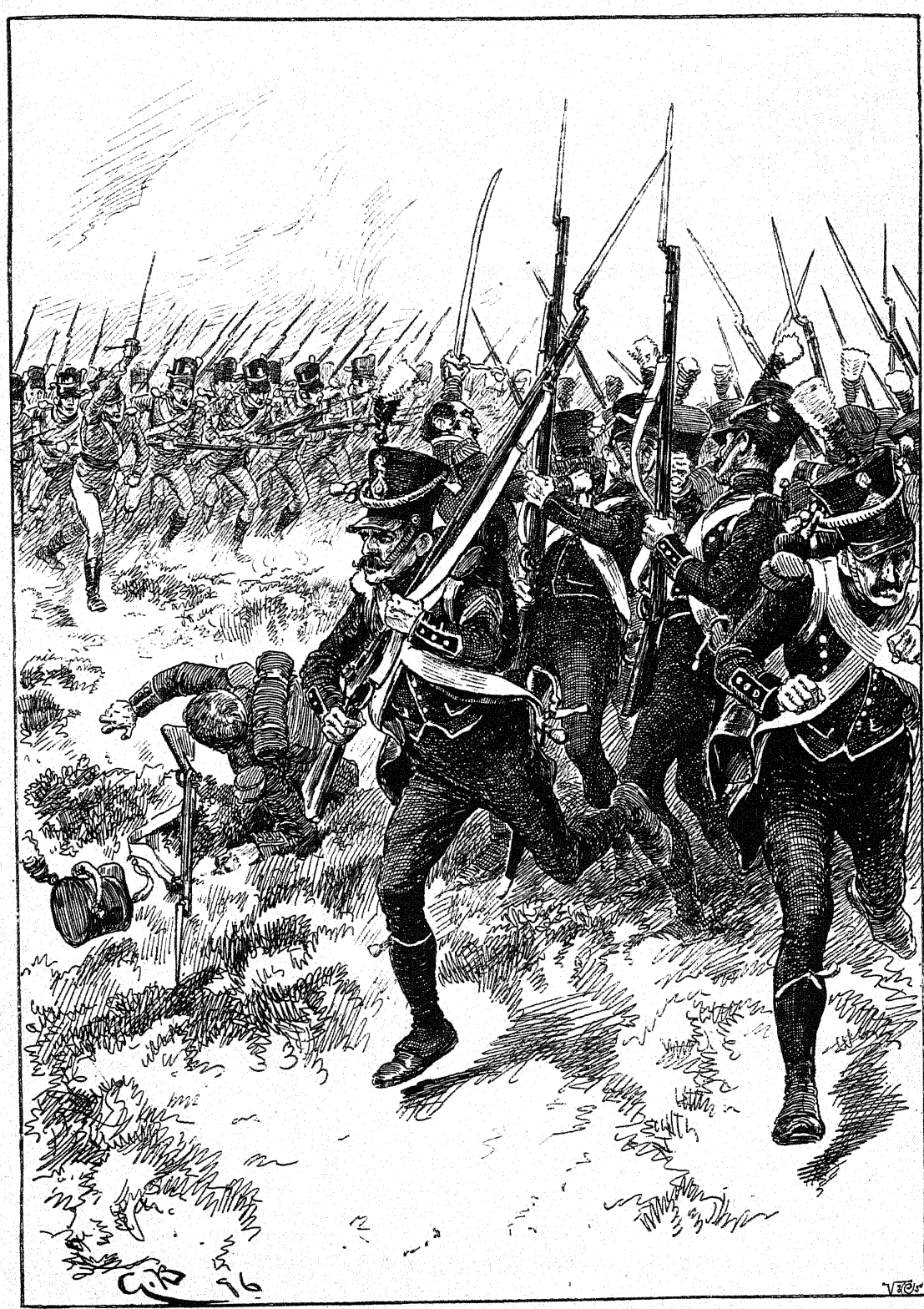


Four companies of the light, and an equal number of the grenadier battalion, covered the landing; and by daylight, or soon after, on the 2nd, the whole force was on shore, the stores being landed in the course of the day. On the same day the advance-guard pushed forward, dispersing a detachment of French and Poles, clearing the wooded hills on the British left, and establishing outposts as far as the village of San Biaggio.

The army was now encamped near the north-west angle of a horseshoe-shaped plain facing westward, and about six miles across in either direction. Mountains covered with forest and brushwood rise all round, sending down on the south side two considerable spurs into the plain The plain itself is intersected longitudinally by two streams, the Sant' Ippolito and the Amato, which flow nearly parallel from the upper end of the horseshoe in a W.S.W. direction, and fall into the sea about a mile apart; the Amato, which is much the larger stream, skirting the foot of the southern hills. Besides these there are a number of smaller watercourses, and the whole plain is marshy and covered with thickets of myrtle and scarlet geranium. Behind the more easterly of the two spurs above-mentioned lies the town of Maida, through which a road runs to Cotrone, at the south-west corner of the Gulf of Tarantum; while another and more direct road to Naples crosses the plain diagonally, and leaves it at Nicastro. In the other direction both roads unite a little south of the point where the River Amato falls into the sea, and runs near the coast toward Reggio. By this road Reynier was retreating, as already stated; and he had got as far as Monteleone, just south of the Bay of St. Eufemia, when he heard that the British force had landed. Hastening his march, the French commander took up a strong position on the more westerly and larger of the two spurs. Below him and on his flanks were woods, and the Amato flowed through marshy ground at the foot of the hill. He could hardly have posted himself better.

Towards evening on the 3rd, General Stuart, while making a reconnaissance, discovered his enemy in this strong position. It was hardly to be expected that Reynier, who seemed to hold nearly all the cards in the game, would deliberately choose to meet his adversary on even terms. The French commander had only to stay where he was, and allow the Calabrian sun and the exhalations from the marshes to produce their inevitable effect on the English army. Moreover, though at that moment his force was probably not superior to Stuart's—that is, between 4,000 and 5,000 men, including cavalry—his second division, numbering 3,000 more, was on the way from Monteleone, and might join him at any moment. It was, therefore, his interest to stay where he was, while Stuart's object was rather to force a battle as soon as possible.

At dawn on the 4th, accordingly, the British troops were under arms and starting to march along the coast in close column of subdivisions: Sir Sidney Smith, in the *Apollo* frigate, with two smaller vessels, sailing abreast of them, ready to give any assistance that might be in his power. As a matter of fact, however, the



"THEY BROKE AND FLED IN THE DIRECTION OF MAIDA" (*p.* 547).

action was fought nearly three miles inland, quite out of the longest range of any gun that went to sea in those days.

On reaching the mouth of the Sant' Ippolito the troops halted for a while on the long spit of land lying between the river and the shore. At this point they were in full view of the opposing army, and they were at once surprised and delighted, one may suppose, to see that it was moving. It is not easy to conjecture Reynier's motive in having thus thrown away the immense advantage that his initial position had given him. He may have feared that Stuart would turn his flank, and get him between the English army and the ships. The French writer above quoted thinks that the presence of Lebrun, the Imperial Commissioner, had a good deal to do with Reynier's decision to fight. "Reynier," he says, "found himself in presence of an overlooker, with directions to report. If he had won the battle, it would have been the emperor's genius, the emperor's idea, the emperor's orders. As he lost it, it is all our fault." Another French writer, writing some years later, mentions a belief current at the time that Reynier was decided by personal motives. He and Stuart had been opposed to each other during the Egyptian campaign in 1801, and Reynier had got the worst of it. Possibly all these reasons, combined with a sort of chivalrous feeling that so pointed a challenge ought not to be declined, may have urged him to take what proved so disastrous a step.

Crossing the stream, which is everywhere fordable, the English force deployed, and proceeded across the plain in echelon, the right wing in advance. The formation was as follows:—On the right was the light brigade, made up, as has been said, of the light companies of the various regiments, with the Corsican Rangers, under Colonel Kempt. To the left of them, and in rear of all the other brigades, came the 3rd, commanded by Colonel Oswald, and consisting of the 58th Regiment, and the foreign auxiliaries under Sir Louis de Watteville. In the centre, at the regular echelon distance to the left rear of the light brigade, was the 2nd brigade, comprising the 81st and 78th, under Brigadier-General Acland; while the left wing—that is, the 1st brigade—under Brigadier-General Lowry Cole, was made up of the 27th Inniskillings and the grenadier battalion.*

While Stuart's men are advancing through the myrtle-scrub, it may be worth while to call attention to a point which is apt to be overlooked. The long subsequent series of battles between British and French troops which culminated at Waterloo, proved to the world that our soldiers could, as a rule, hold their own against Napoleon's veterans. But in 1806 this was far from being the case. It was, indeed, five years since an English and a French army had met in the Alexandrian campaign; and though on that occasion our arms had been successful, their success was hardly enough to cancel the impression produced by the disasters which mismanagement had brought upon our forces in Holland and on the northern frontier of France during the early part of the war. The enormous "prestige" which the collapse of the great military monarchies of Europe had conferred on the French armies must also be taken into consideration. Sir Sidney Smith, writing about this time, had spoken of the idea—which, though he calls it mistaken, he admits was much too prevalent—"that the progress of the French armies is irresistible." It will be seen, then, that Stuart's little force had no reason to think lightly of the task that lay before it.

By half-past eight the French had descended into the plain, and formed line on their right; and it was then seen that the expected reinforcements had come up, and that Reynier had little short of 8,000 men at his disposal. His force was as follows:—(It must be remembered that a French regiment contains many more men than one of ours, and in those days the difference was even greater.) On the right was the 23rd Regiment, then the 42nd, next to them a brigade of Poles and Swiss, while the left was held by one of the crack regiments of the French service—the 1st Léger. The cavalry, 300 in number, was at the beginning of the action posted on the left wing. Thousands of Calabrian peasantry thronged the surrounding hills, and anxiously awaited the result of the struggle.

Some skirmishing seems to have taken place before the main armies were fully engaged, between the light company of the 20th Regiment—which, as has been explained, formed with other light companies a part of Kempt's brigade on our right—and some of the French troops, who were still fording the Amato when our men

* This account of the disposition of the force is taken from an admirable plan of the battle, published in the following April, a copy of which is preserved in the library of the Royal United Service Institute. I must here express my thanks to the Secretary and Librarian of the Institute for kindly allowing me to make use of it.—A. J. B.

came up. Here Captain Malcolm McLean fell at the head of his company shot through the heart: the only British officer who lost his life in the battle.

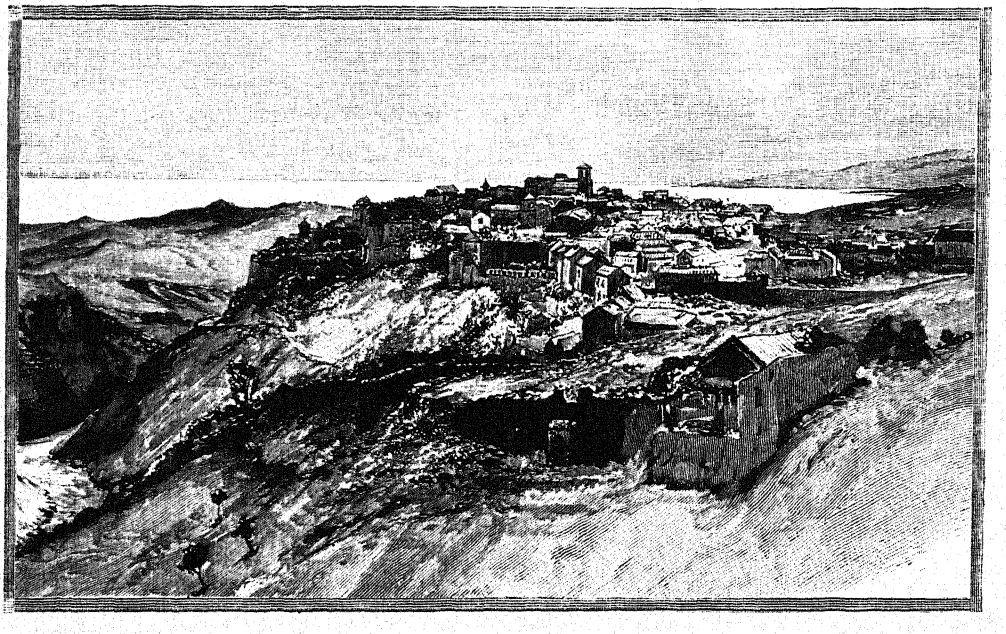
Reynier began by a demonstration against the British left; but the first really serious development of the action took place on the other wing, and on that wing it was practically decided. As the light brigade advanced, the shakoes of the 1st Léger appeared through the brushwood. At this moment it must probably have been, that one of the most dramatic incidents in modern warfare took place. Kempt's men had been marching for some hours over rough ground, under the blazing sun of a Calabrian midsummer. The uniform of those days was not designed with much reference to the soldier's ease in marching, and, in addition, each man had his blanket strapped on his shoulders. Light companies, it must be remembered, were besides composed for the most part of smaller and lighter men, whose activity would be seriously hampered by having to carry bulky objects on their backs. Kempt, himself a little man, was doubtless all the more alive to the state of affairs, and ordered his men to halt and throw down their blankets. The Calabrian spectators, as one of them told an English visitor ten years later, "sweated cold; for," he added, "we thought the English were going to run." The 1st Léger thought the same and pressed forward with a cheer; but the English troops, freed from their encumbrances, were already coming to meet them. Neither side fired till they were within a hundred yards of each other; then a few rounds were exchanged, and the two corps, in perfect silence, advanced upon each other with the bayonet. Of late years this had been the favourite weapon of Napoleon's veterans. Our readers will not have forgotten the advance of Suchet's division at Austerlitz. But this time they had met their match; and though bayonets are said to have been actually crossed, the 1st Léger as a body shrank from the shock, nor could they be rallied by any efforts of their officers. They broke and fled in the direction of Maida, pursued by the light brigade.

Almost simultaneously Acland's brigade had routed the corps opposed to it; and Reynier, seeing that his left wing was hopelessly beaten, made an effort to retrieve the fortune of the day on his right. Bringing his cavalry up to that wing, where Cole's brigade was offering a sturdy resistance to the 42nd Regiment of Imperial Grenadiers, he attempted to outflank and turn the British left. But an opportune succour was at hand. As has been mentioned, the 20th Regiment had been despatched on a special duty, from which it had not returned when the expedition started. Just when Stuart's men were standing to their arms, the transport bearing the 20th had anchored in St. Eufemia Bay, it would seem, off the mouth of the river Sant' Ippolito. Here it was hailed by Sir Sidney Smith and informed of General Stuart's intention to attack that morning. An officer of the 20th (or XX, as its members like to write it) describes what followed:—"Without waiting for orders, our gallant chief, Colonel Ross, gave directions for the regiment to disembark soon after daylight. General Stuart had landed with a small army a few days previously, and they were now engaged, for we could hear the firing and see the smoke. We therefore cheerfully obeyed the order, and landed forthwith, after filling our haversacks and canteens; for officers as well as men carried their three days' provisions, and their blankets and change of linen. We hurried across the country through woods and marshes, in the direction in which the music of cannon and musketry was heard, and we reached our little army just at the nick of time, for we came through a wood upon the left of the British line which the French cavalry were trying to turn. We immediately formed, and they attempted to turn our left; but Colonel Ross threw back the left wing of the 20th, and after giving them a few shots, they relinquished the attempt. For a long time, however, they kept hovering about us, and made us change our position several times, but we were always ready to receive them." In fact, the 20th contributed very materially to the success of the day, and the sprig of myrtle which for years afterwards used to ornament the caps of the regiment on July 4th, in memory of the Calabrian myrtle thickets, was a well-earned decoration. Maida, it is interesting to observe, is the only pitched battle that British troops have ever fought on Italian soil.

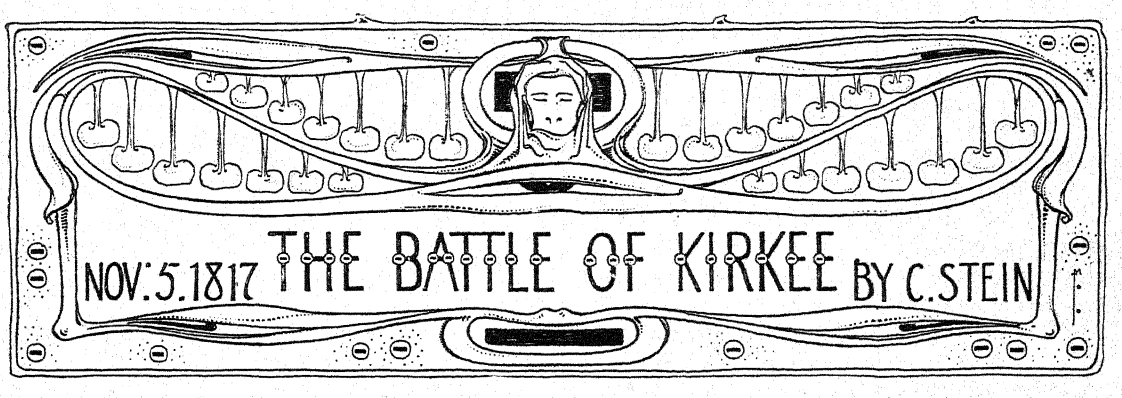
The repulse of the French cavalry ended the action. Reynier, in spite of the intrepidity with which he exposed himself in the effort to check defeat—for if he was an unlucky and injudicious commander, he was a thoroughly brave man—could only join in the flight of his routed army, leaving over 3,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, the English loss being barely 300. Headlong they fled, losing many stragglers, and scarcely halting till they reached Catanzaro, at the head of the Gulf of Tarantum, and well on the other side of the Apennines. For the moment, the

district known as Further Calabria was abandoned by the French. Several of the smaller fortresses on the coast fell into Sir John Stuart's hands; and with an adequate force he might have cleared South Italy of the invader, and possibly anticipated or accelerated the results of the war which was soon to begin in the other peninsula; but divided counsels still prevailed in England. It had not yet become clear to our statesmen that until Napoleon was crushed Europe could not be tranquil or England safe, and no steps were taken to reinforce the heroic little army until just after it had been compelled, for want of support, to quit Calabria. Before many months had passed, the total collapse of the Prussian monarchy at Jena and Auerstädt had withdrawn attention from the remoter parts of Europe; and then the French invasion of the Peninsula pointed to that region as the vulnerable point upon which all efforts must be concentrated.

Yet Maida was not a battle without results. When Parliament met in December, the thanks of both Houses were voted to General Stuart, his brigadiers, and the whole army; and on this occasion Mr. Windham, the Secretary for War, pointed out how the victory of Maida had broken the spell of invincibility that for so long had been attached to French troops. The effect was all the greater that just at that moment no fighting was going on elsewhere, so that the armies which had been engaged on the little Calabrian plain might be regarded as the champions of their respective causes. The news, we know, had the effect of making Napoleon extremely angry; and French writers were for a long time driven to distort the facts considerably in order to account for what seemed to them, on any supposition even of equality of forces, an inexplicable disaster. On the other hand, the spirit Maida inspired in English troops had no small share in producing the confidence which, in spite of untoward events at the outset, never failed them throughout the Peninsular campaign; and the half-forgotten and apparently almost isolated battle fought in a remote corner of Europe, when rightly understood, takes its place in the glorious roll which comprises Vimiero, Talavera, Salamanca, and Toulouse.



CATANZARO



THE Mahratta power, founded in the seventeenth century by the great freebooter Sivaji, was one of the most formidable opponents to the extension of English sovereignty in Hindostan, and, in successive wars, severely taxed the best energies of the ablest and most daring generals and the staunchest troops that could be put in the field against it. Assaye, Argaum, Alighur, Delhi, and Laswaree are glorious names in Anglo-Indian history ; and in all these great battles, besides many minor conflicts, Mahrattas were the foes whose courage and pertinacity only yielded to the most heroic efforts. About the middle of the eighteenth century, the control of the Mahratta kingdom had fallen from the hands of Sivaji's descendants into those of the hereditary Peishwas—originally ministers or *Maires de Palais* of the sovereign—and, in all subsequent time, the Peishwa of the day was the real ruler. In the territories conquered by the Mahrattas, four leading feudatories had established themselves as independent chiefs—the Gaekwar, Holkar, Sindia, and the Bhonsla rajah—but the nominal seat of central authority was at Poona. Here the Peishwa dwelt, and here was the origin of every intrigue and every warlike movement which menaced other Indian States. In 1817 the Peishwa was Baji Rao. Still the head of a semi-independent State, he was now obliged to allow the presence of an English Resident at Poona, who watched his policy, and he was obliged to maintain in his dominions a subsidiary force, under English officers, which dominated his military power. The Resident was Mountstuart Elphinstone, an Indian civil servant whose duties had, almost continuously through his career, brought him in contact with Mahratta States, and had given him full experience of the wiles and treachery practised by a most astute people. We shall see how he conducted himself at a very critical time, and we shall be able in some degree to gauge the character of one who was later known among the most eminent men whom our Indian Civil Service has ever produced.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century, the most fertile and prosperous districts of Hindostan were yearly scourged by raids made by a large and formidable agglomerate of freebooters called Pindarris. These Pindarris had originally been a class of irregular hangers-on of the great Mahratta armies ; but, when the wars conducted by Lake and Wellesley had curbed the Mahratta power, they still formed separate and independent bodies, following the fortunes of any turbulent chief or lawless adventurer and occupying lands in Central India which had been assigned to them by Sindia and Holkar. Pindarri raids were for some years made by bands varying from 1,000 to 4,000 men, and were confined to the Deccan and the territories of the Nizam and the Rajah of Nagpore. Emboldened by success, and increased in numbers by the addition of every villain in India who had been expelled from his native community for crime or was disgusted with an honest and peaceable life, the freebooters of Central India had in 1815 begun to insult the British territories. One body of 8,000 horsemen swept southwards as far as the Kistna river, and another horde, numbering 25,000, entered the Madras Presidency, plundered and destroyed 300 villages on the Coromandel Coast. These outrages were repeated in 1816 and 1817, and Lord Hastings, who had just arrived as Governor-General, found it his imperative duty to take measures for the crushing of their formidable and savage perpetrators. The task before him was no easy one. The Pindarris sheltered themselves in the dominions of Sindia and Holkar, and it was more than suspected that the rulers of all the Mahratta States not

only winked at their enormities, but also profited indirectly by the large and valuable booty which they collected. The Governor-General, therefore, began at once to make preparations for a campaign on such a large scale as would ensure the destruction, once and for ever, of the marauding hordes. Besides his own military arrangements, he tried to form such a league with the Mahratta powers as might secure their assistance in his intended operations, or at least prevent them from interfering on behalf of the Pindarris. It is not now our purpose to follow the fortunes of the Pindarri war. Sufficient to say that the whole available forces of the three presidencies were put into the field, and that, among other troops set in motion, was the subsidiary force from Poona which marched northwards under command of General Smith.

Baji Rao, the Peishwa, was at this period smarting under the provisions of recent treaties with the English—provisions which were the result of previous enmity and duplicity on his part. His power had been greatly curtailed, three of his fortresses had been given up, and he was pledged to disband a large portion of his army. He still nourished hopes, however, that circumstances might turn in his favour, that he might be able to take the English at a disadvantage and that he might re-establish himself as an independent prince. He found himself compelled to disband his soldiery, but in doing so he still secretly retained their services ; for, when he sent them to their village homes, he gave them seven months' pay in advance and bound them to reassemble in arms whenever he should send them a summons.

In August, 1817, he besought Sir John Malcolm, the famous soldier-statesman, to visit him and by specious protestations of friendship induced him to recommend that the three fortresses should be restored. Malcolm was at the time making political arrangements with regard to the Pindarri war and allowed himself to be persuaded that the Peishwa intended to assist cordially in the Governor-General's plans. Mr. Elphinstone, the Resident at Poona, had, however, lost all faith in Baji Rao ; and, though he acquiesced, in deference to Sir John Malcolm, in the return of the fortresses, he remained thoroughly on his guard and prepared for the treacherous hostile movements which he was convinced would not be long delayed. As time went on, Mr. Elphinstone's foreboding became more and more grave. Baji Rao began putting his fortresses in a state of defence, strengthened their garrisons and stored them with provisions. Under the pretence of collecting men to act against the Pindarris, he recalled to his standards not only all the men whom he had recently disbanded, but took large numbers of horsemen into his pay ; and yet he would not allow any of them to march to the Nerbudda river, where it had been hoped that they would join the English army. It was discovered also that he was tampering with the small English force at Poona, making splendid offers to all men who would desert. Nothing in the annals of the Bombay native infantry is a prouder tradition than the story of the fidelity then shown by the Sepoys. Some refused indignantly sums of money which to them represented great wealth; some pretended to acquiesce in the offers made to them and at once told their officers ; all remained steadfast and true to their allegiance.

But Mr. Elphinstone had already provided that he should not be altogether dependent on the fidelity of the Sepoys and had secretly ordered a battalion of the Company's Europeans to come to him by forced marches from Bombay; and he knew, moreover, that he could depend upon the assistance of Captain Ford's battalion of the subsidiary force, which had been left behind by General Smith when he quitted Poona. When the Europeans should arrive, the total force actually disposable to check the Peishwa, if he carried out the intention of attacking the troops under the English flag, of which he was with good reason suspected, was about 2,000 Sepoys and 800 Europeans. The officer in command was Colonel Burr, a man whose constitution had prematurely broken down (he was only forty-five) from the effects of twenty-seven years' continuous campaigning. Few men had done so much valuable work as he, or had more distinguished themselves by ability or daring ; but now, only partially recovered from a stroke of paralysis, he was only the wreck of his former self and apparently in little case to lead in the turmoil and anxieties of active operations. Let us glance at the characters of the Mahratta chiefs, with whom Mr. Elphinstone had now chiefly to deal, whose doings he was keenly watching, while they still protested friendship, even at the moment that they were obviously treacherous in their intentions. Baji Rao, the Peishwa, was in the most marked degree a coward. Fear and indolence were his two ruling passions. Insincere, vindictive, and dissolute in his private life, he was capricious and changeable in his humours, but steady in the pursuance of his various

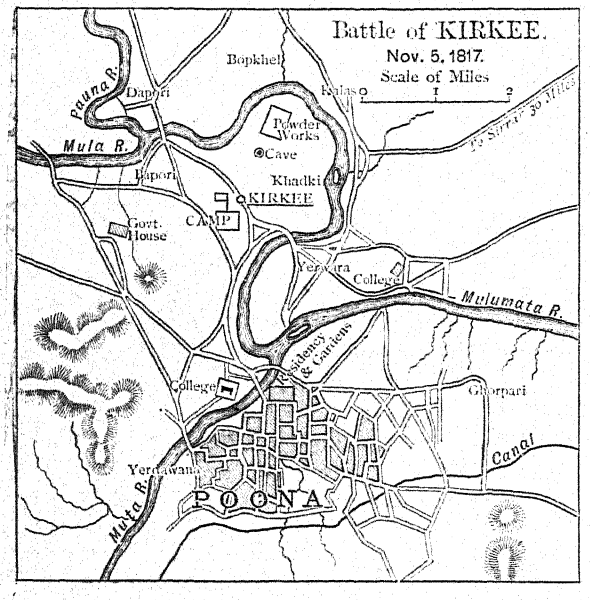
designs. He never forgot an injury, and spared no machinations to ruin the object of his resentment. To balance his bad qualities, it must be said that he was a devotee in his religion, though his religion was amply tinged with a belief in magic, prodigies, and omens. He was scrupulously just in pecuniary transactions, humane when not actuated by fear or revenge, courteous and dignified in his manners. In short, he was an example of many of the worst and a few of the best qualities which are to be found among the natives of Hindostan. The man on whom the Peishwa at this time most depended, both in civil and military affairs, and to whom he had given full powers of action, was a Mahratta of the best type, Bappoo Gokla. The son of a warrior father, he was personally brave and had considerable ability in handling the ill-disciplined levies that composed a native army. He had served his master with distinction for long years and had lost an eye in war. He could dissimulate for political purposes, and with him originated the plan of attempting to corrupt the British Sepoys. But he had a strong feeling of soldierly honour, he never forgot old friendships and kindnesses and he disdained personal treachery.

While the Peishwa's attitude was in the highest degree suspicious, though he was collecting troops ostensibly to aid the English Government but without moving a man in the direction whither their assistance was required, Mr. Elphinstone clung to the hope that the Mahratta Prince would not commit himself to any overt act of hostility unless something went wrong in the campaign against the Pindarris—a most improbable contingency when the vast forces in the field were considered. He therefore maintained an appearance of perfect confidence, gave no orders which could betray uneasiness and himself remained at the practically unguarded English Residency in the Peishwa's city of Poona.

The scheme for corrupting the English Sepoys having met with small success, the Peishwa formed the wish to rid himself of Mr. Elphinstone by inviting him to a conference, and then taking the opportunity of murdering him. Such a plan, however suited to the disposition of the ruler, was utterly repugnant to his most trusted servant. To his honour be it said, Bappoo Gokla strongly opposed it and, in consequence of his influence, no such dastardly attempt was made. The Peishwa's ill-feeling was, however, sufficiently apparent by the public slights which he put upon Mr. Elphinstone and the menacing attitude of the large number of armed followers which he had assembled. We have said that the Resident had boldly resolved to continue as long as possible in his defenceless official home in Poona. The cantonments of the weak brigade of native infantry, all the troops on which he was able to rely, were also, in a military point of view, defenceless and exposed. They almost joined the environs of the city. Gardens and enclosures with high prickly pear hedges ran in many places within half musket-shot of the lines, affording every opportunity for easy attack, if attack was made. The Mahratta soldiery now showed every intention of making ready to throw themselves on the cantonments when the signal should be given. Large bodies of cavalry encamped in the neighbourhood and a strong corps of Gossein infantry took up a position on one of the flanks. Besides these, a mixed force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery encamped between the Residency and the cantonments. At the end of October the position of Mr. Elphinstone and the British force was critical in the extreme. On the one hand, it was most undesirable, for diplomatic reasons, to precipitate a rupture, which, after all, might be peaceably avoided. On the other, the Resident had grave fears that his troops might be attacked in their lines unprepared and be sacrificed to no purpose. It was a question whether it might not be best, in self-defence, to anticipate the threatened attack by a decided movement; but Mr. Elphinstone's knowledge that every day of prolonged quiet at Poona was of importance to the Governor-General's plans of operation in the north of India induced him to strain his patience till the last moment. He knew that the European battalion from Bombay was hurrying to his support and that its near arrival was yet unsuspected by the Peishwa, on whose lack of resolution he also counted in deferring the day of action as long as possible. But though he was a civilian official, Mr. Elphinstone was none the less a man of the highest military instincts and ability. It is one of the most remarkable features in our progress in India, how often soldiers have laid aside the sword and proved themselves the ablest of administrators and rulers; and how often, equally, civil officials have shown the greatest mastery of war, and both fought personally and directed operations of soldiers. Mr. Elphinstone would have been a remarkable man in any profession, and, in the position in which he now found

himself, he acted as the most prudent of generals, the ablest of tacticians. He had previously decided on moving his troops to a defensible position when it should become certain that they could no longer remain at Poona, and this had been found on a rising ground near the village of Kirkee, about four miles distant. He carefully reconnoitred this position, with all the approaches to it from Poona, satisfied himself that it had every advantage that he looked for and forecast with certainty the use that he would make of it.

The nagaras (war drums) of the Mahrattas daily and nightly sounded their roll of defiance to



the British troops; daily fresh contingents joined the Peishwa's army, and ever the threatening bodies of cavalry and infantry crowded their camps nearer and nearer to the British cantonments. But Baji Rao still delayed the treacherous attack which he had so long meditated. Two powerful chiefs had not yet joined him and still he hoped that some of the Sepoys might be corrupted by his lavish offers of gold and advantage. Gokla tried to induce him to move, but still he hesitated. His only chance of success finally passed away when the European regiment, after extraordinary efforts, marched into the British cantonments on the 30th October and gave to the native infantry brigade that confidence which, in Sepoy troops, the presence of European soldiers always inspires.

Mr. Elphinstone had sent a message to the Peishwa, requesting that the Mahratta troops should be withdrawn from the vicinity of the British lines, and received in reply a haughty and insulting answer. This was almost equivalent to a declaration of war, and the Resident judged that the time had at last come to move his little army to Kirkee. Colonel Burr had for some days kept all his men in readiness, and on the 1st November the old cantonments were quietly and steadily evacuated. Treasure, stores and provisions were all removed and even the flagstaff at headquarters was dug up and taken to the new position, lest a trophy of that nature, falling into the hands of the Peishwa's warriors, might be regarded by them as an auspicious omen. Mr. Elphinstone's mind was now at rest as to the safety of his force, but he himself, in pursuance of his policy, continued boldly to remain at the Residency until the Mahratta Prince would give a further sign of his intentions. Nor had he long to wait. An insolent message was sent to him, demanding the meaning of his preparations, and calling upon him to send away the European regiment that had lately arrived. This was, of course, well understood as a declaration of war. The long-expected conflict was at hand and the party at the Residency had barely time to mount their horses and start in flight for Kirkee, when the Peishwa's masses of armed men began to pour out from their quarters in the city and its neighbourhood.

It was only by reason of his thorough preparedness that Mr. Elphinstone and his immediate staff were able to evade their numerous enemies, who had thought that they would cut off all egress from the Residency. As it was, he, by his loyal resolution to remain at the post of duty till all hope of a peaceful issue failed, gave up to sack and destruction the whole of his personal property, including a magnificent library of books and manuscripts which no money could restore.

It was towards the afternoon of November the 5th—a calm sultry day—that, as he rode along the line of slight eminences which bounds the richly fertile plain lying between Poona and Kirkee, Mr. Elphinstone looked upon the masses of cavalry, already arrayed for battle in all the picturesque panoply of Eastern war, and the endless streams of armed men which were sallying out by every avenue. As the overwhelming force swept over the land, it was like the advancing wave of some great inundation, levelling and crushing all before it. Hedges and every

barrier gave way; the standing corn was trampled down by the countless squadrons; the peaceful peasantry fled from their work in the fields, the bullocks broke from their yokes in the ploughs, and the wild antelopes in the pastures, startled from sleep. bounded off, ever and anon

facilitate the junction with Captain Ford's battalion of the subsidiary force, which, when the alarm spread, with three guns would march to fall into line with Colonel Burr.

Then followed one of those scenes with which we are so familiar in Indian history. The few



"SOME DETACHED BANDS GALLOPED ROUND THE FLANK" (*p.* 555).

turning to watch the glittering host which came on with the rushing and neighing of horses, the exultant shouts of men and the low rumbling of gun-wheels. But the civilian-soldier appraised all this threatening appearance at its real worth and showed that he had grasped the true principles of war with Orientals by ordering Colonel Burr to advance and attack the enemy, instead of encouraging their audacity by remaining on the defensive. By this movement, also, he would

and weak Sepoy battalions, which had resisted steadfastly all attempts to corrupt them, now—supported by the presence of European troops and led by their own British officers—advanced with alacrity to meet the coming host and to add to the list of triumphs of discipline over irregular forces, however apparently overwhelming in numbers. Captain Ford's battalion was approaching, Mr. Elphinstone's party had joined, and all on the English side were ready

and eager for the shock of battle. Not so with the Mahrattas. The craven spirit of the Peishwa had had its influence on the courage of his troops. They had been told that the movement to Kirkee indicated fear and now they were surprised by this confident advance on the part of men whom they had believed to be panic-stricken. A damp had been spread over their army, also, before they left the city, by the accidental breaking of the staff of the Juree Putka, the national banner; and when their advanced skirmishers met a sustained and scathing fire from the British Sepoys, there was everywhere a wave of hesitation and distrust.

The Peishwa had betaken himself to the Parbuttee hill, where was one of the temples to which he was wont to resort for religious observance, and from that safe position intended to observe the combat in which he had not the heart to engage. Bappoo Gokla, in the true spirit of a soldier, was riding from rank to rank in the Mahratta army, animating, encouraging, or taunting his warriors, and striving to make them encounter the struggle before them in his own bold spirit. Even then, when he saw before him the powers which he had been at such pains to collect; when they were opposed to a weaker British force than they could ever hope again to have in front of them; when he knew that he had hopelessly committed himself to hostilities with the English Government, the Peishwa's heart failed him; and, before the conflict commenced, he sent a message to Gokla desiring him "to be sure not to fire the first gun." At this moment the English advance had momentarily stayed, to give time to their few artillery for unlimbering and coming into action. There was a pause of preparation and high-wrought anxiety on both sides—the lull before the storm would break forth in its fury. Gokla saw his master's messenger coming towards him and, divining that he was the bearer of some pusillanimous message which would hamper his action, he instantly gave the order to engage all along the line. A Mahratta battery of nine guns opened fire, a strong corps of rocket-camels was sent to the right and the cavalry masses, pushed rapidly forward, swept upon both flanks of the British brigade, threatening to charge if an opening became visible in the slender formation. Colonel Burr's force was almost lost to sight among the surging clouds of horsemen that wheeled and hovered around. But the Mahratta infantry had, in the rapid movements of their army, been left some distance in the rear and were not yet deployed, with the exception of a strong battalion under the command of a Portuguese officer, Da Pinto, one of those soldier-adventurers who were so often found serving in native armies and forming them into formidable troops of the European model. This battalion had been led by its commander under cover of some enclosures, and was now steadily formed in line opposite to the first battalion of the 7th Bombay Infantry. The Sepoys, eager to close with the enemy, whose standards flaunted in their front, advanced rapidly, keeping up a heavy fire; and Da Pinto's men, shaken by the disciplined volleys and cowed by the long, stern line of levelled bayonets, began to give way. The whole front of battle was now ablaze. The roar of the artillery, the weird shriek of rockets, the measured rattle of British musketry and the scattered discharge of Mahratta matchlocks filled the air and stirred the distant echoes; and if in the centre the English force seemed to be gaining ground, the cool observation of Mr. Elphinstone could not help noting that for a time the fortune of the day was evenly balanced.

The crisis of the day was at hand and on the manner in which that crisis was met depended British prestige and influence in the south of India. The 7th Bombay Infantry, following up its advantage over Da Pinto's battalion, had in their eagerness moved unduly far to the front and detached themselves from the immediate support of the rest of the line. The opportunity for which Bappoo Gokla had been on the look-out seemed to have arrived. He had prepared a reserve body of his choicest horsemen, 6,000 strong, and held it in readiness on the left of his line. The bravest and ablest of the Mahratta chiefs were its leaders, and over it waved the folds of the sacred Juree Putka. This formidable force was now ordered to charge. The Mahratta artillery ceased firing to leave the plain free for the action of the cavalry, which swept down at speed in a diagonal direction across the British front. But Colonel Burr had seen the coming danger and provided that the storm should not burst unprepared for. The 7th had long been his own regiment. He had formed it, and had led it in many years of war. To the men in its ranks he was more than a commanding officer in whom they had confidence; he was the beloved chief, the father of his followers, whose greatest pride was to fight, and if need be fall, under his eye.

In this moment of stress, he made his way to the centre of the battalion, and took his post by

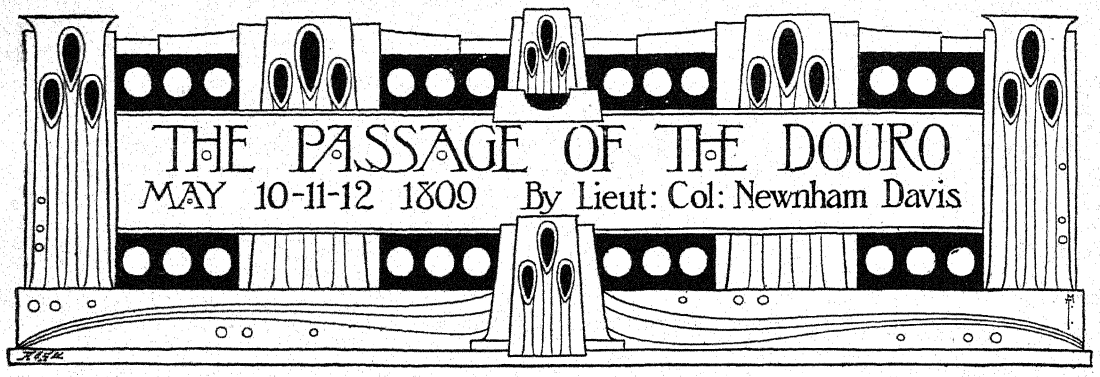
the colours. There was no time to form and dress the ranks, disordered by their rapid advance, but halting them, he made them cease firing and reserve their volleys till he himself gave the order for another discharge. He called upon his "children to show themselves worthy of his care in bygone days." Truly, it seemed as if the instant annihilation of the 7th was inevitable as the thousands of their enemies drove straight at them with the rush of horses, the waving of flags, and the brandishing of spears. Many of the Mahrattas were armed with carbines and long horse-pistols, which they fired in their advance with some effect, but they provoked no return from the immovable Sepoys.

Unknown to both British and Mahrattas, there was a piece of heavy ground immediately in front of the 7th, and in this some of the leading horses stumbled and fell, creating a confused break in the charging risalas. The delayed infantry fire was at last poured forth and the shattering volleys hurled man and horse to the earth. The force of the Mahratta attack was completely checked, the confusion became extreme, and only a few of the mighty force which had charged so confidently came in contact with the bayonet line which steadily presented itself. Some detached bands, finding their main attempt hopeless, galloped round the flank and threatened the camp at Kirkee, but, easily driven back by the slender campguard and two small iron guns, they joined the rest of their comrades in disheartened retreat. Colonel Burr and the 7th had for a time been entirely enveloped and hidden by the furious tide of foes which had poured itself upon them and it was with relief from intense anxiety that Mr. Elphinstone saw them falling back slowly on their supports, their ammunition expended and their ranks thinned, but with the pride of duty nobly done, and the memory of another victory to blazon on their colours.

The failure of the great charge completely disconcerted the Mahrattas. They hastily began to limber up the guns and withdraw them from the field; the whole of their infantry fell back on Poona and their great masses of horsemen melted away. If Mr. Elphinstone had had even a small body of cavalry at his disposition, he might have struck such heavy blows in pursuit as would have at once ended Baji Rao's power for harm and saved the necessity for further hostilities. As it was, Colonel Burr's brigade followed the beaten foe up to the gates of Poona. Then, the sun having long since set, it was considered prudent to fall back to the camp at Kirkee and not to commit a weak force in the streets of a large city thronged with armed men.

It has been given to few men to show a finer example of soldierly conduct than that of Colonel Burr, when he, a crippled and suffering veteran, stood bravely by the colours of his old regiment in the shock of battle. The two men who stood by him were struck down, his horse was wounded, and a bullet went through his hat; but his infinite coolness and courage were never shaken, and he had the proud satisfaction of seeing that the men whom he had trained emulated his warlike resolution. But the real hero of the day was Mr. Elphinstone, and, by common consent of his contemporaries, its honour was assigned to him. His position as Resident gave him complete control over the troops. All the preliminaries of the battle were arranged by his direct initiative and authority, and even the ground where it was fought was of his choosing. He it was who had resolved to attack instead of remaining on the defensive, and, though he in no way interfered with the handling of the troops during the action, he shared in all their dangers, and showed himself worthy of their confidence as a supreme leader.

Baji Rao had collected round him at Poona 23,000 horse and 10,000 foot, but of these only 18,000 horse and 8,000 foot were actually engaged. The whole British force in the field, including the European battalion, numbered 2,800 rank and file. Seldom have armies so unequal in strength met in conflict, and never has disciplined courage more completely shown its mastery over the brute force of mere numbers.



LISBON shone with light on the night of the 22nd April, 1809, for a deliverer had come; and when the news of the landing of Sir Arthur Wellesley, the young general with the glory of Roliça and Vimiero still fresh upon him, spread through Portugal, every city not held by the invading French was illuminated for three successive nights.

Never was there a deadlier hate than the Portuguese, townsmen and peasants, had for the soldiers of Napoleon's armies. No Red Indians ever dreamed of more fiendish tortures than those that a straggler from the line of march, a wounded man left in the whirl of a skirmish, or a forgotten sick man, suffered at the hands of the Portuguese before he met his death; and for hate, hate was returned with interest. The olive trees were cut down, the ripe crops trampled, the farm animals and domestic pets slain and cut or torn limb from limb in wantonness; the blackening corpse of many a priest swung from a tree hard by the deserted village where he ministered and wherever the fierce peasants stood; and the might of the trained legions of France crushed their savage resistance, the cavalry killed and killed in the pursuit so long as horse could gallop and sword arm be raised to strike.

And now this stern young English general was come as a deliverer, and the Portuguese, ever variable as a weathercock, went mad with joy at his advent.

It was to a despairing country that he had come.

Up in the north, Soult, charged by Napoleon to hunt the English leopard into the sea, had swept like a whirlwind after Moore, to be mauled when the hunted turned and stood before Corunna; and now, rearmed and equipped from captured British and Spanish magazines, had swooped down on Oporto, captured and held the town. The shrieks of the dying wretches on that day of storm, of murder and rapine, when the flying Portuguese cavalry trampled a red way through the streets of the town glutted with frightened women and children, and the great gap in the bridge of boats was filled with the heaped corpses of drowned, pushed on to their fate by the maddened crowd behind, when forty thousand Portuguese perished by sword or fire or drowning, still rang in the country's ears.

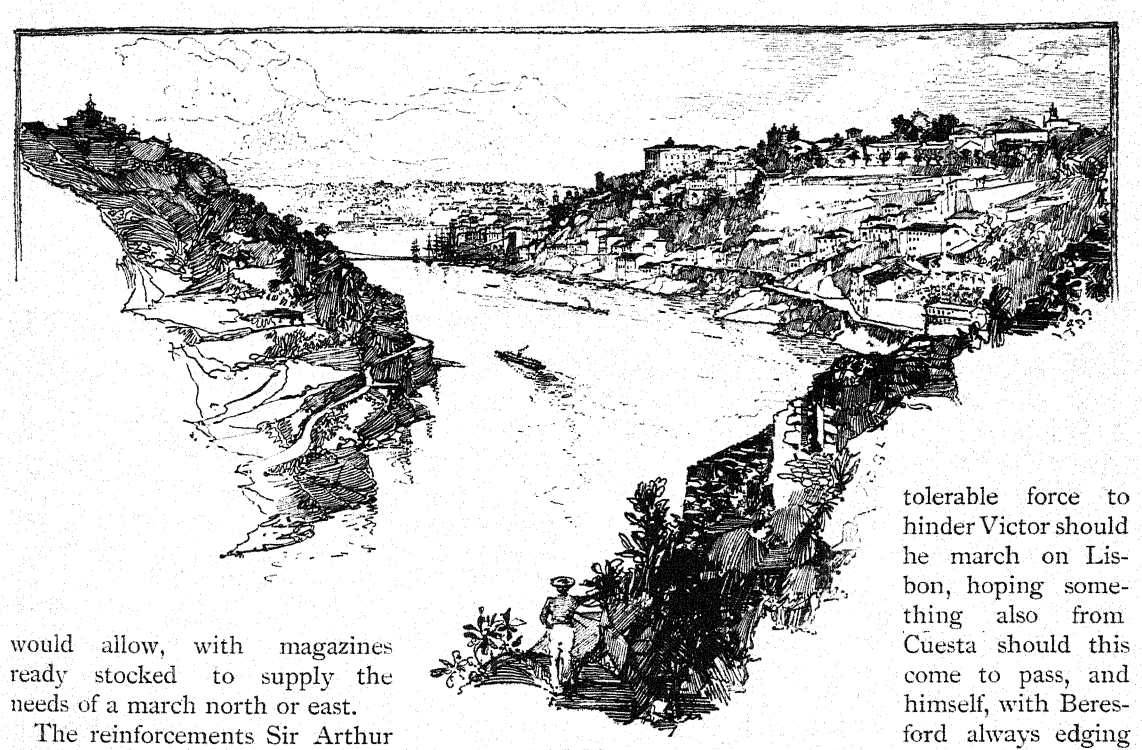
On the eastern frontier Victor had been joined by Lapisse, and their joint armies, distant only some eighteen marches from the Portuguese capital, were being weakly watched by the rickety old Spaniard Cuesta, that strange mixture of tenacity, faithlessness, pride, incapacity, who, clothed in a mediæval uniform, looking like the spectre of Don Quixote, held upon his horse by two pages, or commanding his army from the heaped pillows in his coach drawn by eight mules, ever defeated, often the leader of the runaways, yet held a power no other Spaniard of the day had, and, however sorely buffeted, always appeared again with a fresh army, ready to run anew. On the 28th of March at Medellin his wavering line, advancing over the edge of the ridge, had been pulverised by Victor, three-fifths of his men had been slain, and Latour-Maubourg's and Lasalle's dragoons wore, many of them, their sword arms in slings for days afterwards, so strained were they with the smiting of the flying Spaniards.

Sir Arthur, however, entered on the campaign under circumstances that at least promised a chance of success.

Beresford, fiery, impulsive, full of energy, by his genius and a stiffening of British officers, had shaken the Portuguese uniformed rabble—those desperate partisans whose fierceness went waste

through feeble leadership, and who always shrieked "Treason!" as they fled, pausing only to murder their generals—into troops who with each day gained confidence in their officers and discipline, and, with their eyes turned north, longed to cross bayonets again with Soult's Frenchmen.

Craddock—a badly treated man, who had kept his head, though hustled by the impulsive Beresford, plucked by the sleeve by Frere, our representative with the Spaniards, and by the Portuguese regency, threatened by the rabble of Lisbon, and now superseded by a younger man—handed over to his successor a British army as ready for campaigning as the circumstances would allow, with magazines ready stocked to supply the needs of a march north or east.



OPORTO.

The reinforcements Sir Arthur had asked for had been given him. The confidence of the ministry at home, who had at last made up their minds to hold to Portugal, was his. The rank of marshal in the Portuguese service had been bestowed on him, in acknowledging which he wrote "a very fine letter"; and, above all, there was the Genius of the man, a Genius waited on by her handmaid Luck.

For luck was with the taciturn young general.

As he slept in his cabin aboard the *Surveillant* frigate his first night out from Portsmouth—to which town he was not to return until in 1814 he landed there as Duke of Wellington, Sir George Collier came down to him and awakened him, telling him that the ship, then off St. Catherine's Head, had missed stays several times and must go ashore, and advised him to hold to the ship until she went to pieces; but as Sir Arthur came on deck a sudden slant of wind from the shore bellied the sails, and the great vessel tore away in the darkness to carry him to safety and glory.

And now in Soult's camp treachery was fighting for him, for Argenton, Soult's adjutant-major, of old days his aide-de-camp, had been to Beresford, and was strong on a plan for seizing Soult and carrying him back into France.

Sir Arthur, a little doubtful whether he had chosen the wiser course, left Mackenzie and a tolerable force to hinder Victor should he march on Lisbon, hoping something also from Cuesta should this come to pass, and himself, with Beresford always edging forward on the east of him, set forth against that noble adversary, Soult.

A few words as to the country in which the fighting had to be done, and as to the troops who had to do it.

The rivers in Portugal, speaking in general terms, run from north-east to south-west, with mountainous country in between them. Four rivers only are of importance in connection with the fighting I am going to write of: the Tagus, the most southerly of them; the Mondego next, south of which Sir John Craddock had been gathering troops and stores; the Vouga next, the right bank of which was held by the French

outposts; and the most northerly, the Douro, near the mouth of which is Oporto.

The troops with which Sir Arthur moved against Soult were a division of horse under General Payne, two divisions of infantry under Lieutenant-Generals Edward Paget and Sherbrooke, the German Legion, and twenty-four guns —sixteen thousand combatants in all, of whom fifteen hundred were horsemen. Beresford, who was to cut off Soult's retreat to the east, the only road by which he could take his train and artillery, had six thousand Portuguese, two British battalions, and some heavy cavalry.

Sir Arthur wasted no time in setting to work. Six days he stayed in Lisbon to get a firm hand on the strings that set the puppets dancing, and then rode up the north road, through villages where he was hailed already as a conqueror, to Coimbra, south of the Mondego, where the ladies showered rose-leaves and confetti down on him from the balconies.

On the 6th of May Sir Arthur reviewed his forces on a sandy plain some two miles from Coimbra, and his staff scanned anxiously enough the appearance of the men who had to meet Soult's veterans. It was by no means the *beau idéal* of an army. The Guards and the German Legion were all that any general could desire, but the ranks of the infantry of the line had been filled by drafts from militia regiments, and there were as many knapsacks with the names of counties on them as with the numbers of regiments. The Portuguese, four regiments of whom had been added to the force, were considered by lenient critics to present a "sombre" appearance, their dark complexions and single-breasted blue coats showing unfavourably alongside the fresh-coloured faces and red uniforms of their British brothers-in-arms; but Sir Arthur wrote to Beresford in stronger terms than that, telling him that his men made a bad figure at the review, that the battalions were weak, the body of men very bad, and the officers worse than anything he had seen. He spoke in kindlier terms of them when the three days' fighting which ended in the capture of Oporto were over.

In the early morning of the 10th May the two forces first came into contact. The country folk were with us and against the French—all their movements were known to us; ours were concealed from them. We were, guided by the peasants, to have surprised Franceschi, the French cavalry general, whose quarters were some eight miles to the north of the Vouga at Albergaria Nova, while Mermet with a division of infantry was a march further north at Grijon. Hill had been ferried across the lake of Ovar, and was in rear of Franceschi. Cotton with the light cavalry was to attack in the grey of the morning, thrust Franceschi back on to Mermet, and when the defeated troops made for Oporto, Hill with his fresh troops was to keep up with them and seize the bridge of boats.

The lake of Ovar lies on the sea-coast, and its northern end was well behind the French outposts. That it was not guarded by the French was discovered by an officer who went by night to meet Argenton, the traitor in Soult's camp, half-way across the lake. In the darkness their boats missed each other, and the British officer found himself unchallenged behind the French picquets.

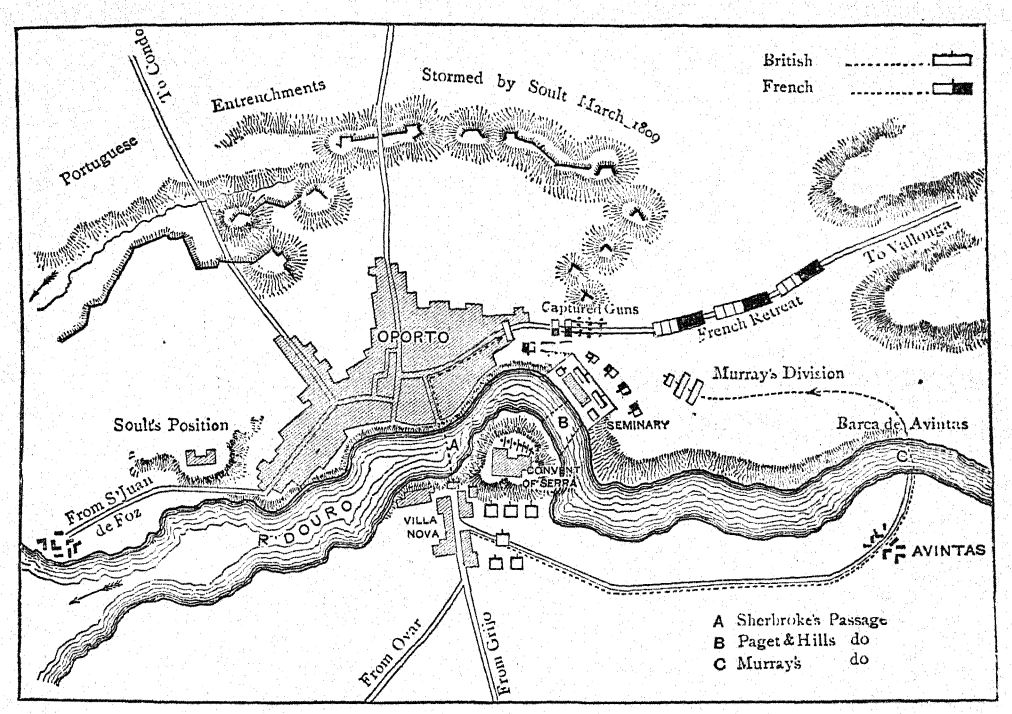
Hill, aided in every way by the Portuguese boatmen, landed at Ovar at sunrise, but Cotton's men failed in their attempt—most of them were young fighters, a night march is always difficult, and the Portuguese guides were desperately afraid of falling into the hands of the French. The neighing of the horses of the Portuguese cavalry put Franceschi's vedettes on the alert, the 16th Light Dragoons lost their way, and when Cotton came on Franceschi in broad daylight, the Frenchman was quite ready for him. There was a volley from the advanced French troopers, a charge on the English side, which the young officers compared in its harmless effect to a field-day manœuvre, and then Cotton found Franceschi waiting for him flanked by a wood that swarmed with the tirailleurs of the infantry regiment that Mermet had lent him.

Cotton dared not risk the charge. Sir Arthur himself brought up Paget's division, and drove the enemy from the wood, and Franceschi, always showing his teeth, retired in good order upon Mermet, seeing Hill's troops, whom he thought had been landed at Ovar from the British fleet, on his way.

Soult learnt that night that the British were advancing upon him in force. He also learnt that he had treason in his camp; for Argenton had confided in Lefebvre, and the marshal heard from that general for the first time of the pit that had been dug under his feet.

On the 10th, too, though neither Soult nor Sir Arthur was to hear of it till after the battle of Oporto had been fought, Beresford had driven back *Maneta* ("the one-handed"), Loison, the most hated Frenchman in Portugal, and held the only bridge by which Soult could retreat to the eastward.

At Grijon the next day Mermet fought a rear-guard action. He held a ridge covered with olive and fir woods, and held it so stoutly that Sir Arthur had to send the 29th British to support the 16th Portuguese, who were skirmishing in the woods. The French were so strong, indeed, that they pushed a column down the road through the village of Grijon, and the young officers on the staff heard for the first time the calm distinct order from Sir Arthur's lips to close on them with the bayonet. It was not needed, for the German Legion had already



turned the French left, and Mermet retired to stand again on the heights of Carvalho, where two squadrons of the 16th, forcing their way out of a deeply-wooded ravine lined by the French skirmishers, charged and broke the 47ème de ligne, who stood in line to receive the cavalry.

Fighting and retreating, Mermet wore out the day, and under cover of dark retired across the Douro into Oporto.

Sir Arthur halted at dark; his men slept on their arms. During the night Hill's brigade was startled by a distant roar and the shaking of the earth like an earthquake. Soult in Oporto had destroyed the bridge of boats, and was getting rid of his spare powder.

At the grey of dawn on the misty morning of the 12th as the troops stood to their arms, a little hairdresser, a refugee from Oporto, was brought before Sir Arthur by Colonel Waters, of the Adjutant-General's department; and as the force slipped away into the grey mist, a ghostly army of silent battalions and squadrons, the little trembling man told his story. And he had reason to fear should Wellington fail; for just outside the headquarter camp there swung in the cold morning wind nine shrivelled things that had once been Portuguese peasants.

Sir Arthur, stern and silent as ever, muffled in that white cloak that served him through his Spanish campaigns, listened. Soult had destroyed the bridge—he expected that; but, what was worse news, all the boats on the river had been secured, were moored under the fire of French sentries, and the only boat on the near side was the little skiff in which the barber had rowed himself over during the night, and which, half filled with water, was hidden in some reeds.

That boat was to be found, and it was that frail little bark that lost Soult the day.

The discovery of the conspiracy had shaken Soult for a moment only. He assured himself that the men immediately about him were faithful, and then turned his mind to the preparations for delaying Sir Arthur's passage of the Douro. He knew that he could not hold on to Oporto for long, and intended to retire at his ease to the

eastern frontier of the country. During the night of the 11th–12th he had personally superintended the breaking up of the boat-bridge, and did not leave the quay to take rest until 4 a.m.

His quarters were on the seaward side of the town, and he believed that the next day he would see at the river's mouth the white sails of that fleet—of Franceschi's imagination—that had landed the troops at Ovar, and that with the fleet's help Sir Arthur would try to force a passage below the town. He intended to hold Oporto during the 12th, and then to retire leisurely with Franceschi as his rear-guard.

The mist had thinned and lifted, and the morning sunshine of a fine spring day was pouring on a landscape beautiful, except where the smoke still hung above the villages burnt by the retiring French, as Sir Arthur mounted, and, with the staff clattering behind, rode after his troops.

At 8 a.m. he was at Villa Nova, the suburb on the south side of the river from which the boat-bridge had stretched across to Oporto, and found its narrow streets choked with his troops. Sherbrooke and Paget were both there waiting.

Sir Arthur rode at a walk through the crowded streets, and, turning to his right, set his horse at the hill on which the Serra convent stands, and round the rocky cliffs of which the broad rapid stream of the Douro makes a bend.

Walking through the convent garden, the staff and monks following a dozen paces behind, he stood on the highest point and looked across the river to where the terraced town clustered round its granite cathedral.

It was almost as if it had been a city of the dead. His quick eye caught the boats moored on the far shore, the sleepy sentinels mechanically pacing their beats, the leisurely patrols, the silent squares, the deserted streets, the houses where no trace of life was seen. No Portuguese dared show at the windows, and the Frenchmen were waiting in their billets for the call that was to send them marching towards the river's mouth to beat back the English.

Sir Arthur's eye rested on an unfinished building, a long brick palace for the bishop, three storeys high at one part, which stood on high ground across the river. On the water side it was reached by a zigzag path up the rocky cliff; on the other three sides it was enclosed by a stone wall, with one iron gate leading on to the *prado*, now a cemetery, on the side farthest from the river. The French had left this building unguarded, and as he looked a daring project formed itself in the great general's mind.

He saw the long column of dust rising from the baggage waggons that Soult was sending off eastwards; he feared for Beresford's safety, and until the river was passed he could give no aid to the fiery commander of the Portuguese. It was a time for a gambler's throw, and he was ready to risk it.

He ordered Waters to go with the barber, and a priest, the Prior of Amarante, who was anxious to help against the French, to find the little skiff and, crossing over, by some means to bring boats from the other side.

The strangely matched trio, with two peasants rowing them, passed over the rapid stream, and Sir Arthur made his dispositions. Murray, with the German Legion, the two squadrons of the 14th Dragoons, and two guns, was sent three miles up the river to attempt a crossing at the Barca de Avintas, should he find boats there; Paget massed behind the convent hill; Sherbrooke was ready in Villa Nova.

The sun climbed up the heavens; the city across the swirling yellow river, which jostled the rising tide from the ocean, slept in false peace. Behind the solitary figure of the commander who stood and waited and watched there was the rumble of wheels as the gunners brought eighteen guns into position, screened by the fir-trees of the convent enclosure.

The bells of the Serra convent struck the hour of ten, and the bells of half a hundred churches across the river echoed them.

It was reported to Sir Arthur that some boats had been secured, and that one of them was already at the landing-place.

"Well, let the men pass," was the laconic order that he gave, and Paget with the Buffs, the first regiment of Hill's Brigade, went cautiously down the rocks to the water's edge.

Twenty-five men and an officer were passed over, and, reaching the further bank, went up the zigzag path and into the seminary—as the great unfinished building was called; and the enemy took no notice. A second boat passed, and then a third, which had Paget on board of it; and as the men from this toiled up the steep ascent, the drums beat the *générale* in the city, and Oporto woke to sudden life.

The crossing of the boats had not been unnoticed; a *chef de bataillon* had told his general that the English were crossing the river, and had been laughed at for his pains. Soult, himself, hearing that against his orders there were



THE PASSAGE OF THE DOURO.

boats passing, had asked the French governor of the city for an explanation, and had been told that stragglers left on the far side when the bridge was destroyed were being ferried over; but it was not till Foy climbed a steep pointed hill that overlooked the seminary and saw the redcoats moving in the building, that Sir Arthur's bold plan of thrusting a handful of Englishmen into the heart of the French army was discovered, and that, rushing in masses from the town and throwing forward tirailleurs as they advanced, Soult's men dashed at the building to drive the redcoats back again into the river.

On the British side as well all was life. Hill's men crowded down to the river's bank waiting to pass, Sherbrooke's men showed themselves at Villa Nova, and the eighteen guns amongst the fir-trees spoke. The Portuguese, here and there, waved an encouragement from the windows of the town.

The Kentish lads in the seminary held firm, though the 17th, led by Foy and supported by the 70th, with a fury of musketry and artillery fire attacked the building. The iron gate in the enclosure wall was where the storm of lead struck fastest. The French brought a gun up to it and through it to batter the building, but were charged and driven back.

The odds were tremendous, though as each minute passed the English grew stronger. All the Buffs were across, and the 48th and 66th and a Portuguese battalion were crossing; but it was more than doubtful whether the men in the seminary could hold out against the fierce attack, and anxious eyes were directed up the river in the direction whence Murray, who had found boats at Barca de Avintas, should come.

Paget had been deeply wounded while directing the defence from the roof of the seminary, and Hill took his place. Sir Arthur, feeling how critical the moment was, would have crossed himself, but his staff were urgent that he should not, and, knowing that Hill, in whom he had the firmest confidence, was commanding on the other side, he forbore.

Sharper and closer grew the conflict as attackers and attacked increased in numbers; when, moving along the river bank, his files opened out to make as much of a show as possible, Murray appeared, and at the same time a great burst of cheering and a waving of handkerchiefs from the windows told that the French had evacuated the lower town, and the inhabitants, rushing down to the quays, rowed their boats over to Sherbrooke.

It was an impressive sight. The tide was up and the river full; the boats laden with Guardsmen and men of the 29th covered the broad stream; from every window facing the water handkerchiefs were waved; the cheering was continuous; and on the left bank amidst the clustering troops a great white banner bearing the sign of the cross was hoisted and flapped lazily in the breeze blowing up from the sea.

Hill advanced his men from the building to the stone wall of the enclosure, and rained bullets on the stream of fugitives that poured out of the town; for Sherbrooke was hunting them through the narrow streets, and 10,000 men were flying for their lives in full rout. The army of Soult was beaten and retreating.

Five guns caught between two fires were taken, and when the stream of fugitives swept past Murray, giving him an opportunity which "might have tempted a blind man," his cavalry, fretting under his inaction, charged with Charles Stuart at their head, unhorsed Laborde, wounded Foy, and took two hundred prisoners.

That night in the Carrancas Sir Arthur sat down to the banquet that had been cooked for Soult; the town was illuminated as for a great public holiday, though the streets were strewn with the bodies of dead horses and men; and in the darkness beyond the savage peasants prowled like wolves, stripping the corpses and murdering the wounded men.

The sequel is soon told:—

Sir Arthur halted at Oporto the night of the 12th and during the 13th to bring up his guns and baggage.

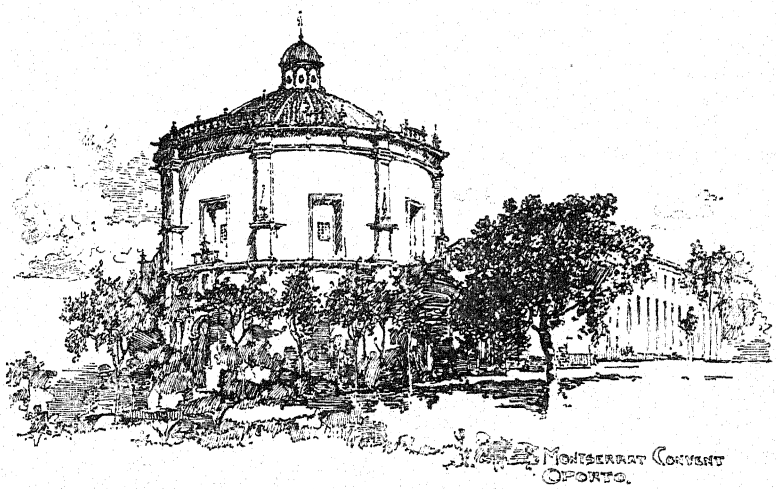
Soult, moving eastwards and reorganising his forces as he went, heard on the 13th that Loison had been beaten back by Beresford, and that the only line of retreat by which he could take his guns and waggons was in the hands of his adversaries. "The weather was boisterous, the army, worn with fatigue, was dismayed, and voices were heard calling for a capitulation. But in that terrible crisis the Marshal Duke justified fortune for having raised him to such dignity. He had accidentally fallen from his horse, and his hip, formerly broken by a shot at the siege of Genoa, was severely injured; but neither pain, nor weakness of body, nor peril could shake the firmness of his soul." With a fierce will he silenced the traitors, he destroyed his guns and baggage and military chest, put his sick men and ammunition on the mules, ordered Loison and some outlying cavalry to join him, and took to the mountain paths.

On the morning of the 15th he drew up his troops, now 20,000 strong, in battle array on the field of Braga, where, two months before, he had scattered the Portuguese, and then, with Sir Arthur and Beresford at his heels, continued his retreat. Sir Arthur, when he heard that Soult had destroyed his guns and baggage, knew that Beresford must have succeeded, and pressed the pursuit, while Beresford, anticipating orders, joined the chase.

Through torrents of rain, along paths on the mountain side where the waterfalls came streaming down to the thundering torrent in the abyss below, Soult forced his men, starving and shoeless; and the peasants from the heights swept down whole files to death by rolling stones, and murdered every straggler and sick man left on the march. Behind, the British cavalry pressed hard, and the guns opening on the massed Frenchmen crowding to cross the Ponte Nova—where Sir Arthur stayed the pursuit—heaped the bed of the torrent with corpses.

Sir Arthur, with a pardonable touch of pride that Moore had been avenged, wrote that "in everything, even weather," Soult's retreat was a pendant of that to Corunna, and then with the characteristic wish as to his own men—"I hope this army will not lose their heads"—turned his thoughts towards Victor.

Soult, with his men bowed with fatigue, without shoes, many without accoutrements or muskets, his artillery, baggage, and military chest destroyed, with a loss of 6,000 good soldiers out of the 25,000 he had led into Portugal, reached Ney in the north. "He had entered Portugal with fifty-eight pieces of artillery, he returned without a gun: yet his reputation as a stout and able soldier was nowise diminished."



Monterrat Convent
Oporto.

The Battle of Novara: March 23: 1849. By Major G. Le M Gretton

ON the night of the 21st of March, 1849, the Piedmontese and the Austrians lay facing each other in the Lomelina, a fertile province of Piedmont which lies along the western bank of the Ticino. On the Piedmontese left there had been sharp fighting throughout the day, and the bivouac of the King of Piedmont was formed near the village of Sforzesca, on a plain covered with the bodies of the dead. The villages were filled with wounded men; the sky was red with the glare from burning farms and from the camp-fires, round which the troops waited for daylight to recommence the fray. As far as the king had been able to learn the result of the various scattered combats which had taken place during the day, his troops had been successful; his infantry had shown steadiness, his cavalry great dash. A Savoyard regiment, though much harassed by the enemy's skirmishers, coolly reserved their fire until the main body of their enemy were within easy range. Then they poured in a storm of bullets, which they followed up with a charge so desperate that the Austrians fled, panic-stricken, before them. When the officers succeeded in halting the Savoyards, the men had angrily inquired why they were not allowed to pursue; and, in reply to the explanation that there were no regiments in support, they had retorted proudly: "Do Savoyards ever need supports?"

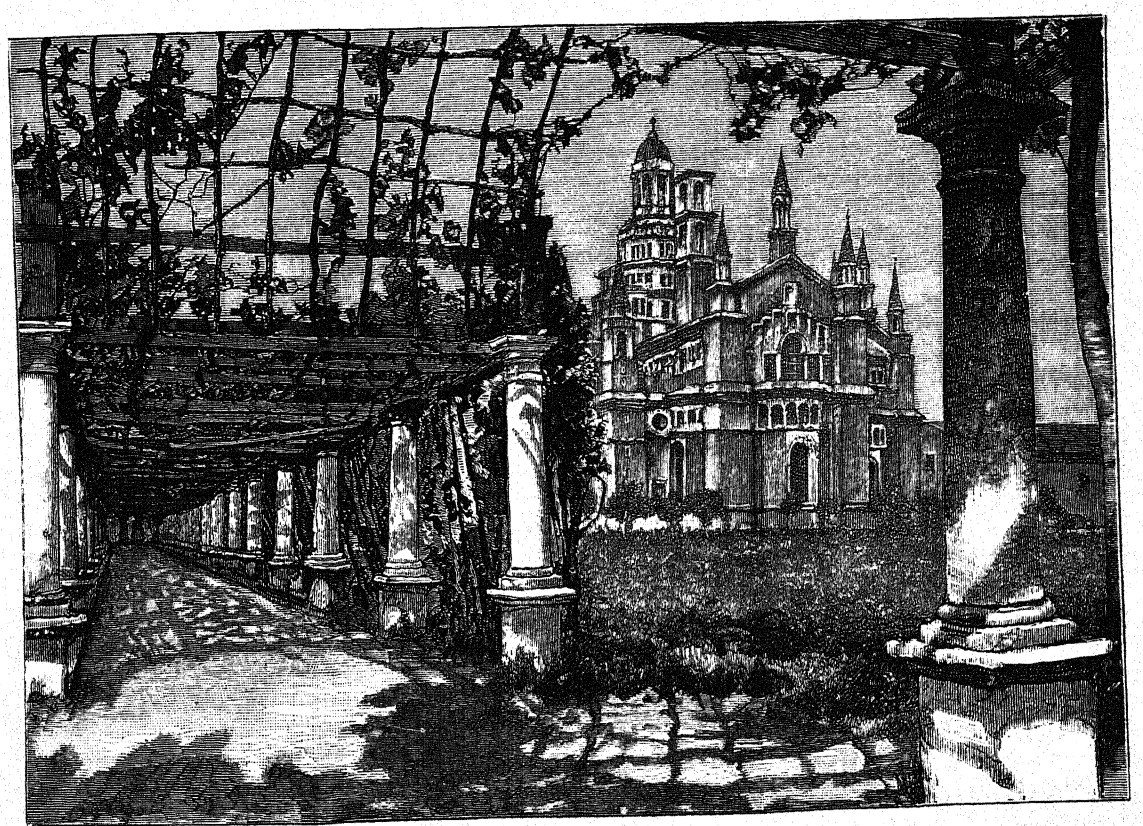
Close to Sforzesca there had been a brilliant little *mêlée*. A battalion of Piedmontese, after routing a body of Croatian infantry with the bayonet, were caught in disorder by Hungarian hussars, who, charging like a whirlwind, compelled the Italians to take refuge behind a battery of artillery. So straight did the Hungarians ride that they were almost among the guns when, in their turn, they were defeated by a well-delivered counter-stroke. In the very nick of time two squadrons of heavy cavalry took them in flank, and, after emptying many saddles, drove the survivors headlong back.

But Charles Albert and his staff were racked with anxiety about their right. Early in the day two divisions had been ordered to seize the town of Mortara before the Austrians could occupy it; and although heavy firing in the afternoon and evening showed that his troops were hotly engaged with the enemy in the neighbourhood of this town, no news came to him of the result of the fighting. Determined to set a good example to his men, the king lay down on the bed of empty sacks which had been extemporised for him; and he even slept, though ill and fitfully. At his head stood two faithful servants, whose Court livery of crimson and gold looked strangely out of place amidst the horrors of the battlefield. An aide-de-camp sat by him to replace the rug which the king constantly threw off, as he tossed and muttered, and thrust his right arm out threateningly in the direction of the Austrian army. Around him lay the staff, encircled by a ring of sentries, who, leaning on their arms, watched the disordered slumbers of their monarch with superstitious awe.

In order to understand the short campaign which ended at Novara, it is necessary for a moment to glance at the state of Italy in 1848-9. Early in his career the Great Napoleon had overrun and conquered the peninsula. Much to the advantage of her people, he had replaced the miserable princelings who tyrannised over her various States, by a strong and energetic government, under which Italy became more prosperous and more contented than she had been for centuries. In 1815 the Congress of Vienna had undone the material good which Napoleon had accomplished. The temporal power of the Pope was restored; Lombardy and Venetia

were placed under the Austrian yoke; and Modena, Piedmont, Naples, and Tuscany were returned to their former kings or dukes. As these princes were all connected by blood or marriage with the house of Hapsburg, Austrian influence was predominant at their Courts, and Italy became in all but name a province of the Austrian Empire. Like their Bourbon cousins, the Italian princes returned from exile "having learned nothing and forgotten nothing." Their only idea of government was a despotism. In their States there were no parliaments or representative institutions, and as the press was gagged there was no means of calling attention to the injustice and the abuses which everywhere were rampant. Every possible difficulty was placed in the way of those who wished to visit other parts of Italy, as it was considered undesirable that men should upset their minds by travelling. In some States it was made penal to pronounce the name of Napoleon! In Rome it was proposed to give up lighting the streets at night because the custom owed its origin to the French, and the faces of the public clocks were altered because they marked what the populace termed "French time." Throughout the peninsula the police and their spies were omnipotent, and sought to regulate men's thoughts and actions, from their political opinions down to the cut of their coats.

The Austrian officers of to-day, as we see them in their own country, are high-bred and courteous men of the world. But in the first part of the century their manners were by no means as agreeable as they are now, and their conduct towards the Italians, whom they chose to consider as a conquered race, was brutal, and greatly increased the hatred of the population towards the rulers who surrounded themselves with foreign bayonets in order to be able to oppress their native-born subjects with impunity. A shrewd English traveller thus describes a typical scene in one of the many towns garrisoned by Austrian troops:—



THE UNIVERSITY, PAVIA.

". . . . . Several white-coated Austrian officers came into the dining-room of the hotel clanking their swords and speaking in a loud overbearing tone. They were, fortunately, too

far off for us to be annoyed by overhearing their conversation, except when they raised their voices to abuse the waiters, which they did in execrable Italian, but with a surprising volubility of expletives. These remarks were generally prefaced with 'You beast of an Italian,' or something equally remarkable for good taste and feeling. After a little time their mirth grew louder, and reached an unwarrantable height when one of the party, loudly apostrophising the unfortunate waiter, asked him if he could tell him in what light he and all other Austrians regarded the Italians. The man's sallow cheek grew a shade paler, but he made no reply as he busied himself in changing their plates. 'Do you not know, you beast?' reiterated the officer, stamping as he spoke, 'then I will tell you: we all of us look upon you Italians as the dust beneath our feet—as the little creeping beasts we crush at every moment of our lives, at every step we take. Ha! ha!'"

The degradation of their position raised among the Italians a passionate desire for liberty and for national unity. To this yearning for freedom is due the long series of wars against Austria, which, though at first unsuccessful, finally achieved the complete independence of the Italian people, and changed a country formerly contemptuously termed "a mere geographical expression" into one of the Great Powers of Europe.

In 1847-8 Charles Albert, King of Piedmont, astonished the world by granting to his people a constitution modelled on that of England. By this act he at once placed himself at the head of the movement for national unity; and early in 1848 he proclaimed war against the Emperor of Austria, and invaded Lombardy with the avowed intention of expelling the Austrians from Italy. At first things went well with him, but after a few weeks the tide turned in favour of Radetzky, the war-worn veteran who commanded the emperor's troops in Italy. After a series of reverses, which culminated in a severe defeat at Custozza (name of ill-omen for the Italians, for the Austrians again defeated them there in 1866), Charles Albert was compelled to sue for an armistice, while the remnants of his army—a mere mob of starved, demoralised, and ragged men—painfully regained the frontier of Piedmont.

By dint of immense exertions during the truce, which lasted for seven months, the King of Piedmont partially reorganised his troops and rendered them (in point of numerical strength) respectable for a little country of about five million inhabitants. In March, 1849, just before the commencement of the five days' campaign which ended at Novara, 148,000 men served under Charles Albert's colours; but though they presented a creditable appearance on parade, the composition of the infantry left much to be desired. A third of them were reservists, who, after about a year's service in the ranks, had been allowed to return to their homes. Of these, 30,000 were married; and all most strongly objected to the idea of active service. Another third of the infantry were absolutely raw recruits. The remainder had been a year or eighteen months under arms, and had, no doubt, profited by the experience gained in the campaign of 1848; but they had not shaken off the feeling of disbelief in themselves and in their officers engendered by defeat. The cavalry, artillery, and engineers were good, but the commissariat and transport services were indifferent, the medical corps was inadequately supplied with ambulances, and there was a deficiency of no less than 400 officers in the various branches of the service. Not only among a large number of the soldiers, but also among many of the higher ranks, the idea of recommencing the conflict was unpopular—with some on political grounds, with others because they recognised the impossibility of waging war single-handed against the Austrian Empire. The king recognised the difficulties of the military position; but he knew that if he did not renew the war with Austria the whole of Italy would consider he had betrayed their cause, and the majority of his own subjects would rise against him. He, therefore, chose the lesser of the two evils—a war in Lombardy rather than a revolution in Piedmont; and although after deducting from his strength 18,000 men in hospital and 40,000 for garrison duty he could only count on some 85,000 troops for service in the field, he "denounced the armistice," and intimated to the Austrians that hostilities would recommence on the 20th of March, 1849.

The king's military capacity had been so much questioned since his defeats in the campaign of the previous year, that he decided to delegate the supreme command to some general of wider experience than his own. The choice fell not upon a Piedmontese, but upon a Polish adventurer, Chrzanowski, who had served with the Russians in their Turkish campaign in 1829, and against them in the Polish insurrection of

1831. Deeply did the Piedmontese generals resent their supersession by a foreigner, and grievous was the friction between the general-in-chief and the commanders of his divisions throughout this short and mismanaged campaign.

Although the Emperor of Austria possessed many provinces each as large and as populous as Piedmont, he was unable to send any reinforcements to Radetzky, for the rebellion in Hungary absorbed all the resources which the Court of Vienna could then command. Therefore, after providing for the investment of Venice, which had risen against her Austrian oppressors, and securing the safety of his lines of communication, Radetzky could only place in the field an army of the same strength as that of the Piedmontese. But though the numbers were equal, in *morale* the Austrians were greatly superior. Proud of their victories in 1848, they entered upon the campaign of Novara with thorough belief in themselves and with the utmost confidence in their old general, who, at the age of eighty-three, was still strong in body and vigorous in mind. The knowledge of actual warfare which Field-Marshal Radetzky possessed was remarkable. Towards the end of the eighteenth century he first saw active service in a campaign against the Turks, and encountered Napoleon at Montenotte during the future emperor's Italian campaign of 1796. He was present at Marengo; he shared in the disaster of Hohenlinden; he commanded divisions at the battles of Eckmühl, Aspern, and Wagram, where the Austrians fought with their usual courage and their usual ill-success. At Kulm and Leipzig he held important positions on the general staff; and he served in France in 1814, when Napoleon displayed such marvellous skill in his campaign against the overwhelming masses of the Allies.

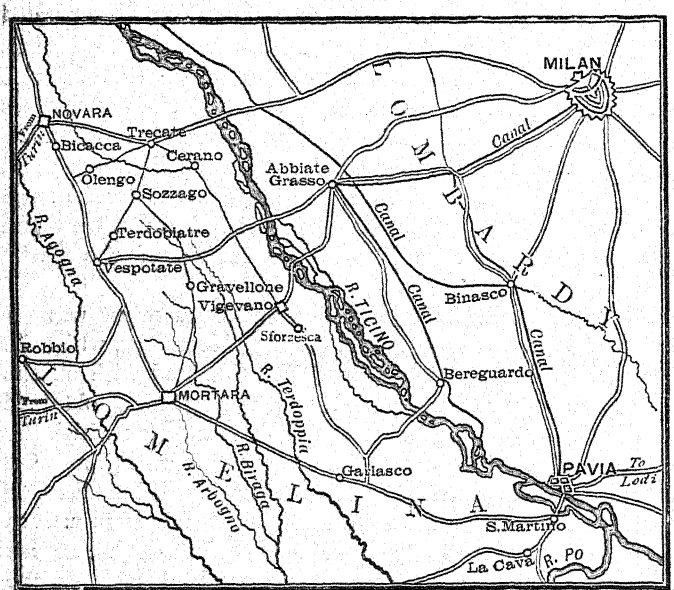
As many of Radetzky's troops were Hungarians—men whose brothers were then at death-grips with the Austrians on the plains of Hungary—their fidelity would have been doubtful had the old general not been the idol of his soldiery. His personal influence kept them so true to their colours, that on the resumption of hostilities the Magyars sent him a deputation to ask to be allowed to go to the front at once, so that they might show their loyalty to the emperor by deeds and not by words!

When the armistice expired, the hostile armies were separated by the swift, deep current of the Ticino, a river which in its course from Lake Maggiore to the Po forms the frontier between Lombardy and Piedmont. As the objective of the Piedmontese army was Milan, the greater part of Charles Albert's forces were concentrated about Novara, a prosperous country town from which the white spires of Milan Cathedral can be seen glittering in the sun. A division of 8,000 men, under General Ramorino, had been detached to the south-west, with orders to watch the bridges near Pavia, the old university town which stands close to the junction of the Ticino and the Po. Pavia is about thirty miles from Novara, and about halfway between them a little town, Mortara, marks the point where most of the important roads in the district converge. Two or three considerable streams flow parallel with the Ticino, and feed the numerous canals which irrigate the country to the westward of this river. Plantations of mulberry trees, with vines trained in festoons between their trunks, mark the boundaries of the soft deep rice-fields; and causeways, often raised above the level of the ground, connect the solidly-built towns and villages which dot the surface of the fertile plain.

Radetzky's Intelligence Department was far superior to that of Charles Albert; for, while the Austrian staff was fully acquainted with all the movements of the Piedmontese, the king obtained no tidings of the rapid concentration which the old field-marshal had effected at Pavia. On the morning of the resumption of hostilities 60 battalions, 40 squadrons, and 186 guns arrived outside its gates, and streamed through the dark and narrow streets which lead towards the Ticino. As the troops defiled past the balcony in which the old general had placed himself, German artillerymen, Polish lancers, Tyrolese riflemen, Hungarian hussars, and Croatian infantry vied with each other in the enthusiasm with which they cheered their octogenarian chief.

Greatly to their surprise, the Austrians passed the frontier without difficulty. They were not even seriously opposed at the strong position of La Cava, which Ramorino had been specially ordered to defend; for this general, who was either a traitor or a fool, had left his post and transported nearly all his division to the southern bank of the Po, where they were absolutely useless for the rest of the campaign. After the war was over, Ramorino was tried for disobedience of orders and shot; but his death in no way atoned for the injury he had inflicted upon the Piedmontese cause. Owing to his

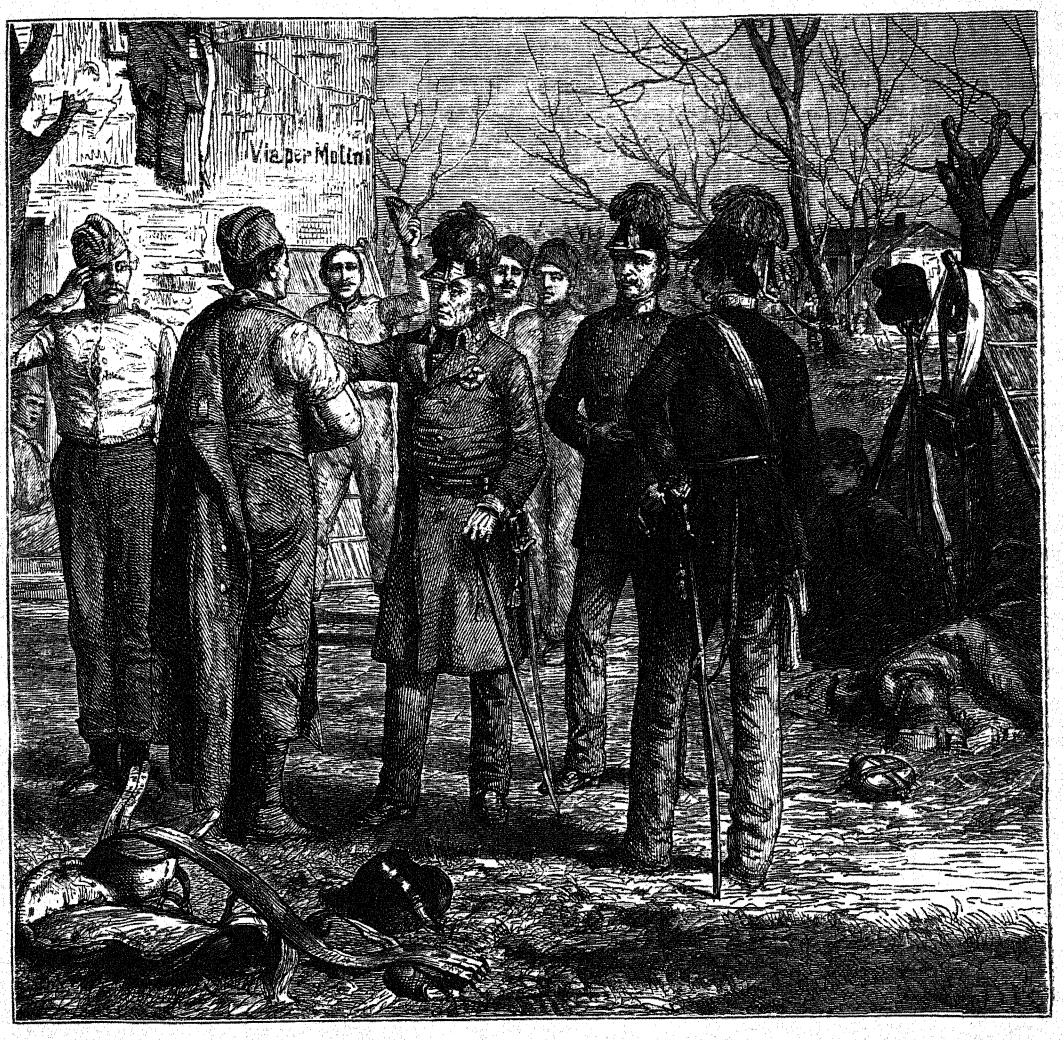
misconduct, the Austrians gained so great a start that by the afternoon of the 21st, Radetzky had been able to direct the main body of his army on Mortara, and thus seriously threaten Charles Albert's communications with Turin, his capital. Chrzanowski sent off two divisions to hold Mortara, while with the rest of his troops he attempted to make his way southward, down the right bank of the Ticino, and thus menace the field-marshal's line of communication with Pavia. To paralyse this movement, Radetzky covered the roads between himself and the Ticino with detachments of all arms, with orders to drive back the Piedmontese wherever they encountered them. In several places along the line, as has already been stated, there was sharp fighting; and not only at Sforrezca, but in other points on Charles Albert's left, the troops or Piedmont distinctly held their enemies in check.



And now to resume the account of the five days' campaign. In the middle of the night of the 21st the Duke of Savoy—Charles Albert's eldest son, best known in history as Victor Emanuel, the first King of Italy—rode into his father's bivouac to break to him the disastrous news that Mortara had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Chrzanowski had entrusted to the young prince and to General Durando the defence of this town, an all-important spot on the series of roads between the army and the fortresses from which it drew supplies. The strength of their combined divisions was respectable. Twenty-nine battalions, 16 squadrons, and 48 guns should have sufficed to hold the Austrians in check until Chrzanowski could attack them in flank from his own left; but, owing to their neglect of proper military precautions, the Piedmontese lost the day. Durando took up a position too close to the town, and intersected by canals which rendered it difficult for him to reinforce his fighting line or to move his reserves from one flank to another. The Duke of Savoy's division, in second line, was drawn up to the right of the town, where it could be of little use in the battle. The outposts were badly placed and badly handled. No adequate steps were taken to fortify Mortara—no loopholes pierced, no walls crenellated, no barricades prepared to defend its streets against a sudden rush. Invalids, stragglers, muleteers, camp followers, and all the non-combatants of the army were allowed to congregate in the little town, and to impede the movements of the troops through its narrow streets.

Although heavy firing had been heard at intervals during the day on the Piedmontese left, by a curious infatuation the generals came to the conclusion that the Austrians would not attack Mortara till the morrow. Discipline became relaxed; many of the officers left their regiments to dine at the village inns; the men were foraging on their own account, when suddenly a picket of Nizzard cavalry galloped wildly into the camp, shouting that the Austrians were upon them. From the south and south-east heavy columns of white-coated infantry could be seen converging upon Mortara, and before the Piedmontese troops had all been collected, a heavy fire of artillery was poured into their disordered ranks. The Duke of Savoy and Durando were as completely surprised as were the French at Beaumont in 1870, and with the same result. After several hours' fighting they were badly beaten, and the Austrians obtained possession of one of the most important strategic points in Lombardy. In this engagement, begun at dusk and continued till late at night, the generals soon lost all control over the troops, and each colonel fought entirely for his own hand in the combats which raged from field to field and from house to house. The stress of the fighting fell on Durando. A convent on

which the right of his line rested was stormed by the Austrians, retaken by the Piedmontese, and again recaptured by the Austrians. His infantry, demoralised by the fire of guns of which they could see nothing but the flashes, gave way, and in their retreat fired heavily upon the regiments which the Duke of Savoy was bringing to their aid, and then fled in panic to the town. They were closely pursued by two battalions of Hungarians, who had already penetrated some distance into its dark and winding streets before Benedek, who commanded them, discovered that six fresh Piedmontese battalions were advancing upon him. In the small Lombard towns the houses are well adapted for defence, for they are strongly built, with small low doors and few windows set high upon the walls. Benedek instantly flung part of his men into the buildings which commanded the street, down which he slowly led the remainder to the attack, when suddenly a fresh danger burst upon him. Out of the murky darkness of the side streets appeared the gleam of bayonets, warning him that other columns of the enemy were threatening him in flank and rear. The position was desperate, but Benedek was equal to the occasion. The streets and lanes were encumbered with broken carts and with the bodies of dead horses, and with these materials his handy troops rapidly extemporised barricades, behind which they entrenched themselves, while with sublime audacity their chief sent an officer to summon his assailants to surrender, as "further resistance



MARSHAL RADETZKY AFTER THE BATTLE OF NOVARA.

would be useless!" This *ruse de guerre* was successful, and 1,700 men laid down their arms to Benedek at the very moment that they should have been making him and his brave men their prisoners. Two squadrons of the Nice regiment, however, scorned to surrender; and selecting the moment when the Austrian ranks had become disordered by victory, cut their way safely out of the town and joined the Duke of Savoy. Durando's division had melted grievously away in this engagement, but Victor Emanuel, by dint of immense exertions, succeeded in keeping in hand a large number of his troops.

In this affair the Piedmontese lost 2,000 prisoners, 500 killed and wounded, and 5 guns; while the Austrians had only 300 soldiers placed *hors de combat*. The decisive character of the action, which greatly affected the *morale* of the Piedmontese two days later at Novara, was chiefly owing to Benedek's resolute conduct. It earned for him the Cross of Maria Theresa, the highest military decoration which an Emperor of Austria can bestow.

During the 22nd the whole of the Piedmontese army fell back upon the town of Novara, where Chrzanowski decided to give battle to the Austrians. For a defensive action the ground to the south of the town presented considerable advantages. On the flanks the position was protected by canals and rivulets; while to the front was cultivated land, much cut up by wet ditches, strong stone walls, and long rows of mulberry trees, with farms and country houses, each capable of being converted into a little fortress, dotted over the surface of the plain, which sank gently towards Mortara. The main road, which connects Novara with Mortara and along which the Austrians must of necessity advance, was commanded by rising ground near the hamlet of La Bicocca.

So rapidly had Charles Albert's army dwindled away under mismanagement and defeat, that not more than 50,000 men could be brought into the field on the morning of the 23rd. Three divisions were placed in the front line: Durando commanded on the right, Bes in the centre, and on the left the veteran Perrone was entrusted with the defence of La Bicocca and the Mortara-Novara road. Behind him in second line stood the Duke of Genoa, while the Duke of Savoy supported the divisions on the right and centre. Three battalions of sharpshooters (*bersaglieri*), extended as skirmishers, covered the front of the position, which was not much more than 3,000 yards in length. These dispositions were completed by nine o'clock, when, in drizzling rain, dispirited by their reverses and half-starved by the breakdown of their commissariat, the Piedmontese formed up to await the Austrian attack. In less than two hours their outposts were in contact with the advance-guard of the three army corps, commanded by D'Aspre, who was marching along the Mortara-Novara road. At first D'Aspre imagined he had only to deal with a rear-guard, covering a retreat, but soon he discovered he was in presence of the whole of the Piedmontese army. He instantly informed the generals who were moving on the roads to his right and left; and then, remembering the ease with which before he had conquered at Mortara, without waiting for reinforcements, he boldly attacked the army of Charles Albert.

On the Piedmontese right and centre, though there was desultory skirmishing all through the day, nothing of importance took place; for the battle was fought out on their left, round the villages which command the Mortara road. Chrzanowski's plan seems to have been to tire out the Austrians at La Bicocca. He forgot that mere passive resistance never gains a decisive victory, and that a general must be prepared to counter-attack his enemy with vigour. A brilliant opportunity for such a counter-stroke presented itself in the course of the engagement; but Chrzanowski, too slow of intellect to appreciate it, lost his chance and, with it, the battle for Charles Albert.

The engagement began with a vigorous assault upon Olengo, a hamlet on the road a few hundred yards to the south of La Bicocca. Perrone had strongly occupied it as a detached post, to bar the approach to the more important village in its rear. By a sudden dash, the Hungarian battalions of Prince Albrecht's advance-guard seized some of the outlying houses; then, turning fiercely upon a regiment of Piedmontese, they captured their colours and drove them in confusion out of the village. But before the Hungarian officers could restore order after this hand-to-hand combat, the tables were turned. A corps of sturdy mountaineers from Savoy fell upon them, and handled them so roughly that, to save his favourite Magyars from destruction, the archduke had to thrust the whole of his reserves into the fray. For several hours reinforcements reached D'Aspre very slowly, for the narrow roads were blocked by the baggage-waggons of his army corps. As fresh troops came up they were

hurried into the fight, which eddied round the villages on the Novara road. Early in the afternoon the Austrians stormed La Bicocca, and so nearly took Charles Albert prisoner that his escort crossed bayonets with the Hungarian infantry. Soon the Duke of Genoa, with two fresh brigades from the second line, recaptured the hamlet at the point of the bayonet; and then, bringing up several batteries, he poured so fierce a fire upon Olengo, that the Austrians who occupied it became demoralised, and made but a feeble resistance to the bayonet attack with which he followed up his cannonade. During the shelling of this village incidents occurred which show of how good material the Piedmontese officers were made. The captain of a battery fell, hard hit, with his arm carried away by a round shot. He did not leave post, he refused to be carried to the ambulance, and he steadily fought his battery as long as the action lasted. A young subaltern, fresh from the artillery school, was laying a gun on a rapidly-approaching infantry column, when he staggered and almost fell. His father, a general officer, called to his son to ask if he was hurt. The lad gave the order to fire with a steady voice, then, raising the bleeding stump of his arm above his head, he shouted, "*Viva il Re*" (God save the King), and fell senseless upon a heap of corpses.

The Duke of Genoa was arranging his troops for a further advance against the Austrians, who were much weakened by their losses and badly supported by their reserves, when Chrzanowski, far too stupid to realise that the crisis of the battle had arrived, peremptorily ordered him to retire to La Bicocca. Had the young general been allowed to continue his attack, he might have won the day; for Radetzky himself has stated that at this moment he had thrown his last available man into the fight, and had no further reserves at hand with which to meet the Piedmontese, "who fought like devils."

When Italian soldiers forty years ago were unsuccessful in war, or when they received an unexpected or unwelcome order, they instantly concluded that there was treachery at work among their ranks. The troops at Olengo saw that victory was within their grasp; they knew that not half the army had yet been under fire; they realised that a general advance along the line would have completely overwhelmed the Austrians. Therefore, this inexplicable retreat roused their suspicions against the foreigner who commanded them. From that moment the men lost heart; and though many of the regiments fought on most gallantly, others cried "Treason," and, disbanding themselves, fled to the town. Charles Albert, seeing one of the doubtful regiments wavering on their march, rode up to them and, taking their standard in his hand, offered to lead them to the front—in vain!

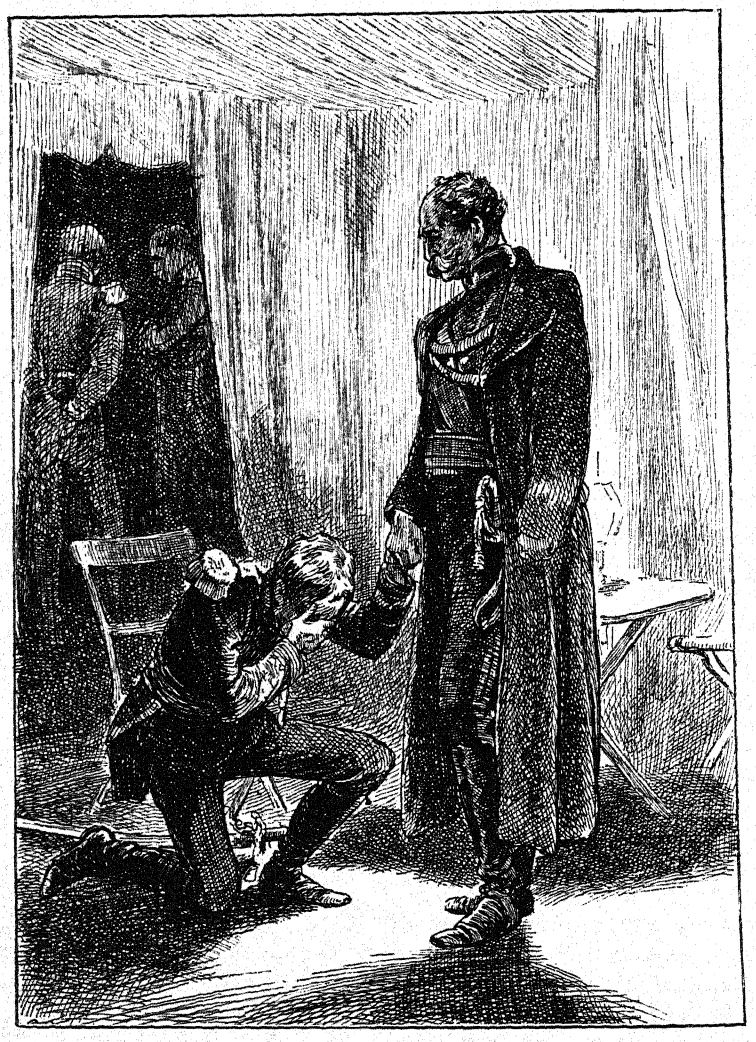
"Sire, it is too late," muttered the colonel; "half an hour earlier, they would have followed you anywhere!"

The officers—high and low, old and young—set a brilliant example to their men, and showed how soldiers should fight for the honour of their country. The aged General Perrone, the commander of the left wing of the army, while rallying his men for a charge fell mortally wounded. He ordered the men who supported him to lay him at the feet of the king, to whom he murmured: "Sire, I offered to you and to my country the last days of my life. My duty is accomplished."

About four o'clock in the afternoon, some time after the pressure on the Austrians had been removed by the recall of the Duke of Genoa, Radetzky's reinforcements began to arrive from all directions; they relieved D'Aspre's overtasked troops, and formed up in heavy columns for the final assault upon La Bicocca, the luckless village which had changed hands already so often during the day. They carried it, but not without fierce fighting and heavy loss. The king and his sons were in the thick of the combat, urging their men to do their duty to the last. Near Charles Albert two gunners were shot dead, the head of one of his escort was carried away, three of his aides-de-camp were killed, and a soldier was pierced by a musket-ball close to his horse's head. In his despair at seeing the Austrians sweeping like a torrent through the left of his line, the king cried out: "Is there no cannon-ball left for me?" The loss of La Bicocca and the rout of Perrone's division were fatal to the Piedmontese, for their centre and right were enfiladed from the heights on which the village stood; there was a general retreat, which the efforts of the Duke of Savoy were utterly unable to prevent. It is said that late in the evening he sat on his horse and faced the enemy in dumb despair. The Austrian guns were briskly shelling his troops to hasten their flight, as they streamed past him, a hopelessly broken army; behind him was the little town of Novara, where Piedmontese stragglers, throwing discipline to the winds, had already begun the work of

plunder. Suddenly he raised his sword above his head, and swore a mighty oath that Italy should yet become a free and united nation.

After experiences more remarkable than those which usually fall to the lot of kings in the nineteenth century, he lived to see his oath fulfilled. His reign commenced in the most picturesque manner, for on the very night of the defeat Charles Albert summoned all his surviving generals to Novara, to announce to them that he had abdicated in favour of his eldest son, Victor Emanuel. Then bidding an eternal farewell to the young king, who knelt weeping before him, Charles Albert, accompanied by only one faithful aide-de-camp, quitted the army, and passing unrecognised through the Austrian outposts, reached the Mediterranean and took ship for Portugal, where in a few months he died of a broken heart. When his successor realised that he had inherited a demoralised army, an empty treasury, and a population ripe for revolution, he can have had but little hope of ever seeing the Italians freed from the Austrian yoke; but he did not despair, and, thanks to his own steadfast courage and the help of Cavour and of Garibaldi, twenty-one years later he was crowned at Rome, as Victor Emanuel, first King of Italy!



THE PARTING OF CHARLES ALBERT AND VICTOR EMANUEL AFTER THE BATTLE OF NOVARA.

The Battle of Aspern-Essling

21-22 June 1809

By D.H.Parry

WITH Austria's gigantic preparations for war, presuming upon the absence of the bulk of Napoleon's veteran troops in Spain; with Napoleon's wild gallop from Valladolid to Paris, during which he is said at one time to have accomplished seventy-five miles in five hours and a half; with the complicated political considerations; the masterly activity of the French emperor; the short campaign, opened by Austria, that laid her capital at Napoleon's feet in a month—we have little to do in the scope of this article. Our mission is to describe the battle named from the two little villages of Aspern and Essling, in and about which a series of sanguinary combats was waged during two nights and two days, resulting in a severe check to the *Grande Armée*, which check had a wide influence among German-speaking peoples; a battle fought now in the blaze of the hot May noon, now in the river-mists of early morning, and continued into the dark hours by the light of burning houses and the silver moonshine—all the while under a cannonade that strewed the growing corn with countless slain!

After the French victories of Abensberg, Landshut, Eckmühl, and Ratisbon, there had been a race between Napoleon and the Austrian commander, Archduke Charles, with Vienna as the goal; Napoleon pressing along the southern—or right—bank of the Danube to take it, the archduke hastening from Bohemia on the other side to its defence.

Foolishly halting for three days at Budweis, the Austrians arrived to find the French in possession, with more than 80,000 troops about the city, consisting of Lannes with the 2nd Corps; Masséna with the 4th, the Imperial Guard, and Bessières' cavalry reserve; while Davout held St. Polten with the 3rd Corps; Vandamme, farther away at Enns, Ebersberg, and Lintz, only waited for Bernadotte to relieve him; and Prince Eugène was expected from Italy with 40,000 more.

It was not sufficient to have seized the Austrian capital, to dictate his despatches from the imperial palace of Schönbrunn, where twenty-three years later his then unborn son was destined to expire; a decisive battle was necessary for Napoleon's aims and projects, and the "god of war" set about without delay to cross the Danube and meet the enormous Austrian army on the opposite shore.

Rising in the Black Forest, and fed by a thousand tributaries, the mighty Danube rushes through some of the grandest scenery in Europe until it enters the plain above Vienna, where, broken by innumerable islands, it flows down past the city.

Like all rivers that receive the melted snow of the mountains, it is subject to sudden risings; and it lay, with its myriad isles and channels, a formidable barrier between the two enemies.

At Nussdorf, a mile and a half above Vienna, were the remnants of a broken bridge, but the stream was very rapid there. A better spot suggested itself, in front of Kaiser-Ebersdorf, about six miles below the city, where the river flowed in four channels, its fury somewhat broken and divided, and having the large island of Lob-awe, or Lobau, in its centre, where the whole army could find shelter in the event of a reverse.

At first it was decided to make the passage at both places; but two battalions being taken by the enemy in an island near Nussdorf, the operations there were only conducted as a feint, to cover the real site in front of Ebersdorf, where Generals Bertrand and Pernetti began to construct a series of long and difficult bridges, with very imperfect material at their command.

It has been said that the great arsenal of Vienna furnished every means required, but, as a matter of fact, there was a dearth of cordage; and, having no anchors to moor the structure against the current, boxes of shot and huge boulders had to be utilised, with very imperfect results, as will be seen hereafter.

Long lines of waggons wound over the dusty roads to the bank of the river; grey-coated drivers of the *train des equipages* conducted their teams to where the blue pontoniers hammered and sawed at piles and trestles; field-forges glowed, and all was hum and bustle, for Napoleon himself rode hither and thither, with a keen eye to the smallest detail; and the scene was one of the most picturesque activity.

Sixty-eight large boats—some say eighty—were discovered sunk in the river, and these were hauled out and brought along-shore, with nine huge rafts.

Marshals, generals, aides-de-camp, smart light cavalry, and heavy cuirassiers covered the plain in all directions; the sun shining brightly on a multitude of uniforms and gigantic plumes, on the mighty blue Danube, the wooded islands that everywhere dotted its surface, and the myriad spires of that land of churches peeping above the tree-tops on every side.

It was the second time the French army had spread itself about Vienna; the second time that Napoleon's escort of gay chasseurs had clanked their brass scabbards on the steps of the summer palace of the Austrian emperor. It was a remarkably ubiquitous army, finding itself in Berlin to-day, at Madrid to-morrow, visiting most of the capitals of Europe in turn, but, as even its most devoted admirers are obliged to admit, not greatly regretted by any of these cities when it had taken its departure.

The engineers found that no easy task awaited them, for first they had to encounter an arm of the river, five hundred yards wide, between the Ebersdorf shore and a small island, beyond which flowed the main channel, very swift and turbulent, and divided into two branches of three hundred and twenty and forty yards respectively; while beyond Lobau, again, was the last branch, a hundred and forty yards in width; and to cover the construction of this bridge, which was in reality a succession of four bridges, Molitor's troops were passed into Lobau in boats as soon as darkness fell on the 19th May.

The Austrian sentries gave the alarm, but their post retired, and the French were in possession of the island, which was two miles and a half in length by a mile and three-quarters in breadth, well wooded and full of pheasants, the gamekeeper's lodge being the only habitation.

As boat after boat put off and steered straight for Lobau, Napoleon himself superintended the arrangements, saw that muskets were loaded, and spoke to many of the soldiers: it is even recorded that when reconnoitring on the bank, Marshal Lannes fell in, and the emperor sprang to his assistance, waist deep, and helped him out before the staff could get to them.

Although the river was rough, the night was a glorious one, and Savary, who had been rowed over by two pontoniers, brought the good news that Lobau was occupied, without resistance.

On the morning of the 20th, intelligence came that the enemy had landed on the right bank at Nussdorf, above Vienna; and Savary was sent post-haste with a brigade of cuirassiers, to find that they had recrossed again.

The bridge was not finally completed until the 21st, but at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 20th the scarlet *flammes* of the *escadron d'élite* of the 3rd Chasseurs passed over to the enemy's side to join Molitor's men; and as soon as their green jackets had penetrated into the undergrowth of briars that fringed the shore, the last bridge, made in three hours by Colonel Aubry with fifteen Austrian pontoons, parted, and the squadron bivouacked in the wood separated from the rest of Marulaz's division, which remained in Lobau until next morning.

That night Napoleon and Lannes slept in the gamekeeper's lodge, the staff camping on the turf outside in the brilliant moonlight, singing among things "Partant pour la Syrie," Captain d'Albuquerque's fine voice rising in what was to prove in a few hours his "swan's song"!

The gurgling waves rolled unceasingly along the alder-fringed shore; the bridges from the right bank resounded all through the short night with the tramp of infantry and the clatter of the horses' hoofs as division after division poured into the island; and with the first faint gleam of morning, which came about two o'clock, they crossed the now repaired pontoons and debouched on to the battle-ground.

An English mile apart, and each about half that distance from the Danube's edge, were the villages of Gros-Aspern to the left, and Essling to the right, the land sloping gently up to them and merging into the level pastoral plain known as the Marchfeld.

The corn was growing green and very high in

places, and instead of the circle of fires that all night had spread along the wooden Bisamberg, to the left beyond Aspern, nothing was seen of the foe but a few cavalry patrols dotted on the horizon.

Lannes declared his conviction that only a curtain of ten thousand men lay before them ; but wily Masséna, whose powers of vision were as marvellous as the emperor's were defective, had been to the summit of Aspern steeple, and affirmed that the whole of the Austrian army would have to be faced, to which correct opinion the emperor also inclined.*

The first day's battle may be roughly summed up as a succession of attacks on the villages, the cavalry drawn up between the two, and cutting in to their comrades' relief time and again.

Masséna held Aspern ; Lannes was responsible for Essling, and Bessières, who commanded the cavalry, was placed under him, to Bessières's intense chagrin.

Aspern, a stone-built village with a walled churchyard overhung by fine trees, was rather nearer to the bridge than was Essling, which latter village had a large enclosure, a three-storeyed granary, and was more closely built than straggling Aspern ; while connecting the two and running from Aspern into the river was a double ditch, cut for drainage.

Molitor's division had occupied Aspern on the 20th, and was the first attacked ; for about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st the Austrians appeared in five massive columns, supported by cavalry and the fire of 288 guns !

Hiller, Bellegarde, and Hohenzollern rushed on Aspern, Rosenberg made for Essling, and the fifth column, also under his command, moved by a circuit round Essling to take Enzersdorf in rear of the French right flank.

To meet this force the French had between 30,000 and 50,000 men on the left bank during the first day's battle ; for though the others were hurrying up with all speed and passing into Lobau, the bridges broke no less than three times ; while the Austrian numbers were 80,000, with a magnificent artillery which played most of the time at musket range !

Exactly at one o'clock, with loud cheers and bursts of Turkish music, the archduke's army began its march under a hot sun that poured down fiercely on the plain dotted with white-walled hamlets and glistening spires, and an hour or so later smoke was rolling across the marshy meadows as the guns opened, and the skirmishers slowly retired.

"The principal object in view," says the archduke's plan of attack, "is to drive back the enemy entirely over the first arms of the Danube, destroy the bridges he had thrown over them, and occupy the bank of the Lobau, with a numerous artillery, especially howitzers."

Dust, shouts, and grape-shot drew closer and closer to Aspern, and when the bayonets crossed, which they soon did, the struggle became terrific.

Masséna, "cherished child of victory" as they called him, who combined the bravery of Ney with much of Napoleon's own skill, was seen everywhere, sword in hand. The heavy Austrian columns poured over the banks and hedges into the village street, and Molitor's weak regiments had their work cut out !

The trumpets of Marulaz's light cavalry sounded the charge, and the Chasseurs spurred on the enemy with flashing sabres—again, again, a third time ! The baron's horse fell under him in an Austrian square, but his men brought him off, and the same thing was repeated so often that the number of the charges has been lost !

Language has little power to render any adequate description of the carnage—the hand-to-hand *mêlée* in the gardens and houses at Aspern, all through that long day !

Leaves fell in showers over the combatants as shot tore incessantly through the trees ; sword, bayonet, gun-butt, even teeth and fists were used for hours with barely a moment's pause, varied only by the sudden rush of the cavalry into the fields, an instant of mingled shakoes and bearskins, or the yellow schapskas of Meerveldt's uhlans, and a disordered return to their former position, riderless horses tearing madly back among the shattered squadrons, and the whole under that whistling storm of balls from the Austrian batteries, 18 of which were of brigade, 13 of position, and 11 of horse artillery, and which dealt havoc among friends and foes alike.

The first attack by the advance-guard was partially successful ; but the gallant French linesmen drove Guylay's battalions out again, only to be pressed back to the lower end of the village by sheer weight and numbers.

Again they rushed forward and cleared the streets, but the 2nd Austrian column joined in, and also the 3rd, while in the marshes on

* Some authorities say that it was Berthier who ascended the steeple, and, as he had himself injured Masséna's left eye out hunting not long before, there would seem to be some grounds for the statement.—D. H. P.

Masséna's left a stubborn fight was in progress among the woods and ditches, where the 10th of the Line strove to keep the enemy from a small island which commanded the pontoons.

Aspern caught fire, but they fought on in the flames; Masséna had orders to hold it at all costs, and anxious glances were cast to rearward for the reinforcements so long delayed by the breaking of the bridges.

Meanwhile, the 4th column, under Prince Rosenberg delayed its attack on Essling, to allow the 5th time to work round on Enzersdorf.

Enzersdorf fell an easy conquest to Stipsic's hussars, and the Wallacho-Illyrian Frontier Regiment, who found it partly evacuated and only took thirty prisoners, which done, both columns flung themselves on Essling, held by Boudet with the 3rd Light Infantry, some guns, and the 93rd and 56th of the Line, the attack taking place about five o'clock.



MARSHAL MASSÉNA.

The defence of Essling was as gallant as that of Aspern, and the odds there were, if anything, greater.

The cuirassiers of Nansouty and d'Espagne went in with a roar of shouting and a mighty whisk of horsetailed helmets against the Czartorisky, Archduke Louis, and Cobourg Regiments; but though they smote deep with their long swords, they were twice repulsed, and the wood behind the village being also cleared of the French by two battalions of the Bellegarde Regiment, the fighting there was concentrated immediately about Essling itself.

Napoleon's position was one of extreme peril: attacked with great fury at each extremity of his line, with nothing but cavalry to connect those extremities and cover the bridge, which was in so precarious a condition that it retarded the approach of succour from Lobau and the right bank, he had to maintain himself with three divisions of infantry and four of horse against the whole Austrian army, led by a man of whom the Duke of Wellington once said, when asked whom he considered the greatest general of that epoch: "The Archduke Charles, until attacked by fits of epilepsy, which afterwards altogether changed his character and his fortunes."

The bridge-head, it is true, had been partially protected by entrenchments hastily thrown up, but the Danube rose and brought huge trees and other *débris* against the pontoons and piles that formed the bridge itself, and the enemy also floated out fireships and heavy baulks of timber for the current to dash against it.

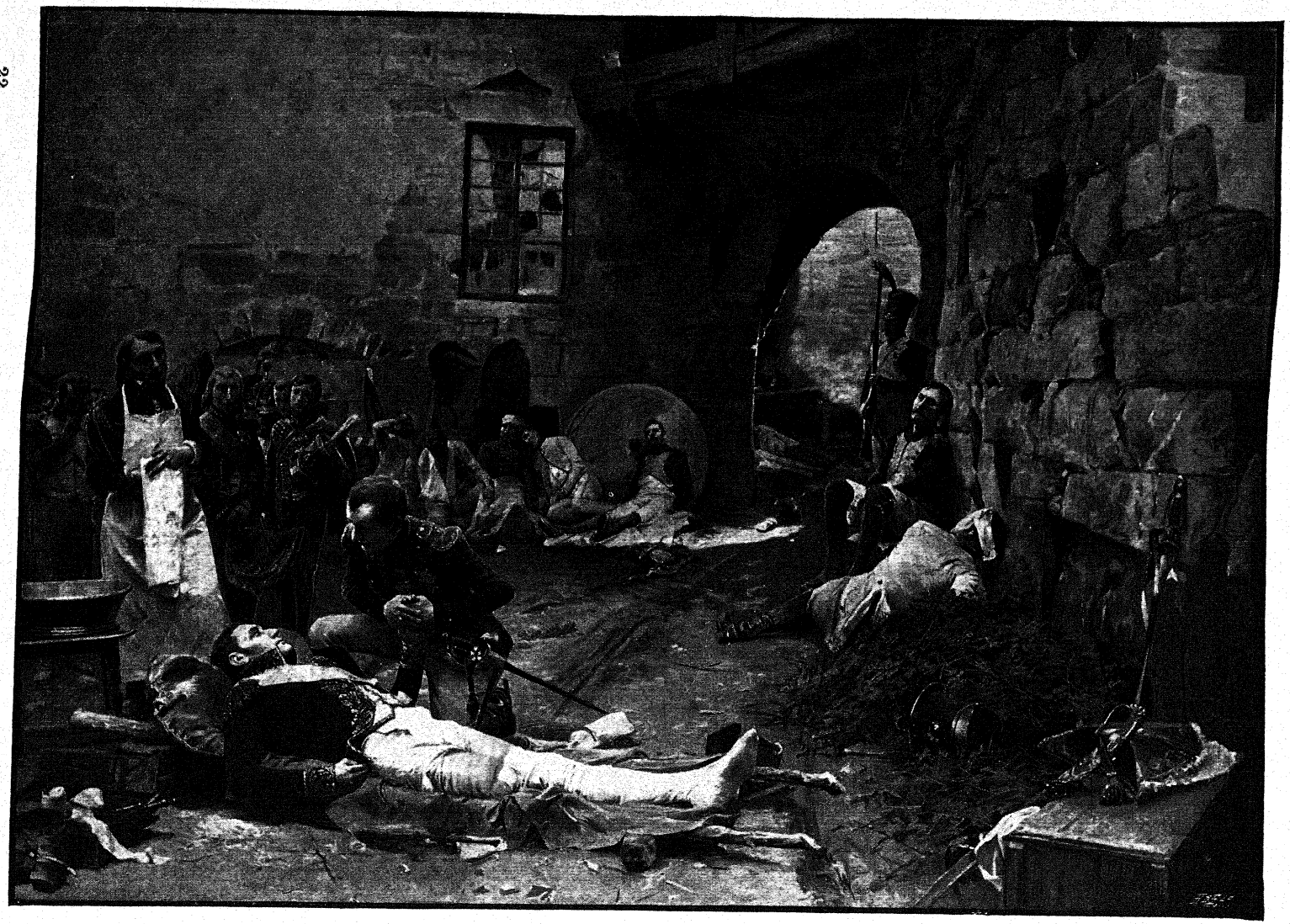
Aspern was blazing fiercely, and the Austrians had carried the churchyard and part of the village; Boudet held Essling with difficulty, and the enemy began to advance his centre.

About this time a splendid charge was made by General Marulaz, by Nansouty's orders, and the general, who had entered the hussars thirty-one years before, led in with the 23rd Chasseurs, followed by the 3rd, 14th, 19th, and two German Regiments.

In the middle of the enemy his horse went down, Marulaz beneath it; but raising his powerful voice, he encouraged his men, who rallied and extricated him, and Lieutenant Carron of the 14th lending him his own charger, the general killed two dragoons, wounded another, and upset a fourth, himself bareheaded, for his hat lay slashed to ribbons on the ground.

When this, to English readers, little-known officer died at his château of Filain in 1842, his record was nineteen wounds and twenty-six horses killed under him!

Bessières, by Lannes's direction, poured his cavalry of the Guard, Lasalle's light horsemen,



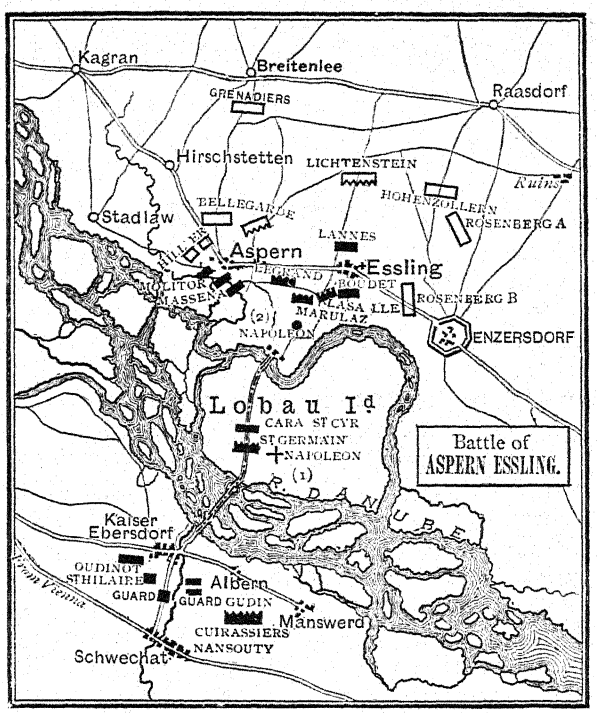
THE DEATH OF MARSHAL LANNES AT ESSLING.
(By permission, from the Picture by E. Boutigny.)

and the Cuirassiers on the advancing columns, which had repeatedly to form square; and these charges across the water-ditches and through the tall corn, checked, although they could not wholly break, the enemy.

Essling, like Aspern, began to blaze as shells fell into it; but Boudet retained his post all night, and the flanking fire from the two villages arrested the general advance as evening approached.

About the time when the sun was slowly setting, Marshal Lannes sat in his saddle receiving reports from his aides-de-camp, who were ranged in a circle before him with their backs to the enemy, when a shot struck Captain d'Albuquerque—he who had sung Hortense's song so gaily the night before — and taking him in the loins, flung him over his horse's head, stone-dead at the marshal's feet, a shattered mass of crimson and gold and braided jacket!

"There is an end of the poor lad's romance," said Lannes, "but he has, at any rate, died nobly."



Almost immediately a second ball passed between the spine of another aide-de-camp's horse and the back of the saddle without touching either, but driving part of the saddle-tree into his thigh and inflicting a painful wound.

Marbot, another of Lannes's aides, who tells the story, left for assistance to remove La Bourdonnaye, when, a messenger from the brave Boudet taking his place, a third ball carried off his head, and the marshal rode away to a place of greater safety.

The Austrians had practically taken Aspern, from which dense columns of smoke rolled over the trampled plain. Boudet was forced into Essling, and held his ground, and, seeing a disposition on the part of the enemy to retire their left, Lannes sent to Bessières to charge with his cavalry again, a command that gave rise to a serious quarrel between the two marshals.

For years they had been unfriendly, and Lannes chose the present moment to inflict a decided snub upon the Duke of Istria.

"Tell him I order him to charge home!" he said to an aide; but on questioning the officer he found that he had softened down the message on his own responsibility, and consequently Lannes despatched another in his place, who also gave the command in gentler phrase.

Turning to Marbot, the marshal repeated the message, laying stress upon the words *order* and *home;* and Marbot rode off, hoping, as he tells us, that a shot might bowl his horse over, and so rid him of the unpleasant task.

But it was to be. The message was given correctly. The Marshal Duke of Istria stormed in his saddle, vented his wrath on Captain Marbot, and launched his squadrons on the enemy.

They charged home with a vengeance, Lasalle's chasseurs and hussars, under Bruyère and Piré, and the splendid cavalry of General D'Espagne's division, the 4th, 6th, 7th, and 8th Cuirassiers, against the Austrian cuirassiers of Kroyker, Klary, and Siegenthal.

Dressed in white, with black breastplates, on the Austrian side, the French wearing the familiar uniform of their arm, which hardly changed during the whole of the Empire, the heavy horse met together with a terrific shock in the mellow glow of evening.

Guns there were in the corn, and the French claim to have taken fourteen. However that may be, they lost the brave D'Espagne, and many more beside him, for the Blankenstein

and Riesch Regiments attacked their flank; and they had to retire after inflicting heavy loss upon the foe.

It was growing dark, to the relief of both sides. Masséna had recovered Aspern with the exception of the churchyard, Molitor's shattered regiments having been put in reserve about eight o'clock, and their place taken by the 1st Division; Boudet was still in Essling, but the gardens were full of corpses: if anything, the advantage was with the Austrians—certainly Napoleon had gained nothing up to that time.

Sleep there was little that night; for though the battle ceased about ten, as if by mutual consent, the firing was continued at intervals, especially at Aspern. Men lay down among the dead, and the wail of pain was blended with the murmur of the river, hidden in the mist.

Napoleon bivouacked in the sand; and Lannes, going over to the left, found the angry Bessières pouring out his tale to Masséna.

Lannes—who once, when enraged with Napoleon himself, deliberately slashed a glass chandelier to atoms—strode forward, and there was a violent scene.

"When did you ever find me neglect to charge home?" demanded Bessières, both marshals drawing their swords, and restrained by Masséna with great difficulty from using them!

There were only a few short hours of darkness at that season, and the pontoons creaked and trembled as the remainder of the Guard, together with Lannes's corps, came out of Lobau and marched up the left bank; but even then another delay occurred, as the bridge broke again at midnight, and the river was rising.

Archduke Charles, on his side, ordered up the Grenadier Division to Breitenlee, and the red glow from burning Aspern faded away as dawn came.

Creeping stealthily up with the first pale breath of morning, before the sun rose, the Austrians burst into Essling with bayonets fixed at the same moment that Masséna rushed the churchyard of Aspern with St. Cyr's division and four guns.

The second day's battle had begun by simultaneous action on each side, and, strangely enough, for the moment each attack was crowned with success.

The white-coats swarmed through the yards and alleys of Essling, driving Boudet into the granary for shelter; while Cara St. Cyr's brass drums kept up a dull roll as Vacquant was pursued out of Aspern into the meadows.

This, however, did not last long. Napoleon, reinforced by the Guard, Lannes's corps, and Oudinot's men, had something like 80,000 troops in hand on the 22nd, and was, in consequence, superior in numbers to his adversary, whose losses had been heavy.

St. Hilaire, to whom the French applied Bayard's sobriquet of "*sans peur et sans reproche*," rode up with his infantry, among them the renowned 57th, known as "the terrible," and the 105th (who afterwards lost an Eagle at Waterloo), and Essling was retaken, remaining in Lannes's hands until almost the climax.

Heavy fog hung about the bridge and the river, as Napoleon inspected the battalions ranged in waiting there; the soldiers raising a shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" heard far over the plain above the musketry, and drawing the fire of the Austrian batteries, a shot from one of which killed General Monthion, who was riding in Napoleon's suite.

The fire was terrible, and did shocking execution, being concentrated for two days on so small a space, crowded with men and horses; but those men stood firm, waiting their turn, and it soon came when the emperor assumed the offensive a little after seven in the morning.

Essling, we have said, had been recaptured by St. Hilaire, but Aspern was still the theatre of a continued struggle.

Scarcely had St. Cyr bayoneted Vacquant out than the regiment of Klebeck forced its way among the burning houses and held its ground for an hour; and when Klebeck had been disposed of, Benjovsky took his place, seizing the ghastly graveyard, which without exaggeration was covered with dead in every attitude of agony just as they had passed away, writhing on the steel or stricken down by the balls that lay everywhere, thick as apples on a windy day.

Orders were given by the Austrian general Hiller to throw down the walls and burn the church and parsonage, and Bianchi supporting, the head of the village was held for some time.

To follow the varied fortunes of each brigade, division, and column would be tedious and difficult; but a new phase of the battle was commencing—a grand advance by Lannes to break the enemy's centre, which Napoleon saw was too much extended.

Between the commands of Rosenberg and Hohenzollern was the weakest spot, and forming in *échelon* the French army advanced, Lannes's corps leading on the right, Oudinot

a moment later, followed by the cuirassiers, the Imperial Guard in reserve, and the whole preceded by the crash of 200 cannon!

It seemed at first that the tide had turned in Napoleon's favour: Lannes broke through the enemy, took five guns, a colour, and captured a battalion. The Austrians at that point slowly retired, in good order at the outset, but afterwards in disorderly fashion, their officers being distinctly seen using their canes to keep the men together.

St. Hilaire, Tharreau, Claparède, were marching proudly on, dealing destruction right and left, and opening a path for the cuirassiers, who had yesterday's scores to repay.

The French cavalry even penetrated as far as Breitenlee, a good four miles off, where the Sous-Lieutenant Bertin was taken prisoner with his *peloton* of the 23rd Chasseurs, and the heavy horsemen raged round the enemy's squares as they afterwards did about our own at Waterloo.

The Austrians had adopted a novel formation for the first time—the chequer of squares, of which Archduke Charles had read in Jomini only a few weeks before. Marulaz—who, hardened *sabreur* as he was, had wept the previous night at the death of Adjutant-Commandant Ransonnet—charged with Lasalle under Aspern, and then sat exposed to a fearful fire for three hours. Aspern was still contested, but Masséna had the best of it; Boudet remained in the granary of Essling, and the Austrian rear was crumbling.

Victory was within the French grasp, but the tables were to be turned again for the last time, and Lannes received orders from Napoleon to retire and take up a position between the two villages. *The bridge behind them had broken again*, the best part of Davout's corps was still across the river on the other bank, and, what was of vital significance, ammunition began to run short.

The advance became a retirement—masterly, as were all Lannes's movements in the field, but a retirement notwithstanding—of which the enemy made good use. The archduke rallied his reserves and the fugitives that had been carrying panic to the rear, seized the standard of Zach's regiment, and surrounded by a brilliant throng of officers, brandishing their swords, led it back against the French, waving the folds above his head.

A perfect hurricane of white dragoons, their helmets surmounted by nodding plumes, swept upon St. Hilaire's division, the most advanced of all; and as Marbot reined up with a message from Lannes, a discharge of grape-shot hissed into the staff, felling them in all directions, brave St. Hilaire among them, who died afterwards under amputation.

The marshal galloped to the division and withdrew it, under a fearful fire, often facing round when Lichtenstein's troopers came too close; and about the same time, when the French cuirassiers and cavalry were vainly slashing among the chequered squares, Hohenzollern espied a flaw in the enemy's front on the right near Essling, and penetrating with Frölich's regiment, maintained himself until the grenadiers of the reserve arrived to his assistance.

Matters were growing very serious. Never had Austria fought better. The magic spell that had hung about the very name of the Grande Armée seemed to have lost its power, and the "Kaiserlicks" were pressing it closer and closer to the river.

Masséna's hold over Aspern was now relaxing. The remains of Molitor's division protected the island that commanded the pontoons, warding off the logs and dangerous masses sent down on the current by the Austrian engineers; but their loss alone had been 79 officers, 2,107 *sous-officiers* and men, and not a regiment or a squadron but had its bleeding quota under the trodden crops, mangled by the battery wheels or charred and smoking in some corner of the burning villages.

At half-past eight Napoleon had learnt of the disaster that had befallen the bridge across the main arm of the Danube. Boats full of stones, fireships, everything that ingenuity could suggest, had come whisking against the piles; the river foamed angrily and had risen; in spite of the ceaseless efforts of the pontoniers the largest section of the bridge was destroyed, and the army cut off from the right bank!

A whisper reached the enemy that all was not well with Napoleon: his troops were retiring, and the attack upon them was redoubled.

Grand as had been Lannes's onslaught, it had not sufficiently crippled the Austrian resources. The French, moreover, being in column, were not able to deploy, and every shot that struck did terrible havoc. The plain was hideous with the carnage. Horses of all colours were piled up where the cavalry had charged. How the wounded fared is better left to those who care to dwell on it.

Instead of a triumphal return, the columns

brought the foe back on their heels, and, to crown all, a sudden Austrian renewal on Essling was successful, and again the three-storeyed granary was all that remained in Boudet's hands!

Heroic had been defence and attack; barricades were made of furniture and even corpses; Essling ran blood, and its gallant garrison were black as negroes from biting cartridges.

volunteered to storm it again, it was useless, as the French were then in retreat.

Lannes faced the foe like a lion, and kept him back. Davout, unable to come with his corps, sent boat after boat with cartridges, but the guns were many of them mute, unable to reply to the redoubled fury of the Austrian cannon, now drawn in a semicircle nearer than ever;



THE YOUNG GUARD IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ESSLING.

Then the Young Guard went up to the rescue, led by Mouton, who won his title there; four battalions of the "Fusiliers Grenadiers," with the narrow red piping round their shakoes to distinguish them, their epaulettes of red and white, the rest like the grenadiers; and the first thing they did was to stretch seven hundred Hungarians dead in the churchyard there!

Desperate, hideous, diabolical were those last fights in Essling; for five times the grenadiers of Kirchenbetter and Scovaux, Scharlach and Georgy, penetrated to the very walls and thrust their bayonets through the loopholes.

Other battalions of the Guard came up under Rapp; Gros was wounded, Mouton was wounded, few indeed escaped, but they held Essling; and when the gallant Austrians later in the day and under these terrible conditions, the frail bridge into Lobau threatened every moment by the boiling torrent, the rear-guard kept its post from nine until midnight.

After repulsing the last attack by a tremendous volley of muskets, which taught the Austrian grenadiers a lesson and burnt their fierce moustaches, Marshal Lannes dismounted, weary from so many hours in the saddle, and walked to and fro a little in advance of the tile works near Essling, talking with General Ponzet, an old comrade, who, when sergeant in the regiment of Champagne, had been Lannes's instructor.

A ball came by, struck Ponzet in the head, and in a moment his earthly troubles were over.

Greatly affected, the marshal walked towards Enzersdorf for a hundred yards and sat down

deep in thought on the edge of a ditch; but a quarter of an hour later four soldiers rested a burden they carried before him, and, the cloak falling open, Lannes saw the features of General Ponzet again!

"Is this terrible sight going to follow me everywhere?" he exclaimed; and, getting up, he went to another ditch, where he sat with his hand over his eyes and his legs crossed.

A small three-pound ball fired from Enzersdorf ricochetted and struck him exactly where one leg rested on the other, tearing the back sinews of one, smashing the knee-pan of the other. Jean Lannes had fought his last battle!

Marbot will tell you how they carried him on a litter into Lobau; his interview and fine farewell of his beloved master the emperor are historic. Nowadays he would not have died, but those were times of kill or cure. Larrey wanted to amputate one leg; another surgeon was anxious to take off both; Yvan was opposed to either opinion. But Baron Larrey prevailed, and, the weather being very hot, the Marshal Duke of Montebello died.

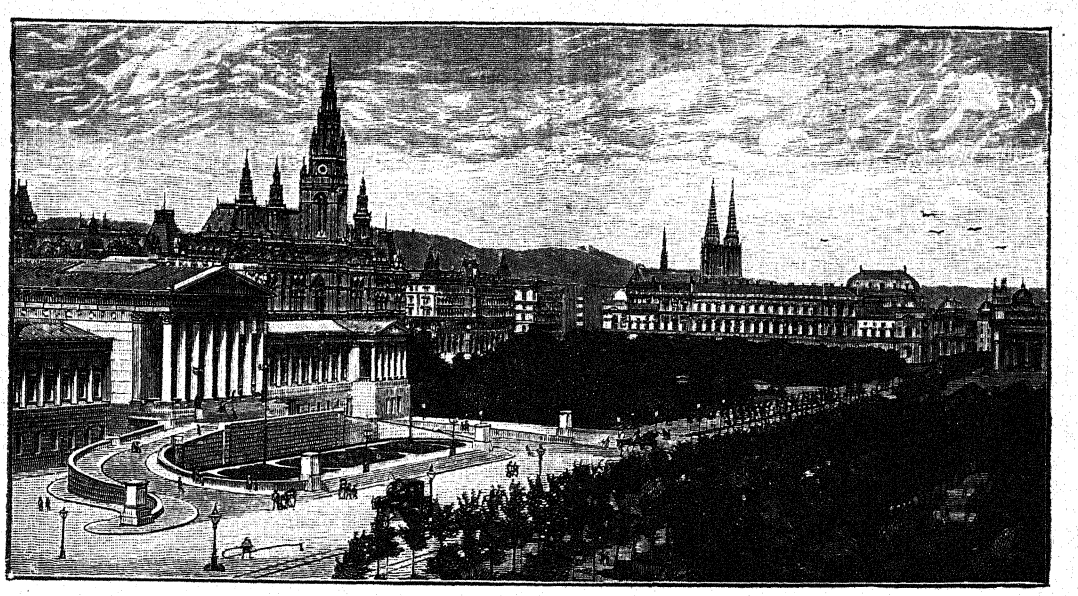
At his obsequies they played Beethoven's sublime "Funeral March of a Hero," a worthy tribute to a worthy man.

* * * * *

The Tenth Bulletin, which describes the battles of Aspern and Essling, is more amusing than instructive. Like all Napoleon's narratives, it is an official lie, and the truth is not in it.

Fifteen hundred is the number of slain given in it for those two days of carnage. As a matter of fact, 7,000 were buried on the field alone, and 29,773 wounded were conveyed to the hospitals of Vienna! Of the Austrians, 87 superior officers and 4,200 privates were killed, and 16,300 wounded.

Although the archduke did not succeed in capturing Lobau, Napoleon was decidedly beaten, and, passing into the island, his army remained there six weeks, binding its wounds and filling up its gaps until the July day when it issued forth to write Wagram on its standards.



THE FRANZENSRING, VIENNA.

THE SIEGE OF SAN SEBASTIAN

AUGUST 1813 BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

THIS was the last and not the most creditable of the many great sieges of the Peninsular War: it was long protracted: the first serious assault failed; if the second proved successful, it was more through good luck than good management—a happy accident, the chance ignition of a quantity of explosives behind the French line of defence, which turned the scale just when the British stormers were on the verge of a second defeat. Finally, capture was followed by pillage and plunder and a series of atrocities, of "villainy which would have shamed the most ferocious barbarians of antiquity." The horrors of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz were outdone; murder, rapine, the most revolting cruelty signalised the taking of San Sebastian; cruelty which, as Napier puts it, "staggers the mind with its enormous, incredible, indescribable barbarity." Discipline disappeared in universal drunkenness. The men when checked chased their officers away with volleys of small arms. A Portuguese adjutant who dared to interfere was deliberately put to death by a party of English soldiers. The sack did not cease until a general conflagration, following in the footsteps of the brutal and abandoned soldiery, completely destroyed the town.

The possession of San Sebastian, or of some good seaport upon the Bay of Biscay, became absolutely necessary to Lord Wellington in the closing campaign of the Peninsular War. When he left Portugal to march across Spain, driving the French before him, he abandoned his only base of supply at Lisbon. A new and nearer port was now needed; a good harbour at which food, stores, and reinforcements coming from England could be landed, and by which he could keep up his direct communication with home. The small port of Pasages he held already, but it was inconveniently near his active and enterprising enemy, Soult, who, after the crushing defeat of Vittoria, had replaced King Joseph as the French commander-in-chief. There were Bilbao, Santander, and further off Corunna, all very remote; Santoña was in the hands of the French. San Sebastian was the most suited to Wellington's purpose, and sooner or later, cost what it might, San Sebastian he meant to have. He made no secret of this determination, and his anxiety no doubt stimulated those entrusted with the siege—for Wellington was not constantly present in personal command—to premature efforts and an unwise departure from the instructions he gave. Had the plan of which he approved been followed exactly, history would not have to record the delays, disappointments, and disasters which have made San Sebastian memorable among the sieges in Spain. Wellington wished to lose no time in gaining the fortress, but he still wished it to be besieged according to rule. Sir Thomas Graham, who was in chief command, although one of his ablest lieutenants, was sometimes over-persuaded into errors that caused an undue and costly expenditure of men and material.

And first as to San Sebastian itself—nowadays the most fashionable of Spanish watering-places, the favourite resort of the Queen and her youthful son, and occupying the whole frontage of its spacious bay. In 1813 it was limited to the low peninsula running north and south, on which stood the small town surrounded by its fortifications. These defences to the landward or southern side of the isthmus were the most important, and consisted of a high rampart, or "curtain," 350 yards in length, at each end of which were half-bastions giving flanking or side fire along the ditch. In the centre of the curtain a complete bastion was pushed out to the front, and in front of that again was

a more salient, more advanced work, called a horn work, which was covered by a ditch and glacis in the regular way. East and west of the town the only defence was a simple wall, indifferently flanked and unprotected by obstacles in front of it, while the waters washed its base—to the westward those of the sea, to the eastward of the river Urumea, a tidal shallow stream that ran out twice a day, and left a long firm strand exposed. The latter undoubtedly constituted the weakest part of the fortress, and it was within full view and easy reach of high land and commanding sand-hills, the Chofres, on the far side of the river.

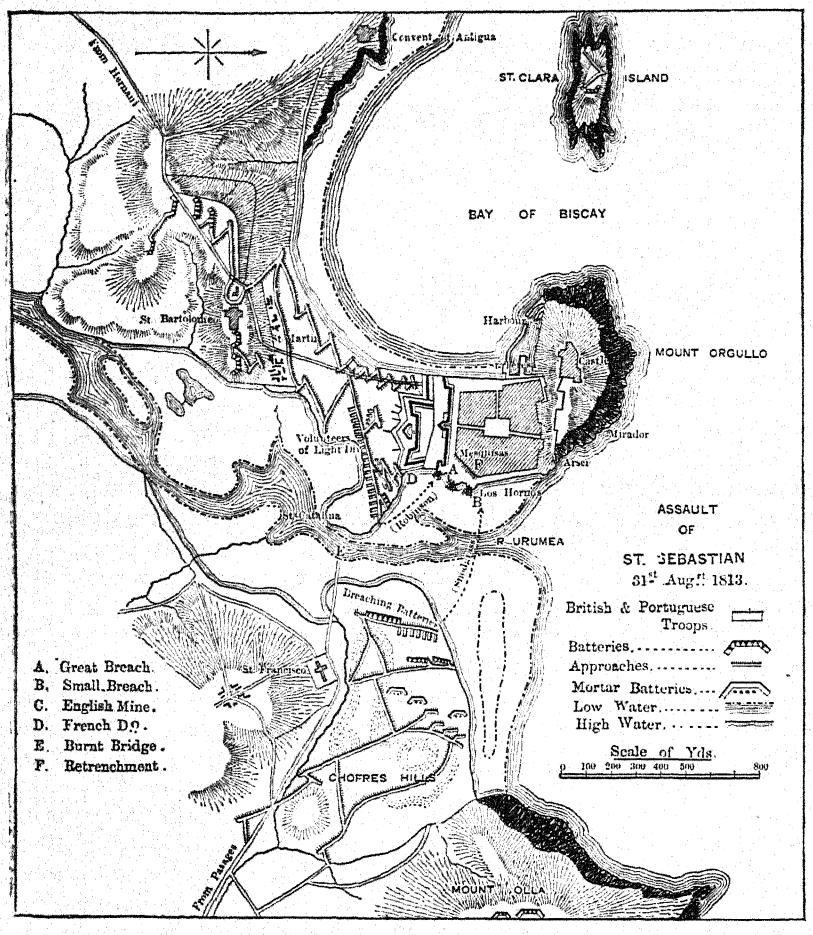
San Sebastian had a second and a third—an outer and an inner line of defence. The first was the high ridge called San Bartolomeo, which crossed the isthmus at its throat; the other was the rocky height of the Monte Orgullo, or "Mountain of Pride," that rose steeply behind the town at the end of the peninsula. San Bartolomeo had been fortified directly the siege became imminent. A redoubt was constructed on the plateau connected with the convent buildings, and this redoubt was supported by a second made of casks nearer the town, and by strengthening the houses in the suburb just under and on the inner side of the ridge. The Monte Orgullo was crowned by the castle of La Mota, a small enclosed fort with batteries on each flank, the whole raised on such an elevation as to command the town and the length of the isthmus beyond. This La Mota formed the last refuge, the innermost kernel and key of the whole defence. It will be seen, then, that there were practically three lines of fortification to be overcome and taken, one after the other—the San Bartolomeo ridge with its supporting works, the main body of the place, and lastly the Monte Orgullo with its citadel.

San Sebastian sprang into sudden and great importance directly after Vittoria. When the fortunes of the French were at their lowest, any chance was seized of restoring them, and General Emanuel Rey, returning from the battlefield with the escort of a convoy he had taken to King Joseph, entered San Sebastian, determined to hold it at all hazards against the victorious English. Rey was a man of strong, soldierlike character. Although of a stout habit of body, fat and unwieldy in figure, there was nothing indolent in his nature, and his somewhat harsh, overbearing demeanour had a backbone of indomitable energy well suited to the present crisis. He was, like Phillipon of Badajoz and many other French governors of fortresses, the product of Napoleon's famous ordinance that a place of arms must never be surrendered until it has endured at least one open assault. Stirred and sustained by this doctrine, and knowing full well the value of San Sebastian to both sides, Rey strained every effort to reconstitute the fortress and develop its resources. The war commissary was sent off to Bayonne in an open boat, braving the English cruisers, to beg for substantial help. San Sebastian itself had been nearly dismantled. Many of its guns had been removed to arm other smaller places along the coast. It was very short of ammunition, food was scanty, the wells were mostly foul, brackish, and thick with mud, the only fit drinking-water was supplied by an aqueduct which was very soon cut off by the besiegers. Fortunately for the French, the British blockade in the Bay of Biscay was very ineffective, and sea communication was maintained between the fortress and Bayonne almost to the very end of the siege. In this way munitions of war, reinforcements, food, and all other necessaries were constantly received.

At the same time Rey set his garrison, which was now continually being strengthened by the arrival of fresh detachments, to labour on the fortifications. It was now that the redoubt was built on San Bartolomeo; the bridge across the Urumea was burnt down; and as guns began to arrive the batteries were armed and strengthened. When the siege actually began Rey could dispose of 76 pieces of artillery: 45 were in the main works, 13 on Monte Orgullo, 18 were held in reserve. Gunners were short; so drafts from the infantry were instructed in artillery drill. Still the garrison was without bomb-proof cover and very much exposed; so were the magazines. Another drawback which Rey dealt with in a very peremptory fashion was the non-combatant population. San Sebastian had been filled with a crowd of refugees from Madrid, the fugitive grandees of King Joseph's Court, and these helpless people—so many useless mouths encumbering the town and adding nothing but trouble to the defence—were promptly expelled.

Rey was pursued within a few days by small parties of Spaniards, but just a fortnight elapsed before the besiegers appeared in force before San Sebastian. Wellington, accompanied by his senior engineer officer, Major Smith, visited and reconnoitred the place upon the 12th of July, and with him concerted the plan of operations; but the actual conduct of the siege was

given to Sir Thomas Graham, who had under his orders the 5th Division of British troops, two brigades of Portuguese, some bluejackets from H.M.S. *Surveillante*, and a party of sappers and miners—the first occasion on which these valuable soldiers were employed in a siege in Spain. The total force amounted to 10,000 men, being about three times the strength of the garrison.



Forty pieces of artillery were available, part of them belonging to the battering-train prepared for Burgos, the whole being under the command of Colonel Dickson, a favourite artillery officer of Wellington.

The plan of attack was to be the same as that adopted by Marshal Berwick nearly a hundred years before. The weakest part of the defences was to be breached—namely, a point in the eastern wall of the town, which was, moreover, within easy range of the Chofres, or sand-hills, beyond the river. When the breach was formed, the assault was to be delivered, the assailants advancing at low water between the walls and the river. It was soon afterwards seen that the San Bartolomeo ridge must be wrested from the enemy: its works would have greatly harassed the attacking columns; moreover, its possession was an indispensable preliminary to the opening of trenches and forming a left attack on the isthmus or landward side. The capture of San Bartolomeo was accordingly the first enterprise undertaken. It was duly bombarded, then attacked on the morning of the 17th July by two columns—one of British, the other of Portuguese troops. The latter moved so slowly that Colonel Cameron, leading the 9th and Royals, raced forward and charged with such impetuosity that the French were driven straight out of the redoubt. Down below in San Martin they rallied, but, Cameron being reinforced, the suburb was presently won. Not so the cask redoubt beyond, which was next stormed by all the troops in hand, but without success. It was, however, taken a couple of nights later. The net result of the first affair was the capture of the ridge and room to work on the isthmus.

The fire from the breaching batteries was continued without intermission, and effected great damage; the stone embrasures were destroyed, the guns dismounted, the walls shaken severely. Meanwhile the garrison met the bombardment bravely, and laboured hard to repair damages or neutralise them. On the 22nd a breach which appeared to be practicable was formed, although to foil the besiegers inner cuttings or retrenchments had been formed. Moreover, General Rey had posted guns to bear upon the open points and impede movement along the breach. On the 23rd a second breach was commenced beyond

the first. Sir Thomas Graham had heard that the wall here was weaker (as it was), and he hoped by this second opening to "turn," or get round the inner entrenchment. About this time our shells ignited certain houses in the town, and a general conflagration was imminent, but it came to nothing, beyond delaying the British attack, which had been fixed for the 24th.

Everything seemed ready for this the last act in the siege. It was, of course, to be made by the breaches in the eastern flank wall. The storming party, 2,000 strong, was composed of General Hay's brigade of the 5th Division, for the first breach, while another battalion went at the second beyond. The whole of the stormers were to assemble in the foremost trench on the inner or right side of the isthmus. The signal for the advance was to be the explosion of a mine or "globe of compression" on the far left flank, a device due to the intrepid conduct of a young officer of engineers, Lieutenant Reid. On the 21st, while digging at a parallel across the isthmus, he had come upon a pipe or drain four feet by three wide, which was actually the aqueduct conveying the water into the town. Reid had entered the mouth of this narrow opening and followed the passage right up to the counterscarp of the hornwork, where he was stopped by a closed door. Returning to report, it was decided to form a mine at the end of the drain: the explosion in this confined space of thirty barrels of powder lodged amongst sand-bags would, it was thought, force the dirt and rubbish into the ditch and so help the upward climb of the attacking column (Portuguese) on this side.

Mistake and misadventure waited on this first attack from the very outset. Its postponement alone did great mischief, for it unsettled the minds of the stormers and gave them an impression that the delay was due to the dangerous and desperate nature of the business before them. Again, the tide would have served well at daylight on the 24th: it was then, according to the local fishermen, to be at the lowest ebb, and the wide strand would have given ample space for the advancing columns. By moving to the attack too early on the 25th in the night, practically all such advantage was lost; the tide at that hour was only falling. Moreover, Wellington had expressly ordered that "fair daylight should be taken for the assault," owing to the intricacies



"THE GARRISON MET THE BOMBARDMENT BRAVELY" (*p.* 584).

of the fortifications. Nevertheless midnight found the whole body assembled in the advanced parallel. The troops employed were the Royal Scots, under Major Frazer, intended to assail the great breach, supported by the 9th Regiment, and the 38th, whose goal was the lesser breach beyond; in front of the Royals was a forlorn hope under Lieutenant Campbell, and a ladder party under Lieutenant Machel, of the Engineers.

About 5 a.m. the column filed out of the trench on the signal given by the exploding mine. There were three hundred yards of the open to cover, and so great was the confusion caused by the mine that the assailants suffered little from the enemy's fire; but the signal had not been heard by our batteries on the sand-hills, and all the way our own batteries continued to play upon our own men. The advance was very arduous, the ground most difficult, much narrowed between the wall and the waters, very slippery from the receding tide, which left the rocks covered with sea-weed and here and there deep pools; besides, the fortifications on the flanks were still entire and were now lined by sharpshooters, who kept up an incessant and most telling fire. The first to reach the breach were Major Frazer of the Royal Scots and Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Harry) Jones of the Engineers; a few men closely followed, but only a few, and they came up in disorder, straggling and out of breath. On the far side, down below was the yawning breach, filled with smoke and flames of the burning houses beyond. By this time a small handful of the most intrepid had gathered round their leaders, but quite two-thirds of the main column had turned aside on their road to the breach, and were engaged in a musketry battle with the enemy on the rampart. The rear was thus already in confusion, and the van would not advance. Frazer now was killed, so was Machel with the ladders; Jones was wounded and taken prisoner; the rest of the leading assailants were either slain or dispersed. The Colonels of the 38th and 9th, Greville and Cameron, and Captain Archimbeau of the Royals, strove hard to encourage and urge on their men; but all were dispirited and in inextricable confusion, and now a perfect hail of shot and shell fell upon them from the whole of the enemy's artillery, while continuous musketry fire with showers of grape and hand-grenades smote the struggling pent-up mass, which could neither advance nor retire, causing the most frightful slaughter. Some of the English wounded were stabbed where they lay by the infuriated French. Jones was only saved by the intervention of a humane sergeant, and soon afterwards another generous enemy, a captain of the Grenadiers, lifted him from the ground, kissed him, and had him carried off to hospital. Such are the stern contrasts, the barbarities and the amenities of war.

According to the French account, at this last supreme moment, when defeat was unmistakable, "the bravest English rushed upon the French bayonets to find an honourable death; the rest sought safety in flight, still decimated by the furious fire, so that few escaped alive."

The attack had proved a most signal failure, costly in valuable lives, of officers out of all proportion to men. Many reasons and some excuses were offered for the disaster; the most plausible were that the attack had been badly planned and feebly executed. Jones in his "Sieges of Spain," says, "The efforts in the breach were certainly neither very obstinate nor very persevering," and his is the verdict of an eye-witness; but Sir Thomas Graham, in reporting to Wellington, declared the troops behaved "with their usual gallantry, and only retired when I thought a further perseverance in the attack would have occasioned a useless sacrifice of brave men." Napier, the great historian, is, however, of opinion that "a second and more vigorous assault on the great breach might have been effected by a recognised leader; but no general or staff officer went out of the trenches, and the isolated exertions of regimental officers failed."

Lord Wellington, although full of other pressing anxieties, repaired at once to San Sebastian and was inclined to immediately renew the attack. But the besiegers were short of ammunition, which was daily expected from England, and he thought it better to await its arrival. Then momentous events followed elsewhere. Soult advanced and began the serious movements that produced the first set of the battles of the Pyrenees, and Wellington was peremptorily called away from San Sebastian. The siege was suspended for several weeks and converted into a blockade. Now the French, elated at their respite, were constantly alert and made many mischievous sallies; moreover, while the siege operations languished, the garrison was actively engaged in preparing for the next attack. Reinforcements and supplies came in continually from France. At the same time under Rey's energetic impulse the damaged defences were repaired and strengthened, the magazines were refilled, guns were got up on the batteries, and

sound fresh troops made up a garrison of 2,600 good soldiers, all animated with the sturdy, defiant spirit of their stout-hearted commander. Their unabated confidence was shown on the occasion of the emperor's birthday, when a great trophy, with the words "Vive Napoleon le Grand," was exhibited in fiery letters in front of the fortress and was plainly legible to the besiegers.

At last, however, Soult was beaten. On the 24th of August the trenches were reoccupied and the siege was resumed on much the same lines as before. The new battering train had arrived from England, although very scanty supplies of ammunition had been sent with it, and the batteries were enlarged to take more guns. Such diligence was employed that on the 26th, 57 pieces of ordnance of all kinds opened fire from the two attacks. The points selected for breaching were much the same as in the previous bombardment, and the results were soon and satisfactorily apparent. Rey reported to Soult that great damage had been effected both on the fortifications and town, and this went on steadily increasing as the hot and incessant firing was kept up. Yet the blockade was so ineffective that help constantly came in from France, and to check this the island of Santa Clara, lying to the westward of the peninsula, was attacked and captured. A battery placed on this island caused very great annoyance to the castle, which it enfiladed, and with additional batteries on the isthmus contributed greatly to prepare the attack. On the 30th August it was found that the eastern flanking wall and the left or eastern half-bastion of the main rampart were in ruins, and that the breaches were practicable. That afternoon about 3 p.m. Lord Wellington arrived, and having made a close examination of the condition of the fortress, he ordered that the second assault should be made at 11 a.m. next day.

Yet the way even now was by no means open and easy for the assailants. Throughout the terrible bombardment, in the teeth of a murderous fire, the garrison had laboured indefatigably. The courage of the troops had been stimulated by ample rewards of the kind that Frenchmen love—crosses of the Legion of Honour were freely distributed, and many were promoted to the *Corps d'Élite*. Moreover, their spirits were kept up by the feeling that they were not cut off from France, with which a daily communication was now maintained. Yet they endured many terrible hardships—the want of hospitals, and the constant exposure of the sick and wounded to the enemy's fire, the scarcity of good rations, and especially of water.

The second assault of San Sebastian, like the first, was of the kind called *brusquée*, or abruptly made, as distinguished from the attack *en règle*, which is deliberate, and according to rule. There was the risk of a second failure, of course, but Wellington was prepared to take it, while sparing no effort to succeed. His eagerness in this respect led him to do a grave injustice to the brave but unfortunate men who had been beaten back in the first attack. He would not again trust to the 5th Division alone, but he called for volunteers from the 1st, 4th, and Light, asking for "men who could show others how to mount a breach;" and 750 under intrepid officers at once responded to the appeal. But the commander of the 5th Division, Sir James Leith, who had general charge of the assault, would not suffer his own men to be put aside by the volunteers, and gave the main attack to one of his own brigades. Some of the volunteers he distributed along the line of the trenches to keep down the enemy's fire; the rest were in reserve with Leith's second brigade, held to support the attacking columns. A diversion from the main attack was to be made by a body of Portuguese, who would ford the Urumea at low water, and go up against the further and most distant breach in the eastern wall. At the same time the rear of the castle was to be threatened by a battalion embarked in the boats of the squadron.

In this second attack there was to be no doubt about daylight. The hour fixed was 11 a.m., when the tide was low, and there was room for the troops to move between the walls and the water. The British batteries were to have harassed the garrison from early dawn, but a thick fog hung like a screen till 8 a.m., and only from that time until the columns started was all possible mischief done. The first to move out was a brave sergeant, who, with a dozen men, had volunteered to run forward and cut off the slow match of a mine the French had ready to fire. These heroes failed; the train was exploded prematurely, and a mass of wall fell upon the advancing column, killing many. The forlorn hope had, however, got past before this catastrophe, and made for the breach, headed by Lieutenant Macguire, who, "conspicuous from his long white plume, his fine figure, and his swiftness," soon, alas! met his death, and the stormers swept onward over his corpse. The main column

now followed and ascended the breach, but their foremost ranks were at once annihilated by the destructive musketry from the inner retrenchment. Those behind pressed forward undaunted, to suffer terribly, for there was no clear road, no descent possible, into the body of the place. Inner defences had been thrown up to bar progress beyond the breach, and the stormers when thus detained were exposed to a fierce fire from the ramparts, and from the far-off guns on the castle heights. The most favourable inlet was found at the breach in the left half-bastion; but here the dense masses of the assailants offered a fine mark, and hundreds were shot down. At the breach in the wall the sappers vainly strove to throw up some cover, and the loss was appalling.

Fresh troops were, however, sent constantly forward to keep the attack alive, and ere long more than half the 5th Division and all the volunteers were either actively engaged in the breaches or were already stricken down. About 1 p.m. the Portuguese made their attack: they crossed the sands in beautiful order and gallantly assaulted the third breach. This successful passage was speedily followed by that of a second column, who reinforced the assailants at the main breach.

And yet no substantial impression was made. All these heroic efforts proved fruitless. "The French musketry," says Napier, "still rolled with deadly effect; the heaps of slain increased, and once more the great mass of stormers sank to the foot of the ruins unable to win. Success seemed more than doubtful. Nothing but a happy accident could give us the victory, and every moment failure loomed nearer, for the tide was rising, the reserves were all engaged, and no greater effort could be expected from men whose courage had already been pushed to the verge of madness."

In this desperate situation Sir Thomas Graham, having consulted with the chief of the artillery, determined to concentrate the fire of all our available guns upon the high curtain or rampart above the breached bastion. Forty-seven guns thus brought to bear spread dire havoc, and cleared away the defenders: they did far more, for being now well practised, the gunners knew the exact range, and pitched their shot and shell plump into the magazines and stores of combustibles—live shells, fire-barrels and hand-grenades—which speedily took light, explosion followed explosion, and a general conflagration ensued. "Hundreds of the French defenders were destroyed, and the rest were thrown into confusion, and while the ramparts were still enveloped with suffocating eddies of smoke, the British soldiers broke in." But the garrison, although at a disadvantage, were not yet conquered: a fierce hand-to-hand conflict ensued; the French held their ground inch by inch, and only yielded to the overwhelming numbers of their assailants. About the same time the Portuguese made good their entrance at the lesser breach. Then the stormers swept forward irresistibly; although the streets and squares were barricaded, the French, being instantaneously attacked in every direction, made no further resistance in the town. Several hundreds were taken prisoners; the rest were withdrawn by the still indomitable Rey into his citadel on the Monte Orgullo.

The last phases of this stubborn struggle had been fought amid the most terrific war of the elements; the thunder-clouds that had lowered all the day, producing pitch darkness at 3 p.m., broke at last in a fury of thunder and lightning and blinding drenching rain. Still worse was the unchaining of the ungovernable passions of humanity which now disgraced the conquerors, and soon made San Sebastian a shambles, the scene of the most hideous debauchery. If the valour that won the fortress was a proud record, the wild excesses that followed capture were an everlasting disgrace to the British arms. Plunder and rapine stalked rampant; drunkenness was universal, and it was said that had the French come down from the castle above, they might have retaken the town. Next morning the wreck was terrible to behold: houses in ruin, the furniture smashed, rich hangings torn down, clothes, rags, refuse thrown here and there amid corpses and starved cats, and drunken soldiers decked out in any tawdry finery they had picked up in their pillage. The town was in flames, even the churches, now converted into hospitals, were on fire. The wretched inhabitants—friends and non-combatants—steeped in misery, went about pale and squalid with a look of glazed horror on their faces, or stood undisturbed with lack-lustre eyes, when a house crashed down close to them and others fled away. To show how all were enveloped in the recklessness of the marauders the story may be quoted of some master of a transport ship, who came on shore and fell among the thieving captors. He complained that the soldiers had robbed him of his coat, shoes, money, everything but his shirt. "What shall I do?" he

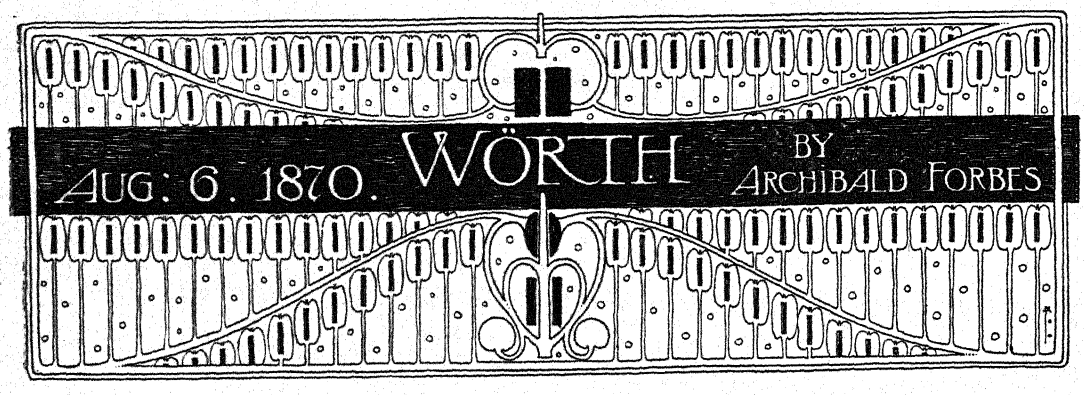
asked piteously. "Hurry back to your ship, or you will lose your shirt too," was the answer.

The siege was not ended, however, with the capture of the town. Rey, with the remnant of his brave garrison, held out for many days in the citadel, and he would neither surrender nor could he be dislodged. He might have resisted longer, but his strength was shattered; his engineers had been slain, the troops had no cover or protection, and water was scarce. A murderous vertical fire was vigorously maintained, and did terrible execution, not only among the French, but amongst the English prisoners, of whom there were many in the castle. Wellington was now at San Sebastian in person, and he resolved to assault the castle by escalade, after concentrating on it the fire of all his guns. Fifty-nine heavy pieces opened simultaneously from all parts, and within a couple of hours nearly destroyed the works on the Orgullo hill; the batteries were broken down, magazines exploded, the ground around was torn and furrowed with shot and shell; the castle itself was untenable.



"THE BRAVE GARRISON MARCHED OUT WITH DRUMS BEATING."

Then, at the eleventh hour, Rey surrendered and was granted the most generous terms. The next day he and his brave garrison marched out of their last stronghold with drums beating and flags flying, and all the honours of war.



WHEN France was whetting her sword in the reckless July days of 1870, it was not in the nature of things—notwithstanding that the emperor had an ignoble grudge against him, and that he had haughtily held aloof from the courtly coteries of Compiègne and Saint-Cloud—that the brilliant soldier who had stormed the Malakoff and had saved the day at Magenta should not hold high command in the impending struggle. MacMahon was no heaven-born general—indeed, his true place was that of a divisional commander—but he had long and varied experience of war, and France had no more prompt and staunch fighting soldier. He carried with him to his sphere of duty in Alsace the knowledge, which he shared only with Le Bœuf, of the emperor's plan for an offensive campaign, which was destined never even to be begun, but in which, had it taken shape, he was to have led the van. Appointed, meanwhile, to the command of the 1st Corps, in course of concentration about Strasburg, where he arrived on July 22nd, it befell him but too speedily to realise how faint was the prospect that he should head an invasion into the hostile territory on the further bank of the Rhine.

On paper his command was imposing, with its four infantry divisions, its cavalry division three brigades strong, and Bonnemain's reserve cavalry division, consisting of four regiments of cuirassiers. But, with the line troops coming in from the eastern departments he had the task of incorporating, as they arrived piecemeal from Algeria, wild regiments of Zouaves and battalion on battalion of half-savage Turcos; and he had also to requisition, beg, discover, or invent the mass of *matériel* and equipment requisite for a campaign. Presently, with the object of giving the marshal unrestricted disposal of all the forces in Alsace, the 7th Corps, whose headquarters were in Belfort, was placed under his orders. This nominally substantial reinforcement proved curiously delusive. An infantry division and a cavalry brigade belonging to this corps were detained at Lyons to quell the seditious population of that turbulent city; another division, garrisoning Belfort, was merely in course of formation; and its third division, gradually filling its ranks at Colmar, was still poorly prepared to take the field.

By the end of July the offensive intention on the part of the French had been wholly abandoned, and the emperor had ordered MacMahon to close in from Strasburg to the north-west upon De Failly, commanding the 5th Corps in the neighbourhood of Bitche. In doing so, he had to approach the point of the angle where the French frontier on the Lauter struck the Rhine, thus exposing his outward flank to a hostile stroke from beyond the former river, where the German 3rd Army was suspected to be massing. To guard against this, Abel Douay's division was pushed out a day's march to Wissembourg—a feeble and inadequate protection, as the event speedily proved. On the morning of August 4th the army of the Crown Prince crossed the frontier in strength, and surprised Douay's division in the act of breakfasting. Wissembourg was shelled and occupied after several repulses; and the adjacent heights of the Geisberg, which were occupied by the mass of Douay's staunch soldiers, were furiously assailed by a couple of German divisions, supported by a heavy artillery fire. General Douay had early ordered a retreat from the manifestly untenable position, but that retirement was seriously obstructed by the vigour of the German assault on the Geisberg; and the château of that name—a very defensible building—was most stubbornly defended by its garrison to cover the movement. The King's Grenadier Regiment—one of the most

famous of the German line—assailed it furiously, but was repulsed with heavy loss ; nor did the gallant defenders of the Geisberg surrender until artillery had been dragged up on to the height. The brave Douay fell fighting, 1,200 of his 8,000 men were struck down ; and the Germans, who owned to a loss of 91 officers and 1,460 men, made 1,000 unwounded prisoners. The responsibility for the virtual destruction of this fine division does not rest on MacMahon, who had not yet quitted Strasburg, but on Ducrot, who was provisionally in command in the absence of his chief, and who, when Douay complained of his exposed and unsupported position, gave him the peremptory order to accept a combat there.

Stung by this misfortune, and in utter ignorance alike of his enemy's strength and of his line of approach, MacMahon resolved to fight a battle in front of the northern passes of the Vosges. He moved his troops into a position on the undulating spurs which, clad with vineyards and hop-gardens, extend between the Sauerbach and the Eberbach. His front line—from Neehwiller, on the north, to Albrechtshäuser, on the south—had a length of about three-and-a-half miles. During the greater part of this length MacMahon's front was covered by the Sauerbach—a stream very difficult to cross except at the bridges. The meadow-land, averaging 1,000 paces in breadth, through which it flows, afforded no cover in the approach, so that the French infantry could profit by all the advantages of their superior position and superior weapon. The eastern slope of the valley is commanded at all points from the western. In front of the French centre lay the town of Wörth, with its bridge over the Sauer. That country town, as also the other villages within the position, contains many spacious and well-built houses, capable of being strongly defended. Thickly-planted gardens and vineyards extend up the heights from the western exit of the town.

The village of Fröschwiller formed the crowning feature of the French position. Commanding the ground in all directions, situated at the highest point of the hilly plateau, it constituted with its spacious church and other strong buildings a bastion-like redoubt to the entire line of defence. To the southward, on somewhat lower ground, lay the village of Elsasshausen—a very defensible point. The undulating character of the ground, and the cover it afforded, favoured the employment of a large number of skirmishers, and concealed the position and movements of the reserves from the enemy's view. The French, moreover, had not neglected to strengthen the position by well-placed field entrenchments and other obstacles. Morsbronn, a village south of the extreme right, did not at first form part of the position, but was perfectly commanded. The passages of the Sauer at Gunstett and Dürrenbach, on the enemy's left flank, were within effective cannon-range. Both of the French flanks were somewhat re-fused.

MacMahon had summoned up from Colmar the 3rd division of the 7th Corps, which reached him on the morning of the 6th ; and, having the 5th Corps also placed at his disposition, he called on De Failly, its commander, to make haste to join him—none of whose troops, however, could arrive in time to take part in the battle. The troops actually in the marshal's hand for the impending fight consisted of the four infantry divisions of the 1st Corps and the 3rd division of the 7th Corps, and of the following cavalry : the cavalry division of the 1st Corps, composed of Septeuil's brigade of hussars and chasseurs ; Michel's cuirassier brigade ; Nansouty's brigade of lancers and dragoons, employed as divisional cavalry ; and Bonnemain's reserve division, consisting of four regiments of cuirassiers.

The disposition of MacMahon's forces was as follows :—The 1st Division, commanded by Ducrot, formed the right of the line. It faced almost due north, and, therefore, constituted the defensive flank against Lembach, its left wing resting on the Grosswald, its right wing on the village of Fröschwiller. Beyond its extreme left, the villages of Neehwiller and Jägerthal were each occupied by a company. The 3rd Division, commanded by Raoult, faced due east, its left brigade resting on Fröschwiller, its right on Elsasshausen. The dense forest of the Niederwald made a gap in the line of front ; behind the forest was posted in reserve the 2nd Division, now, in consequence of Douay's death on the 4th, commanded by Pellé, and materially weakened by its losses at Wissembourg. South of the Niederwald stood the 4th Division (Lartigue's), its left brigade facing Gunstett on the opposite bank of the Sauer, its right brigade looking south-east towards Morsbronn. In rear of Pellé's division were the 3rd division of the 7th Corps, just arrived from Colmar, and Michel's cuirassier brigade. Further northward, about the sources of the Eberbach and behind Raoult's division, were Bonnemain's reserve cavalry division and Septeuil's brigade of light cavalry. This was the French disposition on the morning

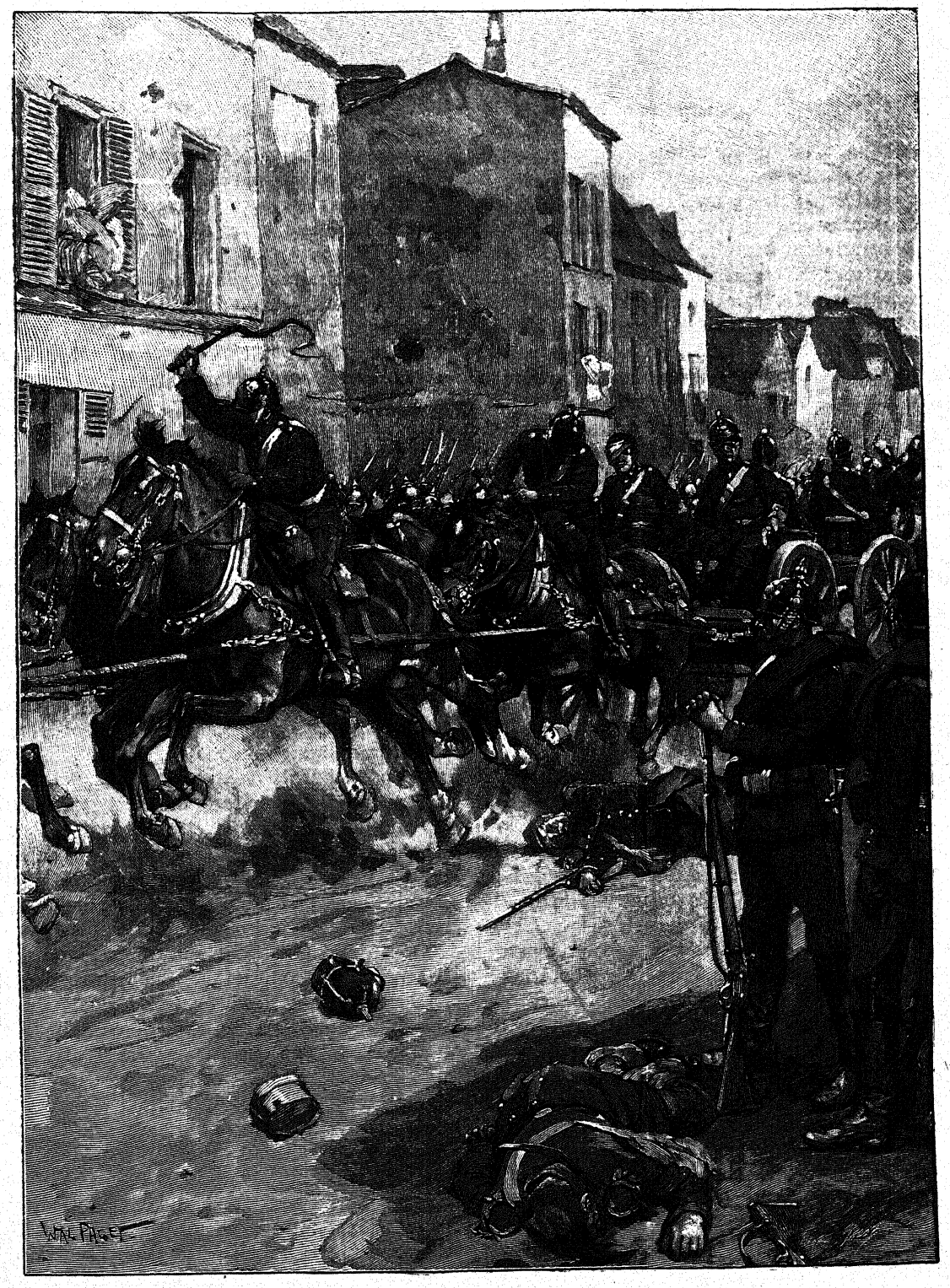
of the 6th. The heights eastward of Elsasshausen gave the best *point de vue* of the entire neighbourhood, and it was here that MacMahon remained during the greater part of the battle.

It was a curious coincidence that neither side had intended to engage until the 7th. But MacMahon, standing on the defensive, was ready on the morning of the 6th; and that same morning a subordinate commander of the hostile army, part of which was within striking distance, took the liberty of forcing the hand of the commander-in-chief, with the ultimate result of an unpremeditated battle. Major-General von Walther, commanding a brigade of the 5th German Army Corps, while making a reconnaissance at daylight, remarked an unusual noise and movement in the French camp, which led him to suppose that MacMahon was evacuating his position. In quest of information on this point Walther pushed his reconnaissance in force beyond Wörth. He found the bridges destroyed and the town unoccupied; but his skirmishers waded the Sauer and presently found themselves involved in an engagement with very superior forces. Walther therefore broke off the action and withdrew into bivouac. Meanwhile a French detachment had taken the initiative against Gunstett; but no real attack resulted and the affair was merely an interchange of artillery and musketry fire.

The 2nd Bavarian Corps held the right of the German army. Its 4th Division had been in readiness at Mattstall since daybreak, charged with the specific duty of outflanking the French left and of participating in any action which might take place on the part of the German centre opposite Wörth. Hearing the sound of a cannonade, which covered the withdrawal of Walther's reconnaissance, and regarding that sound as the signal for his advance, General Hartmann, the commander of the 2nd Bavarian Corps, ordered his 4th Division to move forward from Langensulzbach and engage Ducrot's division in position on the extreme left of the French line. The fighting in this quarter soon became very hot; for a time the Bavarians seemed to have the best of it but later were able only to maintain a defensive attitude against the French division, and that with difficulty. Meanwhile a French detachment had retaliated by a counter-stroke in the direction of Gunstett against the vanguard of the Prussian 11th Corps, which had come up into position on the German left. The French effort was repulsed; but the cannon-thunder on his right and left inspired General Kirchbach, commanding the 5th Corps, which constituted the German centre, with the conviction that he must strike in vigorously to hinder the enemy from concentrating his strength against one or other of the German flanks. Kirchbach, therefore, took it upon himself to engage in the serious offensive; and by 10 o'clock a hundred German cannon were in action on the eastern slopes against the French centre behind Wörth, while, after sharp fighting, considerable bodies of German infantry had already gained a foothold beyond the Sauerbach stream and were in occupation of the town of Wörth.

The Crown Prince, as Kirchbach knew, did not wish to fight a battle until his forces were concentrated, which was far from being the case on the morning of the 6th. Informed that an incipient action was already in progress, the Prince sent from his headquarters in Sulz, several miles behind the front, a firm order to General Kirchbach, and also to Hartmann, the Bavarian commander, "not to continue the struggle, and to avoid everything which might bring on a fresh one." Kirchbach then took upon himself an almost unique responsibility. On one hand was the specific command that he should desist from further action. On the other hand, he recognised that the fighting could not be broken off under existing conditions, without entailing heavy losses to no purpose, and that his withdrawal would give the adversary undisputed right to claim a material victory, involving loss of prestige to the German arms at the outset of a momentous campaign. He considered that with his own corps alone he could expect decisive results, even without co-operation from the force on either flank. Accordingly, after mature consideration, he ordered his troops to continue the offensive, reporting this decision to the Crown Prince, and desiring the corps on either hand to afford him their co-operation.

Kirchbach had greatly dared; and fortune for a time was only partially propitious. Von Bose, commanding the 11th Corps, reached the front at Gunstett about 11 o'clock. He had been informed of the commander-in-chief's prohibition against continuing the fighting, and presently there came to him Kirchbach's request for co-operation in the continuation of the fighting. Von Bose calmly disregarded the order of the Crown Prince. He promptly assured Kirchbach that he would not fail to support his comrade; and he proved his comradeship by ordering up his corps artillery, and by sending word to his



'THE BATTERIES PRESSED THROUGH THE STREETS ENCUMBERED WITH TROOPS" (*p.* 595).

leading division to cross the stream and assail the right flank of the enemy's position. Kirchbach, therefore, was at ease as regarded prompt and full co-operation on his left; but he had to undergo a disappointment in respect to the Bavarian Corps, on whose support on his right he had also considered himself entitled to rely. Following on his determination to put aside the order of his superior and to continue the fighting, he had sent to Hartmann, the Bavarian Corps-commander on his right, a request for the latter's co-operation. But this request reached Hartmann tardily. Already, at half-past ten, a Prussian staff officer had brought him verbal instructions to suspend the contest and fall back from the positions which he was holding. With great skill and celerity Hartmann conducted the unpalatable duty, and the larger part of his troops were withdrawn out of action by half-past eleven o'clock and were retreating behind Langensulzbach. But, while those movements were only partially completed, a communication reached him from Kirchbach at a quarter past eleven, intimating that the battle was to be prosecuted vigorously, and that the co-operation of his Bavarians against the French flank was expected. Hartmann replied, not without a little temper, that he had broken off the action by superior orders, but would resume the attack with the least possible delay. But it was not until the afternoon that Hartmann's command was able to make itself again present in the front.

Soon after ten o'clock, when the infantry of the 21st Division were engaged in the action about Gunstett, when the other portions of the 11th Corps were fast coming up, and when the superiority of the German artillery was apparent, Kirchbach considered that the time had come for the advance guard of the 5th Corps to cross the Sauerbach, occupy Wörth, and attempt the seizure of the heights beyond. The leading companies of the 37th Fusiliers crossed the stream on an improvised bridge in lieu of the one previously destroyed, and found Wörth again unoccupied; while other companies waded the stream above and below, the men breast-high in the water and exposed to a heavy musketry and shell-fire. At first, although suffering from a crushing fire, the companies climbed the heights beyond the town, and met with success until the enemy brought up strong reserves and drove them back into Wörth. The reinforcements sent across lower down took up a position in a hop plantation; but the enemy dislodged them, and they had to incline to the left and connect themselves with the battalions of the 50th Regiment, which had crossed between Wörth and Spachbach. Those battalions fought their way under fire on the Hagenau road, on the upland; and one battalion advanced to the attack of the Elsasshausen heights, but was forced back as far as the Hagenau road. One company connected itself with the right flank of the 11th Corps, but all the others were driven down on to the road, in the ditches of which the battalions found cover and checked the hostile advance with an effective fire. Several companies of the two gallant regiments of the advanced guard—the 37th Fusiliers and the 50th—held on to Wörth and its vicinity with great difficulty, under the murderous fire and the repeated and violent onslaughts of the enemy. The latter had a firm hold of the slopes beyond the town, whence they were able to baulk the Prussian infantry whenever they tried to advance, and to overwhelm them with withering showers of projectiles. At no point were the Prussians successful in making any progress beyond Wörth, and their rearward movements were attended with especially heavy loss. Once Major von Sydow gathered all the available men of the Fusiliers in Wörth for an offensive attempt; he succeeded, indeed, in ascending the slopes and advancing some hundred paces beyond, but was promptly hurled back on the town by a powerful counter-attack on the part of the French. Attempt after attempt to do more than hold the town proved futile, and the occupancy of it was maintained with no little difficulty against the pressure of the enemy, notwithstanding that a whole brigade was added to the previous defence of the place. By 12.30 the aspect of affairs became more and more threatening, and a fresh battalion had to be brought up in support.

Of the 11th Corps, the first troops to cross the Sauer were six companies of the 87th Regiment, having first advanced to Spachbach, whence some waded, others scrambling over hastily felled tree-trunks. The enemy's fire was severe, there was no cover at the landing-place, and the officers, with rapid resolution, rallied their men and hurried them across the meadows, over the Hagenau road, and into the Niederwald in pursuit of the French skirmishers who had been holding its fringes. A battalion followed, but halted after having crossed the stream. The companies of the 87th fared ill in the Niederwald, having encountered very superior hostile detachments; and after strenuous and bloody fighting in which several officers were slain, the

dislocated companies were repulsed from the forest, and there occurred a headlong rush back across the Sauer and as far as Spachbach. A later attempt to cross the stream at the Bruch Mill, near Gunstett, was temporarily successful, but ultimately failed, the detachment making it being impetuously attacked and driven back to the left bank, the occupants of which were continually annoyed by the French musketry fire on the other side.

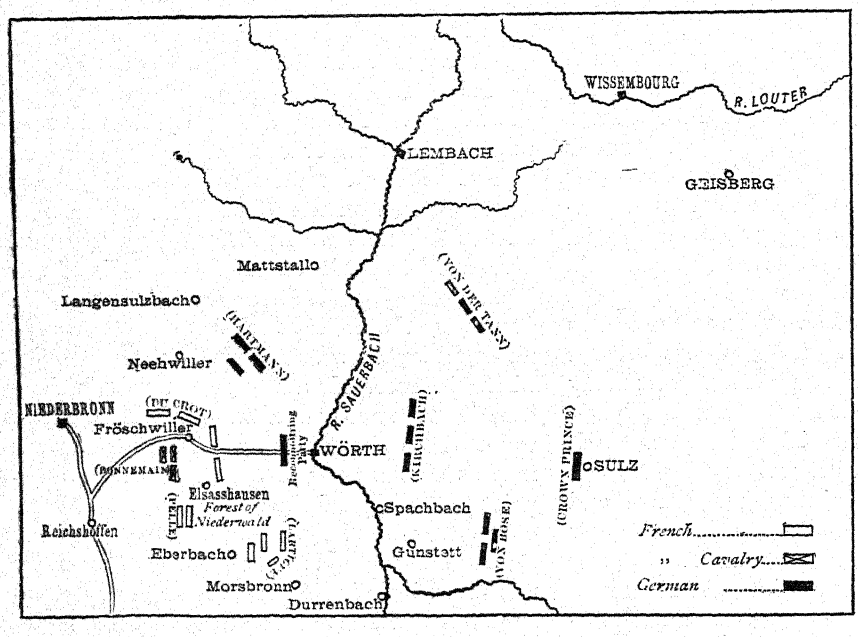
At 1 p.m. the Crown Prince—who, on his way to the front, had received General Kirchbach's report—reached the high ground opposite to Wörth, his position, which dominated the whole battlefield, being under a tree on a little hill about midway between Spachbach and Gunstett. The Prince realised that, independently of the fact that the struggle could not at this advanced stage be now broken off, he could scarcely indulge the expectation of fighting later under more advantageous conditions than now presented themselves. He might well apprehend, on the contrary, that Marshal MacMahon should have recognised the danger which threatened his position, and would evacuate it as soon as there occurred some relaxation of the German attacks. The Crown Prince, after a short study of the situation, decided on pressing the battle to a conclusion. Prior to his arrival, Kirchbach had been contented with utilising merely his leading brigade in the fighting about and beyond Wörth, until the whole of the German army should have come up. The Crown Prince's first task was to infuse harmony into the attacks of the foremost fighting line, and to direct reinforcements as they arrived to the points where their exertions would be most effective. He gave orders that the 2nd Bavarian Corps should reoccupy its position of the morning, and press on the French left flank so as to gain a position on the latter's flank and rear. The 1st Bavarian Corps came into line between the 2nd Bavarian and the 5th Corps, while the 11th Corps was directed to cross the stream, turn the French right, and advance by way of Elsasshausen and through the Niederwald upon Fröschwiller, the Würtemberg Division to follow the 11th Corps. Kirchbach was instructed to delay his main attack on the heights beyond Wörth for some time, until the 1st Bavarian Corps and the mass of the 11th Corps should have come up.

The whole of the infantry of the 10th Division of the 5th Corps, with the exception of detachments left in reserve, was already employed in the foremost fighting line beyond Wörth. The 9th Division was brought forward, and of its two brigades the 18th crossed at Spachbach, the 17th at Wörth. The leading regiment of the former advanced across the meadow-land, but its attempts to gain the Elsasshausen heights and the Niederland forest were checked by a forward movement of superior hostile forces. But the repeated offensive movements of the French towards the Hagenau road were nullified by the resolute bearing of the four battalions holding that road, which with great tenacity held the enemy's superior force at bay. On the arrival in the field of the 1st Bavarian Corps, Kirchbach determined to lead forward the whole of his troops now on the western bank of the Sauer to the attack of the heights in possession of the French. The advance was made in company columns, under the hottest fire from the enemy. The skirmishers succeeded in gaining a firm position on the slopes; but all attacks on the heights were fruitless, until a fortunate diversion was made on the right flank of the broken and jagged line. A fusilier battalion drove in the enemy's skirmishers lining the slopes, and with a charge reached the heights, where it received a murderous fire at close quarters from two half-moon breastworks. Those were both stormed and occupied, and the gallant fusiliers chased their adversaries at the bayonet-point to the edge of the opposite wood. As the open crest of the heights was everywhere within close musketry range, and the intervening valley was swept by mitrailleuse fire, no further progress was at this juncture possible; but the captured breastworks were maintained, and the crest remained in German possession. Successes were also achieved on the other flank, and in the centre the upper edge of the sloping vineyard ground was surrounded by German skirmishers. In order, however, to maintain the ground gained so dearly against the unceasing and energetic French attacks, Kirchbach found himself compelled to bring up his last reserves from the eastern bank. The whole of his infantry was brought over and drawn into the foremost fighting line. Hitherto his artillery had been in a great measure masked by the advance of his infantry on the western bank. Now the divisional batteries of the 10th Division, and half his corps artillery, crossed the hastily-restored bridge of Wörth, and pressed to the front, through the streets encumbered with troops, dead and wounded men, scared townspeople, and miscellaneous wreck. The artillery of the

9th Division remained on the eastern bank, opposite to the Wörth position, and was reinforced subsequently by batteries of the 1st Bavarian Corps. Thus, the whole strength of the 5th Army Corps, constituting the German centre, was employed in gaining a firm footing on the western bank of the Sauer, and in occupying the adversary in front until the corps on either flank should attain positions enabling them to operate effectively against the hostile flanks.

It had been only by degrees and by dint of hard fighting and bloody sacrifices that Kirchbach's brave and staunch soldiers made any progress. Their battalions had become mixed; the greater part of the officers had been killed or wounded; while, on the other hand, the enemy brought up fresh reserves unceasingly. The successful attack of the 11th Army Corps against the French right flank, now to be briefly described, was to be the first signal to the sorely-tried 5th Corps of the long-looked-for support.

It has been already told how in the morning the 41st brigade of the 11th Corps had been driven back to the east bank in considerable confusion. Towards the forenoon the 88th Regiment crossed the Sauer at Spachbach, having rallied the companies of the 80th and 87th, which had been driven back into that village; and the united body advanced across the meadows, under a brisk fire of musketry and shrapnel, towards the eastern border of the Niederwald, which was lined by hostile skirmishers. The skirt of the forest was carried, and its northern edge was reached in rather loose order. In the woodland, between the Niederwald and Elsasshausen, retreating detachments of the enemy made a successful stand against the German efforts to expel them. From the centre of the 11th Corps at Gunstett, six companies of the 95th Regiment crossed the stream by the Bruch Mill, and headed in the direction of Eberbach. The skirmishers, followed by the main body in line, gained the Hagenau road at the first rush. The French of Lartigue's division made an obstinate defence on the heights, the slope from which favoured their free range of fire, while the massive buildings of the Albrechtshaüser-Hof afforded them a strong defence. The German attack, therefore, progressed but slowly; but the left wing, reaching the cover of the hop plantations on the Morsbronn - Fröschwiller road, at length succeeded thence in out flanking the Albrechtshaüser-Hof. The enemy did not evacuate the place until the buildings had been fired by the German artillery, and until a musketry fire at close range had been brought to bear on the stubborn defenders.



From the left of the 11th Corps the 32nd Regiment marched through Dürrenbach, and headed for the village of Morsbronn, an outpost on the extreme right of the French position. The advance against the place was made by the 32nd and 94th Regiments, the left of the movement covered by the 13th Hussars. The village, which was but weakly occupied, was captured at the first rush by a battalion of the 32nd, another battalion of which regiment seized the heights further to the left. Morsbronn and the Albrechtshaüser-Hof thus in German possession, preparations were in progress to move in a north-westerly direction against the Niederwald, into which the French right wing was gradually

withdrawing, when the German troops about Morsbronn had suddenly to confront a furious attack on the part of hostile cavalry. General Lartigue, commanding the French right flank Division, recognised that a German advance from Morsbronn would seriously compromise the French position, and had given orders for Michel's Cuirassier brigade, which was posted in the bottom eastward of Eberbach, to send forward a regiment against the left flank of the German force about Morsbronn.



MARSHAL MACMAHON.
(*Photo, E. Appert.*)

Michel's massive troopers were burning with impatience for the fray, and their officers, the chivalry of France, were yet more ardent than their men. "A regiment" was Lartigue's order; but Michel read "brigade" for "regiment," and acted on his own version of the order. His brigade consisted of the 5th and 9th Cuirassiers; and, whether by intent or by chance, there had linked itself to the Cuirassier brigade the 6th Regiment of Lancers from Nansouty's command. The ground to be traversed, which had not been reconnoitred in advance, was extremely unfavourable for cavalry. Rows of trees cut down near the ground and deep ditches were calculated to dislocate the movements of large bodies in close formation, whereas the fire of the German infantry had a free range over the gentle slopes of the comparatively bare heights. Behind Michel there rode in first line the 8th Cuirassiers in column of squadrons; on their right rear three squadrons of the 9th Cuirassiers in line, the fourth squadron in column of division behind; still further to the right rode the Lancer regiment—in all a serried mass of more than a thousand horsemen. Michel's loud word of command had for response a wild shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and then the massive squadrons, glittering in their steel, swept headlong down, through and over the incumbrances of tree-stumps and ditches. The devoted troopers rode swift and straight to their ruin. As the avalanche

of mail-clad riders and straining chargers came thundering on, the German companies halted and braced themselves. Only when the leading cavalry column was in close proximity, when the fierce breath from the nostrils of the war-horses was dimming the sheen of the bayonets, were the lines of infantrymen veiled for the moment in flame and smoke. As the wind wafted the smoke aside, a weltering mass of men and horses was disclosed covering the ground. It was a strange and lurid spectacle. The French infantry were pouring showers of Chassepot bullets on the German linesmen; while the latter, disdaining the obsolete order of "form square to prepare for cavalry," stood in open order striking down into the dust the mail-clad French horsemen. Michel's Cuirassiers and the Lancers were almost utterly destroyed; the losses of the German infantrymen were very inconsiderable.

The devoted charge of Michel's cavalry had enabled Lartigue's infantry of the French right wing to withdraw unmolested towards Eberbach and the contiguous portion of the Niederwald, toward which they were presently followed by the German troops from Morsbronn and its vicinity. This advance was headed by the 32nd Regiment in line. One battalion of the 94th captured the village of Eberbach, but could get no further until later, and its other two battalions followed the road leading from Morsbronn to Fröschwiller. The line thus constituted encountered no resistance at first, and joined the troops about the Albrechtshaüser-Hof, where, in all, there was a German force of about the strength of a brigade, but in a very mixed-up state owing to constant hard fighting. The final assault of the French on the Albrechtshaüser-Hof position was ultimately repulsed, and MacMahon's troops of the right wing were thrown back into the Niederwald. The foremost fighting line of the German 11th Corps followed, and, to support it, General von Bose threw into the fight his last reserves brought across from Gunstett, and also brought up the whole of his artillery. With stubborn fighting, ground was gradually gained in the Niederwald, until at last its northern edge was attained; but between it and the hamlet of Elsasshausen there was an intervening copse, occupied in strength by the French, with strong reserves between the copse and the village. The battle hereabouts swayed to and fro with great slaughter. At length von Bose brought up into line seven batteries, whose fire crushed the French guns and overwhelmed the village and its staunch occupants. Elsasshausen was set on fire, yet its defenders still held out. At length von Bose gave the order, "The whole will advance!" and a dash was made on the village, some detachments of the 5th Corps taking part with troops of the 11th in the attack. The village was carried, but the French promptly made a counter-stroke, which drove the German captors of Elsasshausen back into the shelter of the Niederwald. But there the counter-attack was checked; the German troops were re-formed, and the blazing village finally remained in the possession of von Bose's forces.

From Elsasshausen the advance battalions of the 11th Corps, having in a measure re-formed the dislocation in their ranks, were following up the French withdrawal in the direction of Fröschwiller. As a last resource, MacMahon called on Bonnemain's cavalry division, consisting of four regiments of cuirassiers, to stem the tide of French disaster. It was an heroic but forlorn expedient. When the order to attack reached Bonnemain, his division was in a fold of ground somewhat northward of the source of the Eberbach, his 1st Brigade on the right front of the 2nd—both brigades in close column of squadrons. The ground over which he had to attack was extremely unfavourable, as the numerous ditches and tree-stumps were calculated to impede the movements of bodies of horse. But the gallant horsemen recked not of obstacles. A sudden thunder of horsehoofs dominated for the moment the roar of the cannon, as the mail-clad squadrons came crashing through the vineyards and hopfields. Shells tore through the serried ranks, and at every stride men and horses went down. Still the squadrons rode straight to their doom, until the belching volleys of case-shot swept down the files in great swaths of dead and dying. Of the four splendid regiments, no single squadron cohered to strike home, so deadly was the file-fire encountered, yet many a trooper who came out from that massacre carried a bloody sword. The division was all but destroyed; while the German infantry did not care to form square, but shot down the horsemen in group-formation, supported by cannon fire.

The end of the long, fierce struggle was not yet. Although MacMahon's valiant soldiers must have realised that the situation was desperate, they were none the less resolute to fight to the bitter end. After several hours of deadly strife the Germans, with their great preponderance of numerical strength, had succeeded in driving in the French army on the keystone of its position at Fröschwiller, in

wrecking the French cavalry, and in threatening the line of French retreat upon Reichshoffen. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, save for a gap to the westward, the entire German line of battle, from Eberbach and Morsbronn, on the south-east and south-west, round to the Neehwiller heights on the north-west, was engaged in encompassing the French army in and about Fröschwiller in a ring of German soldiers, with arms in their hands which they were plying vigorously; and in forming an almost entire cincture of batteries from which poured steadily upon the French position a rain of shell-fire; while the French fought on the defensive with a resolute constancy which elicited the admiration of their adversaries. Many details of the momentous struggle for this final stronghold of the French army defy all description; for German troops in broken detachments reached and stormed in upon the common goal almost simultaneously, and the convulsive surging of intermingled friend and foe precluded any precision in fixing the hours of events, and in attempting with any accuracy to establish any cohesion of recollection between the various isolated collisions. Von der Tann and Hartmann, the commanders of the 1st and 2nd Bavarian Corps, on the right-centre and right of the German line of battle, carried their respective commands through the broken ground on the slopes stretching upward towards Fröschwiller, to where Ducrot was still showing a resolute front on the partially refused French left flank. At length, by four o'clock, the Bavarians succeeded in overcoming Ducrot's vigorous resistance on the slopes of the Fröschwiller heights, and in forcing him back on the village; and they reached its northern and eastern confines almost simultaneously with the retreating foe.

The French maintained for some time a fierce but hopeless street-fight in the village of Fröschwiller, a part of which was already in German possession. It ended in a general storm on the part of the Germans, as the result of which the French troops who had not been taken prisoners in the village fled in complete disorder along the Reichshoffen and Niederbronn road, in doing which they came under the guns of the German batteries, the fire of which swept that main line of the French retreat. By five o'clock the obstinate struggle at Fröschwiller was at an end. The prisoners—who amounted to some 9,000—stood downcast and sombre in the village street, many engaged in roughly bandaging their wounds. Dead and severely wounded lay thick, and blood was running in the gutters. Von der Tann came riding in at the head of his 2nd Division, having despatched in pursuit, by way of Niederbronn, artillery, cavalry, and infantry. The Würtemberg infantry halted at the south-western exit, until they got their orders to intercept the retreat by way of Gundershoffen. But the chief line of retreat was by Niederbronn; and the Crown Prince, when assured that the issue of the battle was no longer doubtful, gave immediate instructions for a vigorous pursuit in that direction. The Würtemberg cavalry were early on the track of the rout, and their batteries soon followed. The pursuit presently degenerated into an utter *débâcle*. The Bavarian cavalry spurred fast in chase of the fugitives. The disintegration of the French army was complete, and there was no halt in the panic-stricken rout until Saverne was reached. The Prussian 4th Cavalry Division was a march in the rear, and could not, therefore, immediately take part in the pursuit. But after a hard ride from Wörth Prince Albrecht overtook the rear of the fugitives on the evening of August 7th, near Steinberg, at the foot of the Vosges. The sight of his troopers imparted to the panic-stricken fugitives a fresh impulse of flight, and a hasty and scattered retreat on Luneville followed.

The German victory was a decisive one. The prisoners of war were 200 officers and 9,000 men. The trophies were an eagle, 4 standards, 28 guns, 5 mitrailleuses, 23 waggonsful of rifles and side-arms, 158 other carriages, and 2,000 horses. The German losses were 489 officers and 10,153 men. Wörth was an unquestionable victory, but scarcely a triumph. MacMahon's strength, at most, was under 50,000; the German strength actually engaged did not fall short of 90,000. MacMahon, it is true, had a commanding position, of which he made the most; but it had serious defects, of which in this their earliest important battle, the Germans did not take full avail. Moltke was not present at Wörth, and Blumenthal, the military adviser of the Crown Prince, did not appear to advantage. The man who really won the battle was old Kirchbach. In any other service than the German he would have been broke for disobedience to orders.

THE BATTLES AROUND SUAKIM

EL-TEB

29 FEBRUARY

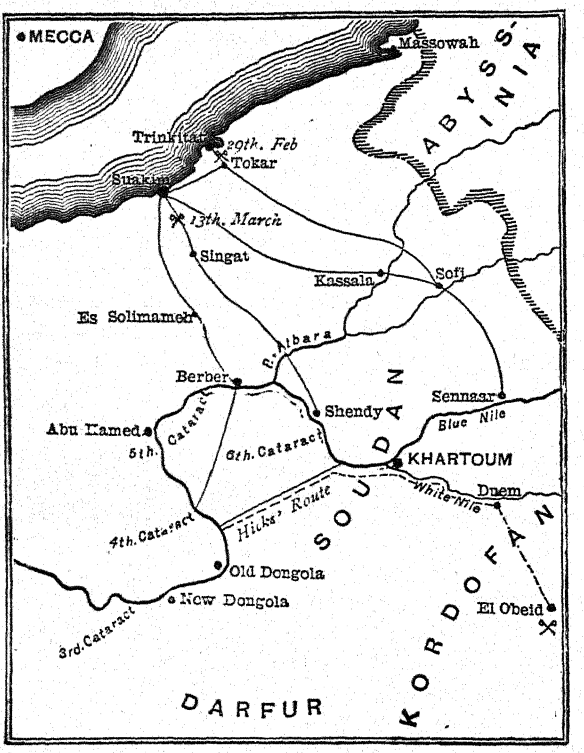
TAMAI

13 MARCH 1884

BY CHARLES LOWE

IN three previous articles on the Nile campaign it was shown what heroic but unavailing efforts were made by a picked expeditionary force of British troops under Lord Wolseley to relieve Khartoum and save General Gordon from the vengeance of the rebellious Mahdi, the usurper of the Khedive's rule in the Soudan.

But several months before it was decided to send this expeditionary force under Lord Wolseley to the relief of Khartoum, it had been necessary to despatch a little British army to the relief of Tokar, near the port of Suakim, on the Red Sea shore. For everywhere throughout the Soudan the Mahdi, or False Prophet, had been triumphant in his rebellion against the authority of the Egyptian Government, of which England, ever since she crushed Arabi Pashi at Tel-el-Kebir, had become the guarantor and the guide. The Soudan had always been the stronghold of the accursed slave trade; and, as Lord Wolseley said, if any part of God's earth was dyed with human blood, it was this.



But it had recently been ensanguined by more than the gore of slaves. For at El-Obeid, the capital of Kordofan, a large Egyptian army under Hicks Pasha and several other English officers had been treacherously led into an ambush, and, after three days' hard fighting, it had been as completely annihilated as were the legions of Varus by the German warriors of Hermann, the chief of the Cherusci. Mr. O'Donovan, the daring correspondent of the *Daily News*, was one of the victims of this general massacre. But Hicks and his Englishmen all died like heroes. "General Hicks," said a writer in the *Times*, "charged at the head of his staff. They galloped towards a sheikh, supposed by the Egyptians to be the Mahdi. Hicks rushed on him with his sword, and cut his face and arm; this man had on a Darfour steel mail-shirt. Just then a club thrown struck General Hicks on the head and unhorsed him. The chargers of the staff were speared, but the (English) officers fought on foot till all were killed. Hicks was the last to die." The Mahdi himself was not in the battle; but he came to see the body of Hicks, through which,

according to Arab custom, every sheikh thrust his spear.

The rebellion, thus triumphant in Kordofan, was quick to spread to the Eastern Soudan, where Osman Digna, *i.e.* Osman the Ugly, hastened, on behalf of his master, the Mahdi, to raise the blood-red standard of revolt. Osman was a slave-trader and general merchant of Suakim, who had been ruined by the Khedive's prohibition of the traffic in human beings; and he soon appeared in the field with a following of ferocious Hadendowas, who slaughtered and slew like the exterminating hordes of Attila. Force after force of Egyptian troops was wiped out of being by Osman and his warriors as completely as if they had never existed. This, for example, was the fate which befell 500 soldiers of the Khedive who, accompanied by Commander Moncrieff, R.N., British Consul at Suakim, were on their way from that port to Tokar; and this was followed by the massacre of 700 Nubian troops at Tamai.

After that Osman Digna invested Sinkat and Tokar, and then the Government at Cairo began to bestir itself in earnest. To relieve these two towns it hastened to despatch Baker Pasha with a force of 3,650 men and 6 guns. Then commanding the Egyptian gendarmerie, Valentine Baker had formerly been Colonel of the 10th Hussars; nor had any more daring and accomplished officer ever won the affections of British soldiers.



SIR GERALD GRAHAM.
(Photo, Fradelle & Young, Regent Street.)

Disembarking his troops at Trinkitat, some distance to the south of Suakim, Baker, without loss of time, at once commenced to move on Tokar; but he had not gone far before his whole force was overwhelmed with disaster as complete almost as that which had overtaken the army of Hicks. After an advance of about three miles, the Arabs were seen about 3,000 yards off, and the Egyptian scouts at once began firing wildly. The cavalry were then ordered to charge a small body of the enemy on the right flank, but, seeing the scouts returning, also turned tail, and rushed back in confusion on the main body. This latter at once became stricken with panic-terror, and could not even form square properly. The enemy, about 1,200 strong—Baker's force was 3,650—then rapidly rushed and surrounded the Egyptians, when there ensued a scene of butchery which has probably never been equalled.

"Inside of the square," said an eye-witness, "the state of affairs was almost indescribable. Cavalry, infantry, mules, camels, falling baggage, and dying men were crushed into a struggling, surging mass. The Egyptians were shrieking madly, hardly attempting to run away, but trying to shelter themselves one behind another." "The conduct of the Egyptians was simply disgraceful," said another English officer. "Armed with rifle and bayonet, they allowed themselves to be slaughtered, without an effort at self-defence, by savages inferior to them in numbers and armed only with spears and swords."

No efforts of the gallant Baker and his British officers could induce these Egyptian poltroons to rally and face the foe; so, seeing that matters were utterly hopeless, he himself and his staff, including Colonels Burnaby, Sartorius, and Hay, Major Harvey, Mr. Bewlay, etc., put spurs to

their steeds and charged the enemy, hewing their way out towards the shore through a forest of Arab swords and lances. The Egyptians



HICKS PASHA.

fled and were slaughtered by their pursuers as they ran, leaving a long trail of corpses from the main shambles to the shore. The Egyptians lost no fewer than 112 officers and 2,250 men killed and wounded, besides their machine- and Krupp-guns and 3,000 rifles.

Such was the massacre of El-Teb (4th February, 1884), and four days later it was capped by the butchery of Sinkat. Refusing to yield or to capitulate on terms, the brave defender of this town, finding his provisions on the verge of exhaustion, resolved to fight his way out; so spiking his guns, burning his camp, and destroying all his spare ammunition, he sallied forth with his garrison of 400 men, encumbered with women and children, and was soon engulfed by the enemy. He himself fought with most exemplary valour, but he was overpowered by numbers, and of his whole force only about six men and thirty women were left to tell the tale.

Quousque tandem? How long was massacre of this sort to be endured? Were Osman Digna and his ferocious tribesmen to be thus allowed an unbroken record of butchery and victory? Was the authority of England's *protégé*, the Khedive, to be thus for ever flouted and set at naught by Osman the Ugly?

Holla there! Highlanders to the front! The Black Watch and the "gay Gordons," and burly Bluejackets, and the Royal Irish, and the 60th King's Own Rifles, and the York and Lancaster men—all our three nationalities shall have an equal share in quelling the pride of Osman and his hordes, and showing that courage, in spite of John Bright's dictum, was a thing that could *not* be bought in lots of equal quality for a shilling a day on any market-place of the world.

In Cairo at this time there was a British army of occupation under General Stephenson, C.B., and to him, after the massacres of El-Teb and Sinkat, there was flashed a London telegram directing him to detach a portion of his force, under Sir Gerald Graham, a man of Herculean stature, for the purpose of relieving the still beleaguered Tokar, and otherwise inflicting vengeance condign upon the Hadendowas.

This order reached Cairo on the 12th of February, and by the 28th of the same month, Graham's little army of chastisement was concentrated at Trinkitat. Drawn from the British garrison at Cairo, the squadron under Admiral Hewitt at Suakim, and the home-coming troopships from India, this little army was organised with a speed and completeness which vividly impressed other nations with the power of the British Empire to prepare and deliver a crushing blow at any given point in a wonderfully short time. Among the home-coming troops from India were the 10th Hussars, Baker Pasha's old regiment, who were waylaid in their passage up the Red Sea in the *Jumna*, and landed to whet their sabres on the heads of the Hadendowas; and it was a never-to-be-forgotten scene when the Hussars, on landing, were met and welcomed by their old commander, whom they greeted with such a rousing British cheer as had never before rent the sky in those wild Arabian parts.

When massed at Trinkitat, Graham's force consisted of 2,850 infantry, 750 mounted troops, 150 Bluejackets, 100 Royal Artillery, 80 Royal Engineers, 6 machine-guns, and 8 7-pounders.

This eager force, on landing, was depressed by the news that Tokar had already surrendered, but the gallant Graham nevertheless decided to push on and give Osman the Ugly a lesson which it would take him long to forget.

Yet the rules of war demanded that he should give the rebellious Arab butchers a fair warning how to escape the wrath to come. With this intent he sent out Major Harvey, of the Black Watch, under a flag of truce, with a letter to the sheikhs, summoning them to "disperse your fighting-men before daybreak to-morrow, or the consequences will be on your own heads." This letter, writ in choice Arabic, was tied to a pole fixed in the sand and left there, as one might bait a hook at night with intent to haul it up next day. On the following morning, 29th

February, it was found that the summons had been taken from its staff, but that its place had been supplied by no answer from the sheikhs. So "*Vorwärts im Gottes Namen!*" as old Marshal Blücher used to sing out to his soldiers, was the effect of the order which General Graham now addressed to his eager troops.

Several days had already been occupied in making preparations and in feeling for the foe, and on the morning of the 29th of February Graham advanced to lure them on to battle. His point of departure was Fort Baker, situated on the landward side of Trinkitat, from which it was separated by a salt marsh ; and across this lagoon the troops had previously had to swash and welter to their bivouac of the 28th as best they could.

The force advanced in the form of a square, or rather of an oblong, having an interior space of about 200 by 150 yards. In front were the gay Gordons, in rear their kilted comrades of the "Forty-Twa" ; on the right the Royal Irish Fusiliers, supported by four companies of the King's Rifles (60th) ; on the left the York and Lancasters, supported by 380 of the Royal Marine Artillery and Light Infantry.

Intervals were left at the angles for the guns and Gatlings, the Bluejackets occupying the front and the Royal Artillery the rear corners. The men marched with their water-bottles filled and one day's rations. The only transport animals were those carrying ammunition and surgical appliances, all being kept together in the centre of the square.

A squadron of the 10th Hussars was thrown forward to scout, the rest of the cavalry (10th and 19th Hussars) being on the rear of the square under Brigadier Herbert Stewart, who was afterwards, during the Nile campaign, to command the Desert Column, and receive a mortal wound at Abu-Kru.

As the huge square continued its advance over the barren sandy soil, it came upon ghastly vestiges of the butchery of Baker Pasha's Egyptian force. The corpses studded the route to Teb, lying about in hundreds and polluting the air. "Swarms of carrion birds," said an eye-witness, "flew off on our approach. By half-past ten we had marched three miles from Fort Baker, and here we could plainly see that the enemy had built some sort of earthworks, in which they had mounted guns and set up standards. Their outpost fire had almost ceased ; only a few shots were popping off on our extreme right and left, and these were aimed at our scouts. It was a fine sight to see our fellows step out as if on holiday parade. It gave a grand idea of the power and pride of physical strength. The bagpipes played gaily, and the Highlanders, instinctively cocking their caps and swinging their shoulders, footed the way cheerily."

Forward—with General Graham, Admiral Hewitt, and Baker Pasha in its centre—steadily tramped the square, keeping well together and halting from time to time in order to give the men a little rest. At last it reached a point, about 800 yards from the Arab position. An old sugar-mill had evidently once stood here—a building of sun-dried bricks and a large three-flued boiler marking the site—with a number of native huts ; a kind of fort was also discernible. The mounted infantry and the Hussars, having done their work and run the foe to earth, fell back on the remainder of the cavalry half a mile in the rear. The square was halted. Many of the men sat down, quite indifferent to the presence of the rebels, whose black faces could be seen peering from behind every knoll of sand.

Having now decided on his plan of attack, Graham again ordered the square to advance by making something of a détour to the right, his object being to turn the left of the enemy's entrenchment. As the bugles sounded the advance and the bagpipes struck up again, a storm of bullets was poured on the square, accompanied

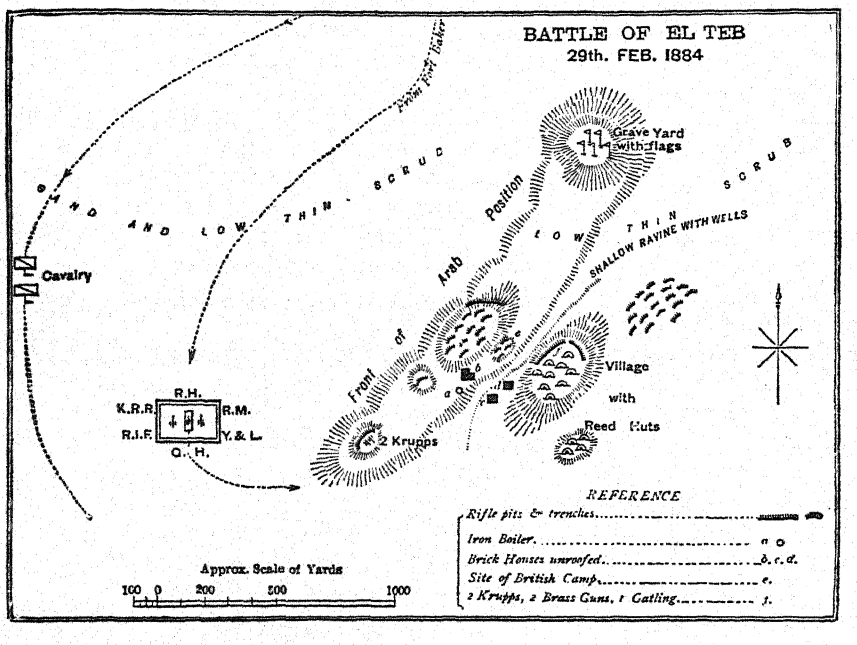


BAKER PASHA.

by shrapnel shells thrown by the Krupp guns which had been taken from Baker Pasha's massacred force, and which were served by gunners

from the very Tokar garrison which Graham's expedition had been despatched to relieve.

The first shell went wide over the square, and threw up a cascade of sand half a mile beyond it, but the correct range was soon found, and the shrapnel began to burst over the oblong, striking down several men. Baker Pasha himself was severely wounded in the cheek by the fragment of a shell, but he managed to remain in the saddle till the end of the fight. The square meanwhile reserved its fire till the north face of the enemy's earthworks was passed; then after it had moved on about a thousand yards, a halt was ordered and the men were directed to lie down. During the flanking movement the York and Lancasters on the left flank had become the front side of the square, and suffered rather severely, the stretcher-men and the doctors having their hands already full.



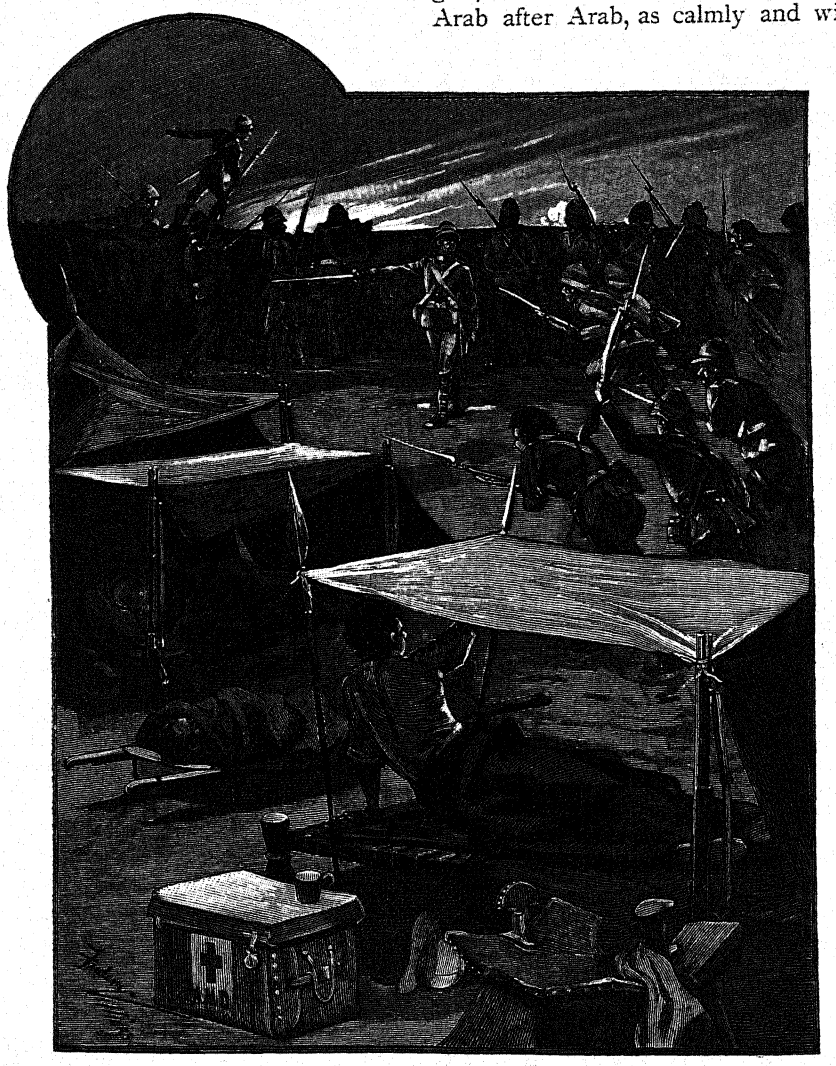
It was now about noon, and several guns were brought into action at a range of about 900 yards. The practice with these guns was carried on with great deliberation and remarkable accuracy, and with the help of the machine-guns, which poured in a stream of bullets, the two Krupps of the Arabs were completely silenced. Graham's soldiers were now becoming impatient as the stretchers got filled with the wounded, and some were heard to exclaim, "If they won't attack us, why don't we attack them?"

Thousands of the enemy were there in front—grouped about among the wells, village, and earthworks of El-Teb, while clouds of others hung about on either flank of the square, which now, to the stirring notes of the bugle, made straight for the Arab position. "It is not a charge," wrote an eye-witness, "but a steady, solid movement in the formation which has all along been observed. It looks, however, all the more formidable, for enthusiasm and discipline are equally marked, as the whole of the troops are cheering, while the square sweeps down towards the enemy."

The brunt of the enemy's onset fell on the Black Watch, who, by the wheeling manœuvre which the square must needs execute, had now become the front instead of the rear face as at first. It was with no slight feelings of mingled envy and disappointment that the Gordons had observed the tactical situation of the square thus suddenly change to the advantage of their kilted comrades of the "Forty Twa," whose pipers now lifted up their loudest notes of exultation on the regiment thus accidentally falling into the forefront of the battle.

When the square had attained to a distance of about 200 yards from the main position of the enemy the latter ceased firing. Throwing aside their rifles, they grasped their spears or big cross-hilted swords, and, starting up in a body, hurled themselves upon the advancing square. Yelling and brandishing their weapons and waving their banners, they flung themselves like a human flood straight on the levelled bayonets of the square, and many came within five paces of it ere they fell. "So hotly do the Arabs press forward," wrote Cameron, of the *Standard*, "that the troops pause in their steady advance. It becomes a hand-to-hand fight, the soldiers meeting the Arab spear with cold steel, their favourite weapon, and beating them at it. There is not

much shouting, and only a short, sharp exclamation, a brief shout or an oath, as the soldiers engage with their foes. At this critical moment for the enemy, the Gardner guns open fire, and their leaden hail soon decides matters."



"THEY WERE HARASSED THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT BY A DROPPING FIRE" (*p.* 608).

When the Martinis had cleared the front, the square resumed its onward march at the *pas de charge*, and "went for" the Arab position. The gigantic Colonel Fred Burnaby, of ballooning fame, was the first to clear the breastwork with several men of the Black Watch. The colonel's horse had been shot under him, while he himself was wounded in the arm. But, heedless of these mishaps, the heroic guardsman had banged up to his feet again and burst forward with the Black Watch, laying about him like one of the Grecian leaders at the siege of Troy, his huge and broad-shouldered figure—six feet four in his stockings—towering like a beacon-light among the roaring breakers of the battle. His only weapon was a double-barrelled shot-gun, and with this he kept on bowling over Arab after Arab, as calmly and with as much intense enjoyment of sport as if he had been engaged in a battue in some game-abounding glade of sylvan England.

Burnaby had a worthy compeer in the person of Captain Knyvet Wilson, of the *Hecla*, who was present as a volunteer. As the advancing troops closed on the Arab battery, the rebels moved out on the corner of the square against the detachment who were dragging the Gardner gun. At this moment Captain Wilson sprang to the front and engaged in combat with five or

six of the enemy, in the course of which he broke his sword at the hilt—it had probably been "made in Germany"—over the head of one of them. The others closed round him, but he kept them at bay with his fists, and did terrible execution with his sword-hilt till aid arrived and he was rescued. By almost a miracle he escaped with a sword-cut on the head which laid open the scalp, but after having his wound dressed he kept on with the troops. For this special act of bravery Captain Wilson, on returning home, was publicly decorated with the coveted Victoria Cross at Southsea.

The first position of the Arabs having now been won, the square was halted and readjusted preparatory to an assault on their second line, from which an active, galling fire was still kept up. This second position consisted of trenches and numberless holes or rifle-pits, each containing two, three, or four men. Out of these holes the Arabs started as the column advanced slowly but steadily, and flung themselves upon the bayonets to die; and now so confident had Graham's men become, that their square formation was abandoned, the flank forces were deployed, and the attack was continued in two long lines. The Black Watch fell somewhat out of hand in their eagerness to close with the foe and to pour a converging fire on a house—the old sugar-mill before referred to—which continued to be held with the utmost desperation by the enemy.

As the guns proved to be of too light a calibre to break down the walls, the building was at length carried by a brilliant charge of the Bluejackets, those ubiquitous and irresistible seadogs, under Lieutenant Graham. The adjacent ground was contested inch by inch by the Arabs, who seemed to swarm behind every bush, springing out of the ground like rabbits in a warren, and they could only be killed, but not driven off. Scores were waiting under cover to charge with sword or lance, but only to get shot down or bayoneted. Their death-despising bravery was beyond the power of words.

Ever pressing them, Graham's men headed towards the wells of El-Teb, where the Arabs made their last stand—in a position protected by a breastwork of sandbags and barrels. It was crescent-shaped and facing south; but as the troops advanced on it from the north, the guns with which it was mounted were wheeled round in that direction. But they had scarcely begun to belch forth death and destruction, when two companies of the Gordons, under Captain Slade, were upon them like the Philistines; and, while the pipers now skirled up a loud pæan of victory, the enemy were at last seen, with all the starch taken out of their magnificent courage, streaming away towards Suakim and Tokar.

But during the latter portion of the infantry fight the cavalry had not been idle—had, in fact, contributed in no small degree to the complete and crushing victory won by Graham. When the square had begun to advance to the second attack, Stewart swept round its right flank, and in three lines went slap-dash at a mass of the enemy away on their right front. Beholding this triple hurricane of horsemen coming down upon them, the rebels split into two large bodies—one to the right, the other to the left; and it cost the Hussars a gallop of three good miles before they could come within sabre's length of the retreating foe. The Arabs themselves opened out as the cavalry rushed on, crouching among the scrub, hamstringing the horses, and slaying their dismounted riders. It was almost impossible for the Hussars to reach the crouching or prostrate Arabs with their sabres; and it was felt that the proper kind of cavalry to employ against such foes were Lancers. Recognising this after the fight, General Stewart procured about 600 of the Arab spears and armed his troopers with them. These spears were like Zulu assegais in form, save that, being weighted with a roll of iron at the extreme end of the shaft, they had greater momentum and piercing power.

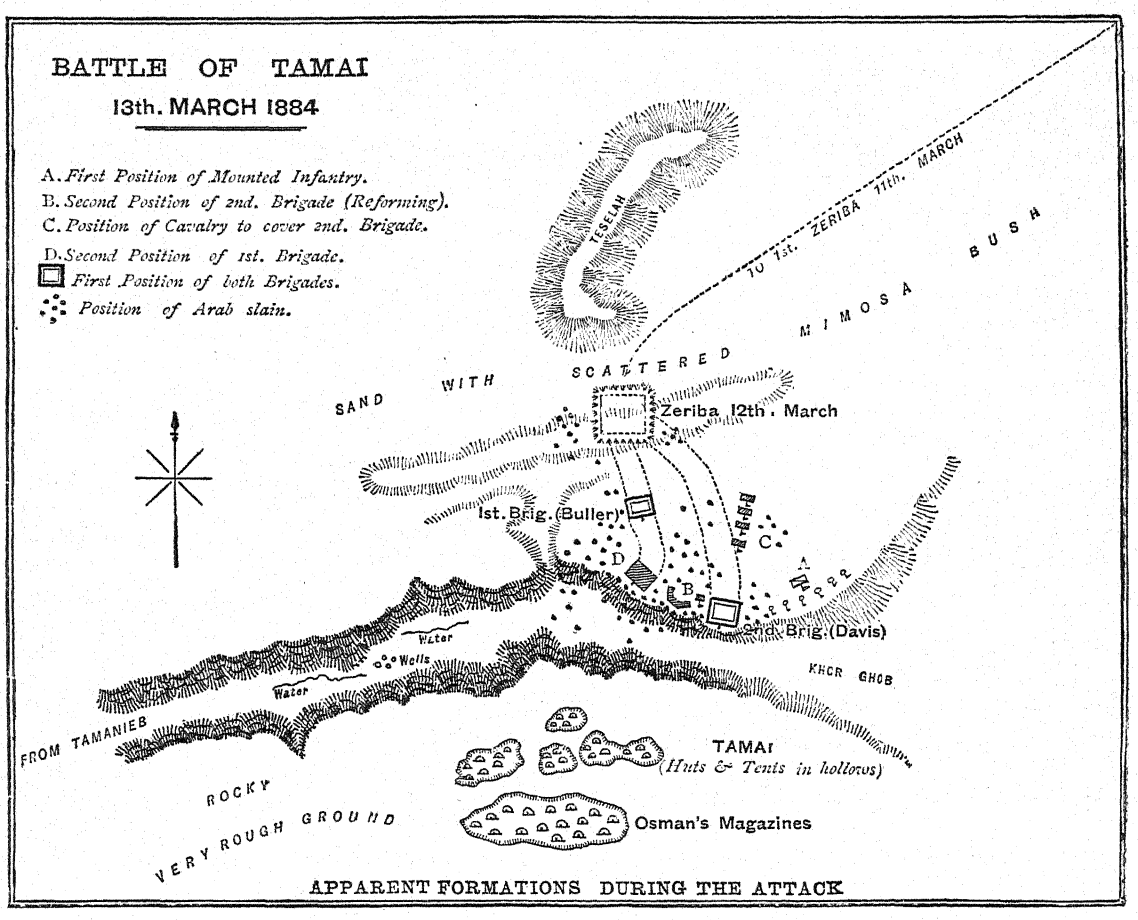
Colonel Barrow, while charging with his Hussars, was struck down by a spear that pierced his arm and side, yet on he rode until his horse came down. The trumpeter coming to his rescue was so terribly cut about with spears that he was only brought out of the *mêlée* to die. Two sergeants and a trooper, however, with great courage succeeded in saving their colonel's life. One, Sergeant Marshall, caught the colonel as he fell, and, seizing a loose horse, sought to place him upon it. The horse, however, fell, and at this moment its owner, Trooper Boosley, came up, and on foot, under a heavy fire, aided by Sergeant Fenton, he supported the wounded officer through masses of the enemy into the infantry lines. A corporal of the 19th had four horses killed under him—three by bullets and one by spears.

The three lines of Hussars did not long maintain their original formation, but opened out, parted, and attacked according to the varying exigencies of the moment, so that the cavalry portion of the battle resolved itself into several

charges. Some thirty rebel horsemen, armed with two-edged swords, rode fearlessly against one whole advancing squadron. Three came straight through safely, and undismayed by the shock they had survived, or the equal peril of the second line sweeping down on them, wheeled their horses, which they were riding bare-backed, with wonderful rapidity, and hesitated not to dart

The action had lasted three hours, and resulted in a complete victory for Graham, though at the cost of 34 killed (including Quartermaster Wilkins and Lieutenant Royds, R.N.) and 155 wounded; while the Arabs, who were estimated at about 6,000, left considerably more than a third of this number dead upon the field.

In addition to running up so long a slaughter-



off in pursuit of the squadrons whose superior power they had so narrowly escaped.

The most mournful casualties occurred among the 10th Hussars during one of their charges, when Lieutenant Probyn, of the 9th Bengal Cavalry, was among the first to fall. Of General Stewart's four orderlies, one was killed and two wounded. Major Slade, as gallant a soldier as ever breathed, was found lying dead, pierced with seven spears, and his horse hamstrung to the bone. Another promising young officer who fell was Lieutenant Freeman, of the 19th Hussars, who had just passed "with distinction" for his troop.

list of the foe, Graham's men had captured four Krupp guns, two brass howitzers, and one Gatling, besides great store of arms and ammunition, the spoils of El-Teb, Sinkat, Tokar, and other Arab victories.

Osman the Ugly explained his defeat by saying that he had given his men the wrong fetish against steel and lead, but he was presently to be furnished with another opportunity for repairing this disastrous error of judgment.

On the 4th of March, after reaping all the harvest of his victory at El-Teb, General Graham and his force returned to Trinkitat, bringing with them the inhabitants of Tokar. On the

following morning the force embarked for Suakim, where the Government had resolved to concentrate it with the view of giving effect to a proclamation issued by General Graham and Admiral Hewitt, denouncing Osman Digna, and calling on the rebel chiefs to submit. To this came a defiant reply signed by a large number of sheikhs. Accordingly on the 12th of March the force, which had been marched out to a zareba formed by Baker Pasha about eight miles from Suakim, advanced on Tamai and bivouacked about 1,400 yards only from the enemy's position, whence they were harassed throughout the night by a dropping fire, as well as by "excursions and alarums" on the part of the foe, the casualties on the British side being one man killed and an officer and two men wounded.

Sunrise brought no relief from the enemy's fire, whilst the immunity they had hitherto enjoyed from retaliation now emboldened a considerable body of them to advance within three or four hundred yards of the square. This was more than British flesh and blood, however patient, could endure; and at about six o'clock a Gardner and a 9-pounder were brought into play, which soon had the effect of dispersing the Arabs, who now retired to their main position near the wells of Tamai.

At seven o'clock, after the troops had breakfasted, the cavalry were sent on ahead to reconnoitre, and after searching the bush well in front, and discerning only small parties of the foe, the opinion began to prevail that, after all, the tribesmen did not mean to fight. Erroneous inference!

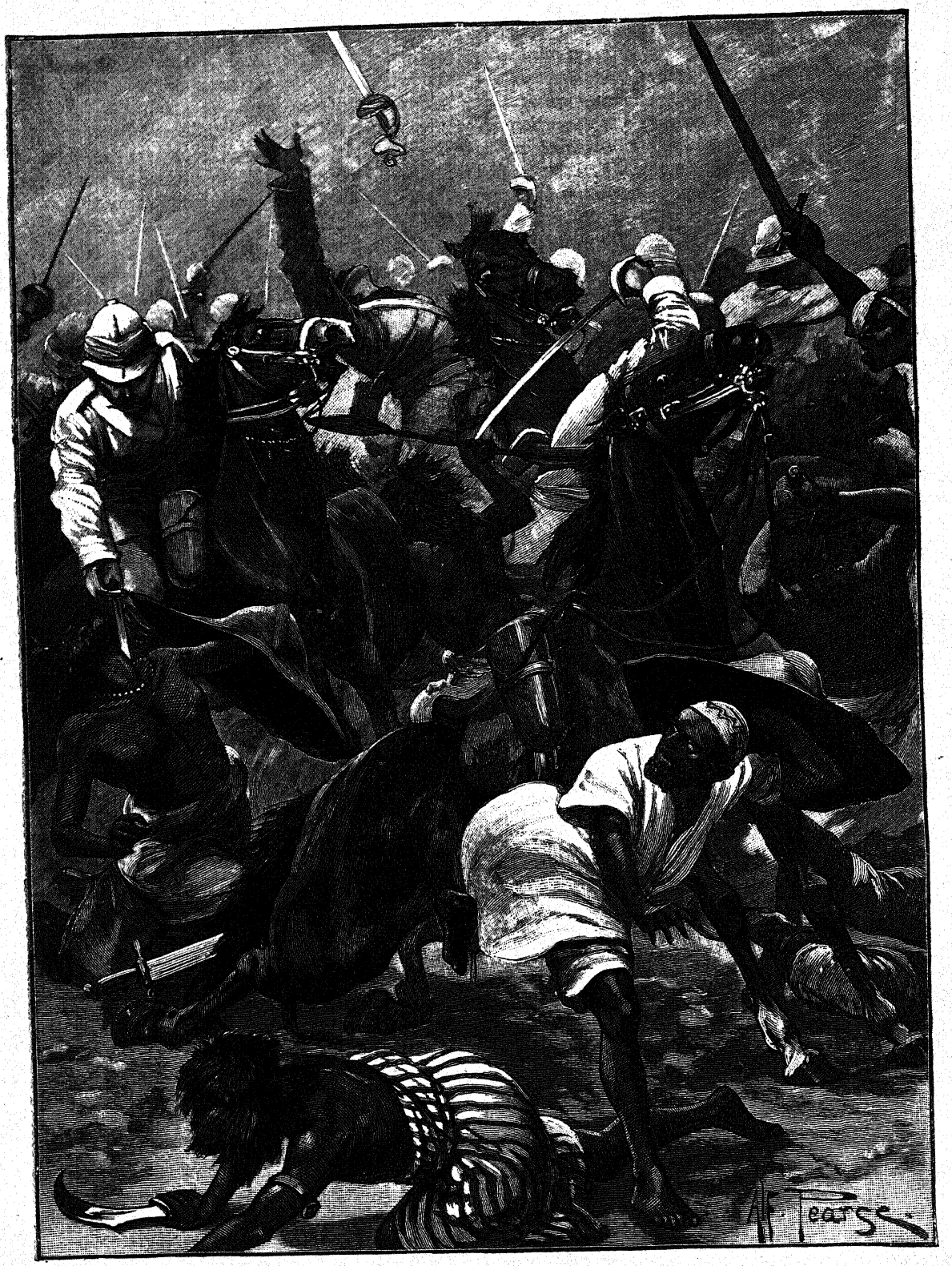
An hour later the infantry formed up in two echeloned squares—*i.e.* one in advance of the other, like the black and white checks of a chessboard, the distance between them being about 1,000 yards. At El-Teb, Graham had formed his force into but one square, or oblong; but now, owing to the different nature of the ground and for other tactical reasons, he preferred dividing it into two, each square being composed of one brigade. Foremost on the left in the line of advance was the 2nd Brigade, under General Davis, consisting of the Black Watch, the York and Lancasters, and the Naval Brigade, Graham himself and his staff being in the centre of this square; while the 1st Brigade—under General Redvers-Buller, a very cool and capable leader—which followed on the right rear of the other, was made up of the Gordons, the Royal Irish, and the King's Rifles.

The squares moved steadily on over ground intersected by watercourses, towards a deep hollow full of boulders and rugged rocks, called a nullah. When the cavalry, pressed back by the Arabs, retired on the left, Davis's brigade halted and opened a heavy fire with rifles and machine-guns on the advancing mass of Arabs. As the edge of the ravine was won, the British fire became inconceivably hot, while the Arabs now began to make rushes with sword and spear. Despite the bugle-calls and orders of the officers, the men could not be got to reserve their fire or aim steadily. Thus, in a few minutes, all the troops became hidden in the dense smoke of their own rifles, and under its cover the enemy crept up the rocky side of the ravine and made a succession of furious rushes at the front ranks.

"And now, as the pressure increased, the weak points of a square formation became visible," said an eye-witness. "The companies of the York and Lancasters and Black Watch, forming the front face, swept forward against the foe; but the remaining companies of those regiments, which formed the sides of the square, and were also expecting an attack, did not keep up with the rapid movement of those in front, the consequence being that many gaps appeared in what should have been a solid wall of men."

Every effort was made to close the gaps and steady the men to receive the Arab charge; but the rolling fire which now burst forth from front and flank drowned the voices of the officers and even the notes of the bugle. "The 65th (York and Lancaster) gave way," wrote Mr. Bennett Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, "and fell back on the Marines, throwing them into disorder, though many men disdained to turn their backs, but kept their faces to the foe, firing and thrusting with the bayonet. But both regiments were inextricably huddled together, and through the smoke at this dire crisis the dark and demon-like figures of the foe could be seen rushing on, unchecked even for a moment by the hailstorm of bullets, and then the fight became hand-to-hand." Crawling on their hands and knees beneath the bayonets and muzzles of the Gatlings and Gardners, the Arabs got into the square, when they commenced stabbing and slashing, doing terrible execution. At close quarters with the cold steel the troops in general were no match for these powerful savages, who would dodge the bayonets or turn them aside with their shields and then deliver two or three spear-thrusts before the wielder of the bayonet could recover.

But in some of the Highlanders the Arabs



"THE ARABS CROUCHED AMONG THE SCRUB, HAMSTRINGING THE HORSES" (*p.* 606).

found more than their match. The officers of the Black Watch slew several of the enemy with their claymores, running their blades up to the hilt; and one of the finest and strongest men of the regiment, "Big Jamie Adams," with nineteen of his comrades, having charged up to the brink of the ravine where the bulk of the Arabs had been lying concealed, opposed steel to steel, fighting with a prowess superior even to the swarthy savages opposed to them. He and Colour-Sergeant Donald Fraser made over a dozen of their adversaries bite the dust before they fell from loss of blood due to wounds from spears thrown at them.

Another man of the same company, Private Drummond, was in the act of bayoneting an Arab when he was cut over the head by a horseman wielding a huge cross-hilted sword. Drummond's helmet and the swerving of his assailant's horse saved him, and though partially stunned, he instantly rallied and drove his bayonet through the body of the horseman, who was afterwards identified as Sheikh Mahomed, a cousin of Osman Digna. While tugging to withdraw his bayonet, Drummond was set upon by another savage, spear in hand, but his comrade—Kelly—shot the Arab. Kelly himself was killed almost immediately afterwards, and Drummond had his work cut out to get away.

The breaking up of the square by the recoil of the York and Lancasters (on its right face and flank) threw both the Black Watch and the Marines in rear into confusion; and in spite of the strenuous efforts of the officers, who, *mente manuque*, strove to rally and reorganise their men, the whole body of troops began to fall back. But there was no panic-terror such as had seized upon the Egyptians of Baker Pasha at El-Teb and made their extermination an easy task for their assailants. No; the Highlanders and their comrades, pressed back by the wild rush of the ferocious savages, retreated in good order, and mowed down their assailants as they went.

This retirement allowed the enemy to capture the machine-guns, though not before they had been locked by the heroic Naval Brigade, who stood by them to the last, losing three officers—Montressor, Almack, and Houston-Stewart—and many brave bluejackets. A battery of four guns under Major Holley, R.A., was equally left without protection owing to the backward movement of the chaotic square, but, though assailed by crowds of the foe, officers and men stood firm to their guns, mowing down the onrushing Arabs with inverted shrapnel.

Soon after Davis's Brigade had thus been pressed back in confusion, the fortunes of the day were brilliantly retrieved by Buller's Brigade, which, about 500 yards on the right rear, was advancing with the steadiness of troops on parade. And now was seen the wisdom of Graham having split his force into two columns. Buller's square had been assailed in the same furious manner as that of Davis, but had blown away all impediments to its advance. No living thing could long remain in front of Buller with his triune Scottish Gordons, Royal Irish, and English Rifles, who now moved up to the support of the disastered Davis.

Encouraged by the splendid steadiness of this advancing square, Davis's Brigade rallied at once, and his troops, burning to retrieve the temporary disorder into which they had been thrown, readvanced manfully in line with Buller's virgin force. So terrible was the united fire which the two brigades now poured into the enemy, that the progress of the latter was checked. On reaching the point where the Arabs had charged down upon the 2nd Brigade, the abandoned guns were recovered within a quarter of an hour of the time when they had been lost.

Almost at this moment a fresh body of the enemy were seen issuing from a broad, deep, rocky ravine, in which they had been lying concealed—this time in even denser numbers than before. The troops met the new onslaught with the utmost steadiness. It was a repetition, to some extent, of El-Teb; only the Arab charges were fiercer and more determined than before. But all in vain. The masses of the enemy melted away under the terrible fire of the two squares, leaving a trail of dead bodies behind. Thus the breechloaders prevailed over valour as brilliant and heroic as was ever displayed. The defeat of the Arabs in this part of the field was now completed by the cavalry, who, sweeping round the left flank, dismounted and poured volley after volley in among the retreating foe.

The fight was virtually over, yet it was dangerous to move about the battlefield, owing to the wounded natives lying thickly among the bushes. They positively refused to accept quarter, and such as were able continued loading and firing at any one who came near them, or thrust with their spears at all who passed by. In the bush, too, were many unwounded men, who, when they saw an opportunity, leapt to their feet and attacked any soldiers who came sufficiently close.

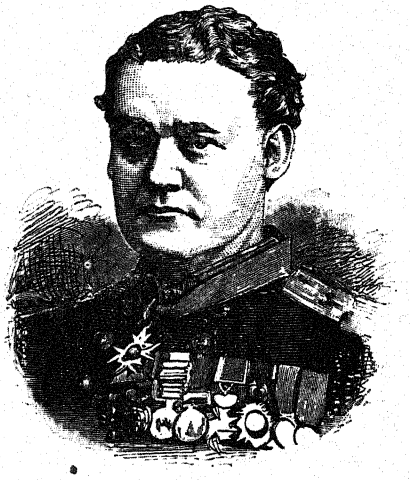
"All our officers," wrote an officer of the

Black Watch to a friend at home, "fought like devils, and how we lost only one I cannot tell. God is good, and must have put His shield around them. The colonel is a splendid man: he shot two Arabs dead, and would have shot more only the Government ammunition missed fire. An Arab threw a spear, and this passed the colonel; another threw a stone, wounded him on the head and knocked his helmet off, and he was bareheaded under a burning sun, till gallant Norman MacLeod gave him his helmet, and wrapped a cloth round his own head. When we rallied and formed line, I imagined I must be the only officer alive, but to my joy we all met: old Charlie Eden, as cool as if on partridge-shooting; little Brophy, lame, but pretending to be sound; Sandy Kennedy, with eyeglass in his eye, and his wife's watch round his neck; Bald, a gigantic subaltern, sweating, with a sailor's hat on—he had lost his helmet; Sir John MacLeod's son, Duncan, wounded; old Bob Coveney, smiling with confidence; and Norman MacLeod, with his firm lips; Speid, looking calm as a judge; and young Macrae, an Argyllshire lad, who had only joined us the day before, armed with a spear. All our officers had hand-to-hand fights with the Arabs, who pulled the kilts off our men. One of them tore the green ribbons off mine, but I killed him."

The officer referred to in this extract as lost was Major Aitken, in attempting to save whom Ronald Fraser died fighting to the last. But while the Black Watch lost only one of its officers, it had to deplore the death of no fewer than eight of its sergeants—McClay, Fraser, Campbell, Reid, Duncan, Gray, Johnstone, and King. These numerous casualties among the non-commissioned officers arose from the circumstance that they were supernumeraries in rear of the fighting line (front of square), and that consequently, when the Arabs burst into the square, they were taken in rear, and cut down before the men in front could realise what had happened. There remains one feat which deserves a special mention—the gallant defence of a gun and some mules loaded with Gatling ammunition by Private T. Edwards of the "Black Watch" single-handed, the naval officer and blue-jacket in charge of the gun having been disabled by the enemy. Edwards fought splendidly against a dozen Soudanese, and succeeded in retreating safely with the ammunition. His achievement won him the Victoria Cross.

At half-past ten Graham re-formed his troops preparatory to advancing on the wells of Tamai, about three miles from the battlefield, the capture of which was the immediate object of the expedition. Parties of the enemy were visible on all points of the horizon, equally loth, as at El-Teb, to quit the spot where they had maintained such a gallant struggle. When after a short rest the troops resumed their advance, the enemy gathered again, and it seemed as if they intended to renew the battle.

A halt was ordered, and the guns opened fire on the distant foe. The latter attempted to reply with their rifles, but the distance was too great. The gunners continuing to shell the



ADMIRAL HEWITT.

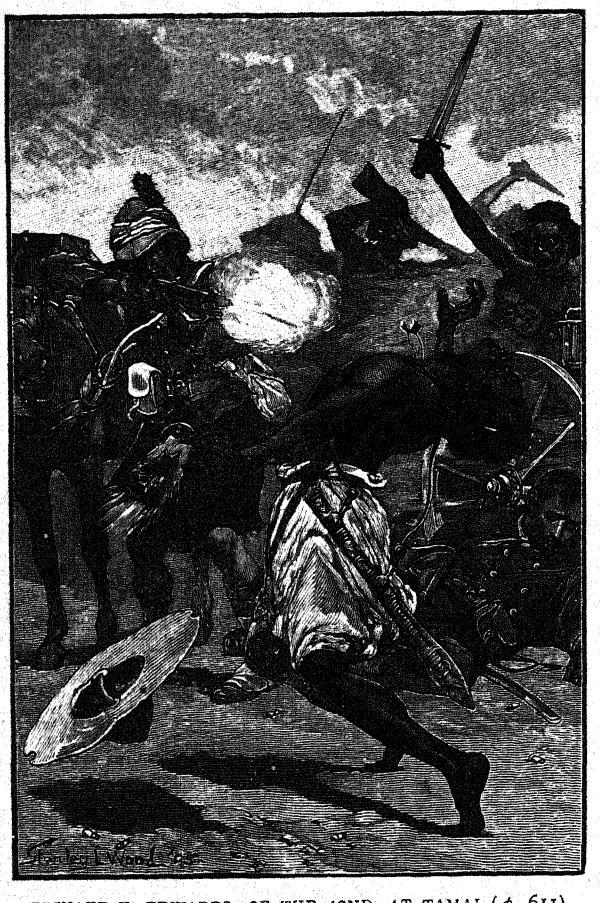
enemy with neat precision, the troops soon had the satisfaction of seeing the hostile groups break up and disperse, the greater part taking to the hills. Ere long a few scattered bodies of retreating Arabs were the sole remains of the forces with which Osman Digna had so confidently awaited an attack.

While Davis's sorely battered brigade returned to the zereba, where it had spent the night, Buller's force remained behind to destroy the camp of Osman, who, by the way, had only watched the battle from a distance, and on seeing that his forces were beaten, had retreated to some holy spot among the hills to pray for the success of his tribe. From this secure elevation the rebel chief could lift up his eyes and behold the towering flames and volumes of smoke which indicated the complete annihilation of all his encampment—tents, huts, and stores—and the reduction of all his glory, all his worldly goods, to dust and vapour.

Two of his standards were preserved by Buller

as a trophy of the crushing victory which had been won, but it had only been won at the cost of 5 British officers and 104 men killed, with 8 officers and 104 men wounded. On the other hand the Arab loss was considerably over 2,000 killed, not to speak of wounded. Six hundred bodies were counted at the spot where the square was broken, and where the united brigades had advanced they lay in heaps. Alongside of them were the skeletons of the Nubian regiment annihilated three months previously, and now terribly avenged.

At the zereba, near the battlefield, a dismal night was passed. The air was full of melancholy sounds. First there were the low moanings of wounded men and animals; then came the volleys fired over the dead, who were buried near the camp; then, later on, parties of Arabs could be seen in the moonlight, wandering over the field, and giving vent to the most heartrending cries of grief as they came across the heaps of dead and dying. These sounds continued all night long, with scarce a minute's interruption, but in the morning none of the enemy were visible, all having dispersed before daybreak.

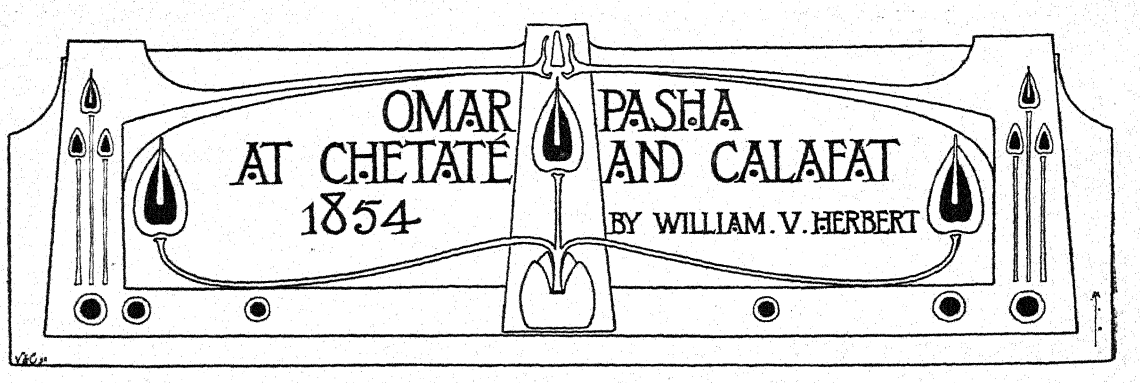


PRIVATE T. EDWARDS, OF THE 42ND, AT TAMAI (*p.* 611).

As the Governor of Suakim, Admiral Hewitt issued a proclamation offering 5,000 dollars for the body, dead or alive, of "the rebel Osman the murderer," but as this gave great offence in certain sentimental quarters in England, it was withdrawn. By Osman and his sheikhs, on the other hand, it was treated less with indignation than contempt, so that Graham resolved to make one more attempt to bring to bay the still defiant lieutenant of the Mahdi. With this intent he advanced to the village of Tamanieb, but after some desultory firing it was evacuated by the enemy, Osman the Ugly stealing away to the mountains and leaving all the honours of the situation to the gallant Graham.

The campaign was at an end, and Graham's troops were now wanted for those operations on the Nile to relieve Gordon which have already formed the subject of three separate articles.

But yet another will be necessary to describe the fights at Hasheen and MacNeil's zereba near Suakim, after the failure to relieve Khartoum in the following spring, when the hordes of Osman Digna once more sought to brave the force of British bayonets.



IN the years 1829 to 1834, when Hussein, the blood-stained exterminator of the Janissaries, of European notoriety, was Pasha of Widdin, there lived in the latter town an obscure personage, a fugitive foreigner from across the Croatian border, a deserter from the Austrian army, a convert to Islam, who was known to the townspeople by the assumed name of Omar, and the additional courtesy-title of Effendi, his real name, known to none, being Michael Lattas. He earned a precarious living as clerk to the pasha aforesaid, with which despised office he combined the even humbler one of teacher to his master's children of the rudiments of history and geography, and of an elementary knowledge of Italian and German. He made a little "overtime" (not much, for the grim pasha was a hard taskmaster) by writing the letters of illiterate persons.

A strange person was this Omar Effendi—taciturn, coarse, unsociable, uncouth, shabby, and always in pecuniary difficulties; a young man (he was not twenty-three years yet when he first came to Widdin) with the demeanour of a sexagenarian. He was not married, and seemingly desired not to be; for never did he cast amorous eyes on any one of the many fair maidens of the town—the so-called "Spanish" Jewesses, the Bulgarians, the Roumanians—whose beauty was renowned throughout the country. He had no friends, and never tried to make any; he lived for himself and by himself, books being his only companions—records of wars and great deeds, which he begged or borrowed of the wealthy Greek and Armenian traders, if he could not obtain them in the public library of the town, the creation of Pasvan Oglu, the last of the great Janissary leaders. To his master he was useful in many ways: he spoke Turkish without the trace of an accent, knew the tongue of the despised Rayahs and several Western idioms, and, by means of a very fair education, was clerk, interpreter, secretary, translator, business-man, and steward all rolled into one. An intelligent observer—there were not many in Widdin—must have gained the impression that this mysterious young man was suppressing himself. Such was the case. He played a waiting game, and, being endowed with stupendous latent power, could rise grandly to the occasion when such a one proffered itself.

But before this occurred, some more years of degradation and adversity had to be gone through. In 1834 Omar left the town, in the middle of the night, to many clamouring creditors' disappointment, his only possessions in the wide world being a small bundle, a few silver coins, and a letter of recommendation from his master—who favoured his plans—to the Seraskier of Stamboul. He partly tramped, partly worked his way as a carter, to the capital, the El Dorado of many an adventurer whom the Occident had cast out.

Now there was at that time—and there is, in a smaller degree, now—no place in the world so paved with gold to a man of abundant energy and a conveniently small dose of scrupulousness as Constantinople. Granted that you possess a knowledge of two or three European languages, can read and write Turkish, possess latent power, strength of purpose, and an individuality of your own, employment by Government and quick advancement are certain, if only you know how to make yourself agreeable, and understand the art of closing your eyes and keeping your mouth shut when occasion requires it. In 1834 Omar was clerk in the Seraskierat; in 1835 teacher of writing to the Sultan's eldest son, with the honorary title of captain. In 1837 he exchanged the reed for the sword and entered active service, having already

had a few years' military training in the battalion of Austrian frontier-guards which he had left in disgrace. In 1839 he fought under the eyes of Moltke in the disastrous battle of Nisib against the Egyptians; and later in the same year he, then a colonel, established his fame by his victory at Beksaya in Syria. Thenceforth his promotion was rapid, and his warlike experience manifold. There is no necessity to enumerate either; suffice it to say that when in October, 1853, the ninth Russo-Turkish war broke out, which was so soon to develop into a European struggle of hugest dimensions and unequalled horrors, known to history as the Crimean War, Omar, then forty-seven years old, was appointed commander-in-chief of the Ottoman forces in Europe, with the rank of Mushir or marshal, the highest military grade of the Empire.

Twenty years after the despised Omar Effendi, literary hack and absconding debtor, had sneaked out of the Plevna Gate of Widdin's fortifications like a thief by night, the far-famed soldier Omar Pasha, the hope of the Ottoman nation in the impending struggle, made his state entry by the same gate, with pride, pomp, and circumstance, surrounded by a brilliant staff, escorted by a gallant cavalcade, acclaimed by the populace, greeted by the "*Selam dur*" ("Present arms!") of Turkey's best battalions. An hour after his arrival he went to pray, ostentatiously, at the grave of his former master and the founder of his fortune, Hussein Pasha, now dead six years; and towards dusk on the same day (17th October, 1853) a brigade with several batteries occupied the large island situated between Widdin and Calafat, roughly fortified it, and pitched camp there.

The die was cast, and it was Omar who had boldly thrown it. Russia had not complied with Turkey's reasonable and moderate demand for the evacuation of the Danube Principalities, at that time the latter's undisputed property, and the high-handed Mushir, who had addressed a solicitation to that effect to Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian commander-in-chief, then in Bucharest, had anticipated by six days the grace which the young Sultan, Abdul Medjid, Omar's former pupil and actual patron, had accorded to the Czar Nicholas I.

The Turks had taken the precaution to concentrate a large corps (20,000 men with 40 guns, not counting the stationary ordnance, and 5,000 irregular horsemen) in and around Widdin during September and October. The Russian detachment destined to operate in this quarter was commanded by General Fischbach, consisted in the beginning of only one division, with its complement of cavalry and artillery, and was, at the commencement of hostilities, still quartered, with the bulk of the Russian forces, in and near Bucharest, whence it sallied forth on the 25th October towards Crayova.

At that time Calafat was rather a strong place. It had a complete semicircle of redoubts, trenches, and ditches flooded with Danube water, many of which dated from the campaign of 1790, when the Austrians had stormed and captured them. A pontoon-bridge connected the place (then a village, but both more extended and more populous as a village than to-day as a town, counting some 4,000 inhabitants) with the large Danube island; another, between the latter and Widdin, provided with a closable aperture for passing vessels, completed the communication. The total length of the two bridges was 2,200 yards; that of the communication from shore to shore was close on 3,000 yards. The Roumanian bridge-head was situate three miles south of the present site of the town, but well within the Calafat fortifications; the Turkish lay within Widdin's inner *enceinte*.

On the 23rd October the respite elapsed, and the Sultan's decree of war became absolute. Four days later the general of division, Ismael Pasha—hitherto commander of Widdin, but now subject to Omar and to the latter's adjutant, friend, and factotum, Ahmed Pasha, a Vienna-trained man—crossed over to Calafat with twelve battalions and some artillery, and on the morrow the Turks were in full and undisputed possession of the place, which, well equipped and fortified, strongly armed and manned, and ably commanded, was to give the ruthless invader such an amount of trouble as nobody in Europe had foreseen or suspected. A day later Omar took up his residence in Calafat, but Widdin continued to be the base and centre of operations, the *vis-à-vis* being merely the fortified bridge-head of the larger town. Ceaselessly Omar and Ahmed added to and strengthened the defences of Calafat, having in their service several trained Austrian and Polish engineers.

"If the mountain will not come to Muhamed, Muhamed must go to the mountain," thought the restless Omar. The enemy seemed inclined to allow him undisturbed possession of the dirty Wallachian village; so he went forth to seek and beat him.

Leaving Ahmed in command of Calafat, he travelled post-haste to Turtukai, a fortified little town on the right bank of the Danube, half-way

between Rustchuk and Silistria. He arrived on the 2nd November, and two days later he had fought and won the battle of Oltenitza, the first encounter in the war. This accomplished, he returned with the same speed to Calafat.

Here, during November and December, more troops were concentrated, and with the new year Omar counted on this spot 25,000 regulars, 10,000 irregular cavalry, and 50 field-guns. The defences of Calafat, having been extended to a semicircle with a radius of over three miles, had been strengthened in such a manner that the town, supported as it was by Widdin with its heavy ordnance and huge stores, was practically impregnable. And such the Russians found it when, at the reiterated command of their exasperated Czar, they made that series of futile attempts on the place, extending over a period of nearly five months, which is known to history by the somewhat misleading name of the Siege of Calafat, and which was inaugurated by the battle of Chetaté, on the 6th January, 1854, the subject proper of this memoir.

The action of Oltenitza had already made a great stir in Europe, and placed Omar Pasha's name on everybody's lips; the fight of Chetaté aroused the whole newspaper-reading world to the highest pitch of excitement and enthusiasm. Owing, however, to the total lack of impartial onlookers in this quarter, the versions which have reached the Western public are garbled, exaggerated, and misleading; even to this day the historians give each other the lie direct. I cannot do better than record the details of the action as I collected them on the spot. I had speech in Widdin in 1877 with participators and eye-witnesses, and with many citizens who were old enough to remember the events of twenty-three years ago. The following is, in substance, the account which I gathered as the harvest of my investigations:—

To commence with, Chetaté was at that time a large, straggling, dirty, poverty-stricken village of Little Wallachia, situate on the left bank of the Danube, about nine miles upwards of Calafat, and eighteen miles below the Timok mouth. It consisted of a single street over a mile long, and counted some 1,200 inhabitants (a populous place for that part of the world), mostly Wallachian fishermen and petty farmers of the poorest class, with a small sprinkling of Turks. The surroundings are flat, green, and fertile, but so sparsely inhabited as to be almost a wilderness, even at the present day. There was at that time no direct communication, not even track or path, between Calafat and Chetaté; the road led *viâ* Golentzé, a *détour* of ten miles or more.

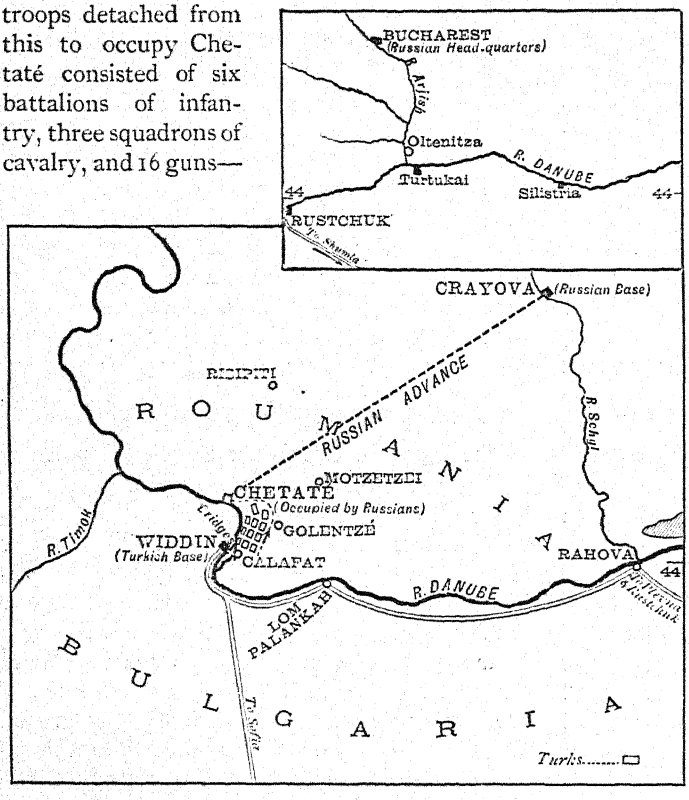
It was late at night on the 5th January when the outposts of irregular cavalry brought into Calafat, *ventre-à-terre*, the astounding and wholly unexpected news of the occupation of Chetaté by the Russians, who were supposed to be still in Crayova, fifty miles to the north-east. Omar Pasha, who happened to be in Calafat, called at once a meeting of his principal officers, and an expedition for the early morrow was decided upon.

This was to be twofold. A force of 1,000, mostly regular infantry, with a few guns of light calibre, set out from Widdin before the 6th January had dawned, in craft which the far-seeing Mushir had caused to be got ready some time before, equipped with oars and Danube experts in the persons of local fishermen. There were some fifty of these boats and barges, and they rowed slowly upstream in the cold grey dawn of a bitter winter day. An hour later—in time to keep tryst with the river force—three battalions of infantry, 2,000 irregular cavalry, and three field-batteries of six guns each, started from Calafat along the river meadows.

The force in the boats was led by Ismael Pasha, the land force by Ahmed Pasha, who, being also commander-in-chief of the undertaking, deserves to survive to posterity as Victor of Chetaté. Omar himself followed at a march-hour's distance with a strong reserve of regular cavalry, and a battery of light guns. With Ahmed's detachment was a body of Polish and Hungarian volunteers, led by two noblemen of the former nationality, named Constantin von Yacoubowski (Yakub Bey) and the Count Alexander Illinski (Iskender Bey), while the large horde of irregular cavalry was officered by Ishmahil, a notorious Circassian chief. The artillery was under the command of an English adventurer by name Samuel Morris (Moussa Bey), who was popularly supposed to be a deserter from the British army, and who proved himself to be a clever, capable, and courageous leader. The following men—all, like those already mentioned, conspicuous characters in the peninsula at that time—also took part in the fighting on the Turkish side:—Halim Pasha, to be mentioned hereafter; Sami Pasha, the civil governor of Widdin, the well-known advocate of an alliance between Turkey, England, and France, who later brought his powerful influence to bear upon the Sultan in this direction; two Austrian military engineers, Holzwege and Teutsch; and

lastly, a renowned Kurdish chief and warrior named Iskendjer, who, having been captured by Omar Pasha some years before, and, at the instigation of England, banished to the Danube swamps to atone for countless atrocities committed upon the Armenians, asked, and was allowed, to take part in the fighting.

The Russian force then in possession of Crayova was composed of two divisions (23,000 men) with 48 guns, and was commanded by General Anrep. The troops detached from this to occupy Chetaté consisted of six battalions of infantry, three squadrons of cavalry, and 16 guns—



about 6,000 men; the Turkish force which came into action had about the same strength. The Russian leader at Chetaté was General Fischbach.

The appointment was admirably kept by the two separate Turkish forces, and the plan to surprise the enemy succeeded completely. Hardly had the river force landed unperceived and commenced to attack the village on that side, when the land force arrived and assailed at once impetuously on the other. Most of the Russians were still resting in the houses from the exertion and the fatigue of the previous day's exhausting march from Crayova, when the first shots exchanged between the *têtes* of the Turkish columns and the sleepy sentries, posted at both ends of the village, alarmed them. Many of the soldiers took part half-dressed in the ferocious fighting that ensued. The open ends of the street had been hastily barricaded and entrenched the evening before; but what the Russians trusted most to for protection against surprise was the river on one side and a large pond with some swamps on the other. Both these natural defences turned out to be imaginary; for as to the former, we have seen that the Turks utilised it for transport, and as to the latter, the obstacles were successfully circumvented.

The struggle was of the most desperate description. Hardly ever has action exhibited greater personal bravery of either combatant. As if conscious that the eyes of Europe were upon them—which, indeed they were—both sides fought ferociously, and the result was simply murderous. Each house, hovel, and shed was converted into a fortress and staunchly defended; each foot of ground was contested. In the end the Turks were left masters of the village, having carried it almost entirely at the point of the bayonet. The action, which had commenced at about an hour after daybreak—that is, at 9 a.m.—was over shortly after noon, and the surviving Russians fled hastily across country north-eastward, leaving two guns in the hands of the enemy and nearly one-half of their force, dead or dying, on the ground and in the burning houses. So desperate had the fighting been that the Russians lost all the horses and almost all the men of their two batteries; the guns had to be served by infantry and removed by Cossacks. That fourteen pieces out of sixteen were saved in the turmoil and confusion of such a defeat is to their credit.

The Turks had lost 1,000, the Russians 3,000 men in killed and wounded; thus the casualties amounted to 25 per cent. of the forces actually engaged. The former had taken many hundreds of wounded prisoners: what they did with them is not recorded. The village was almost destroyed by fire, and it is to be feared that many disabled men of both nationalities perished in the flames.

The weather on this day, as well on the three fighting days that were to follow, was

bitterly cold, with the peculiar icy north wind of the Bulgarian winter ; the ground was soaked by many weeks of incessant rain, and although snow and slush came down at intervals, the frost was not sufficiently severe to create a hard crust on the ground, which latter is always preferable for fighting purposes.

As in almost all the countless victories which the arms of the Crescent have won in the course of five centuries, pursuit of the beaten enemy by the Turks was sad to seek. That means, the victory was not utilised, and might as well have been non-existent for all the difference it made in the progress of the campaign. This is the more astonishing in the case of Chetaté, as Omar disposed of a splendid body of horsemen, greatly exceeding that of the Russians at Crayova in numbers.

That there was not even the faintest attempt or semblance of a pursuit is made manifest by the fact that on each of the three following days (7th, 8th, 9th January) the Russians sent large detachments from Crayova for the purpose of recovering Chetaté—first a fresh brigade, then an entire division, and finally almost the whole of Anrep's corps. But the Turks clung to their newly acquired possession with all the obstinacy which is their distinguishing characteristic in warfare, and the Russians were beaten off each time. The Turks lost another thousand men, the Russians nearly double that number. Thus the four days' fighting at Chetaté (which was said to have exasperated the Czar in no small degree) involved a total loss in life and limb of 6,000 human beings, the aggregate of fighters actually engaged having been below 25,000.

In Turkey the four days' battle of Chetaté made an enormous sensation, and Widdin celebrated the victor of the first field-day, Ahmed Pasha, by building a huge mosque and dedicating it to him in naming it Ahmed Djami.

To such an extent grew Omar Pasha's popularity in Europe, that countless volunteers of all nationalities flocked to Widdin to join his banners. Wherever there was an adventurer, a runaway, a social outcast, a *blasé*, any man with a love of fighting and no other opportunity for exercising it—Austrians, Germans, Italians, French, or English (for these events happened three months before the consummation of the French-English-Turkish alliance)—he found it incumbent upon him to link his fate to that of the now famous renegade. For at that time Russia was heartily disliked by all countries and peoples, and her Czar, Nicholas I., was held in particular execration, although whether rightly or wrongly cannot here be determined.

We have now arrived at the second portion of our subject—the struggle for Calafat, January to May, 1854.

It has already been intimated that the Calafat of 1854 was a very different place from the clean and sober European town which I was to behold in the year of war 1877, when it was quite a modern creation, built on the site of the historic objective of many a sanguinary struggle. That which Omar's force defended so bravely was a long, extended, squalid, poverty-



OMAR PASHA.

stricken Wallachian village, of which no trace remains at the present day. The strategical importance of this place, considered by itself, was *nil;* but in conjunction with its neighbour across the road, the impregnable fortress of Widdin, it was of enormous value to both belligerents, since the latter city was the key to the Danube and the door which barred the two great roads into the heart of the country—that to Sofia in the south and the other to Rustchuk in the east. Widdin was a thriving town of 12,000 inhabitants, three-fourths of whom were Christian Bulgarians. But the sympathy of the latter, from causes which can find no space in the present narrative, was wholly with their Turkish masters throughout that war. Widdin had two concentric lines of fortification on the land side and many gun-spiked quays on the river-banks, was armed with some 400 guns of heaviest calibre, held huge warlike stores of every

description, was in easy and uninterrupted communication with the heart of the country, and was altogether a most formidable foe to tackle. In the campaigns of 1737 and 1790 against the Austrians, and in that of 1828 and in 1829 against the Russians, it had stood unconquered, although in 1790 and 1828 the enemy had possessed himself of the bridge-head, Calafat. In conjunction with the latter it was impregnable, which fact Omar Pasha recognised with his wonderful gift of mental farsight (hence his determination to retain Calafat at any cost), and which the Turkish wirepullers would have done well to remember in the later war—that of 1877.

General Anrep received reinforcements from Bucharest shortly after the disaster of Chetaté, and, having in the first instance concentrated his forces (three divisions, with a large body of Cossacks and other cavalry, and 100 pieces of artillery) in Crayova, he moved slowly up to Calafat. The Turks, too, were reinforced from Sofia, and counted presently 35,000 men—about 5,000 less than their opponents.

A number of minor actions were fought in this district during January and February, 1854 (at Golentzé, Motzetzei, Risipiti, Chiupercheni, and other places), all of which were more or less successful for the Turkish arms; nevertheless, the Russian belt of investment approached and pressed hard upon Calafat. The Turks had to abandon the outlying positions (among them Chetaté) and concentrate their strength. Soon (middle of February) the place was surrounded by a semicircle of entrenched Russian bivouacs, concentric with that of its fortifications.

Omar Pasha, by virtue of his office as commander-in-chief, found it impossible to devote himself to the details of the defence of the now practically invested Calafat (or, rather, semi-invested, for the communication with Widdin remained open), and he ceded the conduct of operations to his bosom friend, Ahmed Pasha, continuing to reside, however, for the greater part of the winter in Widdin, which he considered, erroneously, to be the objective of the enemy's movements in the principalities.

All through the winter and the spring the senseless struggle for Calafat dragged its weary length. The stubborn Turks yielded not an inch of ground, and both sides suffered severely from cold, exposure, privations, and disease. Ahmed, although at that time probably the most highly educated officer of the Ottoman army, was not so resolute in his sallies and sorties as the rabble wished: ugly and persistent, though quite unfounded, whispers of corruption made themselves heard. Omar, responding to popular clamour, replaced him by the less-educated but more dashing Halim Pasha, Ahmed retaining, however, the command of the artillery and the engineering operations. This compromise worked well. Instigated by the constant pressure emanating from the vain, ambitious, and energetic Omar—whose European reputation was at stake, and who knew his person to be the focus of the eyes of the newspaper-reading world—driven also by the lash of an acclaiming and presumptuous populace, the two leaders, in command of brave and spirited troops, harassed the enemy to such an extent by frequent petty sallies—although after Chetaté only one action worthy of the name was fought, outside Calafat on April 19th—that the Russians had sacrificed over 20,000 men (nearly half of their number) by death or disablement from shot or disease, before they finally (in May, 1854) gave up all attempts to capture Calafat. But the Turks, too, had lost severely: their defence cost them, from first to last, 12,000 men—a third of their strength.

The Englishman, Morris, was badly wounded in the action of April 19th, and was brought to Widdin, where he died a few weeks later. The Turks, with whom he had been *persona grata*, caused him to buried in one of the *intra-muros* cemeteries (recently demolished), where his grave was shown to me in 1877. A crude stone slab, erected—so I was told—by Sami Pasha, a sworn Anglophile, exhibited the following extraordinary epitaph—

SAM MORRIS
KAPITAIN OF ARTILRIE
30 *year old*
FELL IN BATAILLE
AT
KALAFATU
AVRIL MDCCCLIV,

with the addition of a Turkish sentence, which, translated, ran thus—

"He loved, but death came."

Vividly I recall the impression of sadness and utter desolation which the fertile desuetude of that lonely graveyard, the curt testimony of that neglected tomb, wrought upon my youthful fancy. Who was he that died in a foreign land, fighting for an alien race, and what tragedy is so imperfectly indicated by that forgotten grave?

The gun-spiked quays on their own shore, all cleverly utilised; the well-fortified islands; the threatening ordnance of Widdin; the con-

viction — constantly demonstrated — that the harder nut to crack awaited them on the other side of the river, induced the Russians to abstain from a general assault on the Calafat position. And if such a one had been undertaken and had succeeded—*cui bono?* The ease to swing a pound weight does not presuppose the ability of lifting a hundredweight. It would have required a stronger force, and a better, than that which Generals Anrep and Fischbach commanded to carry Widdin.

If the reader will reflect upon the *locale* of this struggle — the defenders but a bridge-length removed from their base, which was in uninterrupted communication with the interior of the empire, the assailants operating hundreds of miles away from their stores in an ill-cultivated, sparsely populated, alien country—he will perceive the uselessness of this "siege," will understand its failure, and grasp the difficulties the beleaguers had to contend against. As a matter of fact, Calafat could never have been besieged—in the proper sense of the word—as long as Widdin stood unconquered.

For the Turks the episode was highly creditable, and Omar Pasha became one of the most popular men of the day, in the Orient as well as in the Occident. But a great deal of bombast and arrant nonsense was written anent both man and event—for and against—in the contemporary press, as also by later chroniclers; and to the historian it is extremely puzzling to find the truth that lies midway. I have endeavoured to hold the balance of contradictory records, and have soberly stated events as the result of my researches, my discrimination applied thereto, and information locally collected have painted them to me.

In May General Anrep withdrew his forces from the neighbourhood of Calafat and retreated on Bucharest, leaving Fischbach and his division in observation at Crayova. On the 15th of June the bulk of Omar Pasha's Widdin army commenced its eastern march to help to defend Silistria against its besiegers.

Ismael Pasha was left in Widdin and Calafat, having 6,000 men (half of them irregulars) to hold the towns against a renewal of the enemy's attack. But none was undertaken, and in this quarter operations were at an end. Soon afterwards the Russians evacuated the principalities, retreating before the Austrian occupation. Calafat received a small Austrian garrison, which was not withdrawn until after the peace (1856).

Omar Pasha had already in April gone to Shumla to hold a consultation with the French and English commanders, and Widdin knew him no more. By clever concentration of troops he effected the raising of the siege of Silistria, and by allowing the Russians unchallenged possession of the fever-haunted Dobrudcha swamps he inflicted upon them losses more severe than pitched battles would have had in their train, without the cost of a single life to his own army. When the Russians retreated he followed them to Bucharest.

The theatre of war was shifted to the Crimea, and Omar commanded the Turkish troops which accompanied the allied armies. He led his forces to victory in the battle of Eupatoria (March 21st, 1855), and assisted in the siege of Sebastopol. When this town had fallen (September 8th, 1855) he repaired to Batum in Asia, and commanded the corps sent for the relief of beleaguered Kars, but was not in time, through which fact he incurred, momentarily, the imperial displeasure. That fortress succumbed to the Russians (November 27th, 1855), who, their military honour being now vindicated, were ready to listen to pacific proposals, and lay aside their battered arms. The treaty of Paris (March 30th, 1856) put an end to the useless war. But it terminated not the military career of the Renegade of Widdin, who was destined to employ his courage, prowess, and cruelty in the interests of the Crescent for eleven years longer, chiefly in the congenial task of quelling the rebellions of his former co-religionists. But in 1867, having been unsuccessful in suppressing the revolt of the Cretan Christians, in spite of merciless rigour, he was compelled to retire from active service. The imperial ill-will did not last long. He died in Stamboul in 1871, at the age of sixty-five, in possession of wealth, honours, world-wide fame, and his sovereign's fullest favour.

That the Renegade of Widdin was a great general cannot, in the face of history, be doubted. But personally he was not an amiable or even estimable man, being, indeed, unscrupulous, brutal, and ruthless to a degree, fond of inflicting pain, innocent of even the faintest vestige of love, pity, or humanity. Next to cruelty greed was his ruling passion. He was also hypocritical, licentious, and not free from the old Ottoman taint—sowing corruption. Many traits in his sordid character, many deeds of his heavy hand, many events in his stormy career, are best forgotten.



THE important part played by Lucknow in the course of the great revolt was long and sustained, and after the fall of Delhi it became the centre and focus of the struggle. The magnificent defence of the beleaguered garrison attracted towards it the mutinous regiments from a wide district. The hosts that gathered there were swollen by the addition of large numbers of those who escaped from Delhi, and as there the mutiny received almost its first check, it was there that it met with its crushing and decisive blow. The great military drama was naturally divided into four acts—the defence, the relief, the rescue, and the revenge. The defence has already been told of in these pages, but no less thrilling and absorbing, and equally illustrative of our national qualities of courage, energy, and dogged resolution, was the first of the three advances to Lucknow—that led by Havelock and Outram—which was, indeed, of the nature of a forlorn hope. It was a desperate attempt to aid the sorely pressed garrison. The end was very nigh when, on the 25th of September, Havelock's troops—a mere handful—made their way through a tempest of fire from the bridge over the canal through the streets of the city to the gates of the Residency.

Had they arrived a few days later they might have found but a heap of ruins and the bodies of those who had so long and sternly defended them. Even when the end was attained it was a relief and not a rescue; for although now the garrison was strong enough to defend itself from attack, it was far too weak to fight its way back, with a crowd of women and children, through the circle of foes.

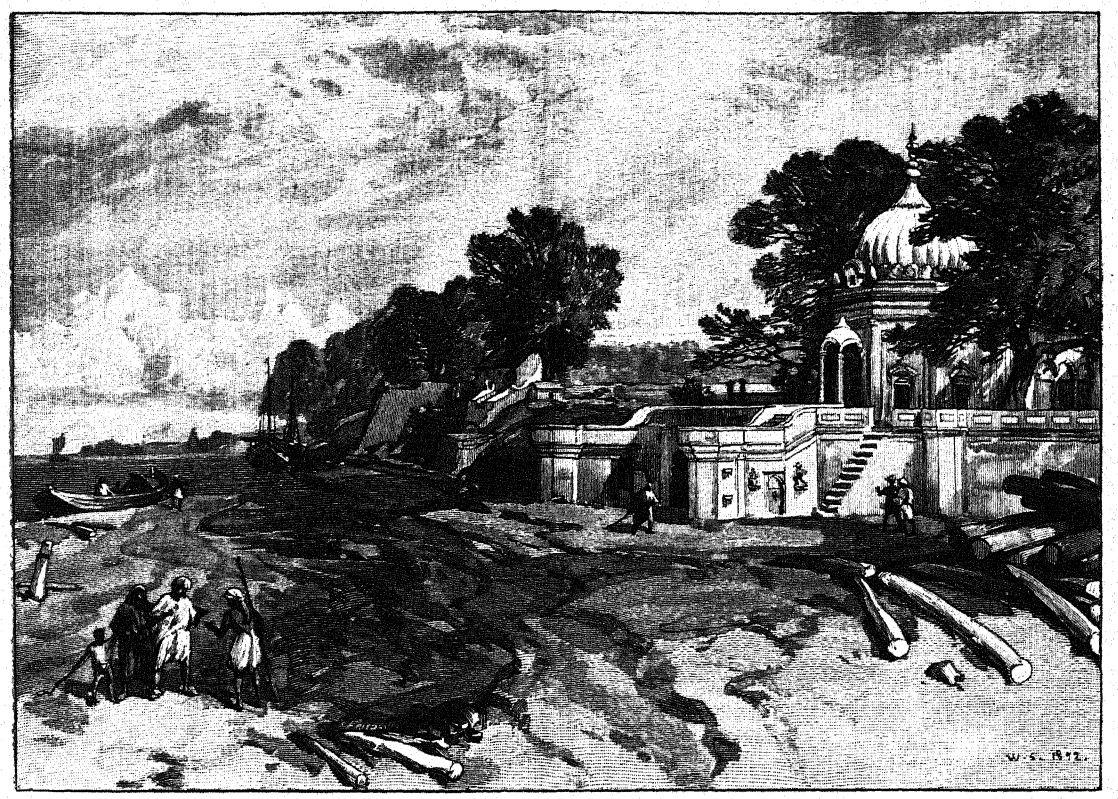
The second advance—that in November—was still too weak to crush the immense force of mutinous Sepoys and of fighting-men of Oude, but strong enough to inflict terrible punishment upon them as it fought its way through the line of palaces to the Residency and carried off the original garrison and the force that had relieved it.

Then for a time Lucknow remained in the hands of the Sepoys, and there was silence where for so many months, night and day, rifles had cracked and cannon roared. The mutineers held possession of the Residency, but it was but an empty triumph, for their victims had escaped them, and in exchange for thousands of lives they had gained but a heap of ruins. Then came a pause, and for four months the rebel host lay sullen and silent while the storm gathered at a distance. They knew now that their dreams of expelling the British from India were at an end, that the army that had proved itself well-nigh invincible when led by British officers, and which had rivalled British regiments in gallantry, was unable, however superior in numbers, under its native officers, to stand for a moment against British troops; and the expectation of triumph had been succeeded by that of despair, by the knowledge that the day of retribution was slowly yet surely approaching, and that the next time a British army advanced it would be to punish and destroy. All energy, all enterprise, had left them; leaders they had none; and although their numbers were vast, they made no single attempt to utilise them, but remained sullenly waiting the coming of the end. That end was not so complete nor so final as it should have been. Owing to some error of direction, some failure to understand instructions, a way was left open for a retreat, but although great numbers escaped, it was no longer an army but a host of fugitives dispirited and despairing; and there remained only the task of hunting down in detail those who still clung together, although by far the greater number threw away their arms and uniforms and sought their native

villages, and so escaped the fate that fell upon all who resisted.

The force with which Havelock started from Allahabad with the object of saving the women and children, the sole survivors of the massacres at Cawnpore, of punishing the army of revolted Sepoys there and the treacherous Rajah of Bithoor, and of then pushing forward to the relief of the garrison of Lucknow, was totally inadequate to the tremendous task that it had was scarcely less heroic to undertake such an enterprise than to achieve it.

But the general knew that each man of the force was animated by a spirit that multiplied indefinitely his fighting power and made him unconquerable. It was not merely the sense of duty, the determination to win or to die, nor the natural pugnacity of the race that alone inspired the troops; each man burned with an overpowering hatred of the enemy, a fierce desire for



THE SLAUGHTER GHAT, CAWNPORE.

set itself. At Cawnpore were some 10,000 Sepoys, besides the large and turbulent population of the town. At Lucknow was a still larger Sepoy force and no small portion of the fighting-men of Oude. As yet Delhi was uncaptured. A little British force with difficulty held their position on the ridge near the city. The confidence of the Sepoys was unbroken, and they still looked to assured victory over the handfuls of white troops that could be brought to oppose them. The total force under Havelock's command was less than 1,400 British troops with eight guns and 450 Sikhs—a force so disproportionate to that of the enemy that it revenge for the acts of treachery and atrocity that they had committed; and no one reckoned his own life as aught so that the work of revenge and of rescue could but be accomplished.

On the 12th of July, 1857, they first met the enemy at Futtehpore—1,500 Sepoys, 1,500 Oude tribesmen, and 500 rebel cavalry with twelve guns—strongly posted in a position that could only be approached by a road through a swamp. The British column had marched twenty-four miles without resting or eating when the enemy opened fire and forced on an engagement; but hunger and thirst and heat were forgotten when the order was given to advance, and without a

check the British troops forced their way knee-deep through the swamp, drove the rebels before them like chaff before the wind, and took Futtehpore, where the enemy endeavoured to make a stand.

With a rush the twelve guns were captured, and the victory won without the loss of a single man killed, although twelve fell dead from sunstroke during the fight. After a day's rest the troops went on again, and the next day found the enemy entrenched at Dong. This time they were much more numerous than before, and fought stubbornly; however, they were driven back, and two of their guns captured. As Havelock had no cavalry, the fugitives reached the bridge at Pandoo, where heavy guns had been placed in position to sweep the bridge, and another strong force was gathered. The shrapnel shells of the artillery silenced their heavy guns, the steady fire of the Madras Fusiliers demoralised their infantry, and when the troops rushed across the bridge, the enemy, massed to defend it, lost heart and fled. The next morning the column marched fourteen miles, halted, and cooked their food; then in the heat of the day they advanced again, and were soon engaged hotly. Nowhere throughout the war did the Sepoys fight more obstinately than here, and, though position after position was carried by the bayonet, it was not until after five hours' fighting that resistance ceased, and just as night fell, after a twenty-two miles march and a fight under a tremendous sun and defeating 11,000 of the enemy, the troops reached the parade ground at Cawnpore.

The next morning the enemy blew up the magazine and retreated, and the troops learned that they had arrived too late, and that the whole of the women and children, the survivors of Cawnpore with seventy or eighty other fugitives from Futtehgur, had been massacred in cold blood. The terrible news raised the fury of the troops to boiling-point, and thenceforth no quarter was given, no prisoner taken. On the third day after their arrival at Cawnpore they received a reinforcement of 220 men of the 84th under General Neil, who had hurried forward in bullock-carts, and these filled up the vacancies that had been made by disease, sunstroke, and battle; but in view of the ever-increasing stubbornness of the enemy's resistance and the fact that large forces of Oude irregulars with many guns were gathered to dispute every foot of the way, it was impossible for Havelock with but 1,800 men to fight his way to Lucknow and penetrate a great city held by a very powerful force; moreover, it would be necessary to leave at least a third of the little army to hold Cawnpore.

Receiving some reinforcements, however, they crossed the Ganges, but were met with a desperate resistance. Every village was fortified and obstinately defended. The country swarmed with the enemy's skirmishers; and although in every instance the troops defeated their assailants, it very soon became evident that success could not possibly be attained until they were largely reinforced; and therefore they fell back to Cawnpore, where their ranks were further thinned by an outbreak of cholera, and in a short time, owing to overwork and sickness, there were seventeen officers and 466 men on the sick-list. It was not until two months after the column had left Allahabad that the reinforcement so urgently required arrived. It consisted of 1,700 troops under General Outram. On September 20th the force, now amounting to 2,700 men, with seventeen guns and a few volunteer cavalry, again advanced, and, sweeping aside all opposition, reached the Alumbagh, a country palace surrounded by a high wall, situated within three miles of Lucknow. The enemy here were routed, and, leaving the sick and wounded, the baggage and animals, in the palace enclosure, with 300 men to protect them, the main body of the force, after two days' rest, advanced on the 25th to the relief of the Residency. Driving the enemy through a succession of gardens and walled enclosures, they arrived at a bridge over the canal. The direct road to the Residency was known to be cut up by trenches and defended by palisades and loopholed walls; they therefore kept along for some distance on the banks of the canal, exposed to a heavy artillery fire.

Crossing a bridge, they fought their way through the streets, under a terrible fire from window, roof, and loopholed walls. Darkness was already falling when the serious fighting began; and it is probable that this saved the gallant force from annihilation. It was late in the evening before the head of the column reached the entrance to the Residency. The greater portion of the troops had to maintain themselves in the positions they held all night; but at daybreak they made their way, with the wounded and guns, into entrenchments, having lost in killed and wounded 464 officers and men, being fully a fourth of their number. Their arrival placed the Residency beyond risk of capture. Fortunately, the supply of grain there

was sufficient for all now assembled there; but it was evidently beyond their power to retire from the position that they had won.

Six weeks after Havelock advanced across the Ganges, the rescuing column, under Sir Colin Campbell, consisting of 2,700 infantry, 700 cavalry, Captain Peel's 8 naval guns, 16 field-guns, and a heavy field-battery—in all about 5,000 men—advanced from Cawnpore, and reached the Alumbagh on the 10th of November without serious opposition.

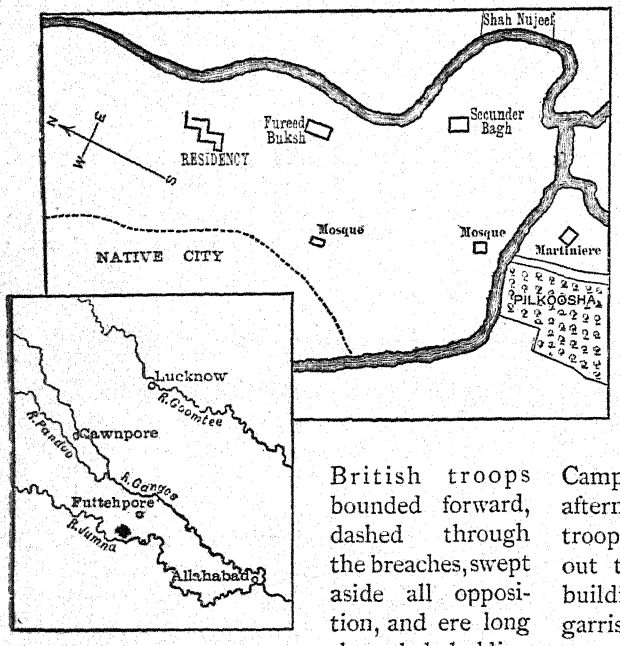
The general had been furnished with a plan of the city, brought out by Mr. Kavanagh, a civilian who had volunteered for the dangerous service, and who was able to explain the exact position and point out the best method of approach. The eastern side of the town was devoted to royal residences and other great buildings, standing in large enclosures and extensive gardens. Although some of these buildings would have to be stormed, the operation was likely to be attended with very much less loss than would be suffered by adopting the route before followed and fighting through the narrow streets. Skirting the suburbs, the force reached the palace known as the Dilkoosha. This was situated on the crest of a hill that sloped gently down towards the town. It stood in a large park, and from it an extensive view could be obtained; the Residency, with the flag still floating over it, rising prominently over the mass of low buildings surrounding. It was therefore possible to open communications by signal between the palace and the Residency. The park was occupied by rebels, but their number was not large; the men were conscious that they had no supports near, and in consequence, as soon as an attack in earnest was made they gave way, and the Dilkoosha was occupied without difficulty.

The great train of waggons, with supplies of all sorts for the use of the force while engaged in the intended operations, and for the supply of the Residency should it be determined to continue to hold the post, was parked near the palace, and here the general established his headquarters. The nearest building was the college known as the Martinière, which stood half a mile down the slope towards the town. The masters and boys of the school formed part of the garrison of the Residency, and the place was now occupied by the enemy. This, however, was easily carried. Advancing onwards, the troops approached the first really formidable obstacle. This was the Secunder Bagh, a building of strong masonry, standing in a large garden surrounded by a high wall, which had been loopholed. It was held in force, and the rebels also occupied a village in front of it. As the 1st Brigade, under Brigadier Hope Grant, advanced towards the latter it was met by a murderous fire both from the village and the building behind. The troops moved forward in skirmishing order, but made little progress, until the horse artillery and powerful field-guns were brought up, and a heavy fire opened upon the village. The enemy nevertheless maintained their position obstinately, until the impatient troops received the order to charge, and, dashing forward, carried the village at the point of the bayonet, the rebels retiring to the Secunder Bagh. The Sikhs had been directed to lead the assault upon the garden, and were to attack by a small breach in one of the walls. The European troops, however, who were to support them, were too eager to be kept in hand, and, while the Sikhs strove to enter by the breach, the others rushed forward towards the gates at the entrance.

The fire from the loopholes was incessant, and the men had no means of breaking in the gate. There was, however, a barred window by the side of it: some of the men crept under this, and raised their caps on their bayonets. Every musket was discharged by the Sepoys inside. The soldiers sprang up and seized the bars, and by sheer strength and weight of numbers pulled them down, and then dashed in through the opening. Both here and at the breach the Sepoys fought fiercely; but nothing could withstand the fury of the soldiers. Gradually, as reinforcements kept pouring in behind, they drove the Sepoys back. The fight was long and desperate: the soldiers, maddened by the tales that they had heard of outrage and massacre, gave no quarter; and when, at the end of three hours, the fight ceased, over 2,000 of the mutineers lay dead in the garden. Before the entry into the Secunder Bagh had been effected, the troops outside had been harassed by a heavy fire from a large mosque standing nearly opposite to it. The mosque had the usual dome; the parapet round this had been loopholed. Four lofty minarets commanded the whole; and a high wall, also loopholed, surrounded the garden, the only entrance having been blocked up with masonry.

As soon as the capture of the Secunder Bagh was completed the troops were called upon to assist in the attack upon the mosque. Captain

Peel and his sailors brought up their 68-pounder guns, and opened fire against the wall at a distance of a few yards, the infantry covering the operation by keeping up an incessant musketry fire against the defenders, who crowded the walls and directed their fire at the sailors working at the guns. A field-battery aided the heavy guns, and a mortar-battery pitched shells into the enclosure. So strong were the walls that it was not until after some hours that breaches sufficiently wide for the troops to enter were effected; then the order was given, and the

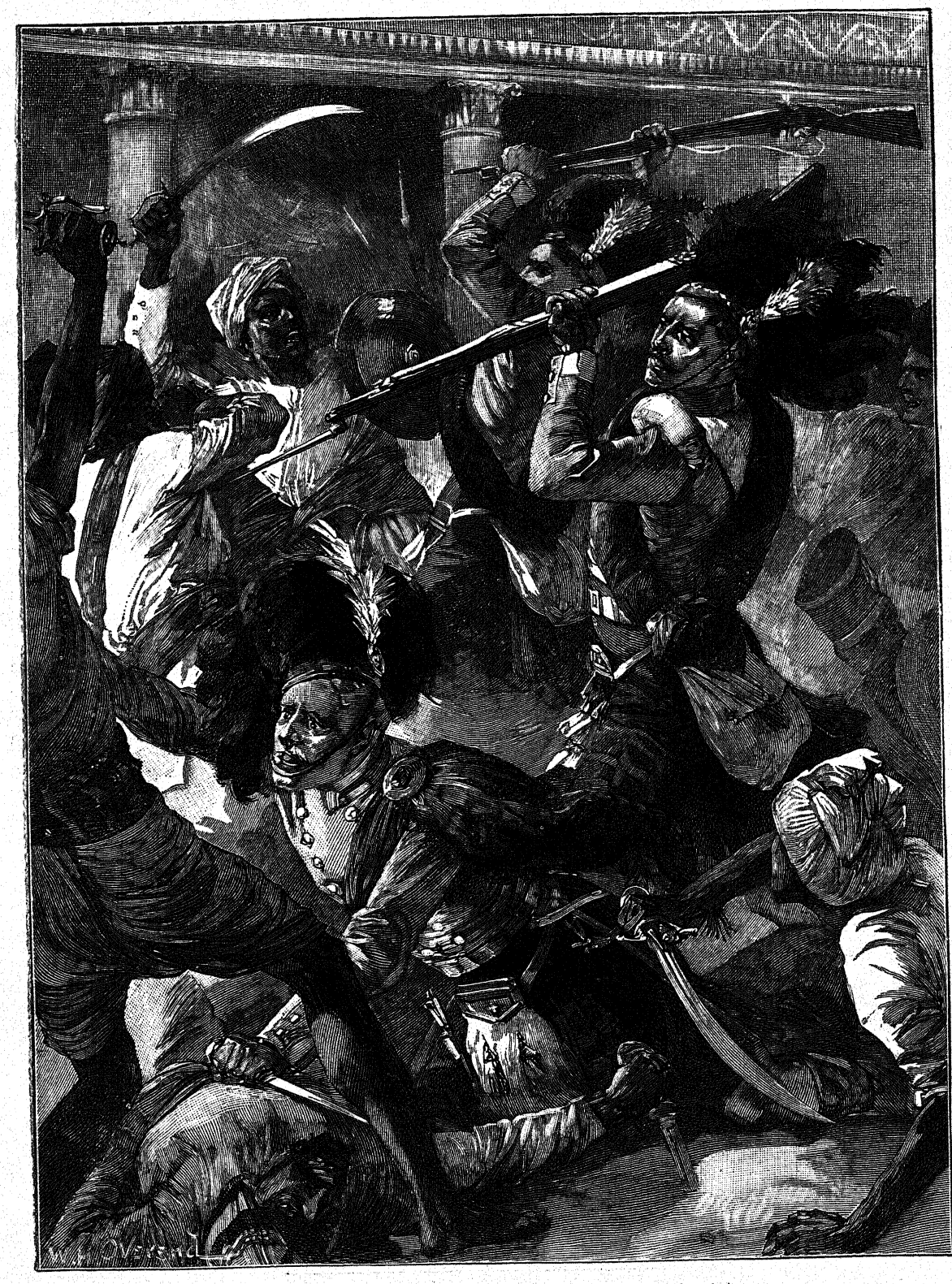


British troops bounded forward, dashed through the breaches, swept aside all opposition, and ere long the rebels holding the mosque were annihilated. It was now late in the afternoon, and the troops halted in the position they had won. The next morning the other brigade headed the advance. It had been arranged, by means of signals, that, as soon as the Secunder Bagh and the great mosque had been captured, the garrison of the Residency should on their part begin to advance.

There were still four great buildings fortified and strongly garrisoned interposing between the two British forces. The most formidable of these was the mess-house, which stood on an eminence; it consisted of a large two-storeyed, flat-terraced house, flanked by two square turrets, and protected by a deep ditch and a loopholed mud wall. Captain Peel began the action by opening fire upon the mud wall, while the garrison of the Residency afforded some assistance by throwing shell into the enclosure from the Fureed Buksh Palace, of which they had taken possession after the relief by Havelock. When the heavy battery had done its work, the troops were ordered to storm the place, and rushing forward with impetuosity through the heavy musketry fire of the defenders, passed through the breach, carried all obstacles, and forced their way into the building and cleared it of the enemy. In the rear of the mess-house stood the observatory; this was carried by the Sikhs, who fought with a valour and determination rivalling that of their European comrades. While this struggle was going on, the garrison, who had prepared several mines under the wall of the garden of the Fureed Buksh, facing the direction in which Sir Colin Campbell was advancing, exploded them, and as the wall fell, opened fire upon the insurgents in front of them with two powerful batteries. After the guns had prepared the way for an advance, Havelock's troops dashed forward and carried the two buildings known as the Herm Khana and the Chuttur Munzil at the point of the bayonet.

There was now no obstacle of importance between the two British forces, and although the enemy kept up a heavy fire from both flanks, Sir Colin Campbell and General Havelock met that afternoon amid loud cheers of the triumphant troops. Another day was spent in clearing out the insurgents from some of the flanking buildings and preparing for the retreat of the garrison, which had been determined upon. It was a painful necessity. The loss of Sir Colin Campbell's force had been 122 officers and men killed and 325 wounded. It was true that the loss of the enemy had not been less than 4,000; but there were still at least 50,000 fighting-men in Lucknow, and the desperation with which they defended themselves at the Secunder Bagh and the Shah Nujeef Mosque, and the bold face which they showed, proved that every house and street would be defended, and that the town, if taken at all, could not be captured without immense loss by the 5,000 men of the united British forces. Had a garrison been left to hold the Residency, they would have been again besieged, and must again have been relieved; the consequence was that, to the regret of those who had so long and nobly defended the post, it was determined to abandon it altogether.

The operation was performed at night and with great secrecy. Though the journey of five



"GRADUALLY THEY DROVE THE SEPOYS BACK" (*p.* 633).

miles to the Dilkoosha, across rough ground, which at several points was exposed to the constant fire kept up night and day by the insurgents, was very trying to the ladies, weakened by long suffering, privation, and confinement, it was performed in safety, only one person being wounded. From the Secunder Bagh, the ladies were carried in palanquins to the Dilkoosha, where tents had been prepared for their reception. The treasure was carried off from the Residency, but all other stores and effects of the residents had to be left behind. It was not until three months and a half later that Sir Colin Campbell, having dealt out punishment to the mutineers at many of the stations where they still kept together, and having received large reinforcements of men and artillery from home, prepared for the crowning attack upon Lucknow. On the 4th of February he advanced from Cawnpore to the Alumbagh—which had been held by a force under Sir James Outram—with three divisions of infantry, a division of cavalry, and fifteen batteries, including that of Captain Peel with his sailors.

On the 1st of March operations began, General Outram, with a force of 6,000 men and thirty guns, crossing the Goomtee, and reconnoitring the country as far as Chinhut. On the following day he invested the Chukkur Kothi, or King's Race-house, which he carried the next day by assault. Sir Colin Campbell's main force occupied from the Dilkoosha, and on the 9th captured, with a slight loss, the Martinière, and pushed on to the bridges across the river and carried, after some hard fighting, the Begum's Palace. Two days later the Immaumbarra, which had been converted into a formidable stronghold and was held by a large force, was breached and stormed, and the captors followed so hotly upon the rear of the flying foe that they entered with them the Kaiserbagh, which was regarded by the rebels as their strongest fortress. Its garrison, taken wholly by surprise, made but a slight resistance. The loss of these two positions, on which they had greatly relied, completely disheartened the enemy, and throughout the night a stream of fugitives poured out of the town.

The success was so unexpected on our part that the arrangements necessary for cutting off the retreat of the enemy had not been completed, and very large numbers of the rebels escaped, to give infinite trouble later on. Many were cut up by the cavalry and horse artillery, who set out the next morning in pursuit; but, to the mortification of the army, a considerable proportion got away. The next day a number of palaces and houses fell into the hands of the advancing troops without resistance, and by midnight the whole city along the river bank was in their hands. In the meantime Jung Bahadoor, our ally, was attacking the city with his Goorkhas from the south, and pushed forward so far that communications were opened with him halfway across the city. The following day the Goorkhas made a further advance, and, fighting with great gallantry, won the suburbs adjacent to the Charbach bridge.

The hard fighting was now over: the failure to defend even one of the fortresses upon which for months they had bestowed so much care, completely disheartened the mutineers remaining in the city. Numbers effected their escape; others hid themselves, after having got rid of their arms and uniforms; some parties took refuge in houses, and defended themselves desperately to the end. The work was practically accomplished on the 21st, and Lucknow, which had so long been the headquarters of the insurrection, was in our hands, and that with a far smaller loss than could have been expected from the task of capturing a city possessing so many places of strength, held by some 20,000 desperate men fighting with ropes round their necks. All three advances were distinguished by the irresistible bravery with which our troops fought. The first operation was not remarkable for the military skill with which it was performed, and undoubtedly, if Havelock had followed the course afterwards taken by Sir Colin Campbell, and entered by an open suburb, avoiding the fortified places in it, he could have entered the Residency with far less loss than that encountered in fighting his way through the narrow lanes and streets of the city. The subsequent operations were conducted by Sir Colin Campbell with consummate skill and judgment. Altogether the story of Lucknow is one of the most glorious pages in our military history.



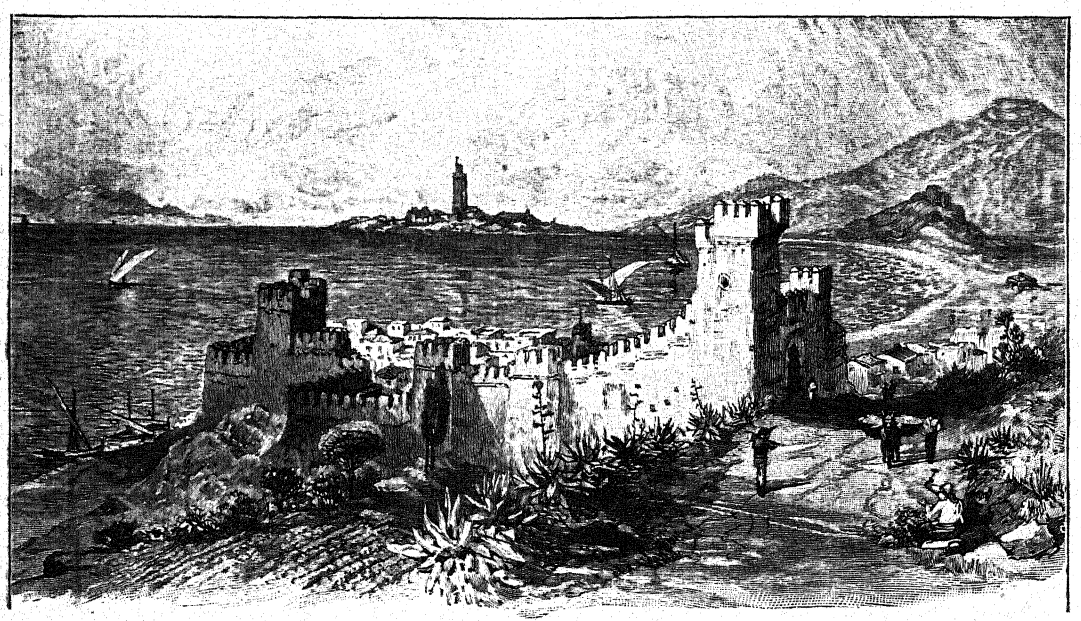
AN almost unique example of steadfast perseverance, crowned at length by success after long years of disappointment, presents itself in the career of the brave old fighting-man whose prompt resolution and ready daring won the battle of Barrosa against desperate odds. Thomas Graham of Balgowan, a Perthshire laird of old family, was born in 1748. In youth he was passionately fond of horses and dogs, but gave no indication of a liking for the career of a soldier. While he was an undergraduate at Oxford in 1766 his father died, leaving the young laird in possession of a handsome and unencumbered rent-roll. According to the custom of those days he made the grand tour, remaining for several years on the Continent, where he acquired a thorough knowledge of the French and German languages. In 1774 he married a daughter of Lord Cathcart and for nearly twenty years afterwards lived the life of a country gentleman, shooting and farming in his own county, hunting in Leicestershire, travelling and yachting with his wife until her death on board ship in the Mediterranean in July, 1792. Striving to dispel the melancholy caused by his bereavement, Graham accepted the position of volunteer aide-de-camp to Lord Mulgrave, who had arrived at Toulon in September, 1793, to take command of the troops employed in the defence of that fortified city. In this service he distinguished himself so highly and displayed a military capacity so marked, that Lord Mulgrave urged him to become a professional soldier and to raise a regiment which should serve under his command.

Returning to London in the spring of 1794, Graham obtained from the commander-in-chief a letter of service to raise a regiment at his own expense, with the temporary rank of colonel during its continuance on the establishment. So successful was Colonel Graham's effort that within four months he was in command of the 90th Regiment (Perthshire Volunteers) with the full number of 1,000 rank and file. Presently he was induced by his first success in recruiting to raise a second battalion of the same strength. But when he applied to be permitted to obtain permanent rank in the service, he was informed that it was the king's determination not to make permanent the temporary rank held by an officer who had not served regularly and for a stipulated time in the several ranks.

Most men would have been discouraged by this rebuff; but so keen for active service was Graham that he accepted the position of British military attaché to the headquarters of the Austrian army in Italy, where he saw a great deal of hard fighting against Napoleon and other French commanders. After a year's service with Beaulieu, Wurmser, and finally with the Archduke Charles, he returned to England in 1797. In the Mediterranean in 1799 he had much intercourse with Nelson, who sent him, with the rank of brigadier-general, to Malta, there to blockade the fortress of Valetta, held by a superior French garrison. With a much inferior force he carried on the blockade with steady perseverance until the arrival of Sir Ralph Abercromby in July, 1800, when Graham arranged the terms of surrender with the French commander. From Malta he hurried to Egypt, where his regiment had greatly distinguished itself in the battle of Alexandria, and he accompanied it home at the Peace of Amiens in March, 1802.

After the eminent services performed by Graham and the distinguished conduct of the regiment he had raised, the treatment which he had received and was still receiving at the hands of the commander-in-chief roused his long-suffering nature, and he determined that he

would not give up the command of the 90th while it continued to exist. Now a man of fifty-four, he was as keen for soldiering as if he had been looking forward to his first campaign. When Sir John Moore in 1808 took command of the expedition destined to co-operate with the Swedish forces, Graham solicited and obtained permission to serve as a volunteer, and was appointed to act as aide-de-camp to the commander of the forces. Moore withdrew without delay from an impracticable service, and returned with his force to England accompanied by Graham, who retained his appointment near

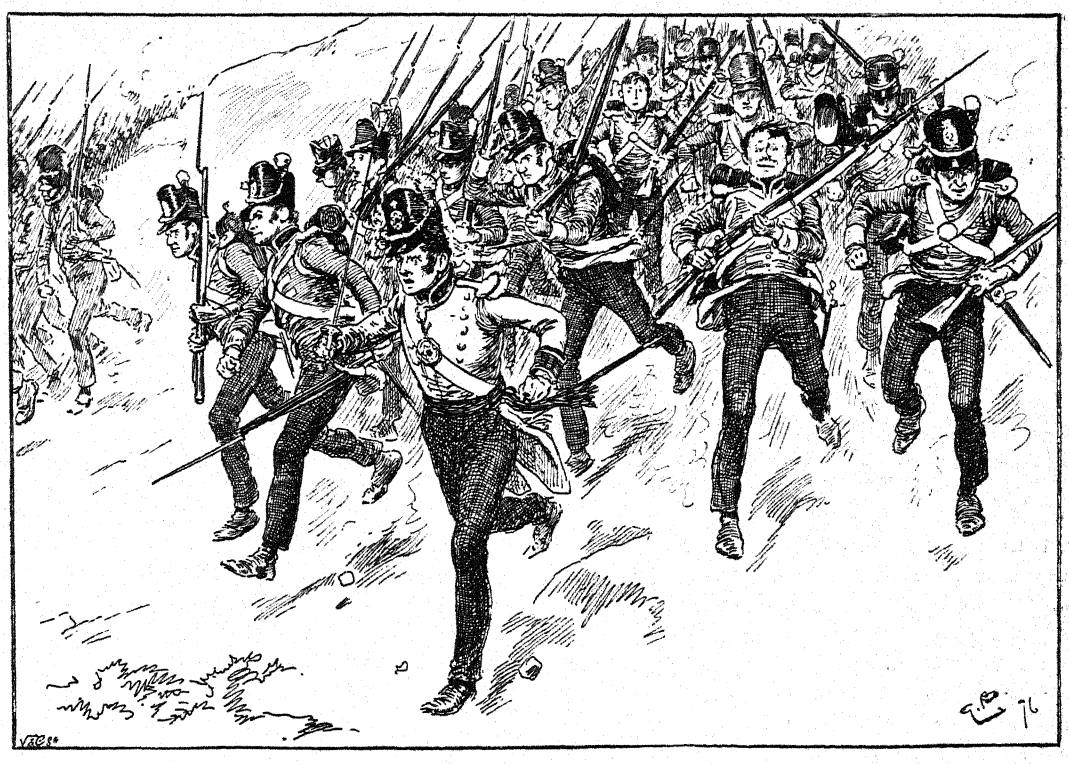


TARIFA, LOOKING WEST.

his friend during the disastrous Coruña campaign, at the close of which a life was lost so precious to his country. Sir John Moore, as he lay dying, felt sure that any recommendations from him would be given effect to by his Sovereign, and he charged Colonel Anderson with his latest breath to bring to the king's notice those officers whose services he deemed most worthy of reward. Among others whom their dying chief wished to honour was Colonel Graham, who on 4th March, 1809, received a letter from the Horse Guards which ended all his anxieties as to promotion and gave him a recognised position in the army. The commander-in-chief wrote, "I have not failed to submit to the king the communication made to me by General Hope, at the dying request of the late Sir John Moore, regarding the eminent and important services performed by you in Spain; and his Majesty, in testimony of the zeal you have upon several occasions manifested, has been graciously pleased to direct that the established custom of the army may be departed from by your being promoted to the rank of major-general. Your appointment as major-general in the army has accordingly taken place, and you stand among the major-generals in the situation you would have held had the lieutenant-colonelcy to which you were appointed in 1794 been a permanent commission."

For years Graham had known the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick. He bore a stout heart within his broad breast; but, and little wonder, there must have been many moments when his feelings were very bitter against a Government which could promise freely, but, when the hour of danger was seemingly passed, had refused everything. Yet disappointments had not soured his fine nature. On the subject of his unexpected promotion, the veteran wrote, "To have merited in so high a degree the approbation of so distinguished an officer as the late Sir John Moore—whose loss was deplored by the whole army and felt by me as having deprived me of the best of friends—and at last to have gained this distinction by such a recommendation was indeed ample compensation for the bitter disappointment I had so many years laboured under." Major-General Graham served

in the disastrous Walcheren expedition, having taken part in the bombardment of Flushing, and he returned to England thoroughly disgusted with the mismanagement of the enterprise. He received his first independent command in February, 1810, when he obtained the command of the British garrison in Cadiz with the local rank of lieutenant-general. He reached his post on the 25th March, and immediately set about strengthening the position.



"DILKES'S BRIGADE OF GUARDS CAME UP" (*p.* 631)

In December, 1810, Soult was withdrawn from the vicinity of Cadiz to co-operate with Masséna in Estremadura. The force under Victor engaged in the blockade of Cadiz, nevertheless, in February, 1811, had a strength of about 20,000 men. Graham therefore considered that it would be extremely difficult to force the French lines by a direct frontal attack; and a naval expedition composed of British and Spanish troops sailed from Cadiz on 21st February. The British contingent, passing its destined port in a gale of wind, landed at Algesiras and marched to Tarifa, arriving there on the afternoon of the 24th. The strength and detail of the British force at Tarifa on the 25th were as follows:—Two squadrons German horse, 180 sabres, Major Busche; detachment of artillery, Major Duncan; detachment of engineers, Captain Birch; brigade of guards with detachment 95th Rifles, 1,221 bayonets, Brigadier-General Dilkes; 28th, 67th, and 87th regiments, with two companies Portuguese, 1,764 bayonets, Colonel Wheatly; flank battalion of detachments 95th Rifles and two companies 47th regiment, 594 bayonets, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Barnard; two companies of 9th, 28th, and 82nd regiments, 475 bayonets, Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, 25th Regiment; Company Royal Staff Corps, 33 bayonets, Lieutenant Read: total of sabres and bayonets, 4,314, with 10 guns. This force is described by Napier as "all good and hardy troops, their commander a daring old man, and of ready temper for battle."

On the 27th the Spanish captain-general La Peña landed at Tarifa with 7,000 Spanish troops; and Graham, to preserve unanimity and flatter Spanish pride, ceded to him the chief command, although this was contrary to his instructions. On the following day a march of twelve miles carried the allied army over the ridges between the plains of San Roque and those of Medina and Chiclana; and being within four leagues of

the enemy's positions, the force was reorganised. The advance-guard was entrusted to Lardizabel; the centre was commanded by the Prince of Aglona; the reserve, consisting of the British troops and the two Walloon regiments, was given to Graham; and the cavalry was under Colonel Whittingham, a British officer in the Spanish service. Victor had to maintain his lines of blockade; but he was able, nevertheless, to hold in position some 9,000 of good troops near Chiclana, where he awaited the unfolding of the project of the allies. In the first instance La Peña's objective seemed to point to Medina, and on the 2nd March his advanced guard stormed Casa Vieja, where he was reinforced by General Beguines with 1,600 infantry and several hundred irregular cavalry. With a strength, then, all told of quite 13,000 men, he bent towards the coast and drove the French from Vejer de la Frontera. After a long and straggling night march which greatly wearied the troops, he continued his movement, and on the morning of the 5th, after a skirmish in which his advanced guard of cavalry was routed by a French squadron, he reached with the head of his force the height of Barrosa. Before the whole of the long straggling column had come up, La Peña, without disclosing his own intentions or communicating in any way with Zayas, pushed forward Lardizabel straight to the mouth of the Santi Petri. Zayas had duly constructed his bridge connecting the mainland with the island, but on the night between the 4th and 5th he had been surprised and driven in by the French. Lardizabel, however, after some hard fighting in which 300 Spaniards fell, forced his way through the French posts and effected a junction with Zayas.

La Peña desired that the British contingent should follow Lardizabel, notwithstanding that, as the reserve, its place was in the rear: Graham, however, recognised the possible value of the Barrosa height and was fain that it should be held in strength. His argument was that Victor, the French commander, could not molest Lardizabel and Zayas in their position on the Almanza creek, since in attempting to do so he would expose his left flank to the allies holding the Barrosa height. Lascy, La Peña's chief of staff, roughly controverted this reasoning, and La Peña gave Graham the peremptory command to march to occupy the long narrow ridge of the Bermeja, through the pinewood on the slope in front of that position. With admirable self-control Graham obeyed the discourteous order, and moved in the prescribed direction; but he left on the Barrosa height the flank companies of the 9th* and 82nd regiments, under Major Brown of the 28th, to guard his baggage. Graham moved as ordered with the less reluctance, because of his impression that La Peña would remain on the Barrosa height with Aglona's division and the Spanish cavalry, and because also of his knowledge that another detachment was still behind in the vicinity of Medina. But Graham did not know of what poltroonery La Peña was capable. The British force had scarcely entered the wood in front of the Bermeja, when the Spanish commander suddenly and without even the courtesy of a notice, carried off with him his main body, and directing the cavalry to follow, hurried by the sea-road in the direction of the Santi Petri, leaving the Barrosa height covered with baggage protected only by a weak rear-guard of four guns and five battalions.

Barrosa—or, as the Spaniards call it, the Cerro de Puerco—is a low ridge trending inward until its farthest and loftiest extremity is about a mile and a half from the coast. It overlooks a high broken plain of small extent, bounded on the left, as one looks towards Cadiz, by the cliffs of the seashore, on the right by the forest of Chiclana, and directly in front by the pine-wood on the hither slope of the Bermeja. Victor had not as yet shown himself from his cover in the forest of Chiclana, and Graham, as he entered the Bermeja pine-wood, saw no adversary. But Victor was skilled in the ruse. He was waiting until Cassagne's infantry from Medina should come up; and, momentarily expecting its arrival, he felt so sure of success that his mass of cavalry had been directed on Vejer and other points to cut off the fugitives after the anticipated victory. He had fourteen guns and 9,000 excellent soldiers in three divisions, commanded respectively by Laval, Ruffin, and Villatte. The division under Villatte was posted on the extreme right on the Almanza Creek to cover the camp and watch the Spanish forces at Santi Petri and the vicinity; Laval's division was in the centre, with a reserve battalion of grenadiers out on the right flank; and the left consisted of Ruffin's division, on the left flank of which were two reserve

* It was in this battle that General Graham took favourable notice of Lieutenant Campbell of the 9th, afterwards Lord Clyde, then a lad of nineteen, for his conduct when left in command of the two flank companies of his regiment, when all the other officers had been wounded.

battalions of Grenadiers and three squadrons of regular cavalry.

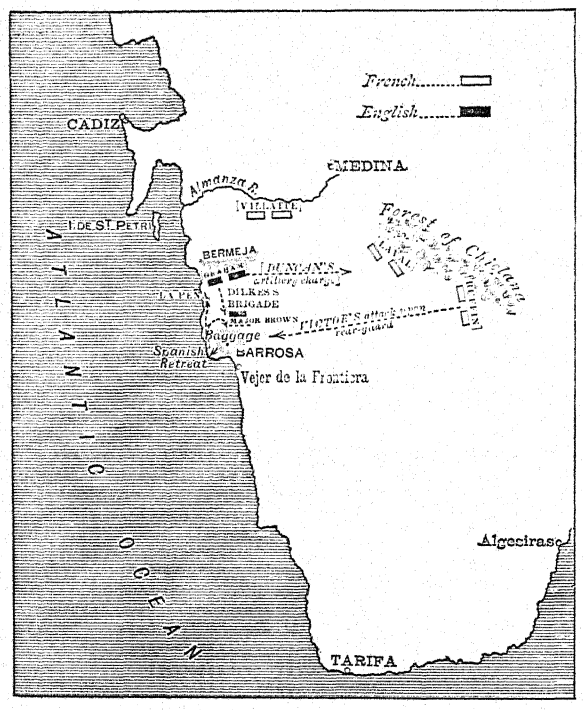
Cassagne had not yet arrived; but Victor, awake to the seeming opportunity, sallied out on to the plain and began the battle. Leading Ruffin's troops in person he climbed the rear of the Barrosa ridge, drove the Spanish rear-guard off the height in the direction of the sea, swept away the baggage and followers in all directions and took three guns. Major Brown, however, was a resolute man: he maintained a stout front, and, although unable to hold his ground against odds so overwhelming, he retired into the intervening plain slowly and in good order, and sent across it to Graham for orders. The general, then in the pine-wood, gave the laconic command, "Fight!" then he faced about and regained the plain with all speed, expecting to find La Peña with his main body and artillery on the Barrosa height. As he emerged from the wood the spectacle before him was in the nature of a sudden and great surprise. In front he beheld Ruffin's division, flanked by its two grenadier battalions, on the summit of the Barrosa height; down the slope towards the seaward the Spanish rear-guard and the baggage in full rout, the French cavalry in pursuit of the fugitives; Laval close on his own left flank, and La Peña—"nowhere"!

Well did Napier describe Graham as "a daring old man, and of ready temper for battle." In a situation of seemingly utter despair, he was cool and dauntless. Recognising that a retreat to the Bermeja would bring the enemy pell-mell with the allies on to that narrow ridge and must result in complete disaster, Graham resolved to spring to the attack, notwithstanding that the key of the battlefield was in possession of the enemy. Major Duncan with his 10 guns hurried across the intervening plain, and bringing up his right shoulder, poured a fierce fire into the face of Laval's column; while on his left Colonel Barnard with his detachments of riflemen and two companies of the 47th Foot, dashed forward at the double and hurled his gallant men against Laval's front, simultaneously shaken by Duncan's artillery fire. So sudden was the call to arms that there was no time to form regiments or brigades with any approach to regularity; but two separate bodies were roughly and hurriedly thrown together. Wheatly with his three line battalions and with two companies of Portuguese, pushed forward in support of Barnard against Laval's front, already undergoing severe ravages from Duncan's guns. Laval's artillery in position on the left flank of his column retaliated furiously on Barnard and Wheatly as they hurried forward to get to close quarters, in the course of which advance they were suffering from the fire of Ruffin's batteries, which, from the edge of the Barrosa height, were taking them in flank. On both sides the infantry pressed forward eagerly, the musketry fire pealing louder as the interval became shorter. But as the hostile masses closed in one upon the other, a fierce and prolonged charge of the 87th Regiment overthrew at the bayonet-point the first line of Laval's troops; and though the latter struggled stoutly, they were dashed violently by the gallant Irishmen upon the second French line, with the result that Laval's column was broken by the shock and sullenly retired, the reserve battalion of Grenadiers which had been posted on the right alone remaining to cover Laval's retreat.

While Victor's centre was thus fighting hard with the ultimate result of being discomfited and forced to retreat, a bitter contest was being waged on his left with an issue not less disastrous. Major Brown had lost no time in acting on Graham's curt order to fight. With his improvised battalion of detachments he fell headlong upon the face of Ruffin's column, posted as it was on the summit of the Barrosa height; and although nearly half of his command went down under the enemy's volleys, he stubbornly maintained the fight until Dilkes's brigade of Guards, which had hurried across the plain, scrambled through a deep ravine and never stopping even for a moment to re-form the battalions, came up. Without halting, and with but little order, but full of ardour for fighting, the Guards charged up towards the summit, where Ruffin's column grimly waited for the assault. At the very edge of the ascent the gallant opponents met each other in close and bitter strife; and a fierce, and for some time doubtful, combat raged. The contest was sanguinary; but the dauntless perseverance of the brigade of Guards, and the brave hardihood of Brown's battalion and of Norcott's and Acheson's detachments, overcame every obstacle. Finally, Ruffin himself and Colonel Chaudron Rousseau, who commanded the two battalions of reserve Grenadiers, fell mortally wounded; then the English bore strongly forward and their slaughtering fire forced the French from off the height with the loss of three guns and many men.

The discomfited French divisions, retiring concentrically from the respective points of the

recent fighting, presently gathered *en masse*, and with a gallant resolution endeavoured to reconstruct their formations and renew the struggle; but the steady and crushing fire of Duncan's guns rendered any such attempt impossible. Victor withdrew from the field with his broken and discomfited troops; and the conquerors, who had been for four-and-twenty hours under arms without food, were too much exhausted to engage in a pursuit.



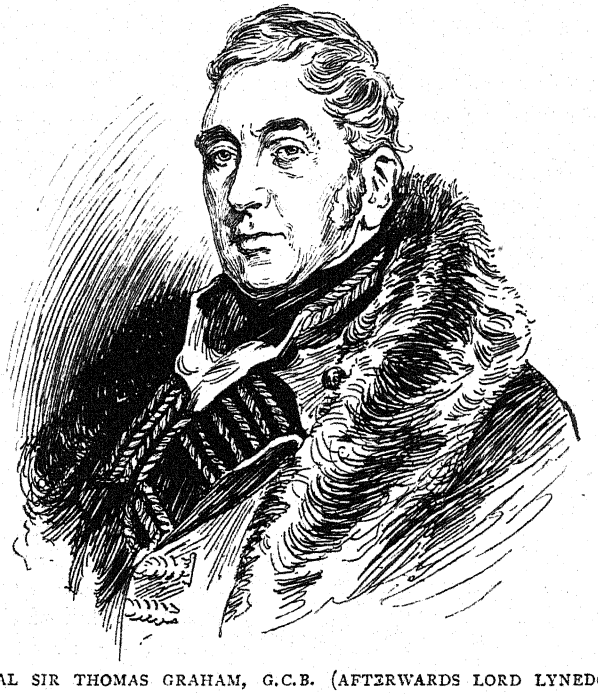
During those fierce infantry combats on and about the Barrosa height, La Peña looked on with a strange indifference, sending no assistance of any sort to his gallant ally, nor even menacing Villatte's division, which was within easy reach of him and comparatively weak. It was without any orders from him that the two regiments of Walloon Guards, the regiment of Ciudad Real, and some guerilla cavalry, came up at the close of the action. Whittingham, it was true, was an officer in the Spanish service; but he was an Englishman, and in command of 800 regular cavalry; yet he remained supine while his countrymen were fighting out a mortal combat. No stroke was struck by a Spanish sabre that day, although the French cavalry did not exceed 250 men; and although it was evident that Whittingham's force, by sweeping round Ruffin's left, would have rendered Victor's defeat utterly ruinous. That this might have been so was evidenced by the conduct of Colonel Frederick Ponsonby, who subsequently fell at Waterloo; and who, carrying away from the ignoble Whittingham 150 German Hussars belonging to the British contingent, charged and overthrew the French squadrons in their defeat, captured two guns, and assailed Rousseau's chosen Grenadiers.

The actual fighting in the battle of Barrosa lasted only an hour and a half. During that period of time 4,000 British soldiers defeated a French army having a strength of at least 9,000 men. The action was exceptionally bloody in proportion to the strengths engaged. Fifty officers, 60 sergeants, and 1,100 rank and file were killed or wounded on the British side; the French loss exceeded 2,000 officers and men. The trophies of the victory were six guns and an eagle; 400 prisoners fell into the possession of the victors. After the battle had ended, Graham still remained some hours on the height of Barrosa, in the hope that La Peña would at last awake to the prospect of glory opened to him by the success of the British arms. He had been largely reinforced from Cadiz by fresh troops, and before him were the remnants of the French troops retreating in utter disorder on Chiclana. But soldierly feeling did not live in the breast of the Spanish dastard who posed as an officer; and Graham, no longer able to endure the scene, left La Peña on the Bermeja and filed the British troops over the bridge into the Isla.

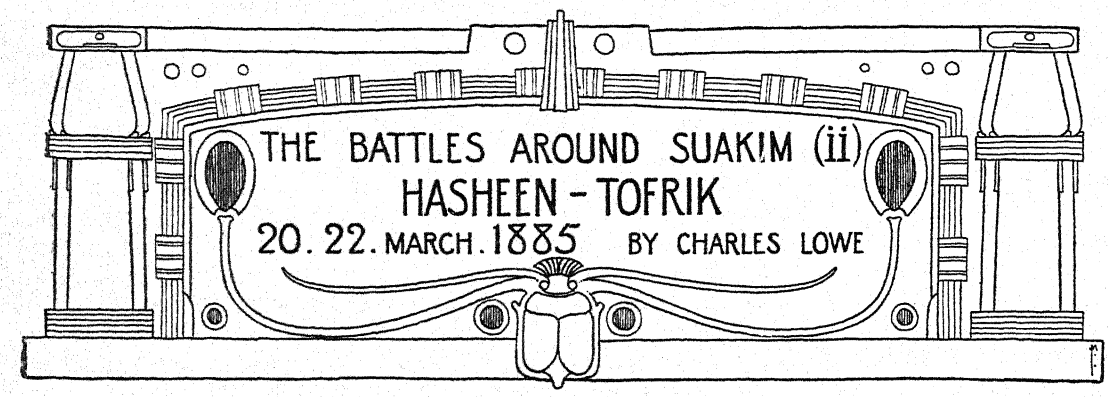
Subsequently, in an address to the Cortes, La Peña had the insolence to claim the victory for himself: maintaining that the arrangements previous to the battle were made with the knowledge and approbation of the English general, and that the latter's retreat to the Isla was the real cause of the failure. Graham, disgusted by those unworthy and untruthful statements, wrote a letter to the British envoy at Cadiz in which he exposed the misconduct of La Peña; he refused with contempt the title of grandee of the first-class voted to him by the Cortes; and when the chief of staff of La Peña used expressions relative to the action which were personally offensive to Graham, the latter promptly enforced an apology with his sword. Having thus shown himself superior to his opponents at all

points, the gallant old man relinquished his command to General Cooke, and joined Lord Wellington's army.

Graham in 1811 was sixty-three years of age, but there was any amount of fighting still in him. When Wellington advanced in the spring of 1813 towards the Ebro, Graham commanded his left wing during its long and difficult march through the mountainous region of Tras-os-Montes and onward to Vittoria, in which memorable battle he took an important part. He was entrusted with the task of reducing the strong fortress of San Sebastian. On the day of its reduction the stern old man concentrated the cannonade of fifty pieces immediately over the heads of the British troops gathered at the base of the breach, strewing the rampart with the mangled bodies of the French defenders. His last military service was at Bergen-op-Zoom in 1814, which unfortunately miscarried. In May of the same year Sir Thomas Graham was created Baron Lynedoch of Balgowan, with a pension of £2,000 a year. He lived in full haleness of body and mind to a very great age. In the spring of 1843, he presided at the annual dinner attended by the surviving officers who had served under him at Barrosa. In autumn of the same year, he was shooting over a moor which he had rented in Forfarshire. When at length the tough and brave old warrior succumbed in November, 1843, he was on the verge of attaining his ninety-sixth year.



GENERAL SIR THOMAS GRAHAM, G.C.B. (AFTERWARDS LORD LYNEDOCH).
(From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.)



A PREVIOUS article was devoted to the sanguinary battles of El-Teb and Tamai, which had the temporary effect of crushing the power of Osman Digna in the Eastern Soudan and making this redoubtable champion of the Mahdi take at once to his heels and to his hills. But the vanquishers of this slave-trading rebel were to experience the truth of the saying that—

"He who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day."

After Osman's ferocious hordes had been disposed of at El-Teb and Tamai in the spring of 1884, most of Sir Gerald Graham's troops were taken back to Egypt, there to wait until wanted, later in the same year, for the Nile Expedition to relieve General Gordon at Khartoum.

But when this expedition resulted in failure—despite the bravery and endurance of the picked British soldiers who took their orders from Lord Wolseley—then affairs in the Eastern Soudan began to assume a very different aspect. During the progress of the River Expedition Osman had lain comparatively low; but when the news of the fall of Khartoum reached his ears—and scarcely even over the electric wire does intelligence of this kind travel more swiftly than across the wireless desert—then the Ugly one started to his feet again and bethought him of how he could best gratify his master the Mahdi by baiting the British while they were thus down in their luck. They had experienced the bitterest of disappointments at Khartoum, and now he would do what he could to create disaster for them around Suakim.

It was therefore with no small glee that Osman heard of the coming of another British expedition to the Red Sea port, near which, in the previous spring, his ferocious tribesmen had received such a terrific smashing down from General Graham and his gallant men—Highlanders (Black Watch and Gordons), York and Lancasters, Royal Irish, King's Rifles, Marines, and Bluejackets, etc.

Khartoum had fallen, and both the Desert and the River Columns had returned to Korti, their point of divergent departure. All Lord Wolseley's force had gone into summer quarters along the Nile to prepare for a grand autumn advance on the stronghold of the Mahdi.

But it was deemed a most important part of this scheme that the British line of communication with Egypt by the river should be supplemented by another such line from Suakim on the sea to Berber on the Nile; and accordingly it was resolved to run a railway across the desert between these two places.

On the other hand, it stood to reason that a condition precedent to the construction of this railway line was the sending of such a military force as should render impossible all interference with the progress of the work at the hands of Osman the Ugly and his Hydra-headed tribesmen, who, since their partial extermination at El-Teb and Tamai, had seemed to multiply and spring out of the ground like crops of dragon's teeth.

Orders to this effect went forth from London soon after the fall of Khartoum (26th January, 1885); and on the 12th March Sir Gerald Graham—who was again appointed leader of the expedition—reached Suakim and took over the command of the force which had meanwhile been marshalled there, a force numbering about 13,000 men, or more than three times the strength of his previous one.

Of this force the flower of the infantry this time consisted of a three-battalioned Brigade of Guards—Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Scots—under Major-General Lyon-Fremantle, with a four-battalioned line Brigade—East Surrey,

Shropshire, Berks, Royal Marines—commanded by Major-General Sir J. McNeill. Then there was a cavalry brigade, consisting of two squadrons respectively of the 5th Lancers and 25th Hussars, a battalion of Mounted Infantry, Engineers, etc.

But a novel feature in the composition of General Graham's present force was the addition to it of a native Indian brigade under Brigadier-General Hudson, consisting of the 15th Sikhs, the 9th Bengal Cavalry, the 17th and 28th Native Infantry, with a company of Madras Sappers. Never before had the imperial nature of the British army been so picturesquely typified as now, but a further addition to its character in this respect was soon to be made in the shape of a contingent of 600 volunteers, officers and men, all the way from the plains of the Southern Cross.

For when the news of Khartoum had been flashed throughout the world, the hearts of all Mother England's sons in distant climes were stirred to their depths ; and while the ill-wishers of that England secretly rejoiced at seeing her in such a dire predicament and with such a heavy bill of failure to her debit, all those, on the other hand, who spoke her language and owned her sceptre yearned to comfort and assist her in her hour of sorrow and of stress. What, therefore, were the feelings of all to hear that, on learning of the new Suakim expedition, the Governor of New South Wales had telegraphed to London offering to send an auxiliary force of two batteries and a battalion of infantry, 500 strong—citizen soldiers of the Southern Cross! And what was the delight of all Englishmen on hearing that her Majesty's Government had accepted this patriotic offer!

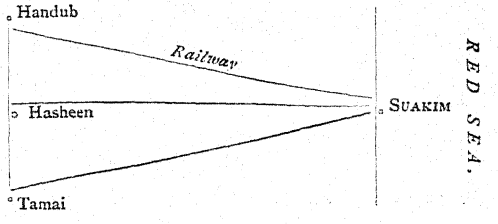
Truly that was an epoch-marking moment in the history of the Empire. Never before had it been so vividly realised that blood is thicker than water. What a scene of patriotic enthusiasm when the volunteers embarked! What a scene of cheering and handshaking when they landed on the Red Sea shore—too late, unfortunately, to take part in the couple of engagements about to be described, but yet early enough to seal their filial devotion to their Motherland with the lives and limbs of some of their number.

Never in all its history had the port of Suakim presented such an appearance as it now did, crowded as it was with men-o'-war, troopers, transport-ships, hospital-ships, and vessels—nine in number—for condensing water for the troops at the rate of 85,000 gallons per day. No fewer than 6,000 baggage and 500 riding camels—with a corresponding number of headmen and drivers—had to be gathered from India, Egypt, Berbera, and Aden, as well as mules from Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus ; and the fighting-men were almost lost sight of in the multitudes of camp-followers, camel-drivers, muleteers, bhistis, or water-bearers, dhooly-bearers, and labourers for the railway who came pouring in to Suakim from Egypt and India. Never had our war authorities done such a swift and splendid piece of organisation as now. Even the Germans had to own that it was beyond all praise.

On the day after General Graham's arrival at Suakim the laying of the railway-line was commenced, the direction followed being the caravan route to Berber.

A little later Sir Gerald received a most defiant letter from Osman Digna ; who, in reply, was duly warned of the results that would ensue from any attitude of hostility on his part. He was bidden beware, but he hardened his heart, and hearkened not unto the warning that was given him.

From his spies Graham soon learned that Osman's forces were mainly concentrated at three points on a line extending north to south, or parallel with the sea-coast—viz. at Handub, through which the railway was to run, Hasheen, and Tamai. Suakim was the apex of the triangle of which a line passing through the above-mentioned places formed the base, thus :

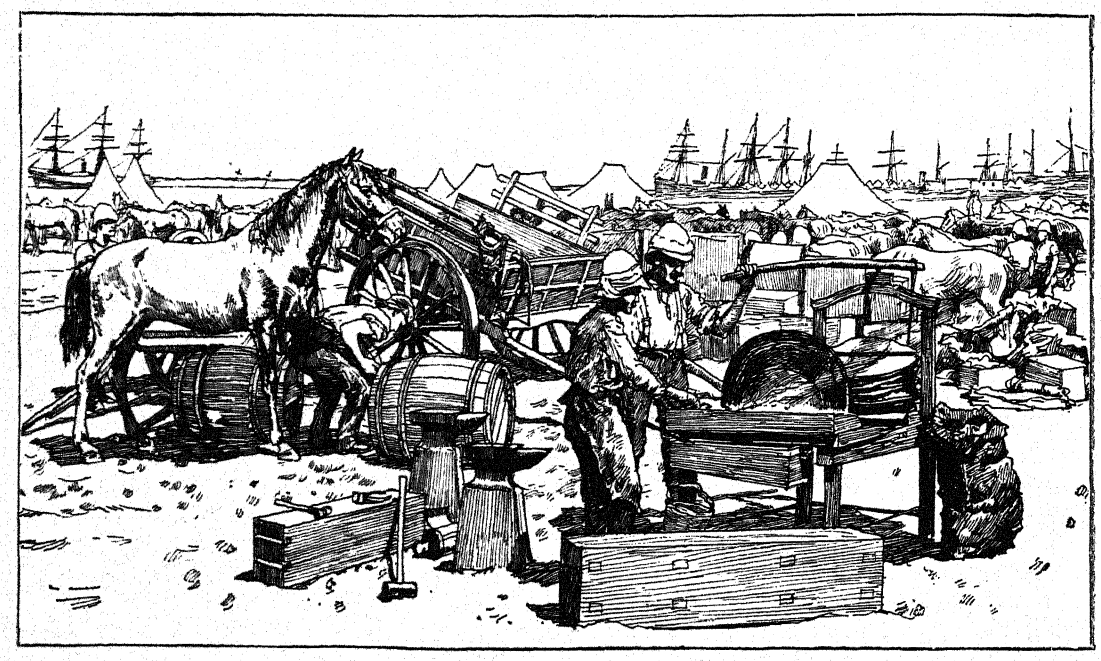


Graham soon discovered that the greatest Arab force was at Tamai ; and as Osman's power had to be crushed before the construction of the railway could be proceeded with *viâ* Handub, it was necessary to make two distinct and successive advances—one to Tamai, and then, after the return of the victorious column to Suakim, another along the line of railway.

As, however, the occupation of Hasheen by a smaller force of the enemy threatened the right of any advance on Tamai, it first of all behoved Graham to break up the concentration of the foe at the former place—the more so as this place formed so convenient a trysting-ground for those nocturnal raids which had become so distressing to the troops in Suakim, surrounded

though this town was by redoubts, and defended by the guns of our battleships. In this matter of alarming garrisons Osman Digna was even worse than the German Emperor, William II.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 19th March, Graham ordered a preliminary reconnaissance to be made as far as the village of Hasheen, about eight miles distant, he himself and his staff accompanying the force, which consisted of the cavalry brigade, supported by the infantry of the Indian contingent. Starting about 8 a.m., this force returned to Suakim



SHOEING FORGE OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES ARTILLERY AT SUAKIM.

half an hour after noon with the loss of one hussar killed, an officer and a sergeant wounded, but with the gain of having achieved its object, which was to examine the wells of Hasheen and avoid an engagement if possible.

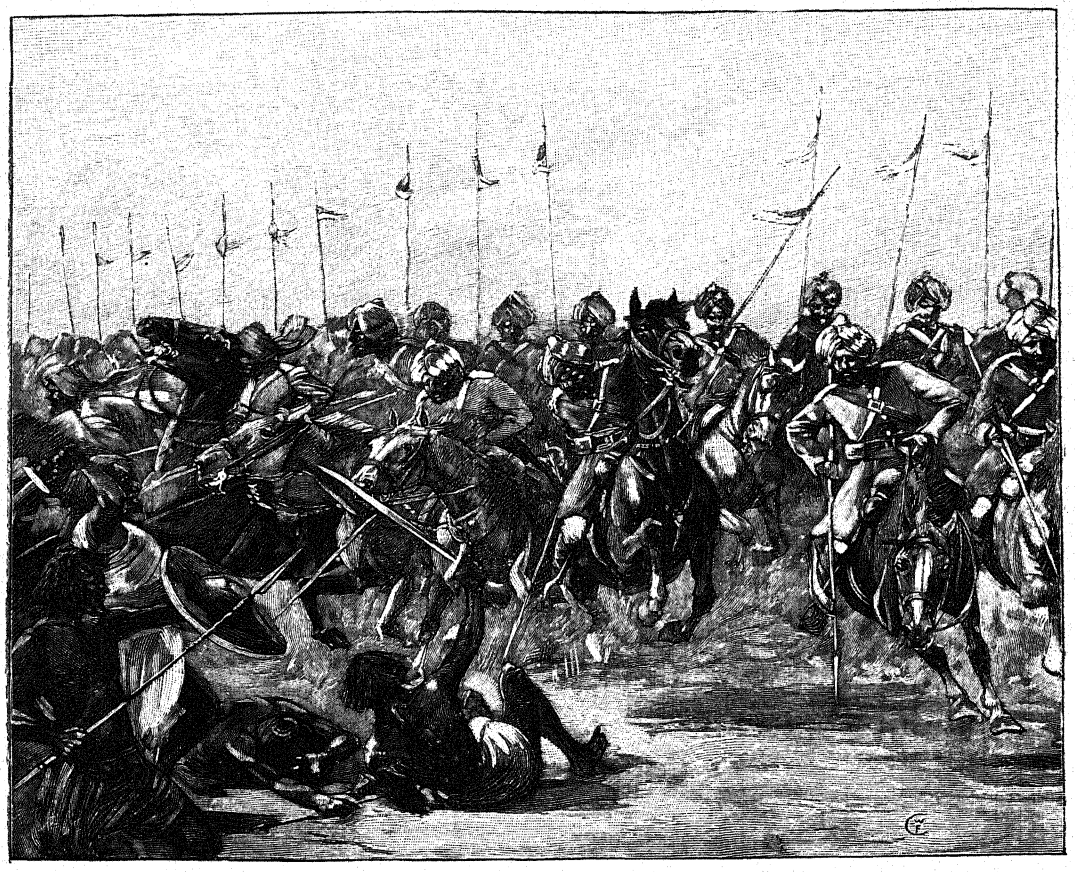
Early next morning Graham marched out his whole force—with the exception of the Shropshires, who remained behind as garrison of Suakim—to take and hold the Hasheen wells; for it was clear that if the Arabs could get nothing to drink there, they would have to go elsewhere. Everywhere in the Soudan the masters of the water are the masters of the situation. Numbering over 8,000 officers and men, with 1,192 horses, 210 mules, 735 camels, and 10 guns — Graham's force advanced as three sides of a square—the Marines, Berkshires, and Surrey men forming the front face; while the right and left sides respectively were composed of the Guards and Indian contingent. Inside the square were the rockets and Gardner guns, the Engineers, and the transport camels, etc. The cavalry covered the front and flanks, while in front of them again pushed on the mounted infantry, in crescent form, as scouts. The march was over rough ground, pebble, small boulders, and prickly mimosa bush, rendering it a very fatiguing one.

Starting soon after 6 a.m., the column about 8.30 reached the foot of the detached group of hills to the east of Hasheen, and on one of these General Graham and his staff took their stand, remaining there throughout the action. About a mile and a half in front, on the left, rose the Dihilbat and Beehive Hills, looking down on the wells of Hasheen, which lay in the centre of an amphitheatric kind of valley.

On the right of Graham's knoll rose a three-peaked ridge parallel to his line of advance; and on these the Royal Engineers and the Madras Sappers, supported by the Surreys, at once proceeded to throw up redoubts and zerebas. In the meantime the enemy, on the arrival of the advance-guard, had fallen back across the open valley on Dihilbat and Beehive Hills,

commanding the wells; and from this position Graham resolved to oust them.

Advancing through a pass, the column debouched upon a spacious plain, encircled by craggy hills which had crater-like summits. And now the Arabs were seen, with weapons flashing and banners waving, posted in great strength on a spur to the left front. "Within the next five minutes," wrote an eye-witness, some hillocks on the right of the ridge occupied by the foe. The Marines were the first to reach the crests of these earth-waves, from which they covered the advance of the Berkshires by well-directed fire, the rolling volleys of musketry re-echoing among the surrounding hills. "Volley succeeded volley on both sides," wrote one who was present, "and bullets began to fall unpleasantly thick around us, the sand puffing



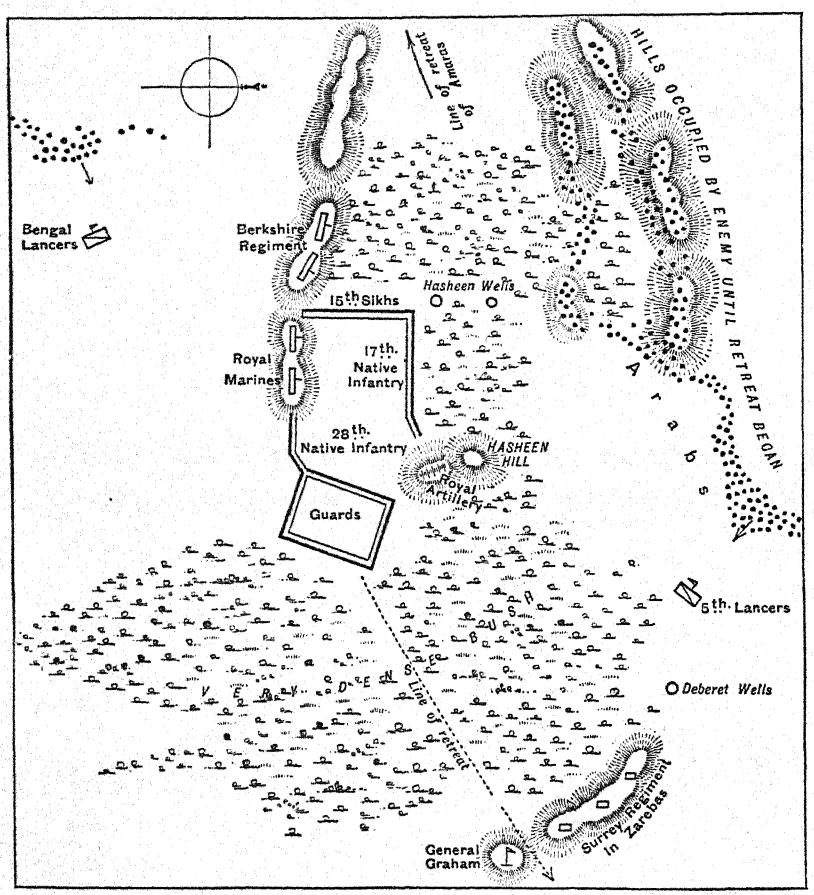
"TWO SQUADRONS OF THE BENGAL LANCERS WERE LAUNCHED AGAINST THEM."

"the bushes seemed alive with riflemen. They crowded on the Hasheen hill; they swarmed through the underwood; and nothing could be seen but little puffs of smoke rising over the mimosa trees. Here and there a shriek, a groan, a gap in the ranks—instantly filled up—showed that some of the enemy's bullets had found a billet. But for one that hit, a thousand whistled harmlessly over us."

The Berkshires and the Marines were first sent forward to assault the enemy's position: and this they did in the most gallant style, making it look like a race between the two corps to reach up in spits beneath the horses' legs. Where I stood with the Sikhs, the leaden hail was by this time whistling all round. The enemy appeared thoroughly plucky; but after a while our disciplined fire proved too hot for them."

The Arabs were gradually forced from their position on the summit of the hills, which was in turn occupied by the Marines and the Berkshires, who were now able to pour an effective fire on the tribesmen as they retired across the plain towards Tamai. Two squadrons of the Bengal Lancers—making a gallant show with their turbans, streaming pennons, and flashing

spears—were launched against them, and some desperate fighting now took place in this part of the field. One of the squadrons was dismounted for the purpose of firing volleys, but being taken at a disadvantage was driven back, with a loss of nine men. An old sheikh, mounted on a camel, led the Arabs on, waving his spear frantically; and his equally fanatical followers rushed round the Bengalese flank to their rear. One Lancer officer—an Englishman—was seen to hew down two Arabs in quick succession; while the life of another officer was only saved by a steel breastplate underneath his tunic, which, before his departure, his wife had entreated him to wear.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF HASHEEN.

On the right, too, about the same time, a similar charge was made by the other two squadrons of the Bengal cavalry and the 5th Lancers, completely checking and scattering a body of the enemy who were advancing down the Hasheen valley with evident intent to turn the British flank. The swarthy-faced Indian troops, with eyes flashing friendly rivalry beneath their picturesque turbans, vied with their fresh-complexioned English comrades to carry away the chief honours of the charge; and it was very hard to say to whom these premier honours were due.

On the left, where the two isolated squadrons of the Bengal cavalry first charged, the Arabs had massed in such numbers that the Lancers were at last forced to retire on the Guards' square, which had been posted as a reserve in rear. Racing after the retiring horsemen the Arabs suddenly came upon this square, and without a moment's hesitation rushed down upon it with diabolic yells. Vain yells! Ineffectual rush! Little did these brave sons of the desert reck of what they were rushing down upon — a living square of English Guards, steady and unshakable as the rocks around. They fired as coolly as if in Hyde Park, while jokes and laughter were heard in their ranks up to the moment of the charge, executed upon them by a force of about 2,000 spearmen and 800 riflemen, none of whom ever got nearer the outer fringe of bayonets than fifteen or twenty yards. A no less picturesque than pathetic incident of this attack was the death of an Arab youth upon a white camel, who led the furious charge, the said camel having become a regular "ghost" in the course of the recent night assaults of the Arabs on the British camp at Suakim. Rider and camel were riddled by the bullets of the Coldstreams.

The cavalry having in the meanwhile reformed, once more rushed at the Arabs after their brave but futile attack on the Guards, and scattered them among the hills, but only for the time being. For towards one o'clock, when the

bugles sounded the retire—the object of the engagement having now been gained—the indomitable Arabs came on again, rallying to the frantic exhortations of their sheikhs; and more than once the regiments had to pour in thick and rapid volleys to check the onrush of the foe. The Horse Artillery had come into action, doing very good service; and under cover of its fire, the various brigades, formed again into squares, began to retire in the most perfect order, followed by the galling fire of detached parties of the Arabs concealed among the bushes.

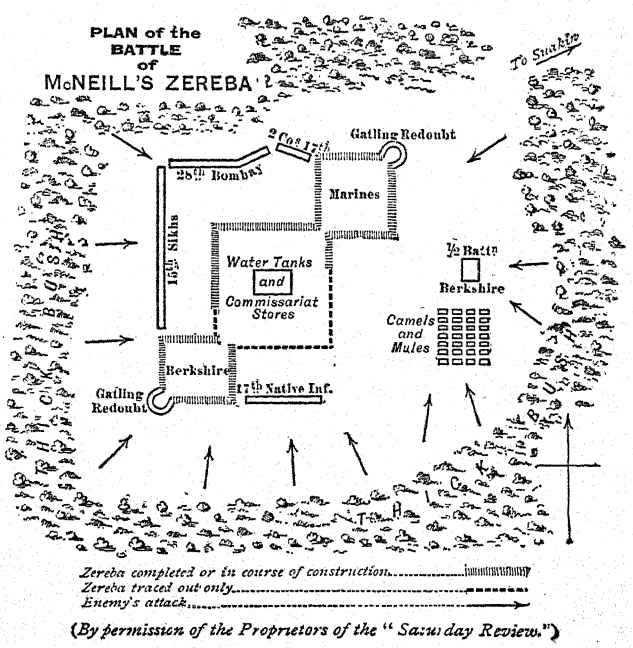
It was during this retiring movement that Captain Dalison of the Scots Guards was shot through the heart, to the great sorrow of his men, who now doubled the intensity of their Parthian volleys among the scattered ranks of the splendidly daring foe. Their strength was estimated at 3,000, and of these they must have lost well on to a third. Graham, on the other hand, had purchased his victory at the cost of one officer and eight non-commissioned officers and men killed, and three officers (Majors Harvey and Robertson and Surgeon-Major Lane), and 36 non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

On returning to Suakim—from which he had been absent eleven hours—General Graham telegraphed to Lord Wolseley, eulogising the behaviour of all alike, especially the Sappers and the Surreys, who had planned and executed the defensive works with great skill and coolness, although repeatedly threatened with attack by the enterprising enemy, who at one time swarmed on all sides. These defensive works—several hill-top redoubts—which gave Graham complete command of the Hasheen wells, were left in charge of the Surreys; and that the object of the engagement had otherwise been secured was proved by the fact that the harassing night attacks on Suakim were now discontinued.

Having broken up the enemy's concentration at Hasheen, and established a fortified post there protecting his right flank, it now behoved Graham to march upon Tamai and annihilate any forces of Osman the Ugly which he might find there. Before doing this, however, it was necessary, for reasons of supply, to establish an intermediate post in the desert; and for this purpose, accordingly, on Sunday, 22nd March, the second day after the engagement at Hasheen, Graham despatched, under the command of Sir J. McNeill, a force consisting of one squadron 5th Lancers, the Berkshire Regiment, one battalion Royal Marines, some Engineers, a detachment of the Naval Brigade (Bluejackets) with four Gardner guns, and the Indian brigade of infantry. The force was formed up in two squares at 7 a.m., and moved off in a south-westerly direction, the British square being in advance under McNeill. Graham accompanied the force for about two miles and a half, and then returned to Suakim.

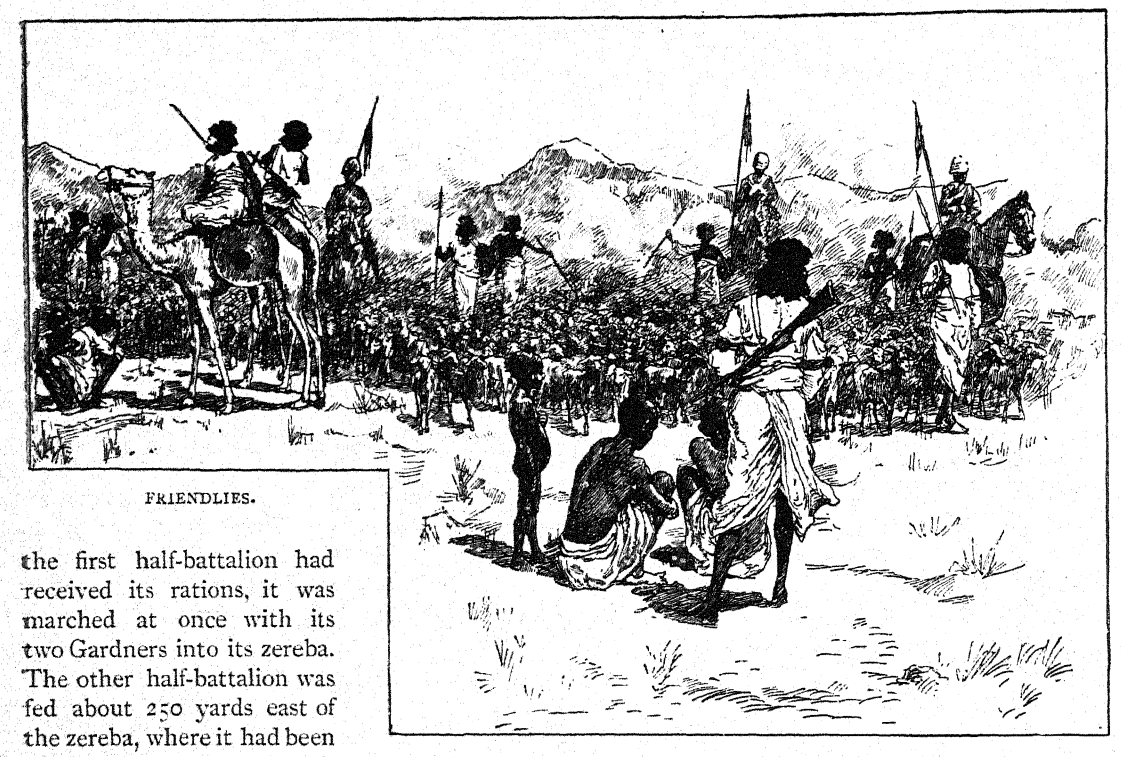
McNeill's orders were to advance about eight miles, and there construct three zerebas—one capable of holding 2,000 camels, with flanking ones to be held by one battalion each. The British troops were to remain behind in these zerebas, while their Indian comrades should march back to Suakim with the empty transport, and construct another depôt zereba halfway. But owing to unforeseen difficulties of the advance through the dense scrub—at the rate of only a mile and a half an hour—McNeill determined to make his zereba at a point six, instead of eight, miles from Suakim. The cavalry scouts reported the enemy to be in front in small parties, retiring towards Tamai.

About 10.30 the force reached the halting ground, known as Tofrik, a horseshoe-shaped clearing, of which the part corresponding to the toe pointed to Tamai. On halting, the troops were disposed, roughly, thus:—



(*By permission of the Proprietors of the "Saturday Review."*)

About 1.30 the Suakim-ward zereba had been all but completed ; and then McNeill turned his attention to the Berkshire or Tamai-ward zereba, which it was desirable to complete as rapidly as possible, so as to relieve the Indian Brigade and let it return to Suakim. Shortly before 2 o'clock Colonel Huyshe of the Berkshires represented that his men had had no food since 4 a.m., and had been marching and working in the heat since sunrise. They were therefore ordered to receive their dinner by half-battalions ; and when the first half-battalion had received its rations, it was marched at once with its two Gardners into its zereba. The other half-battalion was fed about 250 yards east of the zereba, where it had been posted to prevent camels and followers from straying back to Suakim.

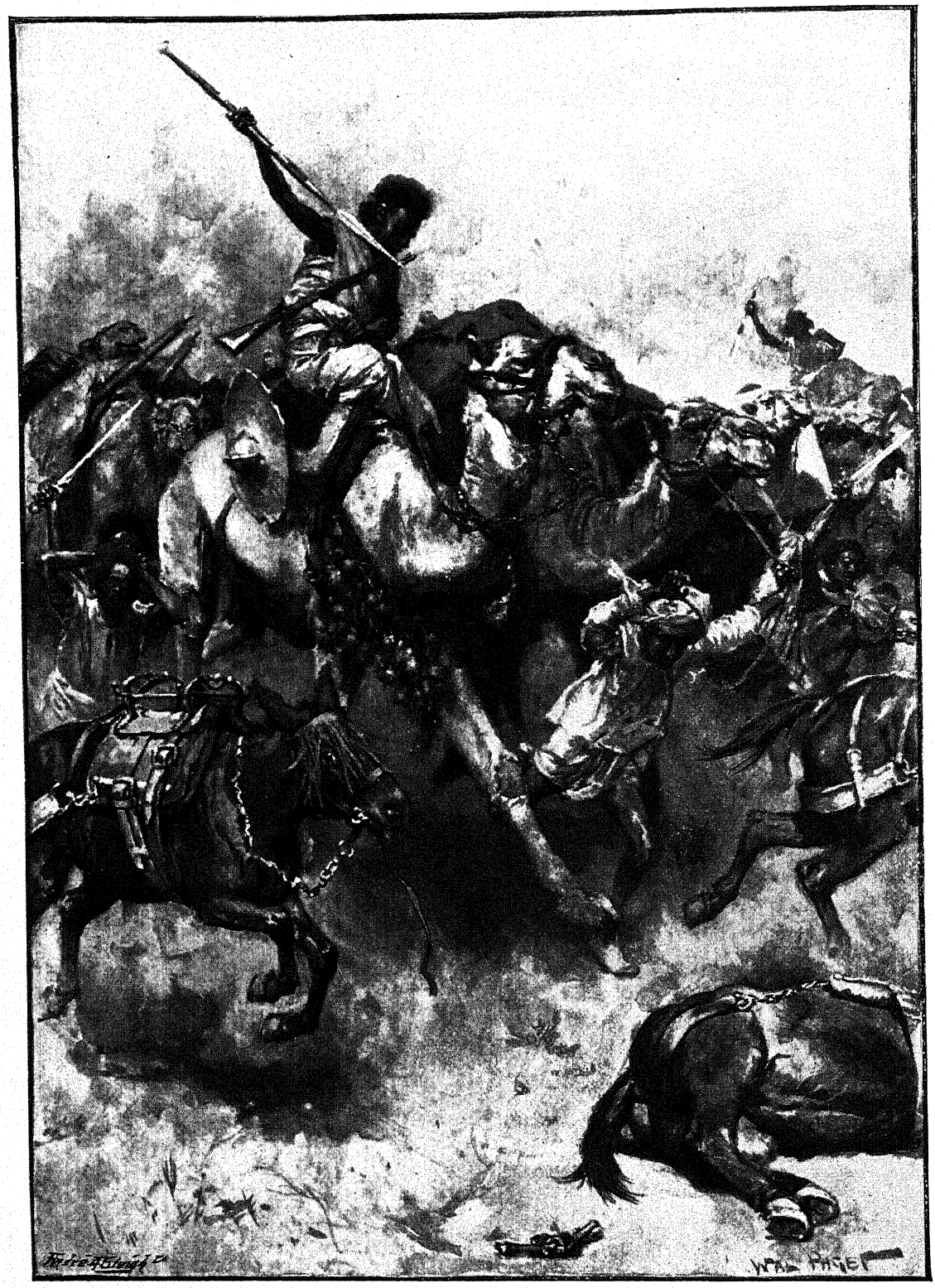


FRIENDLIES.

About 2.30 Generals McNeill and Hudson were conferring at the north-east angle of the Berkshire zereba, when an orderly spurred in to report "the enemy collecting in front," followed by another with the news that they were "advancing rapidly." While McNeill was questioning these messengers, "the air," said an officer, "was rent with the most frightful yells. The cavalry outposts came clattering in, dashing through the working parties, and a heavy fire was poured in from the enemy, who seemed all at once to have sprung out of the earth."

"It is impossible to disguise the fact," wrote another eye-witness, "that we were most completely surprised, and that only the superb courage of our troops saved us from an overwhelming disaster. Not a man of us had any idea that thousands of rebels were quietly stretched among the scrub, and behind boulders and rocks quietly watching us as we innocently and jovially (in our shirt-sleeves) worked at our zereba. A few pickets were out, and cavalry scouts as well, I believe—eighteen all told—we were content!"

Here is the evidence of Major E. A. de Cosson, of the Commissariat, who was in the fight : "Around me was the busy hum of voices, laughing and chatting confidently as if they were at a picnic. The working parties were mostly in their shirt-sleeves, with their braces hanging down behind, and Tommy Atkins was busy cutting down trees in that methodical manner peculiar to him when on fatigue duty. . . . An English soldier hardly ever labours alone ; if a bucket has to be carried twenty yards, two men go and march it off solemnly, keeping in step one on each side, as if it was a prisoner of war. So, in cutting down mimosa trees, one man throws a rope over a tree and bends its head on one side, another takes an axe and gives two or three chops at the stem ; two more stand on the right and left waiting till the tree is down, and then all four set to work to haul it to its place.



"THE HUGE CONCOURSE OF ANIMALS SHIVERED, SWAYED, AND THEN BURST INTO MOTION" (*p* 641).

"It was eight minutes to three o'clock; the water-camels had been formed into a close column and were just beginning to move. I turned my horse's head towards the central zereba, intending to ride back and report to the general that everything was ready, when a strange, shrill, startled cry rose from the rear of the camels behind me, and I saw some twenty or thirty of the native drivers running towards me as fast as they could. I had not heard a single shot fired, and so little was I aware of any imminent danger that I supposed the Somali and Indian drivers were fighting among themselves, and were running to me to have their dispute settled. I therefore turned round, and then, for the first time, the truth flashed across me, for a glance showed the dark forms and gleaming swords and spears of the Hadendowas, hacking and stabbing right and left as they charged.

"Almost simultaneously a great shout rose from the south-west side of the zereba, and a few shots were fired. The shrill cry soon changed into a frantic yell, the hoarse roar of five thousand tongues, and the black swarm seemed rising up like the sands of the desert all round us: so numerous were they, that the very stones might have been transformed by the stroke of a magician's wand into warriors armed with spear and sword. The huge concourse of animals (the camel train) shivered, swayed, and then burst into motion, pouring down with irresistible force, like the waters of some mighty dam. Those who were watching the plain from Suakim said that at this moment a gigantic column of dust rose in the air, which they took for a charge of cavalry; then the whole of our little force appeared to burst asunder amid smoke and fire, like an exploding shell, and the plain was instantly covered with riderless horses, camels, and mules tearing towards Suakim in mad terror."

When the alarm had been given, General McNeill was just outside the Berkshire zereba, into which he attempted to spur his horse. But it shied, the brute, and began to back towards where the Arabs were rushing on. His aide-de-camp, Lieutenant the Hon. Alan Charteris (son of the Earl of Wemyss), gallantly rushed to his rescue. One Arab had his rifle levelled at the general, but Charteris turned the barrel aside with his sword, and cut down a second assailant, though he was speared in the arm by a young Arab, a boy of some ten or eleven years, who fought like a tiger's cub till he was shot.

It was the Berkshire zereba which attracted the fiercest and most voluminous onrush of the Arabs. Howling like fiends and hacking and slashing everything that came in their way—camels, mules, horses, and camp-followers—the Hadendowas burst into the Berkshire fence-square, which now became a frightful scene of mutual massacre, in the course of which Lieutenant Seymour of the *Dolphin* and five of his brave bluejackets were slaughtered, all being terribly stabbed by spears. Captain Domville, in command, had his horse killed, as also had Colonel Kelly. The latter was fiercely attacked. He killed one of his assailants, but another was just about to spear him in the back when Captain Domville shot the Arab dead. Lieutenant-Colonel Huyshe, commanding the regiment, set a fine example of cool heroism to his men; and being fiercely set upon by three Arabs, he shot them dead in succession with his revolver.

After the fight there was a terrible scene at this corner of the zereba. The dead lay thick. Ten bluejackets, some Indians, and Lieutenant Seymour, with dead mules and horses and wounded camels, were seen mingled up in one horrible heap. No fewer than 120 of the enemy had been sent to their account within the Berkshire zereba; and, indeed, of the brave and steadfast men of this county it might with double truth have been said what Wellington once affirmed of his invincible troops: "Whenever I made a mistake and got into a hole, my men always pulled me out of it"—words which General McNeill may well have repeated of himself.

One of the most striking features of the fray was the gallant defence made by the "F" and "G" companies of the Berkshires. At the first alarm Captain Edwards was serving water to his men of the "F" company, which had just come in from covering the men who were cutting bushes. Captain Edwards called to his men to stand to arms; the other company did the same, and the two formed a rallying square outside the middle, or store, zereba—which was quite 200 yards away.

Only a rough square was formed round the officers—Colonel Gillespie and the rest; and at this gallant little band the Arabs fiercely rushed from all directions, but were met with a terrific and wonderfully steady fire, which mowed them down in swarthy swathes. The men were well in hand, and reserved their fire until the Arabs were within thirty yards. Two of the latter fell

dead under the bayonets, one of them hurling his spear before he died and wounding Private Campbell. After fighting thus for about twenty minutes, the heroic little square slowly fell back upon the Marines' zereba, halting at times to give another dose of bullets to their assailants, of whom they slew over 200.

Meanwhile at the Marines' zereba, Suakimward, a "murder grim and great" as that of the Berkshire square had also been going on. For both zerebas had been simultaneously submerged, as 'twere, with a roaring flood of savages who had seemed to spring out of the ground like the whistle-summoned warriors of Roderick Dhu. Captain de Cosson and the *Times* correspondent —Mr. Wentworth Huyshe, a brother of the Berkshires' colonel—who happened to be watering their horses outside at the moment of the Arab onrush, only saved their lives by jumping their horses into the zereba, in the same way as the Duke of Wellington had done at Quatre Bras.

"As for the 17th Bengal Native Infantry," wrote Mr. Huyshe some time afterwards, "they could not face the music, the terrific scream which burst upon the air at the moment of attack, and which those who heard it will never forget, and they broke and fled; the gallant Beverhoudt was killed within a few yards of me in an attempt to rally his men, and in the next moment the whole space which had been marked out for the central zereba, and where the water-casks and biscuit-boxes were stored, became a hideous chaos of demoralised men, shouting and firing in the air, frantic camels and mules struggling, plunging, kicking, while through the immense cloud of thick dust which marked the course of the stampede, the forms of the Hadendowa warriors flitted like armed spectres, hacking, hewing, thrusting. Many of us were swept along in that terrible rush; some were forced clear through the northern zereba out into the bush, and so towards the town; these could only save themselves by swiftest flight.

"I heard some one shout, 'They're on us!' and I had just time to say to my friend with whom I had made the voyage to Suakim, 'Mount, G——, mount quick!' when I was jerked out of my own saddle by the cord which joined two camels (a cord with the power of a catapult!) dashed to the ground, and then galloped over by a mule! Dragged along by the reins some yards, I struggled to my feet, half-blinded, got into the saddle, put my horse (an excellent beast which I had bought from Major Collins of the Berkshire) at the (fortunately for me) incompleted hedge of the Marines' zereba, and, having landed inside, found the enemy there also! swinging sword and hurling spear, while Walter Paget, of the *Illustrated London News*, was calmly making an admirable sketch of a single combat between a Hadendowa swordsman and a poor little Tommy Atkins of the Commissariat. Tommy was doing his best with his regulation sword (made in Germany?) against the tremendous two-handed sidelong sweeps dealt out by the swordsman; but it occurred to him to deliver cut No. 7, which, much to the surprise, probably, of both combatants, cut the Arab's head down through the skull. Next moment poor Tommy himself fell dead at our feet, shot through the lungs by our own fire, I think, from the rallying square of a detachment of the Berkshire which had been caught outside, and was being desperately and incessantly charged by the enemy.

"Meanwhile, the Berkshire, and we in the Marines' zereba, were firing terrific volleys *into our own transport animals*, behind and among which the enemy was in great force. A sight it was to see those poor beasts, stung by the deadly hail, rear their great bodies into the air! In the Berkshire zereba, at the diagonally opposite end of the position, the hand-to-hand fight was in full swing. The Gatling-gun redoubt had been rushed by the enemy, all our poor fellows near it slain, and the Berkshire working parties who had run towards their stacked rifles, which were between them and the charging enemy (a notable deed!), were fighting hard, bayonet and bullet *v.* spear and sword. Not a man of the enemy got out of the zereba alive; they died there, a hundred brave men and more, under the shadow of the sacred banner which they had planted on the redoubt."

In the first terrific rush some sixty Arabs had got into the square of the Marines, but they were instantly shot down or bayoneted. Outside in the central zereba the Arabs simply ran amuck at the helpless camp-followers, slashing at them right and left and inflicting some ghastly wounds, while numbers of poor gashed and hamstrung camels and mules were seen hobbling all about on their knees. Large bodies of the enemy rushed round in every direction, charging at the zereba fence—mere hedges of thorny bush laid on the ground—with the utmost courage. The native bearers and servants fared badly, seeing that it was impossible to distinguish them from

the enemy, and many of them were killed or wounded by the concentrated fire from the Marines' and the Berkshire squares.

All the troops stood their ground with splendid steadfastness—all, perhaps, save the 17th Bengal Native Infantry (called the Loyal Poorbeahs) above referred to, who were standing aligned with the south side of the Berkshire zereba. The right flank of this Indian regiment had been somewhat disordered, it is true, by the scouts of the 5th Lancers rushing back through it; but after firing one volley at the onrushing hordes of Osman, it broke and "retired"—a movement which might perhaps have been characterised by a less indulgent word. Some of the Loyal Poorbeahs fell back on the Berkshire zereba, others in a "more regular formation" on the Marines' zereba; while others still rightabout-faced and headed for Suakim, whence they had come.

These Loyal Poorbeahs might surely have plucked up a better courage at the spectacle of the behaviour of the Rev. Reginald Collins, Roman Catholic chaplain to the force, who was seen standing back to back in one of the squares with Major Alston, "the reverend combatant having seized the nearest available weapon—a revolver—which he wielded as if to the manner born." On the signs of unsteadiness becoming apparent among the ranks of the aforesaid Poorbeahs, Mr. Collins, like the gallant representative of the Church militant that he was, volunteered to cross the bullet-swept ground that intervened, and convey the major's message to "Cease firing!" seeing that aimless, unsteady shooting was worse than none at all.

"Stepping forward," wrote an eye-witness, "calm and collected in demeanour, the chaplain walked, his life in his hands, across to the Indians, to whom he gave the necessary orders, and then returned as calmly to the little square which he had just left. His reception must have been some compensation for the dreadful risks he had run. The men, struck with his heroism, raised cheer after cheer, and placing their helmets on their bayonets, waved them frantically in their enthusiasm."

Yet the cool heroism of this peaceful man of God sufficed not to stiffen the backs, steady the fire, or stay the backward movement of the Loyal Poorbeahs. On the other hand, however, all their Indian comrades budged not an inch from the line whereon they stood. The 15th Sikhs and 28th Bombay Native Infantry remained firm, maintaining an intact line, receiving and repulsing successive assaults with a heavy fire. There never was a doubt as to the result of the attack on these regiments. The Sikhs were most severely assailed, and hundreds of dead Arabs were afterwards counted in front of their position. The Bombay regiment was less directly attacked, but it fought steadily, and added its quota to the slain.

Two soldiers of the Berkshire were saved from certain death by the magnificent daring of Subadar (Captain) Goordit Singh, commanding the left flank company of the 15th Sikhs, who, placing himself between the pursuers and their prey, slew three Arabs in succession by as many rapid sword-cuts. This was only one among many feats of personal prowess which this day called forth; but for this very especial act of bravery Lord Wolseley subsequently gave the gallant Subadar a sword of honour.

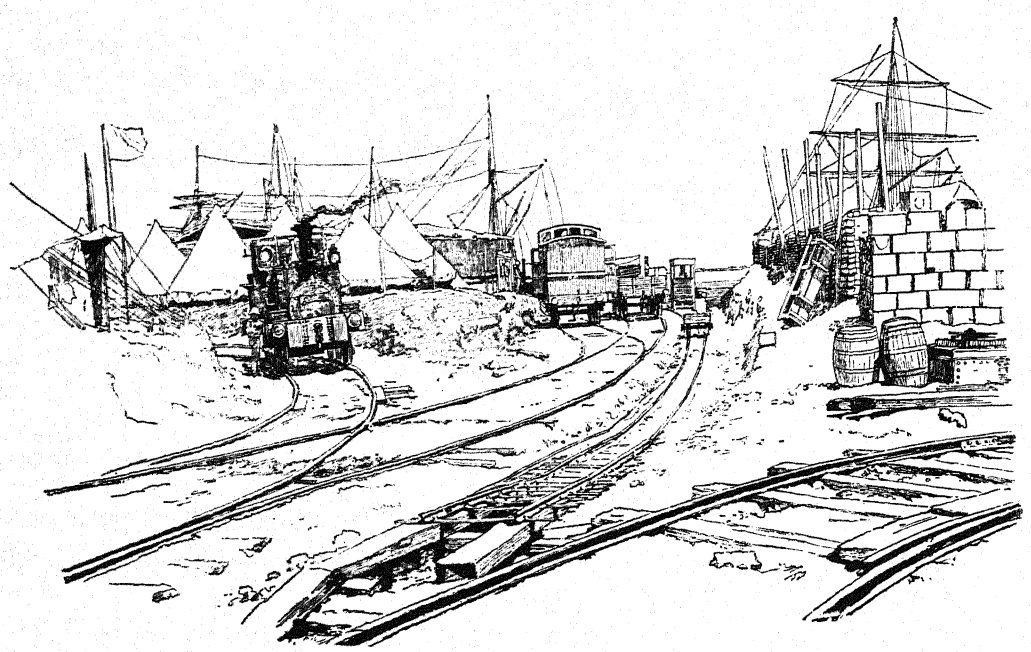
But simultaneously with all this desperate fighting at the zerebas an engagement of another kind had been going on nearer Suakim. About 1.30 p.m. Major Graves, with a squadron of the 20th Hussars, had left the camp for Suakim so as to ensure the safety of the telegraphic wire which connected Graham with McNeill. He had only proceeded about two miles, and had met a squadron of the 9th Bengal Lancers advancing to relieve him, when he heard heavy firing behind at the zereba. Taking command of the two squadrons with the splendid promptitude of the true cavalry officer, he at once hastened back, and came upon a number of camel-drivers, some native infantry (our Loyal Poorbeah friends, to wit), and, worse than all, "a few British soldiers," with camels, mules, etc., all in full retreat to Suakim, closely pursued by the enemy, who, in much greater force, were cutting them down in large numbers.

But now—in the twinkling of an eye—Graves was upon these pursuers like a thunderbolt with his couple of scragged-up squadrons: the ultimate result being that the Arabs turned and retreated towards McNeill's zereba, leaving a number of dead and wounded on the ground. Some feigned death, and jumping up close to the troopers, were killed in hand-to-hand combat.

The first shot at the zereba had been fired at ten minutes to three p.m., and at ten minutes past that hour McNeill ordered the "Cease fire!" to be sounded. Yet in that short space of twenty minutes no fewer than 1,500 Arabs had been killed, and probably a large number wounded, out of their attacking force of about 5,000.

On the other hand, the British loss had been

very severe—amounting to 6 officers killed and 3 wounded, 3 sergeants killed and 3 wounded, 55 rank and file killed, 14 missing (what became of them?), and 57 wounded; while the Indian brigade lost 2 English and 2 native officers killed, 49 non-commissioned officers and men killed, 10 missing, and 90 wounded; 33 camp-followers



THE TERMINUS OF THE SUAKIM-BERBER RAILWAY, SUAKIM.

killed, 124 missing, and 19 wounded. But the heaviest slaughter-bill fell to the poor camels, of which no fewer than 500 were returned as killed or missing. Among the killed were Captain Romilly and Lieut. Swinton of the Berkshires, who were out working when attacked; and Lieut. Seymour of the Naval Brigade.

"At 6 p.m.," said the *Times* correspondent, "in the Berkshire zereba, the dead were laid out in rows. I counted 13 privates of the Berkshire Regiment and Royal Engineers, 6 of the Naval Brigade, and 2 of the Army Hospital Corps. Near them lay Lieutenant Swinton and Lieutenant Seymour; the total number killed in this zereba being 23. In the Marines' zereba there were 6 dead. An hour and a half later the sky was overcast, and a deep darkness shrouded the zerebas, the silence, too, being only broken by the moans and cries of the wounded —one mutilated Arab shouting out 'Allah!' and being answered from a distant part of the field by a friend's cry of 'Allah-il-Allah!'

"About ten o'clock the moon shone out brightly; and a walk round the zereba by its light makes the battlefield even more ghastly and impressive. Here, within the zereba, the ground is encumbered with dead and wounded camels and horses, and is littered with clothing and portions of the kit of the dead and living. In the centre of the zereba a few water-barrels, arranged in line, form a rendezvous for the officers. All over the ground are patches of blood and brains. In one corner of the zereba lie the two rows of our dead. Looking from our zereba over the plain, which is nearly free from bushes for a distance of one hundred yards, the moonlight reveals a fearful spectacle. The bodies of the enemy lie thick over the plain, in every imaginable attitude. Immediately beneath the zereba hedge they are most numerous—a proof of the desperate gallantry with which they came on, with spear and shield, knobkerry and camel-stick. But there were others still more brave, for from our zereba alone 70 or 80 bodies were dragged out into the plain by our men before nightfall."

Vereschagin, the Russian battle-painter, ought to have been there with his realistic brush. Occasionally during the night a broad band of electric light from H.M.S. *Dolphin*—six miles away at Suakim—would sweep weirdly across the plain where the dead, the dying, and the weary lay side by side; and the sight of its long

and brilliant beam cheered the hearts of the men who had so nobly sustained the character of British soldiers for unflinching staunchness in the hour of stress.

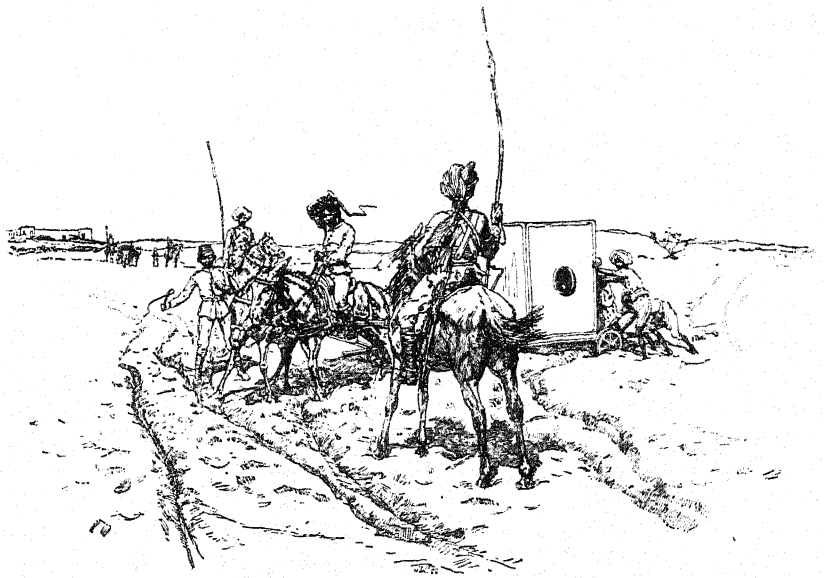
When day broke, a sickening odour of blood filled the air, and burial-parties were detailed. But the enemy were still swarming in the bush, and ever and anon their long-range bullets would come whizzing and pinging over the camp. Three banners were found, one with the mocking, lying inscription: "From the Mahdi, the true Prophet of God—Whoever fights under this banner shall be victorious"; while another standard had been captured by the brave Berkshires, on whose sandbag redoubt the onrushing Arabs had made bold to plant this embroidered banner of their pride.

The broad, wandering stream of the electric light from the masthead of the *Dolphin* had flashed fresh courage into the hearts of the wearied holders of the Tofrik zereba; but brighter even and more inspiriting than the glare of this light was the gleam of the sun on the bayonets of the Guards, who, accompanied by General Graham himself, tramped up to the zereba next morning from Suakim in serried and magnificent array. And loud were the cheers that greeted the Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and Scots as they came to a halt abreast of the Marines' zereba, looking like roughly affectionate lions who had come to see about their imperilled cubs.

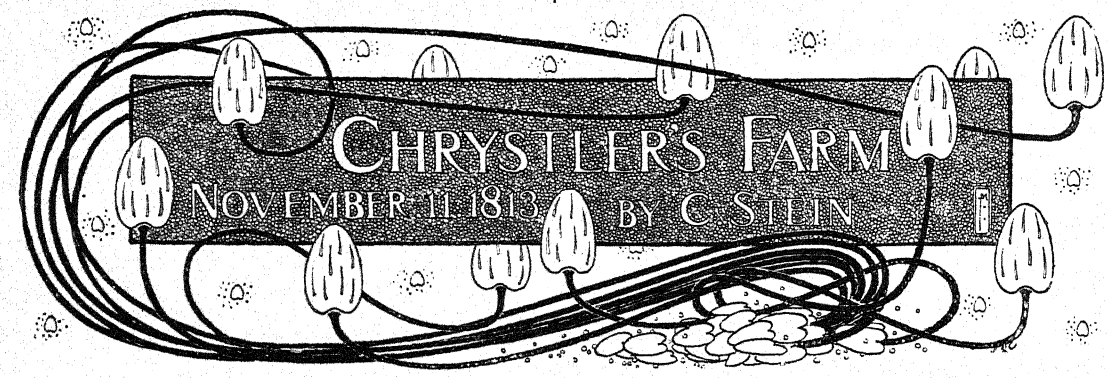
Osman Digna and his ferocious hordes might do their utmost now; but never again did they make bold to repeat the tactics which they had employed with such splendid daring at El-Teb, Tamai, Hasheen, and Tofrik. The campaign tailed off in a series of further marchings and counter-marchings, convoy-escorting, zereba-forming, and skirmishes, none of which rose to the dignity of a proper engagement, except, perhaps, the fight at Dhakdul, in which the New South Wales contingent—which only arrived a week after the affair of McNeill's zereba—took part and comported itself with the utmost gallantry. Previous to this, Graham had advanced on New Tamai, Osman's headquarters, and destroyed the nest on finding the bird flown; and the rest of the fighting took the form of little more than mere skirmishing with the natives, who did all they could to bar the progress of Graham's railway-making by burning the sleepers.

The laying of the line had reached Otao, a point about fifteen miles from Suakim, when Lord Wolseley, who had meanwhile arrived at Suakim from the Upper Nile (2nd May), announced that the Government had resolved to suspend the work and retire from the Soudan altogether, leaving only a garrison at Suakim.

It was but a poor consolation for this sudden and capricious dropping of the fruits of all their fighting that Lord Wolseley, on the 16th May, addressed a farewell order to the troops, expressing his deep sense of their admirable conduct in language of the warmest eulogy. "The deeds of the force in the Soudan," he said, "have added one more chapter to the glorious records of our national prowess."



DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSPORT.



AFTER the successful issue of their struggle for independence, the United States of America increased in wealth and importance with greater rapidity than any other nation of the time. The long continuance of war had caused much distress in Europe, and many emigrants of all nationalities, carrying with them their arts and experience, had betaken themselves to the great new Republic, which offered countless openings for energy and ability. Besides the numerical force and political weight which were thus gained, the circumstances of the time threw a vast amount of neutral commerce into American hands, bringing profitable employment to shipowners and seamen and an increasing revenue to the Republic. This condition of affairs in itself caused considerable jealousy in Great Britain, and the fact that France was deriving great benefit from the carriage of its seaborne commerce in American ships forced the British Government to adopt defensive measures. England also asserted her right of searching neutral merchant vessels on the high seas and of impressing English subjects found in them for service in the navy, as it was denied that the nationality of such men could be cancelled by easily obtained American acts of naturalisation and certificates of citizenship. The United States, with more or less justification, then declared war on the 18th June, 1812.

The Dominion of Canada was the only British possession open to the invasion of the American land forces, and, though its long frontier line from Lake Superior to the Bay of Fundy gave many points against which enterprises might be undertaken, the settlements and strongholds were so far apart, separated from each other by stretches of wilderness and impassable natural features, that such enterprises could, for the most part, only be isolated blows, and could have no great strategical effect. The most important feature of the frontier was the series of lakes, or vast inland seas, connected by mighty rivers, and no movements of troops could be made unassisted by armed vessels and boats. Both sides, therefore, in the coming campaign relied for success quite as much on their navies on the lakes and rivers as on the land troops which they could put into the field.

The theatre of war was little adapted for the exercise of the best qualities of the English army of the day. As has been said, the settlements, small and few as they were, were separated by great tracts of virgin forest and wilderness. Soldiers had to be conveyed by water from one field of action to another, and when they were landed they had seldom an opportunity of executing such manœuvres as would have been possible in almost any part of Europe, but they were called upon to fight in districts broken by woods, precipices, creeks, and morasses, where their discipline and stiff, steady training were useless and their courage and determination were more likely to lead them into an ambush or to entangle them among insurmountable obstacles than to ensure their victory. They were opposed to an enemy to whom the character of the country was familiar, men who from their youth had been accustomed to the use of the rifle in the pursuit of game, who were initiated into all the expedients of life in the backwoods, and were hardened by hunting toils into the handiest and most enduring of soldiers for irregular campaigns. Small wonder if the English regular battalions often found themselves at a disadvantage from the very excellence of their military training, and were unable in the wild regions of America to show proofs of the high value at which they were appraised on the battlefields of Europe. It was fortunate for the defence of Canada that it was possible among the loyal inhabitants o the Dominion to enrol a considerable force o militia, which, composed to a great extent o

settlers or their sons, possessed a knowledge of the country's features, enabling them to act efficiently when regular troops might be at a loss. There were also some tribes of friendly Indians who could be utilised as light troops and scouts, and of whose chiefs some, and especially the famous Tecumseh, were warriors of the highest merit, combining gallantry in the field with the utmost loyalty to the English flag and great ability in the operations of war.

During 1812 and the greater part of 1813 the war was carried on by Americans and British with varying success, but, as has been seen, it was impossible for either side to attempt any great strategical operations. Detached raids were made by each Power upon more or less isolated positions of its enemy, but no crushing blow was struck which could have a decisive effect on the ultimate issue of the struggle. The Americans had, however, been so far successful that they had for the time secured complete command of Lake Erie. It was therefore possible for them to devote all their resources to operations on Lake Ontario, and their War Department conceived the idea of making a combined movement on Montreal by two armies, one starting from Lake Ontario and one from a post on the Chateauguay river near the boundary line of Lower Canada. The first was to consist of 7,000 men under General Wilkinson, and the second of 8,000 men under General Hampton. If these two forces could unite on the lower St. Lawrence, it was believed that they would be sufficiently strong to overcome any probable resistance, and that they would be able to take up their winter quarters in Montreal. This scheme promised well, and the whole energies of the Republic were devoted to carrying it out.

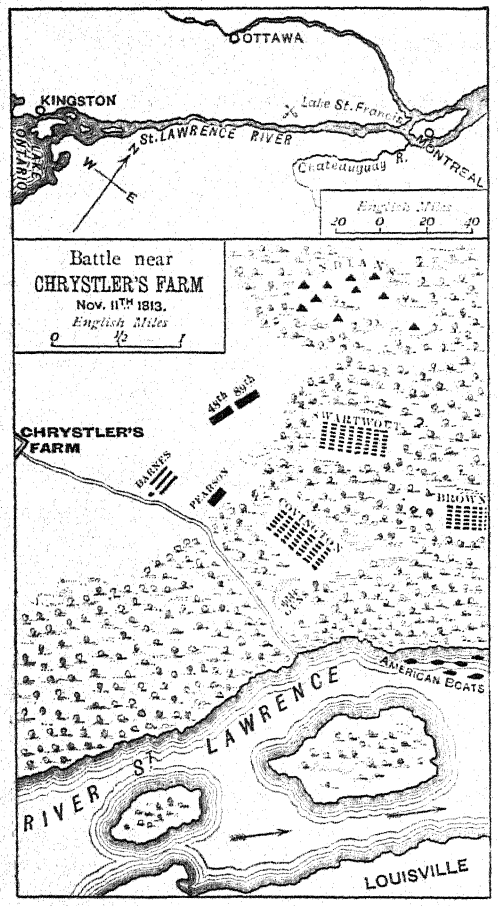
On the 21st October General Hampton commenced his march along both banks of the Chateauguay river, and, after some preliminary skirmishes, was encountered on the 25th by a weak force of Canadian militia under Lieutenant-Colonel de Saluberry, which, covered by breastworks formed of felled trees, was able to receive with a well-sustained and deadly fire the American attack, and finally to succeed in checking it and driving it back. General Hampton, believing that he was opposed by greatly superior numbers, though in fact his repulse was accomplished by not more than 800 men, fell back to his original starting-point, and had not the resolution again to cross the frontier.

Meantime General Wilkinson had concentrated his force at Grenadier Island, on Lake Ontario, near the St. Lawrence, and was preparing to move down the river towards the point of proposed junction with General Hampton. In making his dispositions he allowed it to be supposed that his object might be an attack upon Kingston, to which place all the troops which had occupied the Niagara peninsula had been moved; but he made no actual demonstration in that direction. As a matter of fact, the English and American fleets neutralised each other on Lake Ontario, and no successful attack could have been made upon Kingston while the English armed vessels were still unsubdued. In Kingston also were almost all the regular troops available for the defence of Lower Canada, and it was very obviously a more feasible operation to move on weakly protected Montreal than to make an attack on a town strongly guarded by land and on the lake.

The transport of General Wilkinson's force down the current of the St. Lawrence could not be made in the comparatively large vessels which navigated Lake Ontario, and he caused a number of small craft, scows and boats, to be prepared, sufficient for its accommodation. On the 25th October all was ready, the men were embarked and the flotilla dropped down the river to a point on the southern bank called French Creek. The American armed vessels, under Commodore Chauncey, covered the movement, and watched the English fleet in Kingston Harbour; but in spite of their vigilance, some English brigs, schooners, and gunboats managed to slip past them unperceived, and took up a position off the creek, from which they were able to fire on Wilkinson's army, and to do it some damage. The Americans had erected a battery of 18-pounders on shore, but these were able to do little or no harm to the English ships, which maintained their position until Commodore Chauncey's fleet, which they had evaded, suddenly made its appearance, and forced them to retire to Kingston.

On the 5th November the camp at French Creek was broken up, and, General Wilkinson re-embarking his men, the flotilla continued its voyage till midnight, when it again anchored after passing over forty miles of the river's course. Six miles lower down the St. Lawrence its channel was commanded by the guns of Fort Wellington on the Canadian bank, and it was a matter of anxiety to General Wilkinson how his flotilla should pass this fort unscathed. He met the difficulty by disembarking his ammunition

and placing it in waggons. Every man who was not required to navigate the boats was also landed, and the whole marched along the American bank by night to a point two miles beyond the threatening fort. The flotilla itself was placed in charge of General Brown, who took every precaution to enable it to move undiscovered by muffling the oars and causing the boats to keep as close as possible to the bank.



General Wilkinson himself in a light gig reconnoitred the river and piloted the leading boats. Fortunately for him a heavy fog spread over the river's channel, and under its cover the greater part of the flotilla dropped silently down stream unobserved. A sudden shift of wind, however, caused the fog to lift, and the garrison of Fort Wellington detected the boats and the marching column on the American bank. Fire was opened by the English guns, but too late to check the success of General Wilkinson, who effected his movement with little loss. Pressing orders were now sent to General Hampton, whose repulse on the Chateauguay was yet unknown, directing him to make every effort to effect the proposed junction of the two armies.

Major-General de Rottenberg, who was commanding at Kingston, quite alive to the object of Wilkinson's expedition, had directed a force under Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison to follow and watch it on the St. Lawrence. Little could apparently be done in direct opposition to it. Only about 1,500 men were at Kingston, and it was unadvisable to leave that place wholly unprotected. It was expected that a militia army might be gathered to cover Montreal, but the best that could now be hoped for was to harass Wilkinson's march, and to watch for opportunities of causing loss to his army. Morrison could only take with him eight very weak companies of the 49th Regiment, and nine equally weak companies of the 89th, with a small detachment of artillery and artillery drivers, having in charge two 6-pounder field-pieces, the whole amounting to about 560 rank and file. This little band embarked on some gunboats and small craft manned by men of the Ontario fleet commanded by Captain Mulcaster of the Royal Navy, who had the audacity to stand out of Kingston Harbour in view of Commodore Chauncey's blockading squadron, and the skilfulness to evade his enemy by slipping down the north channel, which, as presenting great difficulties of navigation, had fortunately been left unguarded. On the 8th November Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison was joined by Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson, the commander of Fort Wellington, with all his available men, consisting of the two flank companies of the 49th, some detachments of Canadian militia, a few artillerymen with a field-piece, about half-a-dozen provincial dragoons, and thirty Indians under Lieutenant Anderson. Morrison's whole force now numbered 800 men all told, and with it he followed in the wake of the American flotilla as far as Fort Iroquois on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, where he left the boats and prepared for land operations. Wilkinson's army had been delayed by the necessity of landing in order to pass Fort Wellington, and its commander was now informed that difficulties might be expected at every point where the channel of the river narrowed, as the Canadian bank was occupied by militia and artillery. The reports which came to him were greatly exaggerated, however, and there was really no force then in the field which could have offered any effectual opposition to his passage. On the forenoon of the 7th he had landed 1,200 men under Colonel McCombe to clear away any possible resistance,

and to cover the flank of his flotilla, which, thus secured, pursued its way down the river. On the 8th, General Brown with his brigade was sent by Wilkinson to reinforce McCombe, and the 2nd Dragoons, part of the army's cavalry, which had been marching along the American bank, were ferried over to the Canadian side. On the afternoon of the 9th the American flotilla arrived at Williamsburg, near to Chrystler's Farm,

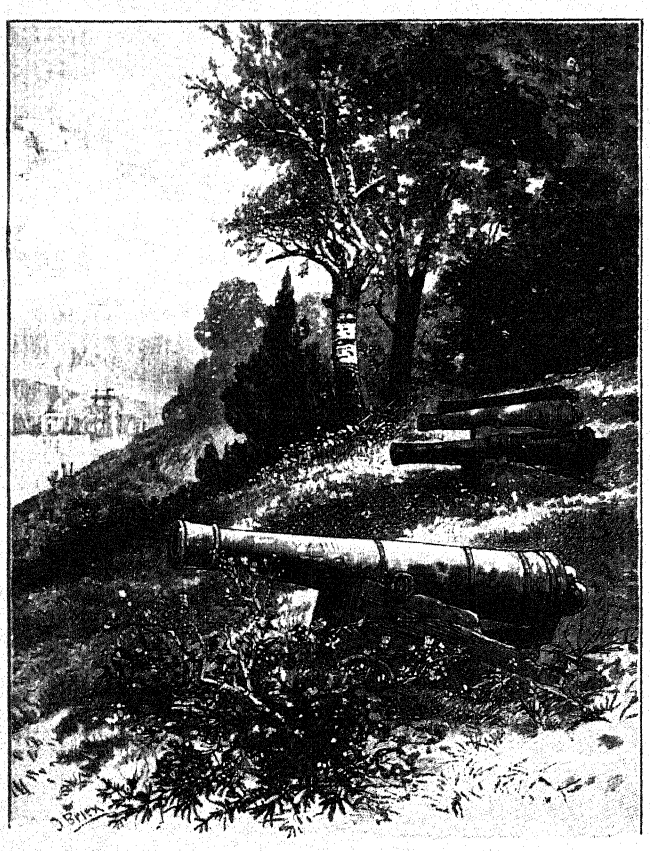


"CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG DID HIS BEST TO WITHDRAW HIS PIECES" (*p.* 651).

and a further force of 400 men was sent on shore *en reconnaissance*. General Brown was now ordered to take command of the whole of the landed forces, and to make good the possession of the bank as far as the head of the "Longue Saut," a long rapid a short distance down the river. On the 10th November, General Brown on shore and the heavily laden boats on the river had both arrived at the "Longue Saut." General Wilkinson now judged it advisable, with the view of holding the Canadian shore, and also to lighten all the boats as much as possible before undertaking the passage of the rapid, to land every man capable of bearing arms, and a considerable proportion of his artillery.

The American commander-in-chief had been for some days ill, and was now completely incapacitated. General Lewis, the second in command, was also ill ; so the direction of the troops devolved upon General Boyd, who, besides other senior officers, had with him Generals Covington, Brown, and Swartwout. The Americans commenced their march on the morning of the 10th, and near the village of Cornwall the advanced guard was opposed by about 300 of the Glengarry Militia under Captain Dennis of the 49th, who, by breaking down a bridge over a creek in his front and distributing his men in concealment round a wide semicircle, was able by their fire to delay General Brown for three hours, and finally to withdraw with little loss, carrying away also all the stores which were in his charge. But Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison's small force was now in touch with and harassing the American rear, and some skirmishing had taken place in which the advantages were evenly balanced.

The English gunboats also were so threatening the flotilla that it was unable to leave the shelter of the bank, where a strong battery had been erected for its protection. General Boyd therefore resolved to turn upon and attack Morrison, and, his force being so superior in numbers, he believed that he could have no difficulty in crushing his audacious foe. A belt of forest surrounded the ground occupied by the English and hid from the Americans their strength and



OLD BATTERY, ST. HELEN'S ISLAND, MONTREAL.

disposition; and General Boyd, thinking that he had only to show his strength to ensure complete success, formed his men in three columns, each commanded by one of his generals, with a reserve under Colonel Upham. One of the battalions of General Swartwout's brigade, the 21st American Regiment, was sent forward as an advanced guard to cover the movement and bring the English to action. This advanced guard, moving in open order through the forest, emerged upon Morrison's leading troops, the 49th flank companies, some Canadian militia, and one field-piece under Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson. The 21st Americans were accompanied by four guns, which took up a position from which it was hoped that they would be able to enfilade the right of the British line of battle.

Let us examine the ground occupied by Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, and see how he marshalled his men to meet the overwhelming numbers which were about to be brought against them. Chrystler's Farm was a large clearing in the forest surrounding the log-built homestead, from which a rude track led down to the bank of the St. Lawrence. In November the crops were all off the ground, which was thus quite open to the movement of troops, though it was cut up by occasional drains and fences, and the soil, from long-continued rain, was a mass of deep adhesive mud. Such as it was, however, it was better adapted to the steady manœuvres of English infantry than many of the previous scenes of combat during the war. We have seen that the little English army was only about 800 strong, including regular infantry, artillery, and Canadian militia, and that it had with it thirty Indians. Its artillery consisted of three field-pieces, and its cavalry of half-a-dozen dragoons, who acted as orderlies. Its advanced guard under Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson was posted *à cheval* of the road near the belt of forest which intervened between the clearing and the river. Behind it, écheloned in support on its right rear, were three companies of the 89th with a field-piece under Captain Barnes, while on its left rear the remainder of the 49th and 89th with a field-piece were both main body and reserve. The woods on the left of the position were occupied by the Indians and the Canadian militia. Every fighting-man was in the place which best suited his peculiar capabilities. Everywhere the handfuls of infantry were formed in line so as to give the fullest effect to their fire and the utmost freedom to their powers of tactical movement. Grimly determined, they awaited the advance of General Boyd's army, for they felt that on them depended the safety of Lower Canada. The three American columns followed their advanced guard through the forest, General Covington being directed against the right of the English position, General Swartwout against its left, while

General Brown was still some distance in the rear.

The action commenced at 2 p.m. by the attack of the 21st Americans, over 600 strong, on Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson's advanced post. The power of the swarm of men was too much for Pearson, who fell back, steadily fighting and disputing every inch of ground, until his assailants were checked by the supporting fire of the 49th and 89th. The four American guns failed to give to the 21st all the support which was expected from them, as they had taken up a position too far behind the fighting line, from which, ill served and ill laid, their action was little effective. At half-past two General Swartwout's brigade had pushed forward, and tried to turn the British left; but, weary from being under arms all the previous night under an incessant rain and from their march to the attack almost knee-deep in mud, the men lacked vigour and determination. The fire of the Indians and militia, whom Swartwout had neglected to drive out of the wood on his right, made itself felt with fatal effect, and when the 89th, wheeling to their left, presented a stern, unbroken front, the Americans, deficient in training and discipline, paused, staggered, and gave way. The 49th and 89th, re-forming their proud line and with colours uncased, followed them with confident step, firing volleys by platoons and effectually prevented them from making an attempt to rally their disordered ranks. Meanwhile General Covington had led an assault against the English right, and, forcing Captain Barnes with his three companies of the 89th to fall back, nearly made good his way to the farm-house; but Morrison, seeing his right thus in peril, moved to the help of their comrades the main body of the 49th and 89th, flushed with their success against General Swartwout. These gallant soldiers then gave a brilliant example of that power of cool manœuvre in battle which in so many wars has been displayed by England's infantry. They halted in their victorious pursuit of their first antagonists, and, crossing the field from left to right in *échelon* of companies, re-formed their line in front of Covington, and, recommencing their crushing fire by platoons, struck confusion into his brigade. General Covington, who, sword in hand, was leading his men with a courage and determination worthy of the young Republic's army, was struck down mortally wounded and carried from the field, and on the right of the British position, as on the left, the Americans were driven back discomfited. The American battery of four guns was still in position, covering the movements of their infantry, and the 49th prepared to capture it with a bayonet charge. Ere they were in motion, however, Morrison's wary eye had marked the movement of mounted men behind the disorganised crowd that was falling back before him. It was the 2nd American Dragoons, who, hitherto impeded by the belt of forest near the river, were now able to form in the clearing, and, under the command of the Adjutant-General, Walbach, were about to make an attempt to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Fortunately for Morrison's force the intersecting ditches and deep mud of the battlefield prevented the charge from being delivered with the impetus and cohesion which give three-fourths of their power to attacking cavalry, and Captain Barnes had time to form his three companies and to receive the dragoons with calculated volleys. Like Swartwout's and Covington's brigades, Walbach's men failed to make good their purpose, and turned rein. The last serious danger to the English army was past. General Brown's third column and Colonel Upham's reserve did little more than show themselves, and took no part in the fight. Their comrades were defeated, discouraged, and in retreat, and all that could be done was to shield them from complete demoralisation.

Morrison had hitherto fought the action of the day with conspicuous completeness and success. His men had stood the brunt of a struggle with a greatly superior force, and in cool courage, disciplined manœuvre, and ready response to his initiative, had failed their commander at no moment in the trying hours of that November afternoon. Now, however, he was unable to reap the full advantage of his victory for want of that cavalry which might have swept down upon his foe's retreat, and added crushing disaster to their disheartening failure. But, if cavalry were wanting, the sturdy British infantry, which had held its own so long and so stoutly and adapted its tactical formation to every mood of battle, now dashed forward eager to do what in it lay to secure trophies of mastery. Captain Barnes's companies, with levelled bayonets, charged upon the four guns which so long had been in position before them. Captain Armstrong, who commanded the American battery, did his best to withdraw his pieces; but, impeded by the tumultuous retreat of the infantry, and by the deep mud in which the wheels were sunk, he only succeeded in saving three. The fourth was captured, Lieutenant

Smith, the subaltern in charge, lying dead at the post of duty. Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson, who, with the flank companies, had at the beginning of the action formed the English advanced post till he was driven back by the American 21st, now again pressed forward and fell on the enemy's light infantry, which was covering their retreat. Victorious in his turn, his advance was irresistible and opposition melted away before him. The line of the 49th and 89th followed Barnes and Pearson. The shrill war-whoop of the Indians rang through the forest, the artillery was hurried forward to hurl some last shots into the woods, in whose shelter General Boyd's columns were received, and the whole English force stood triumphant on the edge of the clearing where they had given such proofs of valour. But Morrison could do no more. Night was falling, and disparity of numbers forbade further pursuit of the Americans, who, falling back to their boats on the St. Lawrence, had the means of reinforcing themselves to such an extent as would give them a dominant superiority, which it would have been folly to encounter.

The Americans hurriedly re-embarked and formed their camp about four miles lower down the river on its southern bank. Here the tidings of Hampton's defeat on the Chateauguay reached them, and they learnt of that commander's resolution to make no further attempt to effect the proposed junction of the two armies. There was nothing for it but to consider the advance against Montreal at an end. De Salaberry on the Chateauguay and Morrison at Chrystler's Farm had broken the force of the two American columns of invasion and had saved Lower Canada for the British Crown. The American losses in the action of the 11th November were 102 killed and 237 wounded, besides a field-gun and more than 100 prisoners. In proportion to their numbers the casualties among the English force were nearly equally severe, amounting to 21 killed and 182 wounded. The opposing forces met in open champaign, where the incomparable discipline of trained English infantry gave to them signal advantage. The Americans were defeated not by superior valour, but, though fourfold superior in numbers, they fell before prompt and regular tactical movements executed by professional soldiers who were handled by a commander of consummate ability.



A SETTLER'S SHANTY.

THE LAST SORTIE FROM PARIS: BUZENVAL JAN: 19. 1871.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA.

PARIS had been besieged by the Germans for four months, and was now approaching the last extremities. The only bulletin issued on the 18th of January, the one hundred and twenty-second day of the tedious beleaguerment, was that the Invalides—the Chelsea Hospital of France, in whose chapel under a tomb of porphyry lie the remains of the First Napoleon—had been struck by a shell. Trochu had not yet developed his long-threatened plan which was to relieve the city from the toils. Provisions were getting scanty by palpable degrees, for on the 13th instant the rationing of bread was finally decided on by a Government Council, and M. Magnin, the Minister of Commerce, had obtained permission to requisition all the remaining flour he could lay hands on. Five days later M. Jules Ferry limited the supply to ten ounces daily, one pennyworth, for which the inhabitants had to call at the shops with their tickets and form a *queue* outside as at the theatre in ordinary times. Children under five were only entitled to half the quantity, and even that meagre allowance was of a mahogany colour, sour and gritty, a compound of bran, rice, barley, oats, vermicelli, and starch, with a thin admixture of wheaten flour. The bakers were prohibited from selling the ration to any but their usual customers.

The Germans had a capitally served Intelligence Department. It is worthy of note that the bread was rationed on the very day that they said it would begin to be scarce in Paris.

There were only enough cattle left to furnish a clear day's supply of meat, and milch cows were jealously withheld for the consumptive and those otherwise ailing, babes, and women recovering from the throes of child-birth. Another day's supply was counted on from preserved food. The reserve of horses was diminishing, and those which had to be kept for transport and the indispensable necessities of war were few and deplorably out of condition. It was short commons everywhere. There was now no more oats or barley in the mangers, and straw and hay were stinted. Even the staff of life on which those required for field-artillery and ambulance purposes were fed, was lacking; the other horses were dieted on a quarter of their usual fare. The bombardment of the city proper had lasted for ten days, and the roar of the enemy's besieging guns, whose shells fell like hailstones, resounded through the outlying districts, whose inhabitants had fled for refuge to more protected quarters. Fuel was failing, and the people shivered from want of firing, and at night the once gay boulevards were lit by oil-lamps few and far between. Gas was a luxury husbanded for the balloons. Benches had been torn up on the side-walks and the wreck flung on the stoves, and the branches of trees full or sap were used instead of charcoal and gave out a stifling smoke when they were enkindled instead of a cheerful blaze. Green-stuff was grubbed up in the area beyond the ramparts within range of the German outposts. Eggs were shown in goldsmiths' windows in the caskets formerly reserved for jewels; rabbits fetched thirty francs and turkeys ninety each; and the wild animals in the two zoological collections at Bercy and the Bois de Boulogne were killed and sold to speculative restaurateurs at fancy prices only suited to the purses of millionaires.

Funerals were frequent and added to the general depression of the community cut off from the world and driven to itself for enjoyment. Wilhelm, King of Prussia, was proclaimed German Emperor before an altar surmounted with a gilded crucifix in the Hall of Mirrors in the

Palace of the Bourbons at Versailles, which rang with the exultant cheers of princes and generals of the Fatherland and the joyous blare of trumpets. Unless a sortie was made with success, starvation was imminent or surrender. There was little hope of success among military authorities, for the troops were dispirited by their continued ill-luck, and the bulk of the unruly and ill-disciplined National Guard was not to be counted on as fit for serious hostilities. Still as there were discordant elements amongst them who were very dangerous for internal tranquillity, and would insist on fight as long as they had not been led out against the Prussians, it was felt that before an armistice could be hinted at their martial fever should be lowered by judicious blood-letting.

On the morning of the 19th of January there was an eruption of a fearful crop of placards, the white betokening that they were official, on the walls. Firstly, there was one prescribing the rationing of bread ; next, one demanding the residences of absentees for the accommodation of the wounded and the inhabitants driven out of their ordinary domiciles by stress of the siege ; a third levied combustibles and comestibles of non-residents for the public service ; a fourth exacted secreted stocks of seed within three days under penalty of confiscation, £40 fine, and three months' imprisonment ; a fifth offered a reward to anyone giving information of the existence of hidden cereals. General Trochu had placarded some time previously that the Governor of Paris would not capitulate, but to avoid in a literal sense the probability of surrender in case of the failure of the new attempt to pierce the German lines, he determined on the evening of the 19th of January to exchange his quarters at the Louvre for the fortress of Mont Valérien. Accordingly among the sheaf of Government notices on the walls on the damp morning of the appointed eventful day was an order from General Le Flò announcing that during General Trochu's absence he had been invested with the supreme command of the troops for the defence of the city and St. Denis, and beside it appeared a proclamation that those amongst them who could offer their lives on the battlefield would march against the foe. In these words it concluded : "Let us suffer ; let us die, if necessary ; but let us conquer." To this was affixed the names of all members of the Government except the President.

The sortie of despair had been resolved upon, and the National Guards were at last to have an opportunity of proving the virtue that was in them, by contact with the enemy. Throughout the previous day there had been going on a series of rendezvous and drills in every square and broad street of the end of the city nearest to the Versailles side, and it was evident from the commotion and the drum-beating and the passing and repassing of armed men that exciting operations were at hand. The duty of marching out of the beleaguered city had been assigned to three corps d'armée forming a body of more than 100,000, consisting of troops of the line, mobiles and citizen soldiery, supported by 300 guns, commanded by Generals Vinoy, Carré de Bellemare, and Ducrot respectively. The value of this force may be thus estimated : the troops of the Line were generally of excellent material but demoralised by their experiences of former brushes, and but half-made when they were not seasoned ; the mobiles were of the proper fighting age and spirited but undisciplined ; the National Guard, as a rule, was an armed mob and liable to panic from causeless alarms. Altogether the force lacked vigour and go.

The three inferior generals were closeted with Trochu the evening before the action. The position which he took on the highest point of the terrace-like roof of Mont Valérien gave him a commanding, almost unique view of the movements of his army which he could direct as a theatrical manager from a stage-box. Surrounded by his staff, he had only to issue his orders to the aide-de-camp on duty, who descended from his horse at the postern gate and, followed by one of the crowd of waiting orderlies, conveyed his message to the body of troops put in motion, who carried it out in sight of the commander himself. Versailles was the objective point to which the offensive was to be directed, the hopelessly mad aim being to dislodge the Prussian headquarters from the Imperial seat and the nucleus of their organisation. To Vinoy was assigned the conduct of the attack on the left, which was to be pressed on Montretout and the villas and grounds bordering St. Cloud, belonging to Messieurs Béarn, Pozzo di Borgo, Armengaud, and Zimmerman. In the original plan for the fortification of Paris there had been an intention to construct a redoubt at Montretout, but this intention had never been carried out. With an acute appreciation of the value of the position, one of the first cares of the enemy had been to seize on it, as he had on Châtillon. It was of vital importance to retake Montretout. From it the wood of St. Cloud and the highway of Versailles could be raked, and the Prussian

batteries of Meudon, which spread trouble in Grenelle and the Point du Jour, could be turned. The centre of the attack under de Bellemare was to start from Courbevoie at the right rear of Mont Valérien, and had for objective the eastern portion of La Bergerie opposite Garches. The right was to operate on the wooded eminence to the west of the park of Buzenval, and make a simultaneous attack on Longboyau, and, if possible, penetrate to the Lupin stud-farm in front of Celle St. Cloud and to the left of Garches.

The line of front, when battle was joined, did not extend quite four miles English across. The task of bringing together and handling such numbers, most of them new to the shock of arms, within such a narrow compass, was arduous and delicate; the concentration was not effected without considerable anxiety and some bungling; and, to make matters worse, the night was obscure, and the morning of the 19th was darkened by a curtain of thick fog, Thames-like in its consistence and clayey hue. Along with the darkness the ground was soaked with a long-continued rain, and horses sank to their hocks in the mud, and waggons were trundled painfully along. Six in the morning was fixed for the attack, but owing to a delay in the advance of the army-corps of the right it was retarded for several hours. Ducrot's delay was explained by the circumstance that he had some seven-and-a-half miles English to traverse in the dark on a railway hampered with obstructions, and a high-road occupied by a train of artillery which had lost its way.

This occurred not in Cochin-China but a short drive from Paris, on a bit of country every feature of which could have been mastered in half an hour by an intelligent huntsman with the aid of the staff-maps and a reconnoitring glass.

Nor was the delay the only blunder which dislocated Trochu's conception. The men of the National Guard had been kept under arms—packs on their backs and four days' provisions, making in all a burden of four stone weight—from two in the morning. The Line, too, were haggard and worn with fatigue, and marched without elasticity of step when they got the word to go forward at ten o'clock. Their officers—a finer body of officers seldom stood—had to goad them to their work, in some cases by putting revolvers to their ears. Vinoy's command emerged from behind Mont Valérien by the road parallel to the Seine, skirting the right of a brickyard, and concealed for a space by the hillock of La Fouilleuse. The column of assault consisted of the Zouaves, the 136th of the Line, and several battalions of the National Guard, notably the 107th. By eleven it had taken possession of the heights of Montretout and the adjacent villas without excessive difficulty. The foemen, pounced upon unexpectedly, resisted stiffly for a while, but were overpowered by numbers. Sixty of them, mostly belonging to a regiment from the Grand Duchy of Posen, were disarmed. They pleaded that they had been taken unawares, and they looked it. It was a new sensation to catch soldiers of their army unawares. The Zouaves repolished their sullied escutcheon here; they were foremost in the onset, and careered over three entrenchments at accelerated pace. The French, having secured their prisoners, descended to St. Cloud and scoured the village, taking particular pains in searching the cellars. They had profited by the lesson of Ville-Evrard. Skirmishers pushed forward and crackled at the retreating enemy, who had sought refuge in the closer growths of the plantations.

While the left was thus successful, the centre marched down the slope of Mont Valérien unopposed until it reached the farm of Fouilleuse to the west of the brickyard, and there its advance was blocked by a withering fire of small-arms. Twice the column had to fall back, but on the third attempt it cheered, rushed forward with the bayonet, and carried the position. The National Guards who took part in this onslaught were full of ardour. This, the left wing of the centre, moved on to the elevated cross-road between La Fouilleuse and St. Cloud, where it had been instructed to form a junction with the left front. Inflamed with the glow of combat and confident from its progress hitherto, it carried this position also with the white arm, but de Bellemare's right was stopped by the park wall of the château of Buzenval. Dynamite was brought into requisition to burst open a breach, as it was used to blow up some of the houses which served as shelter to the enemy. It was a great success—as useful as a company of sappers, and much cleaner and speedier in its destructiveness. Through the shattered masonry the red trousers penetrated the grounds of the country-house, clambered the heights of La Bergerie, and spread themselves over the tangled and broken tract of vineyards, groves, and gardens stretching to the right towards Celle St. Cloud by the lakelet of St. Cucufa. Support from Ducrot's corps was looked for in vain, and de Bellemare

had to bring up part of his reserve to hold his grip. Alignment was no longer preserved: it was a series of isolated struggles; men "fought for their own hand," like Hal o' the Wynd; they lost sight of their officers, or were lost sight of by them. The independent firing was incessant; most of it was lamentably useless. The enthusiastic but untrained men in front blazed away at the trees, and were laid low in sections by the Prussians safe behind their breastworks, and in some instances were shot in the back by their own comrades scattered too much to the rear. A story was told of a colonel—of the Line, it was said, but I trust not—asking the 116th battalion of the civic force to take a loopholed wall in front.

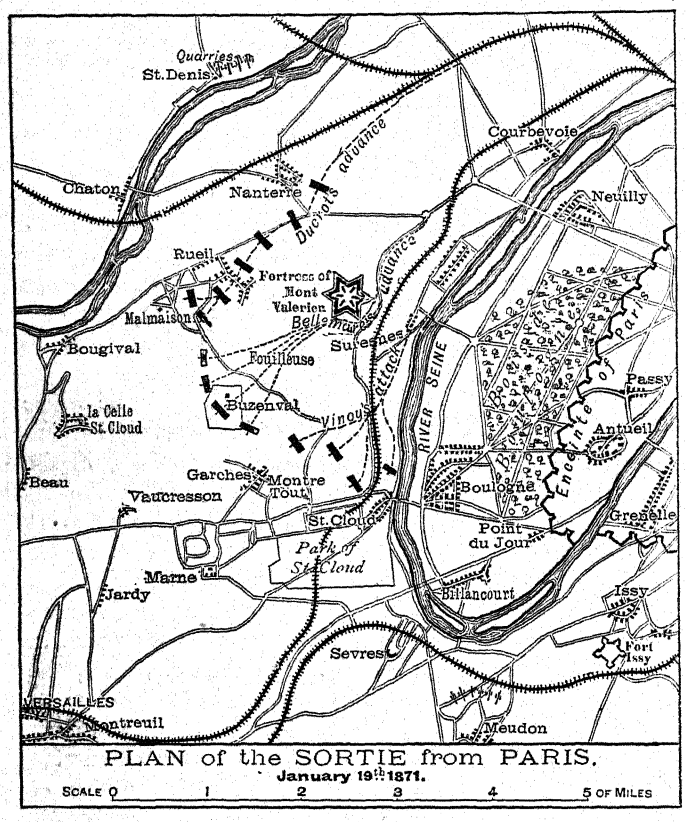
"How! Don't you see we are certain of death if we face it?" answered M. Baker, a lieutenant of the National Guard.

"You are here to die," said the other grimly.

"And the Line?" retorted the lieutenant. "But I'll show you the National Guard know how to die. Come on, my lads!" and he whirled a stick over his head. At the same moment he turned on himself and reeled on the sod, smitten in the forehead by a bullet from one of the loopholes in the wall.

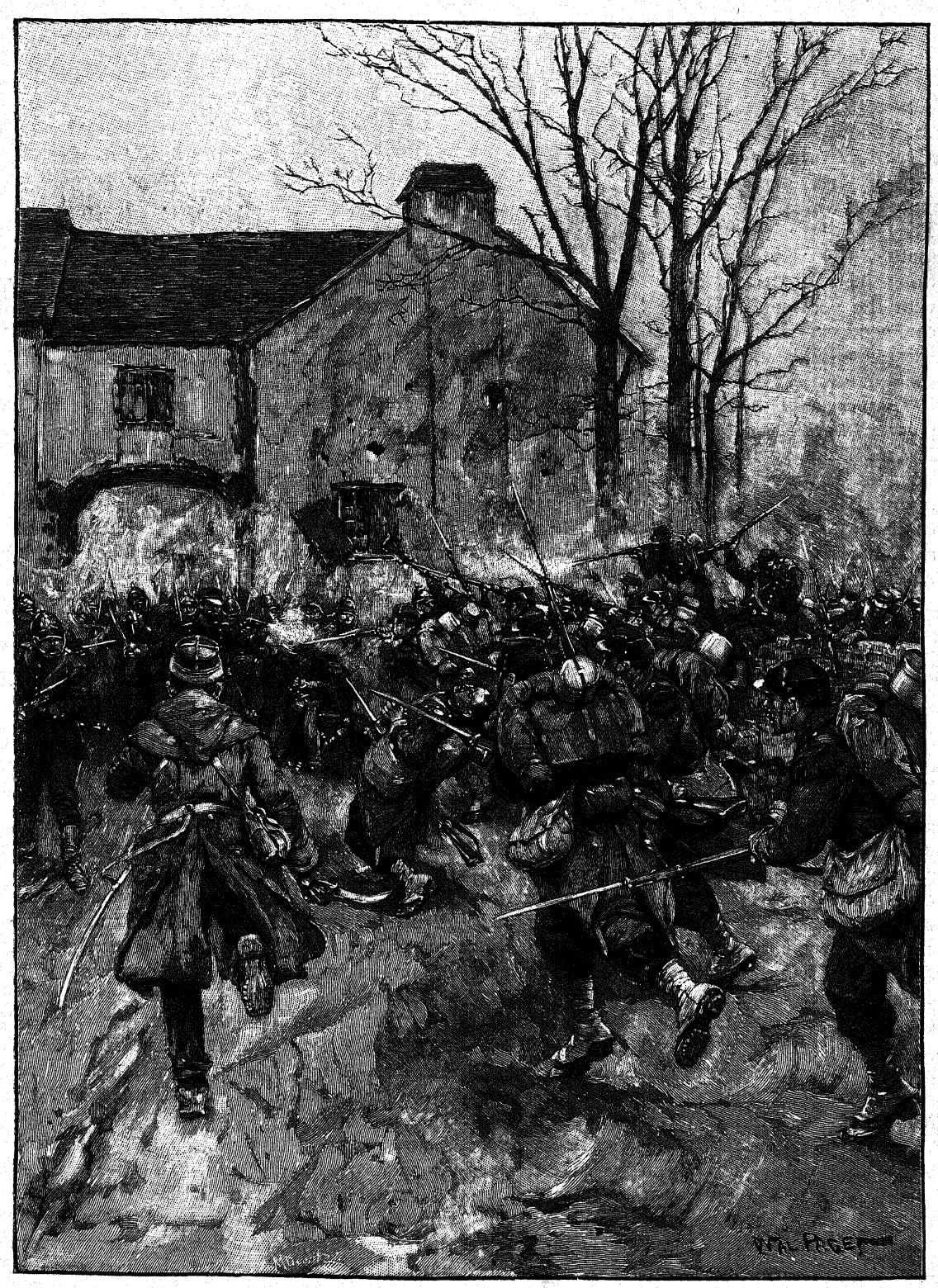
A corporal dashed forward, hoisted himself up somehow, and clubbed his Chassepot to knock aside the muzzles of the guns of the defenders, but he soon toppled over in their midst a corpse. The Prussians did not expose their heads, but to take aim or to *make grimaces* at the French!

"The only one I saw," a man of the 116th told me, "was a joker who put his fingers to his nose for me."



My informant, a law-student, had a narrow escape in the retreat. A bullet cleft through his knapsack, flattened itself against his belt, and dropped into his pouch. Eight comrades of his squad of ten were shot down.

What was Ducrot doing all this time? The same ill-luck which attended him on the 29th November, when his bridges disappointed, pursued him still. His troops were on foot at three in the morning, but had to march from St. Denis round the arc of a circle in the mirk of a black night and a muggy dawn. The road by which they had to pass, leading by Nanterre and Rueil, was swept by a Prussian battery at the Quarries of St. Denis, on the other side of the Seine, as with a besom. They could not stand the hail of mitraille; the field artillery was ineffective to check it, and finally the passage of Ducrot's extreme right was only guaranteed by salvoes from Mont Valérien and the novel aid of a cuirassed locomotive with heavy guns on two armour-clad waggons, which came gliding along the St. Germain line of rail. But Ducrot arrived two hours too late, and the simultaneity of the attack was marred. When the three corps were in action together an attempt was made to converge them on La Bergerie, while the bastions of the 6th Secteur opened on Sèvres and the Park of St. Cloud. There was a dogged tussle at the Porte de Longboyau (a mile south of Malmaison), and Ducrot, who was a good die-hard general of brigade and no more, had repeatedly to lead his troops to the onslaught, but was unable to gain ground. It is one of the freaks of war that this man who thrust himself continuously into the gap of danger got



"ON THE THIRD ATTEMPT IT CARRIED THE POSITION." (p 655).

off without a scratch. His was the luck that is handmaid of temerity. Less favoured of fate was Rochebrune. He who had led the "Zouaves of Death" in the struggle for Polish independence was dismissed to death by a Polish hand. His end was in keeping with his daring and adventurous character. He was cheering on the 19th of Paris, one of the newly organised regiments, of which he was colonel, close by Rueil. They had been maltreated by a deadly rifle-spatter, when Rochebrune, thinking the plucky thing the safest thing, gave the order to advance with the cold steel. Hardly had the word of command passed his lips when he dropped from the saddle; he was lifeless before he touched the sod.

That dreadful unanticipated battery at the Quarries was not to be silenced or circumvented. A shell swinging from it burst right under a waggon of the American ambulance on the highway between Rueil and Nanterre, roughly capsized the vehicle, and dispersed the hospital staff, which had made this point their head-quarters. As a consequence the conspicuous distinctive flags were removed in the afternoon from all the ambulances.

By two o'clock the Prussians had brought up reinforcements of infantry and a formidable artillery. For a couple of hours a tremendous duel of cannon was waged, but the French guns were overmastered, particularly by the powerful battery at Garches.

At four o'clock the enemy made an impetuous advance on the French left and centre, and drove them back; "nevertheless," ran the official report, "the troops returned to the front at the close of the day." The crest of the heights was once more reached, but night approaching and there being no facility for advancing the artillery, these troops had to be withdrawn out of danger of an offensive return. At half-past six Montretout was abandoned, and the French, wearied with long hours of march and combat, had to retire to the trenches of Mont Valérien or inside the ramparts of Paris. The sortie, which never had the faintest chance of creating outlet, was an admitted failure. The idea of evacuating Montretout must have been precipitate, for Commander de Lareinty and three hundred of the Mobiles of the Loire-Inférieure were forgotten there, and were quietly taken prisoners by the Germans, as compensation with interest for the sixty captured Poseners. This ultimate operation had one wholesome effect—the National Guards, who were yelling, "Let us go forth and break the jaws of the wicked, and pluck the spoil out of their teeth," were taught that it was easier to brag than to do. Instead of returning spoil-laden they had, too many of them, flung away their impedimenta, food and all, to the wicked but indomitable foe when the supreme moment arrived.

Two battalions of the King's Grenadiers and one of the 59th threw back the French at Garches and at Montretout at 2 p.m.; but the entrenchment of Montretout was taken earlier, about an hour before noon, by a massed attack of a column consisting of the 47th, 58th, and 82nd regiments. The loss of the Germans is officially stated at 616 men and 39 officers, while that of the French, as far as can be ascertained, was 7,000. Trochu maintained, and possibly he was right, that the National Guards in their awkwardness had continually fired on their own troops. This was their baptism of blood, so to speak, and besides the clumsiness inseparable from novelty, many of the detachments were clad in green or any uniform that could be made up from the remnants in store, and it was hard for amateur soldiers to have that coolness necessary to distinguish friend from foe. At night when they were drawing off fatigued and faint from failure, a disorderly corps of National Guards raised the cry of "The Uhlans!" as the general and his escort were crossing a field, and incontinently fired into them in their fright. A Chassepot bullet hit Lieutenant de Langle in the throat, and he fell dead on his horse's neck, but the point-blank volley otherwise was unattended with loss, such was the uncertainty of aim in the gloom. Here is another episode of the day which tells an instructive tale of insubordination. A private in the 116th of the Line shot his captain in the field, and was ordered by the general in command to be shot on the spot. He was wounded, and an ambulance party came to pick him up, not understanding the cause, but were warned not to interfere, and left him without succour. A man of his regiment arrived, had two miss-fires at his head, then borrowed a Chassepot from another private, blew out the brains of the faithless soldier, and rejoined his comrades coolly relighting his pipe.

The butcher's bill in this deplorable, deliberately rash adventure was costly. In mere numbers the losses were serious, but in quality they were more serious. Many who had passed scatheless through the vicissitudes of dozens of campaigns met their fate. For not a few it was not only their first but their last fight. The National

Guard suffered heavily, especially the battalions recruited from the quarters of the Chaussée d'Antin and the Bourse. Regnault—he who had painted that weirdly realistic Moorish execution, and whose striking picture of Juan Prim, on a horse that seemed to leap from the canvas, was a feature of the Salon of 1868—had been mowed down by the merciless reaper. The master—for such he was—who held such a bold, original brush and gave such roseate promise, was but twenty-seven. Horrid war! Sandbags were piled round the picture-galleries to protect the great works they contained, and the men whose genius had produced them were sent out to fruitless death amid the hovering vapours of the battle-field. Literature had its losses to deplore too. Marius Topin, author and historian, was slain at the head of a battalion. The Faubourg St. Germain had more than its share in the mourning. The Marquis de Coriolis, captain of the Royal Guard under Louis XVIII., had enrolled himself in the 15th Parisian Regiment, though sixty-seven years of age. He fell, pierced by a ball in the forehead and another in the chest. Vrignault, editor of the *Liberté*, who was acting courageously as lieutenant and standard-bearer of the 16th, was beside him, and called the chaplain of the corps to the spot.

"We can do no more for him now than recite the 'De Profundis'" said the priest.

M. d'Estourmel, familiar in the Corps Législatif, was likewise amongst the slain, and Gustave Lambert, the explorer who had set his heart upon winning for France the renown of discovering the North Pole. De Cevennes, the painter, and Maurice Bixio, nephew to M. de Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame, were desperately wounded; and Victor, the son of the pioneer of civilisation, who was an orderly officer to General Ducrot, was struck by a ball in the thigh while standing by his chief. The colonel of the 109th of the line was also amongst the severely wounded, and Count de Montbrison, commandant of one of the battalions of the Loiret. In the same sad catalogue were Langlois of the 116th and Saugé of the 78th. Young Séveste, one of the actors of the Théâtre Français, had to be conveyed—a grievous spectacle—to the ambulance in the playhouse where he had so often mimicked grief. He had to undergo amputation of a leg to save his life. Gennaro Perelli, a Sicilian pianist and composer, who had been chosen captain of a free corps, was struck, and the surgeons were forced to cut off his right arm. The needle-gun was not tender for the arts.

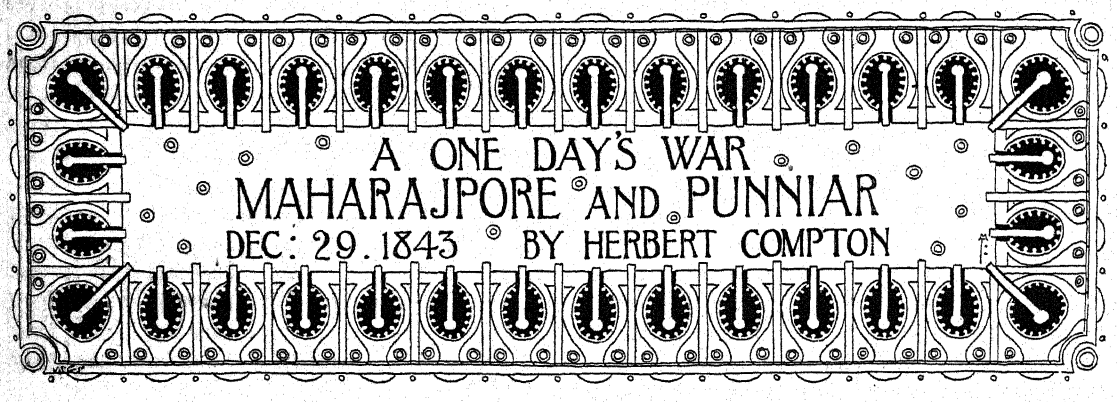
Among the episodes of the day was related the killing of a German officer of high rank by Corporal Houdan, of the National Guards of Passy, who was decorated on the field by General de Bellemare. Another, of a kind more affecting, was the arrival of Madame Rochebrune from Paris at Rueil to inquire after her brave husband. He had just been brought in dead, and it was only by the pious fraud of a friend, who ran into her house under pretext of escaping shells, that she had not the awful trial of suddenly alighting on his blood-stained corpse.

Among the battalions of the civic force that bore off most honours were the 35th and 71st, and the 116th, which lent goodly help in rescuing the Government from the Communists. There were occasional natural falterings—for example, in the 13th, raised in the neighbourhood of the Central Markets; but their lieutenant-colonel, Mosneron-Dupin, a fearless man into whom a breath of Ney seemed to have entered, kindled them with the heat of his own courage. They had wavered, but they resumed the advance at the double with bayonets lowered, and the Prussians thought it prudent to scurry to cover.

The evening papers published a funereal despatch from Trochu at Mont Valérien, praying his representative at the Louvre to exert himself to obtain a suspension of arms for *two days* to bury the dead, and demanding that solidly constructed carts and volunteers in large numbers should be sent out for the purpose.

By degrees the vexing truth leaked out as to the failure of the final attempt at riving the hoop—we were hermetically sealed in—and ugly recriminations were bandied. To add to the sense of boding misfortune that was settling gloomily over Paris, came a pigeon with a message from Bordeaux up to the 14th instant narrating the defeat of Chanzy, with a loss of twelve guns and 10,000 men, by Prince Frederick Charles, and his subsequent retreat behind Mayenne, and an inauspicious fight of Bourbaki at Villersexel, near Belfort.

All hope was abandoned, the siege was virtually over, there was no hope of deliverance from the provinces, and before a week had expired volcanic Paris had to submit to the humiliating terms of capitulation to save the wearied inhabitants from the dangers of impending famine.



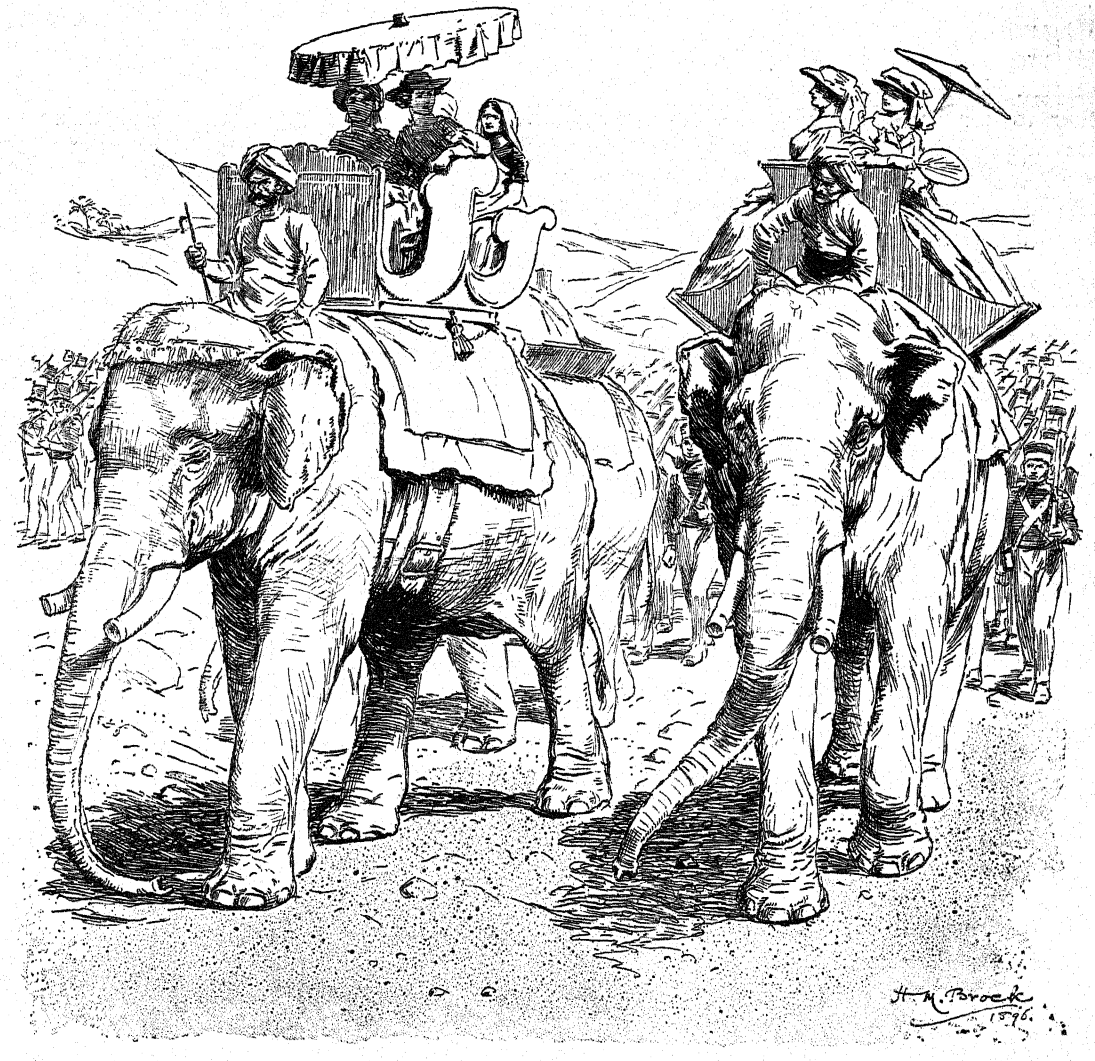
IN the crowded century of conquest which distinguished the career of the East India Company, and of all the heterogeneous Indian races with whom they came into conflict, no nation opposed such a stout and prolonged resistance to the expansion of British rule as the Mahrattas. Four times within a period of sixty-five years these daring warriors of the Deccan faced our armies in the field, and on every occasion acquitted themselves as staunch and worthy foemen. Our first contest with them occurred in 1778, when our possessions on the western coast of the peninsula were confined to the cities of Bombay and Surat, and necessity compelled us to seek an increase of territory for the support of those settlements. The war brought us little credit. Our army of 2,500 men, despatched to attack Poonah, was compelled to retreat, after abandoning its guns, which were ingloriously thrown into a tank at Tulligaon ; and although General Goddard succeeded shortly afterwards in retrieving the disgrace, the Treaty of Salbye, entered into in 1781, left us in much the same position as when we began the campaign.

Our next conflict with the Mahrattas was in 1803, when the signal victories of Lake and Wellesley at Laswaree and Assaye humbled Scindia, the leading spirit in their Confederation, and brought us considerable territorial acquisitions. Fifteen years later war broke out again during the administration of the Marquess of Hastings, and the brilliant campaigns of 1817 and 1818 once more reduced these turbulent folk to order. A quarter of a century of comparative quiet followed, and then came the short, sharp tussle of 1843—a One Day's War—when our troops fought the two battles of Maharajpore and Punniar on the same day, and vanquished Scindia's famous disciplined army, which had been in existence for upwards of sixty years and a standing terror to its neighbours in Upper India.

The year 1843 was one full of uneasiness and anxiety to those responsible for our rule in India. In the previous year our prestige as the paramount power had been shattered by the annihilation of the flower of our Indian forces in Afghanistan. It is true the Armies of Retribution under Pollock and Nott revenged that great national humiliation, and that in the following spring Napier, by his splendid victories in Scinde, carried our standard to the fore again. But the memory of the overwhelming disaster we had suffered in the snowy defiles of the Khyber Pass suggested possibilities highly dangerous to our dominion, and was vivid in the minds of the independent Indian princes around us, whose tone became haughty and insolent. The antagonism we could have afforded to despise before our Afghan defeat, assumed another and a serious aspect when it was founded on the supposition of our national decadence as a fighting people. This defiant attitude was more especially noticeable in the Punjab and Scindia's state. In the former a magnificent army of 80,000 trained men and 300 guns made no disguise of its desire for action as it crouched on our north-western frontier, waiting its opportunity. A few miles southward of Agra, and within easy political touch of the Sikhs, stretched Scindia's territory, garrisoned by a military force of 30,000 disciplined infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 200 guns. The Governments of both Lahore and Gwalior rested in feeble hands, and the real power lay with these two standing armies, which completely overawed and controlled the civil authority of the states they belonged to, and, in practice, dictated the policy to be followed.

A combination of the Sikhs and Mahrattas

would have brought 120,000 men and 500 guns into the field against us. Such a combination was probable, for war and hatred of us were in their hearts, and, as events proved, we were destined within two years to meet and defeat both nations in battle. But fortunately we were able to do so in detail and secure a success that would have been much more doubtful of realisation had the two nations been in alliance and their armies acted in union against us.



"LADY GOUGH AND THE WIVES OF SEVERAL OFFICERS MOUNTED THEIR ELEPHANTS AS USUAL" (*p.* 663).

The internal condition into which Gwalior had fallen at this time rendered possible the policy Lord Ellenborough, the Governor-General, desired and decided to follow. Its main aim was directed against the standing army of the state, which imperilled the independence of its own Government and threatened the tranquillity of our territories. A boy of nine years of age was on the throne: he had recently been adopted by Tára Bye, the thirteen-year-old widow of the late Maharajah, who had died childless. Tára Bye ruled through the agency of a powerful minister, but Gwalior was ever a hotbed of plot and intrigue, and under the weak regency rival factions and internal jealousies raged and reduced the capital to a condition of tumult and anarchy. It was no longer safe for our Resident, who, after fruitlessly trying to assert our influence, was compelled to quit his post. The minister in power was disaffected towards us, and rallied round him all the elements antagonistic to the British, chief amongst them the military, whose hostility was based on the well-grounded conviction that our aim was to secure the disbandment

of the standing army. Its ranks were filled with men whose sole profession was that of arms. They had no means of livelihood except that which military service afforded. The extinction of their force meant absolute ruin, for no other employment was open to them. They were the survival of old fighting days, when the soldier's calling ranked next to that of the priest's and took precedence of trader, artisan, and agriculturist. It was a calling handed down from father to son, and cherished as honourable, necessary, and righteous. But it was inconsistent with the civilisation we were spreading over India, and wherever our power reached we stamped it out. Little wonder that the Mahratta soldier was the first to join in—nay, to insist on —resistance to our advance.

Matters went from bad to worse in Gwalior. All remonstrances on the part of the Governor-General were ignored. Our interference in its internal affairs was resented, and our paramount authority set at defiance. In the city itself the most warlike councils prevailed, and letters were sent to the neighbouring chiefs urging them to join in a crusade against the Feringhee. More ominous even than this was the discovery of a secret intercourse with the Court of Lahore, which threatened the very coalition it was imperative to avert.

Such was the aspect of affairs in Upper India when Lord Ellenborough decided to take the initiative, and ordered the assembly of an Army of Exercise on the frontiers of Scindia's territory. It was divided into two wings, the right being collected on the north under the command of Sir Hugh Gough, the commander-in-chief, and the left on the eastern boundary under General Grey. When these two divisions were ready to act the Governor-General addressed a definitive letter to the Maharajah, and on the 17th December, 1843, set the armies in motion with orders to converge on Gwalior for the purpose, as he stated in a public proclamation, of effecting the establishment of complete order in that city.

This decided action created consternation in the Mahratta Court, and the minister in power was deposed and sent a prisoner to the British camp, the army sullenly acquiescing. But this was not sufficient, and Lord Ellenborough required that the Maharajah in person and Tára Bye should attend him to discuss and settle the future on a permanent basis. They were ready to comply, but were prevented from doing so by the army, who, rightly suspecting the intention of disarming and disbanding them, threw off all vestige of control, asserted they were being betrayed, and, declaring their intention of resorting to the test of battle, marched out of Gwalior in the highest spirits, anxious and eager to cross swords with us.

Lord Ellenborough, who had joined Sir Hugh Gough's force, was but imperfectly informed of the spirit and determination of the mutinous Mahratta army. The Gwalior envoy, who was in his camp, protested that the Maharajah was willing to conform to the Governor-General's wishes, and was coming to meet him. The surrender of the obnoxious minister seemed to give a semblance of sincerity to these protestations. To the last it was believed the object in view would be attained without a recourse to arms, and that the advance of a British army on Gwalior would be sufficient to overawe the troops of the state. So strong was this overweening self-confidence, this false sense of security, that our heavy guns were left at Agra —a grave error, as subsequent events proved— and ladies were permitted to accompany the army into the field.

The crossing of the Chumbul river, the boundary on the north between Scindia's territories and ours, was accomplished without any sign of opposition, and Sir Hugh Gough, at the head of 12,000 men and 40 light field-pieces, directed his march towards the Mahratta capital. Simultaneously General Grey, with 4,000 men, crossed the Jumna at Calpee, and advanced against the city from the south. Thus we had two small armies converging on Gwalior from opposite directions and acting quite independently of one another.

This division of our strength has been severely criticised, for it left it open to the Mahrattas to concentrate their troops and attack either division in detail. But they neglected the opportunity, and decided to show a front to both invasions of their territory. To this end they despatched 14,000 infantry, 3,000 cavalry, and 100 guns to a place called Chounda, twelve miles north of Gwalior, to oppose Gough, whilst another force of 12,000 men and 40 guns marched southward to meet Grey.

On the 28th December Sir Hugh Gough left Hingona, where the army had been halted during the final, but fruitless, negotiations, and resumed his advance towards Gwalior. Late in the afternoon his small advance-guard under Colonel Garden, whilst reconnoitring, suddenly found itself cannonaded by the Mahrattas. But not

even this proof of active hostility could convince our leaders that real opposition was meant, the incident being regarded merely as a demonstration. Garden contented himself with completing his reconnaissance, and then fell back on the main army, which had encamped for the night.

In the evening information was received that the Mahrattas were in force at Chounda, eight or ten miles distant, and Sir Hugh Gough drew up a plan of attack, and issued his orders to the various brigadiers. But self-confidence and contempt of the enemy still prevailed in an extraordinary degree, for when morning came the troops resumed their march as usual and in the ordinary route, and it was not even deemed necessary to make a further reconnaissance! No one dreamed that we were on the eve of a great battle, or that the march was anything but a promenade. The presence of the ladies on the scene confirmed this general impression, for Lady Gough and the wives of several officers mounted their elephants as usual, and, in order to avoid the dust, actually rode along at the head of the army, which was marching in three parallel columns.

It is the unexpected which always happens. The craven foe, who at the first glint of British scarlet would, it was confidently assumed, retreat in terror, did no such thing. On the contrary, instead of falling back, they advanced during the night, and took up a strong position four miles nearer to us than Chounda, in two villages named Maharajpore and Shikarpore. These and the intervening space between them, which was well adapted for defence, they fortified with twenty-eight guns of heavy calibre, supported by several regiments of infantry.

The line of country through which our army had to march was one of extreme difficulty. Deep ravines, cut away by the tropical downpour of the monsoon season, but dry at this time of the year, scored it in every direction. The troops started at daybreak, and about sunrise reached the Kohari river. Some time was occupied in crossing, and the elephants conveying the ladies passed over first, and climbing the brow of the further bank, proceeded onwards, their huge forms towering high above the plain which lay on the further side of the river.

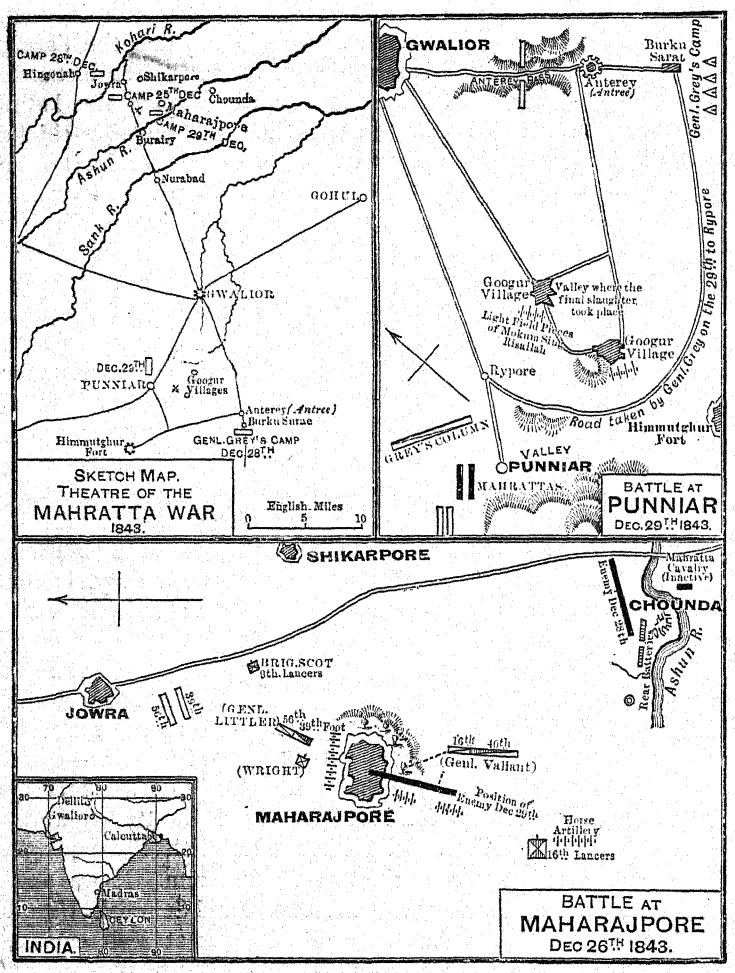
They were descried by the Mahratta outposts, who were on the alert to mark and give notice of the approach of our army. A gun was instantly trained and fired at them. And in this way it happened that a half-spent cannon-ball, rolling under the feet of the very elephant on which Lady Gough was seated, was the first intimation the British general received that a battle was imminent.

It was a complete surprise. We had been caught napping. The army was in column and totally unprepared. The long baggage-train was slowly struggling through the river; the troops were marching at ease, some of them halted and watching their comrades complete the crossing. But with that ominous boom, and the daring challenge it flung in our teeth, all was instantly changed. The elephants conveying the ladies retired to the rear, the commander-in-chief's wife behaving with the utmost coolness and intrepidity. Rapid orders were issued by the general; aides-de-camp were sent galloping hither and thither carrying messages to the commanders of brigades; trumpet and bugle sounded; words of command rang out in quick succession; and the various regiments deployed into line and took up their several stations under a well-directed and increasing fire. For by this time the Mahrattas had found the correct range, and dropped shot and shell into our ranks with destructive accuracy.

A battery of horse artillery was ordered to the front to try and silence the enemy's guns. Right nobly they discharged their duty, but at the cost of many valuable lives; for in their advanced position they afforded a prominent mark and drew the enemy's fire upon themselves. It was soon evident the duel was an unequal and hopeless one. Our six- and nine-pounders—"pop-guns" as one writer calls them—could effect nothing, being completely outweighted by the superior metal of the Mahratta eighteen-pounders. In all our wars with these people they far excelled us in this arm. It was one they prided themselves on, and Scindia's Grand Park, which was opposed to us at Maharajpore, enjoyed the reputation of being the finest and most powerful in India. For sixty years the Mahrattas had been casting cannon, and the art had been brought to great perfection in their arsenals. Moreover, their guns were held by their artillerymen as objects of worship and fanatic affection, and the service of them was accomplished almost as an act of religious devotion.

As the full line of the Mahratta batteries opened fire, the position they had taken up, and which had hitherto been concealed by the trees of the villages, could be traced. It extended in the shape of a horseshoe, and dominated their entire front. Between them and us stretched what was to all appearance a lovely and level

green plain, with the tender crops just sprouting from the soil. But on approaching it the ground was found to be intersected with countless ravines, and on the smoother stretches between them there was not a stone or shrub to afford shelter. The enemy, aiming low and serving their guns with astonishing rapidity, swept it



from end to end with a murderous and withering fire.

The broken surface of this plain rendered it impossible for the cavalry and artillery to act with effect, and for a short space our line halted in uncertainty and inaction. The distance from the villages was about fifteen hundred yards, and it will be remembered these were the days of Brown Bess when the range of musketry fire was restricted. The failure of our artillery to silence the opposing batteries was obvious to all; not for a second did the Mahratta cannonade slacken. Their fire filled the air with shot and chain and grape and canister, and all down the line our men were falling. Something had to be done—and that something to be accomplished by the infantry.

Under the altered conditions the plan of attack which Sir Hugh Gough had drawn out on the previous evening was impracticable. There was no time to take counsel what to do. The fiery old general had an abiding faith in the British bayonet: more than thirty years before, he had seen it at work in the Peninsular War. He determined to trust to it now, and gave but one laconic order—"*On and at them.*"

It fell on willing ears. General Littler was on the left with her Majesty's 39th Foot and the 56th Native Infantry; in the centre Brigadier Wright with his brigade of three Sepoy corps was posted; on the right General Valiant had drawn up her Majesty's 40th Foot and the 2nd and 16th Grenadiers, both fine stalwart native regiments. At the word of command the entire line advanced with alacrity and spirit. Nearly a mile had to be traversed before the death-dealing batteries could be reached, and over it the 39th and 40th led the way with shouts and huzzas. But it was a long and trying distance for troops to struggle over when exposed to a hot artillery fire their own guns could not return. Soon the difficulties of the ground obstructed their progress. Ravines yawned before the advancing line and broke it up as the companies clambered down and up their sides. In the opportunity of delay thus afforded there were some who lagged, notwithstanding that the commander-in-chief had galloped to a commanding position in front and was cheering the army forward.

On the left the 39th soon outstripped all others, "rushing to their work like lions let loose, with their officers at their head." It was a glorious regiment, with precious traditions to

uphold, of which it was justly proud. Clive had looked down on it after Plassey's field was won. *Primus in Indis* was the legend emblazoned on its colours. These colours were carried on this day by Ensigns Scarman and Bray, the latter the son of the officer who commanded the corps. The two lads were amongst the first to be shot down. But eager hands snatched the



"THE FLAMES SPREADING WITH GREAT RAPIDITY SOON ENVELOPED EVERYTHING IN SMOKE" (*p.* 666).

treasured emblems from their listless fingers, and bore them aloft and to the front again. Far away to the front, as Sir Hugh Gough observed: for carried on by the impulse and emulation of battle, the 39th had out-distanced the 56th Native Infantry with whom they were brigaded, and were perilously isolated in advance.

As he noted this Gough grew anxious. "Will no one," he cried, "get that native regiment along?" Close at hand happened to be Henry Havelock, and he heard the appeal. He was at this time a comparatively unknown man and, in a measure, a disappointed one. After twenty-eight years' service he had only within the last few months obtained his regimental majority, and his recent splendid services in Afghanistan had been entirely overlooked. But he was a soldier before all things and ever foremost where soldiers' work was to be done. No sooner had Gough spoken than he spurred his horse forward and reached the native infantry regiment to whom the general had referred.

"What corps is this?" he called out.

They told him the 56th.

"I do not want its number. What is its native name?" he demanded.

"The Lamburun-ke-Pultun" (Lambourne's Regiment), came the reply.

Then Havelock placed himself at their front, and, taking off his cap, addressed them by that designation. In a few short, spirited words he exhorted them to uphold the honour of their name, to behave as he who raised them would

have had them behave, and to remember that they were fighting under the eye of their chief.

He had judged the character of the native Sepoy well. The numerical designation of the 56th had no association for them—it merely ranked them as one of many others. But "Lamburun-ke-Pultun"—Lambourne's Regiment—that they knew and understood and cherished. The appeal to their traditions had an almost magical effect. In a moment their demeanour was changed. The laggards became eager warriors, and with Havelock at their head rushed forward to overtake the 39th.

With heavy loss the plain was crossed, our men falling by scores as they pushed on to the mouth of the Mahratta batteries in grim determination. Not until they had arrived within a distance of sixty yards was the order given to fire a volley and then charge. With a wild cheer the 39th obeyed and dashed forward in all the recklessness of pent-up excitement. But the enemy was not to be intimidated. Seven regiments, the very pick of their force, were stationed behind the guns; and no sooner had our men discharged their muskets than they swarmed out sword in hand to meet them. There was no sign of fear or flinching, and stern and desperate was the struggle that ensued. But by this time the 56th had come up in support, Havelock still leading them, and their advent turned the scale. The Mahrattas fought with resolute valour, but our men were invincible. Little by little the swarthy foe gave way, hurled back by a tenacity that excelled their own. Slowly and fighting every step, they were driven on to the muzzles of their own guns, and then with a furious rush our men made good their footing within the entrenchments, and bayoneting the artillerymen at their pieces, carried the battery, whilst the defeated foe fell back and sought temporary shelter in the outlying gardens and houses of the village of Maharajpore.

Meanwhile General Valiant's brigade on the right had stormed the village of Shikarpore with equal success. Then he wheeled round towards Maharajpore, which he attacked in reverse, the 40th ever leading, but admirably supported by the two Grenadier regiments as they fought their way through it. It was now a scene of the wildest fury and confusion as the British attack closed in on front and flank. The village was fired, and the flames spreading with great rapidity, soon enveloped everything in smoke. Scores of the Mahratta soldiery perished in the burning houses; others gathered in small knots for desperate resistance; the less resolute fled and joined their comrades in the rear. The *mêlée* was indescribable; and by the time Maharajpore was finally cleared, Valiant's brigade had crossed Littler's line, and when they emerged their positions were reversed, the former being now on the left and the latter on the right.

The strongest Mahratta position had been stormed and its twenty-eight guns captured, but it was only one of three that had to be taken. Twelve hundred yards behind the village another formidable battery of twelve guns was posted, and some distance behind that again lay the enemy's entrenched camp at Chounda. No sooner had our troops emerged from Maharajpore than the twelve-gun battery opened a brisk fire on them. The men were still in disorder, but at the word of command they halted, formed up and readjusted the line as steadily as on parade, notwithstanding the galling storm of grape- and chain-shot poured into them by the beautifully served guns of the enemy. Then they moved on to the attack again. The Mahratta refugees from the front had by this time joined their comrades in the twelve-gun battery; it was defended "with frantic desperation," for the first defeat had spread dismay in their ranks, and Scindia's soldiers were fighting for their life as well as for honour.

At no period of the action did our troops suffer more than at the storm of this battery. Major Bray, commanding the 39th, was shot down at the head of his men, as his son, the ensign, had been at an early stage of the attack. The 40th also lost their commanding officer, Major Stopford, and the one who succeeded him, in quick succession, and were finally led forward by General Valiant in person. The ground was even more difficult than that which the troops had already passed, being encumbered with country carts, baggage, and impedimenta of every description that had been abandoned by the enemy as they fell back from their front line. Our leading regiments suffered terribly, the men being literally mowed down by sections. But they never faltered for an instant, and overcoming all obstacles, mounted the trenches shoulder to shoulder, and with bayonet and clubbed muskets drove the Mahrattas out of them.

And now, without halt or stay, the line was once more re-formed and directed against the enemy's main camp at Chounda. There was a little lull in the fighting, for it was two miles

distant. As they neared it the cannonade burst out again, and appeared even more destructive than the previous ones. It was supported, too, by a hailstorm of musketry, for here several Mahratta infantry regiments were massed. Our men had been fighting for over three hours, and were terribly exhausted with thirst and fatigue; but with the devotion of heroes they responded to the call of their leaders, and, reckless of everything but victory, charged forward.

Grant's battery of horse artillery had managed to skirt round and reach the scene, our cavalry having driven off the enemy's horse that protected his wings. As the guns drew up in position, two of the tumbrils exploded, but the pieces were unlimbered and opened fire. The moral support of these guns animated our infantry, and under cover of their fire the line advanced with renewed energy. And now, as before, the enemy came gallantly sallying forth to meet the attack, and with steady insistence held their ground for a space. But it was their last effort: the doom of defeat was hanging over them, and they realised it. Slowly but irresistibly the wave of British victory swept over them until at last they yielded to fate, and, turning, fled from the field, abandoning camp, standards, guns, baggage, and ammunition, and leaving us masters of the hard-fought day.

Maharajpore was essentially a soldiers' victory, won with the bayonet alone. There were no tactics, no strategy, no manœuvring, no generalship displayed. The single order given had been —"*On and at them;*" and on and at three formidable lines of defence, bravely and resolutely defended, our soldiers had rushed. How brilliantly they were led the casualties amongst their leaders testified. The three generals of brigade—Littler, Valiant, and Wright—were all wounded. The 39th lost twelve officers and 150 rank and file; the 40th eight officers and 177 men. In some of the native infantry regiments the slaughter was almost as severe, and both the 56th and the 16th Grenadiers left over a hundred men on the field. Our total casualties exceeded 800. The Mahrattas suffered far more heavily: over 3,000 were killed or wounded, and of their hundred guns fifty-six fell into our hands.

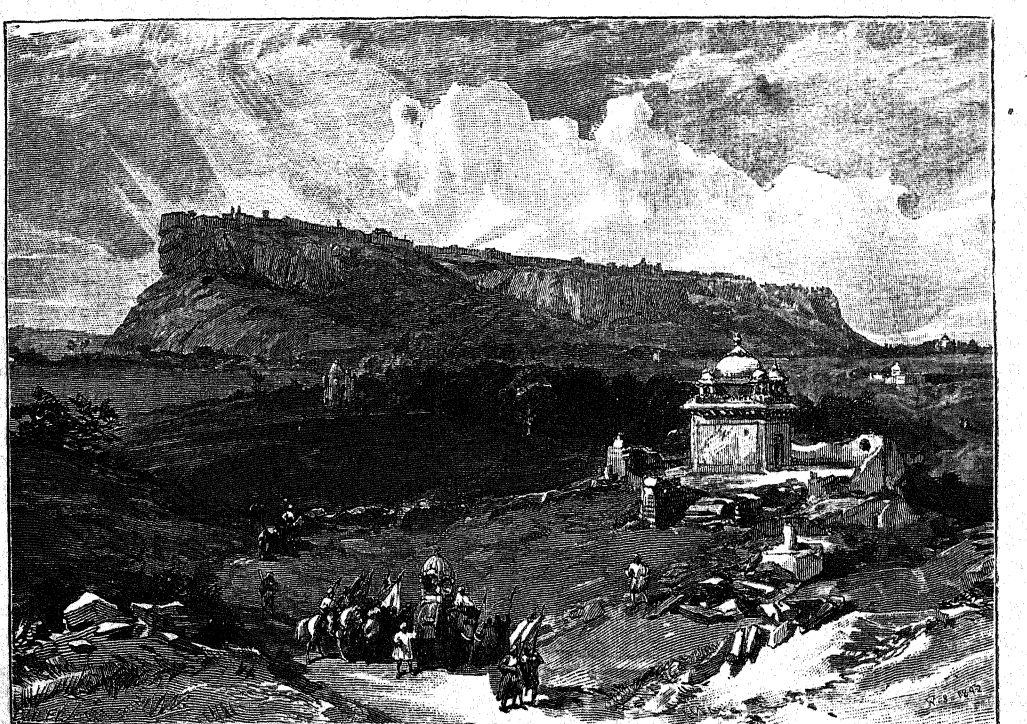
All accounts concur in praising the gallantry of the foe. "The enemy," writes one observer, "deserved the greatest credit for selecting so strong a position, and defending it so well. Their numerous and most powerful batteries swept the plain from end to end. They behaved with heroic courage, firing round, chain and grape shot, supported with withering volleys of musketry, until our gallant fellows drove them from the very muzzles of their guns, where the bodies of their artillerymen lay heaped in death." Sir Hugh Gough did them equal justice in his despatch. "The position of the enemy was particularly well chosen and obstinately defended," he writes. "I never witnessed guns better served, nor troops more devoted to their protection. I regret to say our loss has been very severe, infinitely beyond what I calculated. I did not do justice to the gallantry of my opponents."

The battle of Maharajpore was fought and won by noon of the 29th December, 1843, but by a curious coincidence the Mahrattas were destined to sustain another defeat at our hands on the same day. Whilst Gough was fighting them twelve miles north of Gwalior, Grey was preparing to engage them twelve miles south of that city. He had crossed the Jumna and entered Scindia's territory on the 24th. On the 28th he learnt that the enemy were in position at Antree, seven miles in front of him, and premeditating a night attack on his camp. Dispositions were made to repel it, but the Mahrattas changed their plan, and it did not take place. In front of Grey stretched a long, narrow valley extending from Himmutghur to Punniar, which he was anxious to pass, and he ordered a forced march for the 29th. The Mahrattas, who were closely watching him, made a parallel movement on the farther side of a range of hills which hid them from his view, and took up a strong position at the end of the valley, and in the immediate vicinity of a fortified village called Mangore, near Punniar. Allowing Grey's army to reach the latter place, the foe detached a force to attack his long and straggling line of baggage which was coming up in his rear. It is probable they anticipated his returning to its aid, which would have given them a good opening for attack; but Grey contented himself with sending a troop of horse artillery and some cavalry under Brigadier Harriott to assist the baggage. The enemy now determined to force an action, and at half-past three in the afternoon took up a threatening position on a chain of high hills to the east of the British camp. Grey immediately saw the necessity of dislodging them, and sent her Majesty's 3rd Buffs and some sappers and miners to attack their front, and the 39th Native Infantry to turn their left flank, whilst the second brigade, containing her Majesty's 50th Foot and the 38th and 50th Native Infantry, was held in reserve.

The Buffs, led by Colonel Clunie, climbed their way up the steep hillside in the teeth of a heavy fire, and reaching its crest, drove the Mahrattas from height to height, in a succession of gallant rushes, capturing eleven of their guns. Meanwhile, the 39th occupied the summit of a hill commanding the enemy's left, and after pouring a destructive fire on to them, rushed down and captured a battery of two guns. Lieutenant Cunningham of the Engineers, collecting some men, loaded the guns thus captured and turned them on the foe. The success of these movements and the nature of the ground now gave an opening for the second brigade to act, and they made a determined attack on the enemy's right flank, where eleven guns were still in position. These they carried after a short but spirited struggle. Then the whole line advanced, and although the Mahrattas still contested the field, they were out-manœuvred, and after losing a thousand killed and wounded, secured by retreat the safety of the sixteen guns that still remained to them.

The battle of Punniar was won by skilful generalship, and afforded no striking opportunity for the display of individual regimental valour, such as had distinguished the victory of Maharajpore ; nor was the resistance anything like as resolute. The chief interest attached to it lies in the fact that it was fought and won on the same day as Maharajpore, and that it completed the defeat of the Mahratta standing army. Between the rising and the setting of the sun, at two points widely distant, our arms triumphed, and with that double triumph the fate of Scindia's famous battalions was sealed. They never paraded again, and when, a few days later, our two victorious armies united at Gwalior, Lord Ellenborough dictated to the Maharajah terms of peace, one of the leading conditions of which was the disbandment of his army.

A decoration in bronze, cast from the metal of the captured Mahratta guns, was conferred on all ranks that participated in this one day's war, and fitly commemorates an event that is almost unique in our military history.



GWALIOR.



HAVING quitted Elba, the place of his temporary exile, on February 26th, 1815, Napoleon landed in the Gulf of St. Juan on March 1st; and on the following day he began his march on Paris at the head of a single weak battalion, General Cambronne, with forty grenadiers, moving as an advance-guard. After the week immediately following his debarkation, his march was an ever-swelling triumph, and he entered Paris on March 21st, only a few hours after Louis XVIII. had hurriedly quitted the Tuileries. With characteristic energy he at once set about the stupendous task of the re-organisation of the French army, the strength and character of which had been greatly impaired in his later campaigns, as well as during the short period of the first Restoration of the Bourbons. Such was the marvellous vigour and capacity of this extraordinary man that by June 1st he had organised forces amounting in all to about 560,000 men, capable of taking active part in the national defence against the openly declared determination of the allied Powers of Europe to combine all their efforts towards the accomplishment of the complete overthrow of the resuscitated military strength of Napoleon, with whom they had resolved to enter into neither truce nor treaty. Of this number, the effective strength of the troops of the line reached a total of about 217,000 men, of whom there were available for an immediate campaign in Belgium an estimated grand total of 122,400 men, consisting of 84,235 infantry, 21,665 cavalry, 10,900 artillerymen and 5,600 train and engineers.

Some French and many English historians of the campaign of Waterloo have described Napoleon's army as being "the finest he had ever commanded." This assertion is quite unwarranted. except as regarded the stature and endurance of the old soldiers who had returned in 1814 from captivity in foreign lands. They, it is true, were grand fighting-men; but they formed only a part of Napoleon's forces, among whom were many young and immature men. Sir Evelyn Wood has calculated that about one-half of the line troops were raw recruits, and that of the Imperial Guard, 18,500 strong, between 4,000 and 5,000 were untrained men. But it was not only the rank and file who were less efficient than of yore; the losses in previous campaigns had enabled many men to become company and battalion commanders who were unfitted for such posts; and thus regiments could not be successfully employed when fighting outside of the scope of the supervision of superior officers. Many of the senior officers, again, although still in middle age, had become gross in body, sluggish in enterprise, and incapable of hard and prolonged exertion; and Napoleon had to realise, though when too late, that he should have entrusted the more important commands to the hands of younger and more ardent men. Sir Evelyn Wood remarks that this slackness on the part of the senior officers had become apparent during the later campaigns in Germany; as an instance of which, at Leipzig, Napoleon observed through his field-glass one of his marshals riding up to join his troops for the first time, after they had been engaged for several hours. Napoleon had adjured every man "to conquer or die"; and this spirit doubtless animated the great majority of the old soldiers in the ranks. But the same exalted sentiment was not by any means universal among the generals, several of whom, though young in years, were prematurely aged in *esprit* and physique, and had lost that confident daring which had won for France so many victories under the Republic and the Empire. Unfortunately for Napoleon,

most of them no longer believed that the Emperor could succeed; and there were indications that his own confidence in his star was not altogether unimpaired.

The appointment of Marshal Soult to the position of chief of the staff has been generally regarded as an unfortunate selection; but now that Berthier had gone so tragically, Napoleon had but a circumscribed scope of choice; and Soult was a man of very considerable capacity, although it is obvious that after having held independent command during more than one campaign, he must have found it difficult to be content in an inferior capacity. There was not a little of intestine ill-feeling in the higher commands of Napoleon's army. Excelmans and Vandamme were not on speaking terms with Soult. Soult omitted to inform Vandamme that he was to pass under the command of Grouchy, and when Grouchy demanded his services, Vandamme, with his usual flow of expletives, refused to take orders from him. An illustration of the slackness of duty even in the higher ranks of the army is given by Sir Evelyn Wood in his admirable work on the Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign. On the evening of the 14th June an officer was sent with an order for Vandamme to advance at three o'clock on the following morning. That general could not be found: he had gone off to a house at some distance from his corps, and had not left word where he was sleeping. The officer wandered about during the night in a futile search of Vandamme, and eventually fell from his horse and broke his leg. He lay helpless for some time, and the order thus never reached Vandamme, who started only at seven a.m. on the 15th instead of at three, with the result of a serious dislocation of Napoleon's dispositions.

The troops constituting the Grand Army with which the Emperor resolved on taking the field against the allied forces in Belgium consisted of five army corps: the 1st, commanded by General Count d'Erlon, containing four infantry divisions and Jaquinot's light cavalry division; the 2nd, commanded by General Count Reille, made up of four infantry divisions and Piré's light cavalry division; the 3rd, commanded by General Count Vandamme, comprising three infantry divisions and Domont's light cavalry division; the 4th, commanded by General Count Gérard, consisting of three infantry divisions, and Morin's light cavalry division; and the 6th, commanded by General Count Lobau, containing three infantry divisions. The command of the Imperial Guards had been given to Marshal Mortier, in which position he would have fought at Waterloo but for a sudden attack of sciatica at Maubeuge, where, oddly enough, he had already been wounded in 1793. His presence in the battle would have prevented the over-reckless use made by Ney of the cavalry of the Guard. Of the infantry of that force, the 1st division, consisting of four regiments of grenadiers, was commanded by General Friant; the 2nd, consisting of four regiments of chasseurs, by General Morand; and the Young Guard, two regiments of voltigeurs and two of tirailleurs, by General Duhesme. The cavalry of the Guard consisted of the 1st division, under General Guyot—two heavy regiments; and of the 2nd, under General Lefèbvre-Desnouettes—three light regiments. The reserve cavalry, commanded by Marshal Grouchy, was made up of four corps, each of two divisions; the 1st corps commanded by General Pajol, the 2nd by General Excelmans, the 3rd by General Kellermann, and the 4th by General Milhaud. The reserve cavalry mustered 12,800 men with 48 guns.

The junction of the several corps on the same day (June the 13th), and almost at the same hour, was a triumph of Napoleon's skill in the combination of movements. The Emperor himself, who had quitted Paris at three o'clock on the morning of the 12th and had passed the following night in Laon, was now with the army. On the 14th, the French army was concentrated at Solre-sur-Sambre, Beaumont, and Philippeville. In all those three positions the troops bivouacked under cover of low hills within a short distance behind the frontier, so dexterously hidden that the enemy remained unaware of the proximity of the large masses of troops almost within striking distance. The headquarters were at Beaumont, in the centre of the army, the force there consisting of the corps of Vandamme and Lobau, the Imperial Guard, and the reserve cavalry, amounting altogether to about 66,000 men. The left, consisting of D'Erlon's and Reille's Corps (1st and 2nd), aggregating about 44,000 men, was in position on the right bank of the Sambre at Solre-sur-Sambre. The right, composed of Gérard's corps and a division of heavy cavalry, amounting to about 16,000 men, was in front of Philippeville. On the evening of the 14th the army received from its chief the following spirit-stirring appeal:

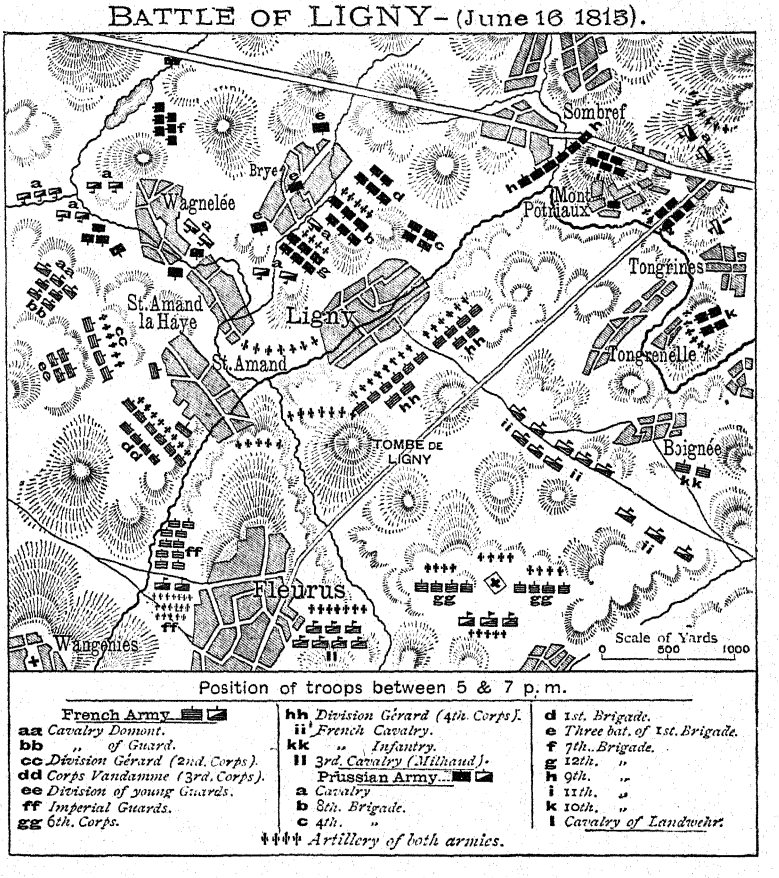
"Soldiers! this day is the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland, which twice decided the destiny of Europe. Then, as after Austerlitz,

as after Wagram, we were too generous! We believed in the protestations and in the oaths of princes, whom we left on their thrones. Now, however, leagued together, they aim at the independence and the most sacred rights of France. They have commenced the most unjust of aggressions. Let us, then, march to meet them. Are they and we no longer the same men? Soldiers! we have forced marches to make, battles to fight, dangers to encounter; but, with firmness, victory will be ours. To every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment has now arrived to conquer or to die!"

The Prussian army which Napoleon was to fight and defeat at Ligny on the 16th was commanded by the gallant old warrior Prince Blücher. Its total strength amounted to about 117,000 men, and was composed of 99,715 infantry, 11,879 cavalry, 5,300 artillerymen, train, and engineers, with 312 guns. It was divided into four army corps. The 1st corps, commanded by General Zieten, had its headquarters at Charleroi, its right extending along the left bank of the Sambre as far west as Thuin, with brigades at Marchiennes, at Châtelet, Fleurus, and Moustier; the reserve cavalry at Sombref, and the reserve artillery at Gembloux. The 2nd corps, commanded by General Pirch II., had its headquarters at Namur, where the Meuse and Sambre unite; the mass of the corps in rear. The 3rd corps, commanded by General Thielemann, had its headquarters at Ciney, behind the Meuse, and rearward to Huy. The headquarters of the 4th corps were at Liége, the most rearward position of all. Prince Blücher had his headquarters at Namur. His four corps were so disposed that each could be concentrated at its own headquarters within twelve hours; and it was possible to effect the concentration of the whole army at any one of those points within twenty-four hours. Blücher had decided, in the probable event of Napoleon's advance across the Sambre at and about Charleroi, to concentrate his army in a position in front of Sombref, a point on the high road between Namur and Nivelles, about fourteen miles from the former place, and about eight miles from Quatre Bras, the point of intersection of that road with the *chaussée* leading direct from Charleroi to Brussels.

Napoleon's project was to cross the Sambre at, and to east and west of, Charleroi; then to bend rightward towards Fleurus with the mass of his army, fight and defeat the Prussian army in the position which he was aware it was taking up in front of Sombref; and this accomplished, to attack Wellington's army before it should be collected in sufficient strength to prevent his further progress towards Brussels. In accordance with the Emperor's orders, Pajol's cavalry corps, at 2.30 a.m. of the 15th, began the advance on Charleroi. Vandamme, with the 3rd army corps, should have followed close behind Pajol; but owing to the *contretemps* already referred to he did not start until four hours later, delaying also the Imperial Guard, which was to follow the same road. The left column advanced from Solre-

BATTLE OF LIGNY—(June 16 1815).



sur-Sambre by Thuin, heading for the bridge of Marchiennes, and the right column from Philippeville through Gerpinnes upon Châtelet. Zieten was fully on the alert; and his vigilance on the morning of the 15th, and the arrangements made by Blücher during that night, afford a complete refutation of the charge so frequently made against the Prussian commanders, that the French attack took them by surprise. Everywhere Zieten made a good and stubborn fight against overwhelming numbers, and fell back steadily and with resolute coolness. So far out as Ham-sur-Heure a Prussian battalion had barricaded that village, and made a stout stand against one of Pajol's brigades. Attacked by the advance-guard of the left French column, a Westphalian Landwehr battalion defended the village of Thuin with great obstinacy. Another battalion maintained the barricaded bridge of Marchienne against several attacks, and finally retired in good order. But nevertheless, the French by eleven o'clock were in full possession of Charleroi, and Reillé's corps was effecting its passage over the river. Gérard's column of the right, having had a longer distance to travel, had not as yet reached its destined point at Châtelet.

In the early morning there had occurred in Gérard's command an unhappy and ominous occurrence. The commander of one of his divisions was a certain General Bourmont. Although a distinguished soldier, his career had not been without stain; and Napoleon, suspecting his loyalty, consented to employ him only when Gérard promised to be personally responsible for him. His return for this kindness was an act of abominable baseness. On the early morning of the 15th, Bourmont rode ahead of his division accompanied by two officers of his staff, and he and they deserted to the enemy. When the traitor was presented to Blücher, the latter could not refrain from evincing his scorn for the faithless soldier; and when an attempt was made to ingratiate him with Blücher by directing his attention to the white cockade which Bourmont conspicuously displayed, the blunt old Marshal bluntly remarked, "It matters nothing what a fellow sticks in his hat—a scoundrel always remains a scoundrel." Old "Vorwärts" never minced his meaning. The French soldiers were furious at the desertion of Bourmont, and they suspected many other generals of Napoleon's army as being capable of similar conduct. There is no doubt that in the Waterloo campaign the soldiers disbelieved everything which was not confirmed by their own eyesight; nor was this difficult of explanation, since the Emperor had never hesitated to give such colouring to his statements and reports as he thought would best effect the object he had in view.

Owing to the absence of infantry at the heads of the French columns, two Prussian brigades were able to retard the French advance for several hours. Reillé's advance-guard, having crossed the Sambre at Marchiennes, was moving by the Charleroi-Brussels road on Gosselies. But Steinmetz with the 1st Prussian brigade stoutly held that place for a considerable time, supported by Lützow's gallant dragoons; and it was not until the main body of Reillé's corps, followed at some distance by the head of D'Erlon's column, had come up, that the Prussians moved aside to Heppignies, and left the Charleroi-Brussels road open to Reillé and D'Erlon. When, in conformity with Zieten's orders, Pirch I. found it necessary to abandon Charleroi, he retired up the gradual rising ground with his brigade (the 2nd), and soon after two o'clock Zieten took up a defensive position behind Gilly, along a ridge in rear of a rivulet. About three, Napoleon reached Gilly, where he found Grouchy and Vandamme halted, in the belief that there was a large force in their front. Napoleon promptly recognised that the Prussians were in no great strength, and directed on them a heavy cannonade, after which the French columns moved to the attack. Zieten did not await the attack; but Napoleon, angry that the enemy should escape him, ordered General Letort, his aide-de-camp, with some squadrons of the Imperial escort, to cut off the retreat of the Prussians, and at the same time Pajol sent part of his cavalry to seize a defile in the woods of Fleurus. The Prussian infantry withstood repeated attacks of the French cavalry, and aided by the devoted exertions of a dragoon regiment, succeeded in gaining the wood of Fleurus. A fusilier battalion, however, was broken by the French cavalry. It had been ordered to withdraw into the wood, but in the course of the attempt it had been overtaken by the enemy's cavalry, by which it was furiously assailed and suffered a loss of two-thirds of its strength. Another regiment, in square, was attacked by the French cavalry. Letort and the escort squadrons crashed home into it and it was broken with the loss of half its numbers, but the rest escaped through the wood. This success, however, was attained at the cost of the life of the gallant Letort, who fell mortally wounded in the moment of victory.

Meanwhile, Excelmans' dragoons had deployed on the far side of the wood, and successfully charged the enemy when retreating across the plateau in the direction of Fleurus.

While the Emperor was still at Gilly about five o'clock, before the end of the combat just described, Marshal Ney, who had just overtaken the army on the march, came to Napoleon, having ridden over from Charleroi, and received from him the command of the 1st and 2nd corps with Piré's cavalry of the 2nd corps, and the division of Bachelu—troops with which, the same evening, he drove from Frasnes the allied brigade commanded by Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. The old cordial relations between Napoleon and Ney existed no longer. The Emperor was aware that Ney, when Napoleon was marching on Paris after his return from Elba, had pledged himself to the Bourbons that "he would bring Napoleon back in an iron cage." Subsequently, and it was little wonder, he had kept so aloof from the Emperor that when he appeared on the Champs-de-Mai the latter affected surprise, saying that he thought Ney "had emigrated." Ney had no intention of making the campaign. But when Mortier fell ill and an urgent summons came to him from his old master, the fighting spirit revived in him, and he hurried forward, buying at Maubeuge Mortier's horses—presumably the ill-fated animals which one after another were to be killed under him at Waterloo. He reached the army just in time to be given the command of the left wing; with which henceforth this article, treating as it does almost solely of the battle of Ligny, has scarcely any further concern.



"THE GENERAL'S HORSE FELL INTO A DITCH" (*p.* 675).

Late in the afternoon of the 15th, Napoleon left Gilly before the conclusion of the fighting about that place, and went back wearily to Charleroi, where he spent the night. Before quitting the front at Gilly he had decided on altering the organisation of the forces with which he intended to fight the Prussians on the morrow. Grouchy, who until now had been in command of the reserve cavalry, was given the more important command of the 3rd corps (Vandamme) and of the 4th corps (Gérard); the Emperor taking into his own hand the command of the Imperial Guard, the reserve cavalry, and the 6th corps (Lobau). As the Emperor rode off he ordered Grouchy to push forward as far as possible towards Sombref, and the cavalry of Pajol and

Excelmans continued to advance in that direction. When, however, Grouchy ordered Vandamme to follow the cavalry in support, that rugged commander strenuously refused to obey, no intimation having reached him that he was to come under Grouchy's command; and he ordered his corps to bivouac where it stood.

Napoleon had expected that all his troops would have been across the Sambre before noon of the 15th, but the staff arrangements were faulty, and at nightfall of that day the whole of the 6th corps, half of the 4th corps, half the cavalry of the Guard, and two corps of the reserve cavalry were still south of the river. The tardiness of the French rearward columns was in marked contrast to the alert activity of the Prussian soldiers of Zieten's corps, who from early morning had been constantly under arms, in continual motion, and almost as constantly engaged, pursued and assailed by an overwhelming superiority of hostile force. It was not until near midnight that the corps effected its concentration in position between Ligny and St. Amand, at a distance varying from fifteen to twenty miles in rear of its original line of outposts, after having gallantly fulfilled the arduous task of gaining sufficient time for the concentration on the following day of the main body of Marshal Blücher's army. The loss sustained on the 15th by Zieten's corps reached a total of 1,200 men, and two of its battalions were reduced to mere skeletons.

Late on the 14th, Zieten had ascertained that strong French columns were assembling in his front, and that everything portended an attack on the following morning. This intelligence reached Blücher at Namur at ten o'clock on the night of the 14th; and an hour later simultaneous orders were despatched for the march of Bülow's corps (4th) from Liége to Hannut, of Pirch's (2nd) from Namur upon Sombref, and for Thielemann's (3rd) from Ciney to Namur. The orders to Bülow miscarried, and eventually he did not reach Gembloux, within a few miles of the field of Ligny, until after the battle was over, although in time to be of service to the other three corps retreating from Ligny. By the afternoon of the 15th the 2nd corps had taken up a position in the immediate vicinity of Sombref; the 1st corps, as has been mentioned, was concentrated by midnight of the 15th between Ligny and Amand; and the 3rd corps arrived at Sombref on the morning of the 16th. Blücher had established his headquarters in that village on the previous evening.

The result of the operations of the 15th had been highly favourable to Napoleon. He had effected the passage of the Sambre with slight loss; he was operating with the main portion of his forces directly on Blücher's preconcerted point of concentration; and he was already in the immediate front of his adversary's chosen position before that concentration could be completed. No doubt, after their exertions of the previous day, his troops were fatigued and widely scattered. Siborne, the historian of the campaign, argues that because Lobau's corps and the Guard were halted in rear at Charleroi, and part of Gérard's corps at Châtelet in the early morning of the 16th, there was a laxity of dispositions indicating the absence of that energetic perseverance and restless activity which had characterised Napoleon's operations in his previous wars. But it may be argued that every hour of rest was of value to his troops; while, on the other hand, the whole strength of his adversary was not yet visible. It was all-important to Napoleon that he should gain a crushing and decisive victory over the Prussians. To assail them prematurely would not bring about this result; and it was sound wisdom on his part to wait patiently with the whole of his own strength until the moment should arrive when he might hope to wreck and destroy his opponent's forces to the last company and the uttermost squadron, prior to turning to rend the British ally of that shattered opponent.

Prince Blücher, supported by the advice of General Gneisenau, his able chief-of-staff, resolved on accepting battle in the Sombref-Brye position confronting the higher ground of Fleurus—a position previously chosen in the event of the enemy's adoption of that line of operations to which that enemy had now distinctly committed himself. This position (*vide* map) comprised the heights of Brye, Sombref, and Tongrines, contiguous to the high road between Namur and Nivelles. These heights are bounded on the west and south-west, the right of the position, by a shallow ravine, through which winds a petty rivulet skirting the villages of Wagnelée, St. Amand la Haye, and St. Amand. Near the lower end of the last-named village, this streamlet unites with the greater rivulet of the Ligny, which flows through a deeper valley along the whole of the south or main front of the position. In this valley, partly bordering the stream itself, partly built on the gentle acclivities of the northern slope, lie the villages of Ligny, Pont Potriaux, Tongrenelle and Boignée.

From a tactical point of view, the Prussian

position was unquestionably defective. Nearly the whole of the terrain between the line of villages of Ligny, St. Amand and Wagnelée, and the great Namur *chaussée*, was in full exposure to the view of the enemy; and as there was a virtual certainty of protracted village-fighting along the front of the position, the supports and reserves required to feed a struggle of that character would obviously be subjected to the full play of the batteries on the opposite more commanding heights. Upon the sloping ground of the Prussian position every movement could be discerned from the French side; on which, on the contrary, the undulations admitted of the concealment of considerable bodies. It was this defect which chiefly caused Wellington—who had ridden over from Quatre Bras to consult with Blücher at the windmill at Bussy before the battle of Ligny began—to regard Blücher's dispositions for battle as objectionable. "If old Vorwärts fights here," was his comment to Hardinge, "he will get most damnably licked!" The same defect was strikingly manifested later, by the fact that the gradual weakening of the Prussian centre and left for the purpose of reinforcing the right was closely observed by Napoleon, who took advantage of the insight thus attained into his adversary's designs by collecting the force with which, when he discerned that the Prussian reserves were expended, he so suddenly assailed and broke the centre of Blücher's lines.

There has been any amount of controversy regarding the strengths of the armies which fought at Ligny. In attributing to Blücher a force 97,000 strong for the three corps engaged, Sir Evelyn Wood, generally so correct, is manifestly in error. Thiers and Dorsey Gardner, both good authorities, are at one in stating the Prussian strength at 84,000, and the French at 60,000, after deduction of Lobau's 11,000, who were not engaged. Those also are approximately Siborne's figures. But counting heads is not always a correct method of computation. There was a large leaven of green youngsters in the Prussian ranks; and probably the two armies were of about equal fighting value, although Wellington always held that Napoleon in a battle was equal to 40,000 men.

The preliminaries of the battle began about noon, when the French light artillery cannonaded the Prussian cavalry posts. Von Röder, as soon as he saw the advancing French array, ordered the retreat of his cavalry to the further side of the stream, remaining himself until withdrawn with two regiments near the Tombe de Ligny. Meantime the main body of the French army advanced imposingly in columns of corps. Vandamme, with Girard's division attached, moved forward against St. Amand, the most salient point of the Prussian position. While deploying, the corps was fiercely cannonaded by the Prussian batteries behind the village. Girard prolonged Vandamme's corps to the left, and Domont's light cavalry division took post beyond Girard. The centre column, under Gérard, moved out along the Fleurus high-road, and presently manned the heights fronting the village of Ligny, its left near the Tombe de Ligny, its right resting on a knoll south of Mont Potriaux. The right column, comprising Pajol's and Excelmans' cavalry corps, took post on Gérard's flank along with Morin's light cavalry of the 4th corps, the whole showing a front to the eastward against the villages of Tongrines, Tongrenelle, Boignée, and Balatre, to watch any hostile movements on their left and to divert their attention from the centre.

Gérard, during the deployment, had an awkward adventure. Ordering his men to fall out—the actual fighting had not yet begun—the general himself went forward to reconnoitre the enemy's position, accompanied by his staff-officers and a few hussars as escort. When near the Prussian line of front a body of Prussian cavalry advanced rapidly against him, and Gérard and his escort retreated at full gallop. During the flight the general's horse fell into a ditch which was hidden from view by the high-standing wheat crops, and the whole of the escort, seeing that their chief was down, turned back to defend him. His aide-de-camp, Lafontaine, having killed two Prussian lancers and broken his sword on the head of a third, was struck in the side by a bullet fired from a pistol close to his body. The chief-of-staff, Saint Remi, was dangerously wounded by seven lance-thrusts. Another aide-de-camp, Captain Duperron, dismounted and tried to put Count Gérard up into the saddle, but in the hand-to-hand fighting then being waged this became impossible, and the general must have been killed or taken prisoner had not a cavalry regiment, led by the son of General Grouchy, who was attracted by the firing, galloped up and driven off the Prussian horsemen.

Soon after three o'clock Napoleon gave the signal for his troops to advance to the attack; and for the next five and a half hours a continuous and desperate struggle was carried on in and about the villages bordering the ravine.

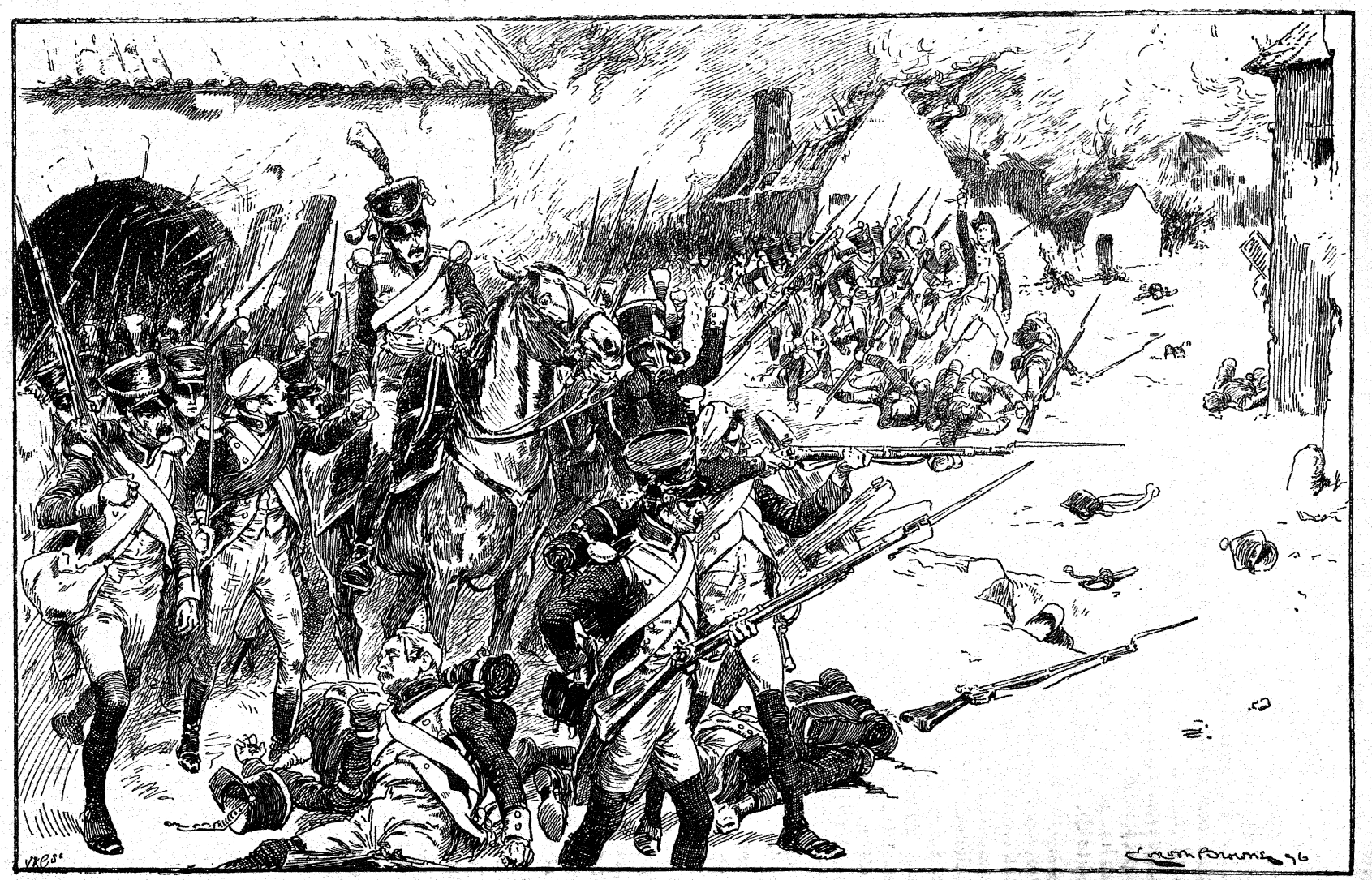
There remained out of action in the earlier phases of the fighting, the Imperial Guard and Milhaud's cuirassiers halted in reserve, the former on the left, the latter on the right of Fleurus. Those troops were held back for the final stroke, which Napoleon himself was intending to administer. Lobau had not yet come up, and his command never fired a shot.

When his assailants came on, Blücher was quite ready for them. He had marshalled his forces betimes. Zieten with the 1st corps occupied the right and centre, that portion of the position included in the villages of Brye, St. Amand la Haye, St. Amand, and Ligny. The brigades of this corps had been greatly mixed during the night when occupying those villages, and the battalions were distributed rather promiscuously during the battle. Its main body was drawn up on the slope between Brye and Ligny, hear the farm and windmill of Bussy, the highest point of the whole position. Seven battalions stood in rear of it, two more linking Bussy and Ligny, and four battalions were specially charged with the defence of Ligny itself. Three battalions were posted in the vicinity of the village of Brye; and several companies were distributed in the intersected ground between that village and St. Amand la Haye. Four battalions were posted on the high ground in rear of St. Amand, their right resting on St. Amand la Haye, and the defence of St. Amand itself was entrusted to three battalions of the 3rd brigade. The remaining six battalions of this brigade were posted in reserve northward of Ligny. The 2nd army corps, commanded by General Pirch I., was formed up in reserve to Zieten; and to the 3rd corps (Thielemann) was assigned the left, in that part of the field lying between Sombref and Balatre.

The actual battle was begun by an attack on St. Amand on the part of a division of Vandamme's corps. Made in three columns with great vigour, it proved successful, and after a stubborn resistance the Prussians were driven from the village. But when the French attempted to debouch from it, they were met by showers of grape and canister from the Prussian guns; the Prussian infantrymen hurled themselves forward strenuously, and, as the result of a prolonged and bloody *mêlée*, regained possession of the village, and held it for a while. This, however, was but a prelude, bloody though it was. St. Amand was a place of great importance, constituting as it did the strength of the Prussian right, and, from the intersection of gardens and hedges, was very capable of defence although so much in advance of the rest of the Prussian position. Continued desperate fighting for two hours had the result that the French were in possession only of half the village. But Vandamme was not content with this half-success. Before the furious onset he now made the Prussian troops, who had lost most of their officers, gave way with a loss of 2,500 men, and withdrew into position between Brye and Sombref, while loud shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" proclaimed the triumph of the French infantry.

The village of Ligny was long and stubbornly held by the Prussians. Its defenders sheltered by stone walls, hollow ways, and banked-up hedges, remained quiescent under the hurricane of French shot and shell; but as the French infantry were visible descending the slope, they quitted their concealment, sent forward their skirmishers, and once and again threw into disorder with their fire the advancing adversaries. Column after column forced its way into the village, only to be hurled back. Gérard himself headed one of the French attacks, and almost penetrated within the precincts of the old castle in the upper part of the village; but he was repulsed again and again with great slaughter by the four Prussian battalions of Henkel's brigade, which gallantly maintained the post of Ligny. As the discomfited French troops withdrew, their batteries played with redoubled energy on the village, and fresh columns prepared for another assault. That presently came, and a desperate struggle ensued. Mingled with the din of musketry-fire throughout the whole extent of the village rose from the French fierce shouts of "*En avant!*" and "*Vive l'Empereur!*" responded to by the Prussians with counter-cries of "*Vorwärts!*" and the wild "*Hourra!*" whilst the batteries on the heights poured destruction into the masses descending either slope to join in the desperate struggle in the valley, out of which arose from the old castle volumes of thick dark smoke with occasional flashes of lurid flames. Once again the Prussian defenders succeeded in clearing the village of the French, who in retreating abandoned two guns; and four fresh Prussian battalions were thrown into shattered and bloodstained Ligny, whose streets and gardens were heaped with the slain.

Vandamme, on the French left, held possession of St. Amand, but was unable to debouch from it. Napoleon then ordered General Girard, on the extreme left, to carry the village of St. Amand la Haye, which he accomplished after



"COLUMN AFTER COLUMN FORCED ITS WAY INTO THE VILLAGE, ONLY TO BE HURLED BACK" (*p.* 676).

a bitter struggle. Blücher then ordered General Pirch II. to retake the place; but his brigade, closely pressed by the French occupants, and having got into great confusion, was forced to withdraw its scattered remnants and to re-form. In this combat Girard, whose division had so gallantly held the village, fell mortally wounded. Blücher resolved on a renewed attack; and when the preparations therefor were accomplished, aware how much depended on the result, he galloped to the head of his column, and addressed some rough, stirring words to his young soldiers. "Now, lads!" he shouted, "behave well! Don't let the *grande nation* get the better of us again! Forward—in God's name—Forward!" Pirch's battalions dashed into the village at a charging pace, sweeping the enemy completely before them. Sallying forth on the other side, they pursued the enemy with an impetuosity which the officers had difficulty in restraining; and many plunged into the very midst of the French reserves. The cavalry caught the enthusiasm of their brethren of the infantry, and supported the attack on the village by a headlong charge on the enemy's cavalry. Almost simultaneously the adjacent village of Wagnelée was assailed by the Prussians; but the attempt, although sustained with vigour, ultimately failed. For hours a constant struggle was maintained until darkness, on the Prussian right flank, every village taken and re-taken with immense slaughter.

Meanwhile the village-fighting in Ligny was at its hottest. The place was utterly congested with combatants ablaze with excitement, and its streets and enclosures were choked with dead, dying, and wounded. Every house that was not in flames was the scene of a hand-to-hand contest. Order had long been lost, and men fought furiously in little groups; the bayonet, and even the butt, being freely used in adding to the dreadful carnage. A dense pall of smoke overhung the whole village and settled on it with a darkness almost of night; but the incessant din of musketry, the crashing of burning timbers, the smashing of doors and gateways, the yells and imprecations of the combatants, gave dread indication to the reserves on the slopes beyond the gloom of the savage and ruthless character of the bloody struggle being waged under the overhanging darkness. Long did this desperate strife continue without material results on either side. Then fresh Prussian batteries from the rear came into action; as did also a reinforcement, on the French side, from the artillery of the Imperial Guard. The earth trembled under the tremendous cannonade; and as the flames from the burning houses shot upwards through the volumes of smoke, the spectacle seemed some violent convulsion of nature, rather than a conflict between man and man.

Neither in the villages on the right nor in the key of the centre at Ligny did the contest slacken for a moment during this long afternoon of blood and death. Fresh and eager masses from both sides poured into the blazing villages as soon as the diminished strength and utter exhaustion of the combatants required relief. So equally balanced were the courage, energy, and devotion of either side that the obstinate struggle seemed likely to desist only when the utter exhaustion of the one should yield to the greater command of reserves possessed by the other. Napoleon's eagle eye discerned that the Prussian reserves were nearly exhausted; and he considered that the time to end the sanguinary fighting along the chain of villages, and to bring the battle to an issue by breaking in upon the centre of the Prussian front with the Imperial Guard and Milhaud's corps of cuirassiers in support. Soon after 5.30, these troops were in march towards Ligny, when they were suddenly halted by an order from the Emperor. At two o'clock Soult had despatched an officer to Ney at Frasnes, carrying the order that the 1st corps (D'Erlon) should join Napoleon in the Ligny position. The messenger on his way to Ney had already given the order to the head of the column to wheel to its right; and the new direction had been taken up by D'Erlon about 4.30. Several officers about an hour later had reported to the Emperor the appearance of a column of about 25,000 men, marching apparently in the direction of Fleurus. It did not seem to have occurred to anyone about Napoleon that this distant body might be D'Erlon's corps; and the suspicion arose, confirmed by the reports of several of Vandamme's officers, that the column was English. The Imperial Guard and Milhaud's corps were therefore kept in hand, and several staff-officers were sent off at a gallop in the direction of the unknown army corps. According to Sir Evelyn Wood their intelligence was simply that "the column had disappeared"; whereas Siborne states that the Emperor's aide-de-camp, returning from his reconnaissance, reported that the column which had caused uneasiness proved to be D'Erlon's corps.

The strange adventures of D'Erlon's corps on the afternoon of Ligny are narrated by Sir Evelyn Wood. Having first got on the wrong

road, D'Erlon eventually took up a position in rear of Brye, so near to the Prussians that the men at the head of the column could read distinctly the numbers painted on the backs of the Prussian soldiers' knapsacks. D'Erlon's artillery came into action and was just about to open fire, when General D'Elcambre, Ney's chief-of-staff, arrived with a positive order from Ney to D'Erlon to bring his corps back immediately to Quatre Bras. Had D'Erlon disobeyed and fallen on Blücher's rear while Napoleon was attacking him in front, nothing could have saved the right wing of the Prussian army.

As the twilight was gathering on the lurid scene, the fortune of the battle was gradually becoming adverse to the Prussians. It was only by dint of extraordinary exertions that the defenders of Ligny were holding out against an adversary who was continually throwing in fresh reinforcements. In reply to their appeal came Gneisenau's stern reply, that at whatever sacrifice the village must be held for half an hour longer. Then came tidings to Blücher that the brigade in St. Amand la Haye had expended the whole of its ammunition, and that even from the pouches of the slain the last cartridge had been taken. Blücher curtly answered that the brigade must not only maintain the post, but take the offensive with the bayonet. But there is a limit even to the most resolute endurance. Officers and men, overcome by long exertion, were falling from sheer exhaustion. The protracted struggle in the villages took on a yet more savage and relentless character. The animosity and exasperation of the combatants were uncontrollable. Every house, every court, every wall was the scene of bitter fighting. An ungovernable rage had seized on the soldiers of both sides—a strife in which every man sought an opponent in whose slaughter he might glut the hatred and revenge which were maddening him. Quarter was neither begged nor granted.

At about eight o'clock Napoleon arrived near the lower extremity of Ligny with eight battalions of the Imperial Guard, the regiment of the Grenadiers à Cheval of the Guard, and Milhaud's eight regiments of cuirassiers—a force perfectly fresh, having hitherto been in reserve. When the Emperor noted the comparatively bare space in rear of Ligny, he remarked to Gérard, "They are lost: they have no reserve remaining!" The defenders of Ligny saw, on the French right of the village, a massive column issuing from under the smoke of the batteries which had opened on them, and whose fire was tearing lanes through their ranks; and as the mass rapidly descended the southern slope they could not fail to realise by its order and solidity, as well as by the dark lofty front of bearskins, that this new adversary was the redoubted Imperial Guard. Ligny was turned; and it only remained for its defenders to effect an orderly retreat from the bloodstained ruins which they had held so long and so staunchly. But their courage was not daunted, notwithstanding their exhausted condition and their knowledge that a body of fresh and chosen troops was advancing against them. The battlefield would soon be in darkness; hence they needed but a brief term of perseverance to secure the means of effecting a retreat unattended with the disastrous consequences which an utter defeat in the light of day would have entailed on them.

The Prussian infantry, compelled to evacuate Ligny, effected its withdrawal in squares with perfect order although surrounded by the enemy, stoutly repelling the hostile attacks made in repeated but vain attempts to scatter it in confusion. One battalion withstood the assault of Milhaud's cuirassiers, which had crossed the stream on the other side of the village. Blücher, panting to stem the further advance of the enemy, called to him the three cavalry regiments immediately at hand—the 6th Uhlans, the 1st West Prussian Dragoons, and the 2nd Kurmark Landwehr Cavalry. General von Röder sped the Uhlans to make the first charge. It was led by Colonel von Lützow, the chief of the famous "night-riders" of the War of the Liberation. As his squadrons were galloping down the slope against the French infantry, they encountered a hollow way hidden by the standing corn. The formation was broken up, and during the check caused by this obstacle the colonel, eleven officers, and some seventy men were shot down. A second volley completely repulsed the attack, and as the regiment went to the rear it was followed up by the French cuirassiers, and Lützow was captured. Another attack made by the Prussian Dragoons and Landwehr Cavalry was on the point of penetrating a battalion of French infantry, when the Prussian regiments were suddenly struck in flank by Milhaud's cuirassiers and completely dispersed. Later a mass of twenty-four squadrons was collected, but the attack which this body made was without success. Blücher, realising that the only hope depended on the possibility of his cavalry still succeeding before the darkness in hurling the French columns back into the valley, rallied his

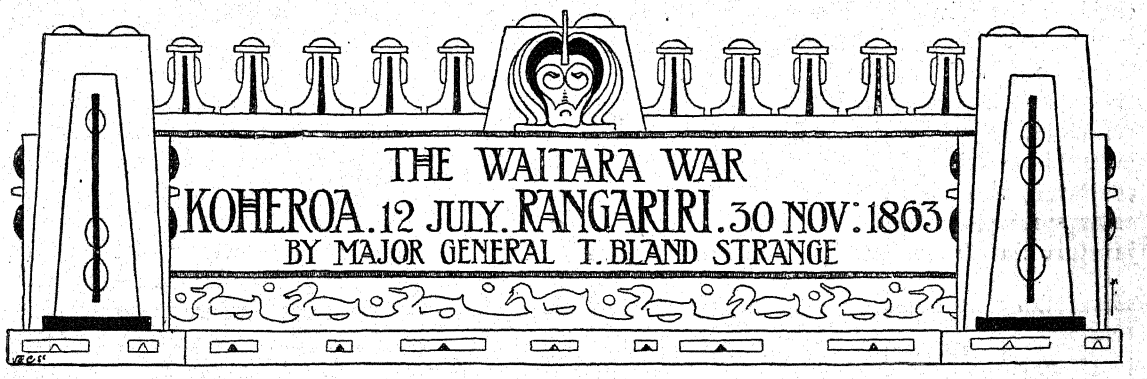
troopers, and, placing himself at their head charged in his old hussar style *ventre à terre*. The French stood fast and the charge failed, Blücher and his horsemen hotly pursued by the French cuirassiers. His charger, a fine grey—a present from the Prince Regent of Great Britain—was mortally wounded and began to falter in his stride. Looking back at the pursuing cuirassiers Blücher exclaimed to Nostitz, his staff-officer: "Now I am done for!" Presently the gallant horse went down and rolled over on its rider. Nostitz promptly alighted and with drawn sword stood over his revered chief. As the struggling masses surged backwards and forwards in the *mêlée*, Blücher was several times trampled on by galloping horses. Nostitz threw a cloak over his master, who lay half-stunned for nearly a quarter of an hour, when the devoted staff-officer, with the help of some dragoons, pulled aside the carcase of the grey, and eventually in the darkness got Blücher up on another horse and led him out of the focus of the strife.

Meanwhile Excelmans and Pajol rode through St. Amand and fell on the flank of the Prussian infantry while simultaneously attacked in front by Vandamme's regiments. Spent by long fighting, there was little resistance left in them; and by 9.30 the Prussians were everywhere in retreat and resistance ceased in the open country, although Brye, Sombref, and Point du Jour were occupied by rear-guards until after midnight. The French did not push a pursuit—they did not even cross the Namur-Nivelle *chaussée;* and by daybreak of the 17th the Prussian army was several miles away from the battlefield on which it had fought gallantly if unsuccessfully. The Prussian losses in the battle of Ligny were over 12,000; those of the French about 8,000.

Blücher was carried to Gentinnes, a village about six miles in rear of Ligny. As soon as his fall was known, Gneisenau—the energetic chief-of-staff—undertook the direction of affairs, and promptly issued his orders for a retreat on Wavre. Blücher was himself again on the day after the battle, having dosed himself with his favourite nostrum of gin and sulphur. He kissed Colonel Hardinge, the British Commissioner with his army, remarking apologetically in his blunt way, "*Ich stinke etwas*"; and the tough old warrior was in the saddle on the day of Waterloo, and headed the pursuit of the French army on the evening of that day, having previously kissed Wellington on horseback, not at Belle Alliance but at Rosomme.



"THEY ENCOUNTERED A HOLLOW WAY" (*p.* 679).



AT first a little cloud and then a tempest —thus did it seem with the Maori War, which lasted ten years from 1860. A few acres of land were in dispute, and when the Crown surveyors came they were opposed by some old Maori women. But the causes lay deep and inevitable, as the conflict between white and savage races must ever be when the real object is land and supremacy —the result always the same.

The missionary takes the Gospel to heathen lands, to which, in this world at least, it is not always a message of peace. In a few years the heathens have the Bible and the white men the land.

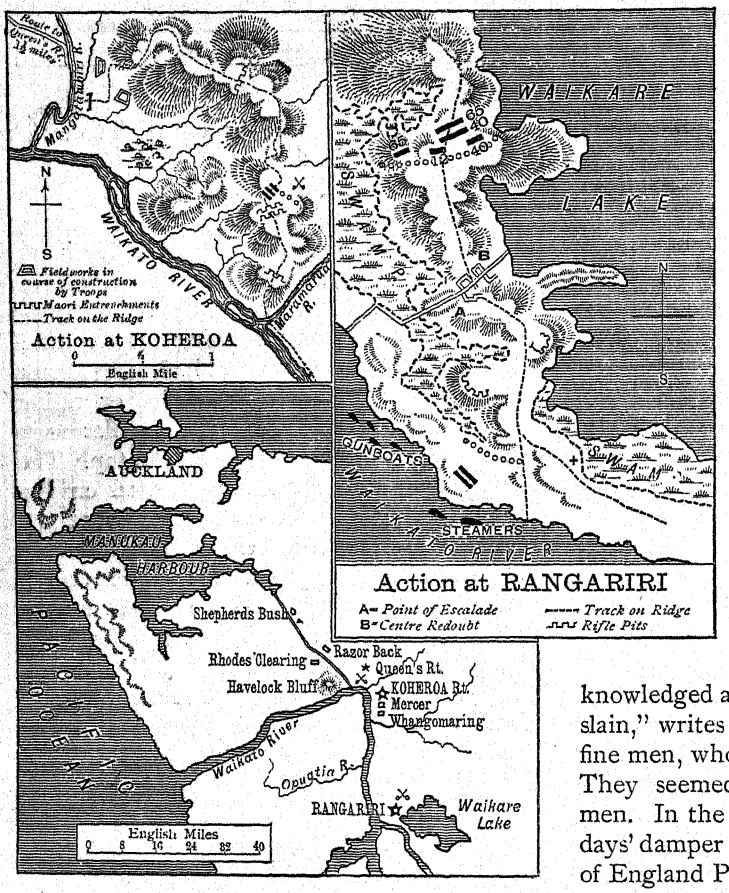
The Maori, noblest of native races, took Christianity readily, but he fought, nevertheless, for his land. Of the Bible teachings he selected the fiercest of Old Testament fights, its polygamy and its cruelty, and added to it a recrudescence of his old habit of cannibalism. Hence the Pai Mariri or Haw Haw faith, more suitable to his strife for life and land than the mild teaching of Christianity. How well he fought, and with what consummate skill, is shown in the graphic details of the taking of the Gate Pah, told of by Hilliard Atteridge in the first volume of "Battles of the Nineteenth Century." The hidden causes of this and other disasters to the British arms—such as the indiscriminate mixture of detachments of different regiments, and even of land and sea services, in an assaulting column—cannot here be discussed.

Let mine be the more pleasant task to select a couple of typical battles—Koheroa, 12th July, 1863, and Rangariri, 30th November, 1863—which reflect equal credit on the brave barbarian fighting for freedom, of his own sort, in his own way, and the disciplined soldier, obedient to duty.

At Koheroa the Maoris had selected an admirable position, the only approach to which was along a narrow, densely-fern-covered ridge, about five miles in length, and with precipitous sides, which allowed no extension or turning movements to the assailants. Here (with the native genius for fortification, which far surpasses that of the Royal Engineer, who is said, like the Bourbon, to have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing since Vauban) they had constructed three continuous lines of rifle-pits, or rather warrens, covered and concealed by flat roofs of hurdle, with earth and fern on the top. The timber supports of the flat roof rested on the ground, leaving a space of four inches at the ground-level, from which the muzzles of their double-barrelled guns protruded: weapons more quickly loaded than (and thus at short ranges superior to) the muzzle-loading Enfield rifle of the British soldier of that day, which fouled rapidly, sometimes leaded, and was then difficult to load.

To reconnoitre the position was impossible: it was necessary to go at it blind. General Cameron, a fine old Scotch soldier, sent forward the second battalion of the 14th, a newly raised regiment of Irish boys, supported by detachments of the 12th and 70th Regiments. Colonel Austin led his lads along the narrow fern ridge, under a dropping fire from unseen enemies, until he fell severely wounded. His boy battalion staggered at the fall of their colonel. "Captain Strange (14th) with his company ran rapidly forward and occupied a ridge on the right of the enemy's retreat, the latter halting immediately under cover of the crest, and opening a sharp fire across the intervening gully on the skirmishers, who immediately replied. The main body followed the line of the enemy's retreat, and on reaching a small knoll within a hundred yards of the second line of rifle-pits, was received with a rattling volley, which by its suddenness again

checked the advance. The enemy here stood well and kept up a heavy fire, but General Cameron, galloping to the front, gave the word to charge and led on, cap in hand. The men, led by their officers, gallantly dashed on and drove the enemy in confusion before them." As the troops advanced, the Maoris, running to the nearest cover, sprang into the ravine at their right. At this juncture the British, having formed a semicircle



round them, poured in a converging fire on the enemy, who retired along the bottom of the ravine to a further ridge, where they again opened fire from a third row of rifle-pits on the ever-advancing British, who finally drove them from their last vantage-ground. Broken and disheartened after a gallant but ineffectual resistance, they fled to the Maramarwa River, which some of them crossed in canoes, others swimming.

The fight lasted over two hours, and covered about five miles from the first defence to the last stand. The enemy had every advantage in their knowledge of the ground and the skilful construction of their triple line of rifle-pits. The numbers were about equal—500 on each side. "For the first time in the annals of New Zealand warfare the Maori was defeated in fair combat and driven from a series of fortified positions by troops in the open without the aid of artillery," to the presence of which alone in former fights were to be attributed the British superiority.

In this case the weapons were about even, for in the thick fern at close quarters the double-barrelled guns of the Maori were most effective: they often kept the bullets loose in their mouths, from which they dropped them into the barrels; the saliva and a tap of the butt on the ground sent the bullet home without the use of a ramrod. They had no bayonets, but fought desperately at close quarters, wielding the meri, a short, flat, sharp, double-edged stone club. The jade-stone or obsidian meri was the weapon of the chief. The steel tomahawk of the ordinary Maori warrior, fixed to a handle about five feet long, with a point at the butt for extreme close quarters, was a formidable weapon in the hands of an athletic savage. About forty dead were found on the field. They acknowledged a very heavy loss in wounded. "The slain," writes General Alexander, "were all very fine men, whom one could not help regretting." They seemed Waikato, Rangatera or gentlemen. In the haversack of each were found three days' damper (flour-cakes) and a Gospel or Church of England Prayer-book in Maori. Our casualties were only twelve, including Colonel Austin. General Cameron in his despatch spoke highly of "the conduct of the officers and men, ably led by their commanding officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Austin (14th), Major Ryan (70th), Major Miller (12th)." Among the officers who had the good fortune to have the opportunity to distinguish themselves by conspicuous forwardness in the attack were Captain Strange (14th), who led the advanced skirmishers, Captain Phelps, who led his company to the charge, and Lieutenants Armstrong, Glancy, and Green, all of the 14th Regiment. At the risk of being prolix I have thought it best to follow the official record in this and the subsequent typical battle of Rangariri.

RANGARIRI.

ANGRY HEAVEN, as the native name has it.

The Waikato river, flowing out of the sacred Taupo Lake under the volcano Tongariri and snow-capped Ruapehu, proceeds with a full stream, some 250 yards wide and never less than ten feet deep, through bush and swamp.

The Maoris had constructed a strong line of entrenchment across the narrow isthmus which divides the Waikato river from the Lake Waikare, completely blocking the road up the right bank of the river.

On November 18th, 1863, General Cameron reconnoitred the position as far as practicable from the steamer *Pioneer*, and decided to land a force in rear of the retrenchment to cut off retreat while attacking in front, hoping thus to close the war.

Colonel Leslie, with 300 men of the 40th Regiment, embarked in steamers to land south of the entrenchments, while 860 officers and men under General Cameron marched from the north by the right bank of the river. Both arrived at the same time—3 p.m. The force from the north halted about 600 yards from the entrenchment, and formed for attack under cover. On the right were Colonel Wyatt and 200 men of the 65th, a veteran regiment in New Zealand wars. They carried the scaling-ladders and planks to cross the ditch. A detachment of the 12th Regiment under Captain Cole formed the centre, and the 14th under Colonel Austin, now recovered from his wound (received at Koheroa), prolonged the line of skirmishers and supports to the left.

Captain Mercer's detachment of Royal Artillery with two Armstrong 6-pounders, and a naval 6-pounder under Lieutenant Alexander, R.N., advanced with the centre of the line of skirmishers. Detachments of the 40th and 65th were in reserve.

The enemy's works consisted of a line of high parapet and double ditch with the usual Maori palisading, the ends sunk in the ground and bound together by tough withes, instead of rigid with nails. To attempt to breach such works with the 6-pounder Armstrong pop-gun and its high velocity 2-inch calibre shell and pinch of powder for bursting charge, was absolutely futile.

These formidable entrenchments stretched right across the isthmus between lake and river. The centre was strengthened by a square redoubt of very formidable construction, its ditch being twelve feet wide and eighteen feet deep from bottom of ditch to top of parapet. The strength of these works was not known before the assault was delivered. Behind the left centre of the main line, at right angles to it, facing the river, and so sweeping much of the ground in rear, was another strong line of rifle-pits, and yet a third about five hundred yards in rear on the summit of a high ridge. But it was thought the left of the straight line of works could be enfiladed and taken in reverse by the gunboats and steamers; therefore the general selected that part for attack.



MAORI CHILDREN.

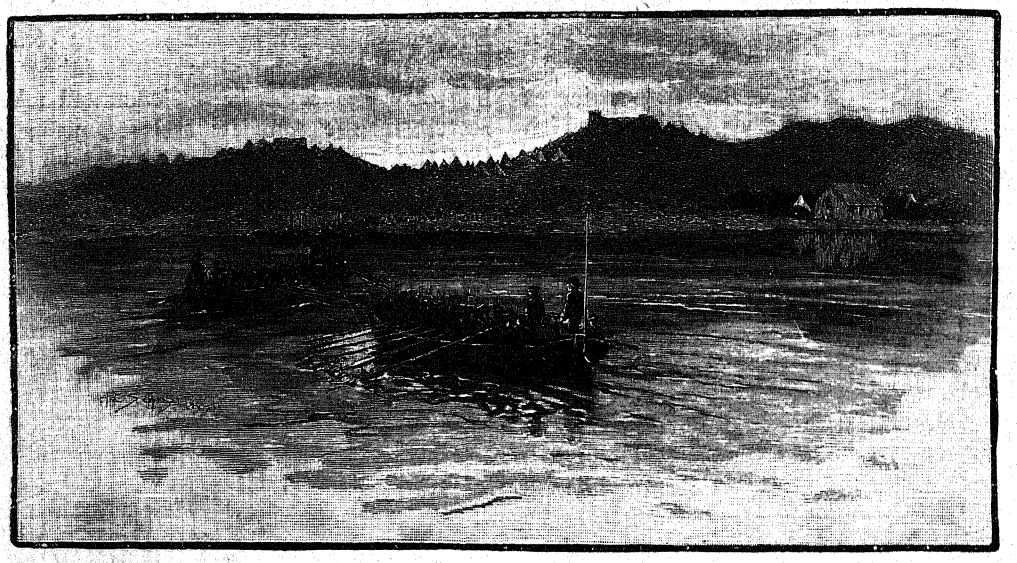
The troops were hardly in position before the enemy opened fire, but without much effect, the northern attack having formed under the brow of a hill.

It had been arranged with Commodore Sir William Wiseman that the Royal Artillery and the gunboats should open fire simultaneously by signal, and the steamers land the 40th to the south. But the strength of the wind and current rendered steamboats and gunboats alike almost unmanageable, and when the general gave the signal, only one of the gunboats was ready to open fire, and the steamers were far from the place selected to land the 40th Regiment.

After shelling the works for an hour and a half, the day being well advanced, and but

little prospect of the remainder of the gunboats getting into position, General Cameron gave the order for the assault. The whole line of the 65th, after passing the main line of entrenchments, joined the 40th in this attack.

Leaving a detachment to hold the ridge,



RANGARIKI CAMP, FROM THE WAIKATO.

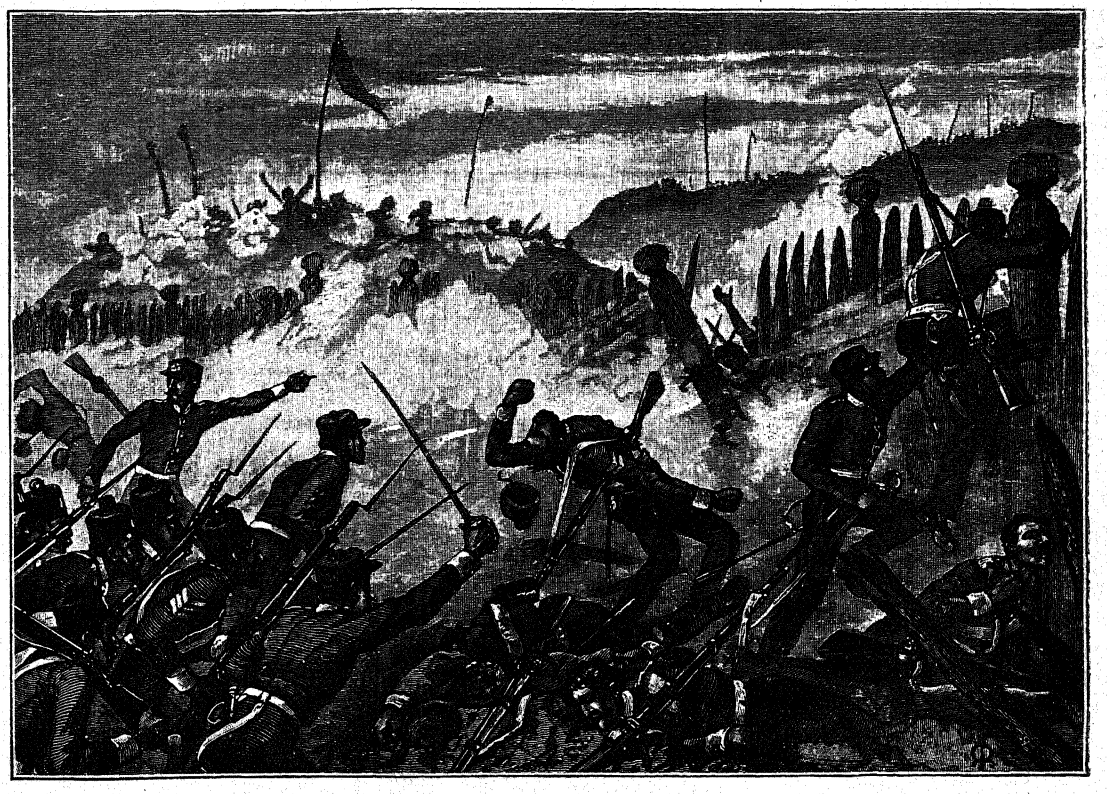
skirmishers and supports rushed down the slope of the hill as rapidly as the rugged ground permitted, exposed as they were to a heavy fire. Colonel Austin was again wounded, Captain Phelps (14th), and many others, but nothing checked the advance.

The skirmishers of the 65th having reached to within fifty paces of the entrenchment, the ladder party planted their ladders, and the skirmishers, followed by the supports, mounted the parapet and forced the first line; then wheeling to the left and charging up the hill, they carried the second line of rifle-pits, and drove the enemy before them until the advance was checked by the deadly fire from the centre redoubt. The remainder of the troops on the left, finding it impossible to penetrate the position on that side, joined the attack of the 65th, and with them almost enveloped the centre redoubt.

Meanwhile the 40th had been landed from the steamers, and Colonel Leslie, without waiting for the companies to form, ordered Captain Clarke to take the first fifty men landed to attack the ridge in rear of the enemy's position, while he moved round its base with the remainder. The ridge was honeycombed with rifle-pits, yet it was carried at once, and a great number of the enemy killed or drowned in attempting to cross the swamp. A portion of Leslie with the remainder joined the force engaged at the centre redoubt, where the Maoris fought with desperation; and the ladders being rather short for this part of the work, it seemed impossible to carry it. But Captain Mercer of the Royal Artillery offered to lead his men where all others had failed. Leaving the almost useless field-guns they had been serving, and armed only with their short swords and a few with revolvers, the gunners followed their daring captain, who had found a narrow opening in rear of the work just wide enough to allow one man to squeeze through at a time. Here he fell shot through the head, and every man who attempted to pass the opening was shot down, except Lieutenant Pickard, R.A., who followed his chief and brought back his body, for he still lived. He then masked the opening with planks and earth so that the other gunners who had fallen near it could be attended medically. For this he gained the Victoria Cross.

A second assault was made by ninety seamen with cutlases and revolvers, under the direction of Commodore Wiseman and Commander Mayne, R.N., but they also failed. And a third attempt by the sailors, under Commander Phillemore, was even less fortunate, for the bluejackets preceded their assault by throwing hand-grenades, which mostly fell short, and rolled off the parapet back into the ditch, wounding some men of the 14th,

who were attempting to pull down a stockade along the ditch. Captain Strange kicked one of the unwelcome grenades into a puddle in the ditch, where he tried to stamp out the burning fuse in the mud. It exploded without injury to anyone, but another officer lost his life in exposing himself to make known the situation. At last the fiery curves of the hand-grenade fuses ceased to illumine the darkness of the already fallen night, and the general ordered the troops to hold the ground they had gained until daylight. With the dawn the Maoris showed a white flag and surrendered unconditionally, 183 Maoris giving up their arms. Seven hundred fighting-men had originally manned the works. There is always some hesitation about brave men giving up their arms, but Te Ori-ori, the chief, set the example. In handing his rifle to the general he said: "We fought you at Koheroa, and fought you well; we fought you here at Rangariri, and fought you well; now we are friends, aké, aké, aké!" (for ever and ever).



"THE GUNNERS FOUND A NARROW OPENING IN REAR OF THE WORK" (*p.* 684).

And Thomas Atkins promptly fraternised with his gallant foe.

The British casualties were four officers killed and eleven wounded, thirty-seven men killed and eighty wounded.

The loss of the Maoris must have been heavy. Forty-one bodies were found in the works, but a great many were shot or drowned in the swamps. The Maori wounded must have been removed during the night, as none were found among the prisoners.

Captain Mercer still lingered, and his wife came up to the front. As he could not speak, being shot through the jaws, he wrote with a pencil: "Do not grieve for me. I die contented and resigned to the will of God"; and so passed away a brave Englishman. Colonel Austin and Captain Phelps, of the 14th, both died of their injuries. The latter, being wounded in the groin, knew it was fatal, and when Surgeon Temple, R.A., came to him he said: "Attend to the other fellows; they may have a chance—I know I have none." Surgeon Temple had passed unscathed by the fatal opening to attend to Captain Mercer and those who had fallen there. Like Lieutenant Pickard, Surgeon Temple well earned his Cross for valour. But the war was not popular with the troops, who admired the

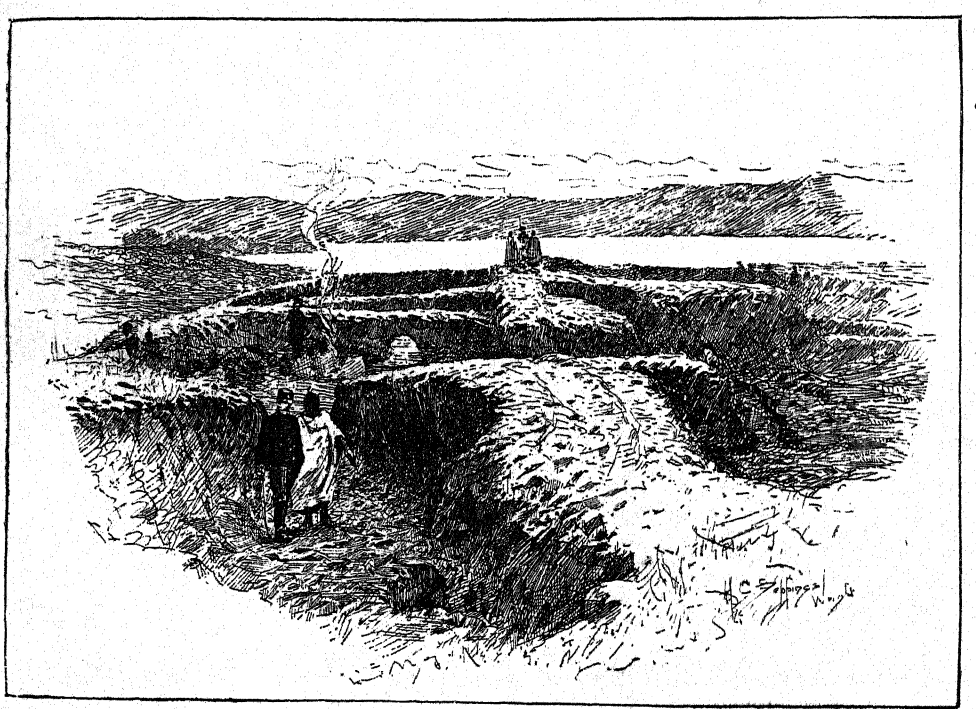
courage and rude chivalry of the Maoris, while they suffered from desperate assaults on underground fortifications, which the new artillery was powerless to touch.

There was but barren honour in capturing Pahs, to find the bulk of the defenders, after inflicting heavy loss, had disappeared under cover of night to assume a fresh position.

The Home Government disliked the expense, and desired to shift it and the responsibility to the colonists, whom they unjustly accused of wishing to prolong the war for the sake of the money expended in the country, and of ulterior designs of confiscating native lands, ignoring the fact that the losses were far greater than any prospective gains, and that the war was a terror to colonists, necessitating the abandonment of farms and the crowding of women and children into towns, while the men were in the field, as militia or volunteers.

The New Zealand finances would have been ruined but for the timely discovery of gold in the south island, where there were no natives. These resources enabled the colonists to raise troops of their own, and to bring the war to a successful issue, when abandoned by an Imperial Government without imperial ideas; difficult of comprehension to a man in a Downing Street office, but quite patent to "the man in the street." The Colonial Empire has been built in spite of the Colonial Office. When left to themselves the colonists conquered the Maoris, and then treated them not merely with justice, but generosity. The native-king movement has died out, but the King Country, a large and fertile territory, is still the property of the Maoris, for whose wants it is ample; many of them are comparatively wealthy, and will be more so. The Maori representatives sit in the New Zealand Legislature. In the rough ways of the world, those races which can fight for their rights generally deserve and get them.

The warrior Maori has become fairly industrious, civilised, and happy; he was always a gentleman. The statistics of drunkenness and crime show a very low and ever-decreasing figure, though there is but a trifling decrease in the native population; not more than was to be expected from the assumption of European habits—both clothes and morals.



RANGARIRI AFTER THE CAPTURE.



THE day before Waterloo a Peninsular veteran of the 52nd was overheard to remark, "There'll be a great battle to-morrow," and when questioned by an officer as to his meaning, said, "All the Duke's great battles are fought on a Sunday!"

To a large extent the man was right: Vimiera, Fuentes d'Onoro, Ciudad Rodrigo, Orthez, were all waged on the Sabbath day, and Toulouse, as desperate an engagement as any in the war, was fought on Easter Sunday.

It was a last stand by a brave general, turning at bay before the gates of the third city of his country, ignorant that the cause for which he struggled was already lost, and that his master had abdicated several days before.

Standing in the centre of a flat and pastoral country, liable to frequent inundations from the streams that intersected its meadows and cornfields, the city of Toulouse was protected on three sides by the river Garonne and a large canal, and girdled by a massive old wall flanked at regular intervals by pointed turret towers, above which rose a forest of spires and the quaint gables of the houses, many of them built of wood.

Soult lost no time in raising works and strong bridge-heads, and did all that skill and ingenuity could accomplish in seventeen days to make the place impregnable. Its natural features offered every facility for the purpose, and he compelled the somewhat reluctant citizens to assist in forming redoubts on the heights to eastward, which heights ran for two miles roughly parallel to the city wall, between the canal and the swollen Ers, all of whose bridges, save one at Croix d'Orade, were purposely broken or mined.

On the west the Garonne formed a strong barrier, with the outlying suburb of St. Cyprien beyond it. The canal, lined with troops, curved from the Garonne round the north of the city, and then along its eastern side, where several clustering suburbs were capable of being strongly garrisoned, so that the only weak spot was to the southward, and even there another suburb was full of troops. The walls were manned with guns. The heights—divided by the Lavaur road into two distinct elevations or platforms, the Calvinet and St. Sypière—were steep, and held by Harispe's division. Darricau defended the canal; Reille occupied St. Cyprien; and a detached hill between the northern end of the heights and Croix d'Orade, called the Pugade, was garrisoned by St. Pol.

Artificial inundations covered the approaches in many places, cavalry were on the look-out about the river Ers, and the roads themselves were no contemptible allies, sodden by the heavy rains.

In an unpublished journal I have before me, kept by an officer of the 2nd Queen's (Lieutenant, afterwards Captain, J. A. Wilson), the following entry occurs: "Roads actually up to my middle in mud; walked into a river to wash my clothes!"

Under these conditions, and to oppose this formidable resistance, Wellington attacked St. Cyprien on the 28th of March, and made several attempts to cross the Garonne *above* Toulouse.

The floods, however, retarded us, and it was not until the 4th April that Beresford passed over, fifteen miles *below* the city, with the 3rd, 4th, and 6th Divisions and three brigades of cavalry, the 4th Division crossing the pontoons first, their bands and drums playing "The British Grenadiers," and the sun coming out as they halted on the enemy's bank to sponge arms and loosen ammunition.

They marched to La Espinasse without opposition, the French patrols retiring at the first passage of the river, and a large body of cavalry menacing us without coming to blows. "At four o'clock," to quote the above-mentioned journal,

"our regiment sent with the Rocket Brigade to support the cavalry. At eight o'clock got squeezed into some poor houses, having been forty-eight hours without resting to sleep."

"April 8th.—Marched at three in the afternoon. At five my company sent on picquet. Ordered by the general to load and go to a church, where I should find a picquet of the French, and to drive them out and keep the church. A company of the 53rd sent to support me . . . Found the French had just retired, and left both doors of the church open for me, for which I was much obliged to them."

Napier has cleverly shown how Soult left the bridge intact at Croix d'Orade to entice Wellington into the marshy ground between the heights and the river Ers, and then he shows what Wellington did when he got there, which was not at all what the French marshal anticipated.

On the 8th the 18th Hussars made a brilliant dash at the bridge against the French dragoons, after a pause on both sides.

The advance of our infantry set them in motion simultaneously. The trumpets rang out the charge together; but our fellows in blue and white were too sharp for the brass helmets, and jamming the dragoons between the stone parapets, broke them after a moment's sabring, and spurred over in pursuit led by Major Hughes, Colonel Vivian being incapacitated by a carbine bullet.

Wellington wished to attack on the 9th, but owing to the removal of the pontoon bridge closer to Toulouse, it was necessary to postpone until the day after.

The allied army occupied a peculiar position, and one which indicated in a marked degree the place Napoleon had won in the hearts of his people.

In the north, where the population had suffered more severely from the ravages of war, from the conscription, and the devastating passage of troops, the peasants rose and helped the tottering emperor; but in the hot, impressionable south they not only refrained from armed resistance, but welcomed the "perfidious" English; and Soult, fighting a last battle for the cause, fought it unaided by his countrymen, who were even reluctant to help him dig his trenches, and had probably more sympathy with the success of the invaders than with that of the bayonets that upheld the Tricolour.

The weather had improved a little, but there was still much water out over the country, and the Garonne, flowing swiftly in a deep channel, threatened our pontoons as it foamed on its way to the Atlantic.

Wellington's plan, the result of personal observation carried out with great care the previous days, was to deliver two feint attacks, one by Sir Rowland Hill against St. Cyprien across the Garonne, the other upon the outposts along the canal north of Toulouse under Picton, while Freyre's Spaniards carried the isolated hill of Pugade, and Marshal Beresford stormed the French right on the hilly platform of St. Sypière, the cavalry moving along each side of the Ers to watch Berton, whose horsemen roved over the marshy fields before and beyond St. Sypière.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 10th April our troops mustered under arms in the darkness, and the hussars passed to the head of Beresford's columns, which they were to precede on their toilsome two-mile march along the front of the enemy's position.

After many halts, until everything was in proper order, the army got under weigh about six o'clock, and with the sun shining on its war-worn ranks, stepped boldly forward to begin that useless and unnecessary battle.

While Hill began his attack against St. Cyprien, and Picton, seconded by Baron Alten, opened on the French skirmishers in front of the canal, the Spaniards advanced under a fire from two guns and took speedy possession of the Pugade, St. Pol having orders to fall back to the Calvinet, the first of those two platforms which formed the main strength of Soult's position; while Beresford, leaving his clattering batteries in the village of Monblanc, turned to his left, and soon clearing the protecting barrier of the Pugade, marched ahead under a terrible flank fire between the platforms and the river.

Advancing in three columns through the swamps, the heights on their right became alive with smoke and flame, and we learn from the journal already quoted that the men had to run by companies to escape the fire, the soft mud having one advantage—that it put out the falling shells, and when a round shot struck it did not rise again.

Still the 4th and 6th Divisions suffered severely in their long tramp, and were destined to suffer more before the day closed, the 6th especially, the "Marching Division," as their comrades of the war designated them.

The Spaniards occupying the Pugade, the Portuguese guns were dragged up the hill and opened on the Calvinet, keeping up a thunderous



THE FRENCH RUSHED FORWARD WITH TRIUMPHANT YELLS AND FIRING DOWN INTO THE HOLLOW ROAD" (*p.* 690).

roll against the enemy across the valley; and about an hour before noon, while Beresford was still splashing on through the mud and mire, an unfortunate mishap befell.

Don Manuel Freyre, flushed with his first success, descended into the gorge below and attacked the hornwork on the Calvinet platform in two lines with a reserve in his rear. Advancing boldly at first, they soon came under a withering fire of artillery and musketry, a battery on the canal also raking their right flank; and, turning to an officer beside him, Wellington is reported to have said, "Did you ever see nine hundred men run away?"

The officer addressed admitted that he had never done so, and Wellington said, "Wait a minute, you will see it now." As he spoke, the right wing wavered, and the leading ranks flung themselves into a hollow road, twenty-five feet deep, for a shelter it could not afford them. Leon de Sicilia's Cantabrians alone stood their ground somewhat sheltered by a bank; but the left wing and the second line turned and fled helterskelter, a terror-stricken mass, the French rushing forward with triumphant yells and firing down into the hollow road, which was soon a hideous lane of dead and dying.

The Spanish officers with great courage rallied their men and led them back again, but the sight that met their gaze as they reached the edge of the hollow put the finishing touch to their valour, and breaking rank they fled for the open country, hotly pursued by the enemy, who were only brought within bounds again by the reserve artillery and Ponsonby's Heavy Dragoons, a battalion of the Light Division taking the fugitives' place in splendid order.

More than fifteen hundred Spaniards were killed; but Wellington, as he sat on his charger Copenhagen, afterwards to carry him at Waterloo, had more serious news brought to him.

General Picton, whose eagerness for combat was so well known that his orders had been given to him both verbally and in writing, had disobeyed them, and turning his feint attack into a real one, had been defeated for the moment.

Successful at first, the Fighting 3rd Division had driven the French outposts back about three miles on to the Jumeaux bridge; but their fiery leader, not content with this, sent six companies of the 74th Highland Regiment—a corps which had lost the "garb of old Gaul" five years before, and had then twice as many Irish as Scots in its ranks—against the palisade at the bridge-head across an open stretch of plain.

Brevet-Major Miller and Captain McQueen led them bravely forward; but the work was too high, and they had no ladders, and although the whole brigade made the attempt, they were heavily repulsed, losing nearly four hundred officers and men, among them Colonel Forbes, of the "Old Stubborns," killed, and General Brisbane, who was wounded.

It was a severe repulse, and, taken together with the Spanish failure, might have proved serious, for Wellington had now no reserves. Hill was checked by the second line of entrenchments at St. Cyprien, and the French marshal was able by these reverses to withdraw about 15,000 men to reinforce the rest on the platforms, where Beresford now had victory or defeat in his own keeping.

On the other side of the Ers our cavalry made two bold dashes—one against the bridge of Bordes, which sent Berton *ventre à terre* to the left bank with barely time to destroy the roadway before the troopers were upon him; the other by the 1st King's German Legion Hussars, who would have won half-a-dozen Victoria Crosses in our own day.

The bridge of Montaudron, beyond the French right, had been strongly barricaded with barrels filled with earth, and the 22nd Chasseurs-à-cheval lined the barrier with loaded carbines, shouting derisively as the Hanoverians rode up.

The squadron halted; several men swung out of their saddles and walked up to the bridge; the carbines whistled, but the dismounted men paid no heed, and in a few minutes had torn down casks enough to let Poten in at the head of the others. When the squadron came back again their sabres were dripping, and the bridge was ours!

Meantime, Beresford's three columns had pursued its deadly march along the foot of the heights until its rear had passed the Lavaur road, which led between the platforms to the suburbs of Toulouse, and then, in accordance with Wellington's orders, the two divisions wheeled into line to attack St. Sypière. What says our journal?

"Having arrived at their right (the French right), we were wheeling into line when a column of cavalry came down towards us and would most likely have charged us, but our rockets dispersed them.

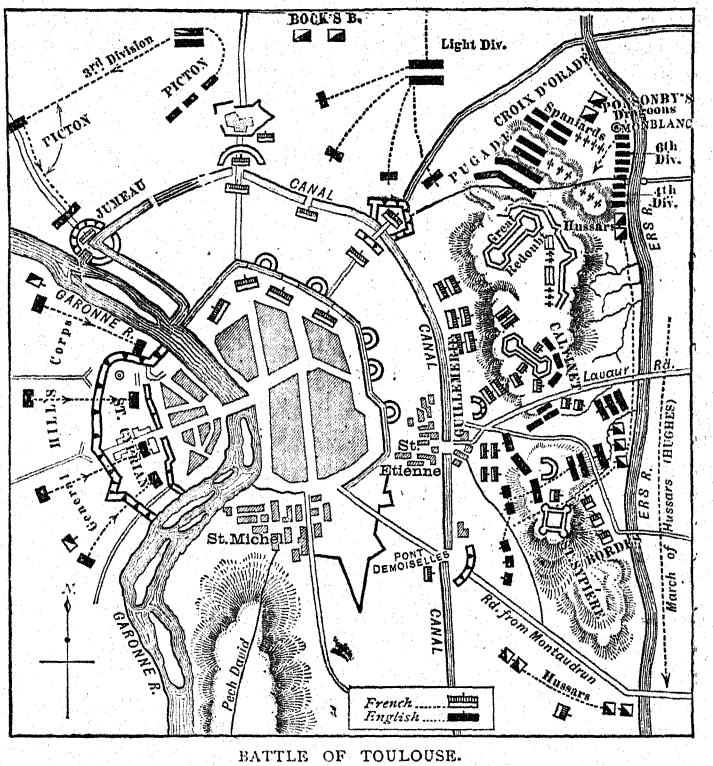
"The second rocket thrown went through the body of a horse, and left two men on the road! Just as they retired, a column of infantry came down another road near to us, beating their

drums and seeming very determined ; but on our again wheeling up into line they halted and commenced a running fire, by which no harm was done.

"Colonel Henderson was shot through the coat. We returned the salute by a regular volley ; as soon as the smoke cleared away, and while the men were loading, I could see the French commander's horse lying down in the road and six or eight men carrying the unfortunate colonel's body off. They put about immediately, and we, having given them five or six rounds as they were going, followed them up the hill in three lines, ourselves in the front, the Portuguese in the second, and left Brigade the third.

"The hill was so steep, and the road running through it over which we had to pass, that I was glad to lay hold of a sergeant's pike to help me up. They kept up a smart fire upon us. The right-hand man of my company was shot through the breast, and fell at my feet (he recovered and joined in about six weeks afterwards). When we had cleared the hill (for the enemy flew before us), we came in sight of their whole army and of the town of Toulouse, a noble sight."

So much for the present for the 4th Division. Their comrades of the 6th, upon whom more brunt of fighting fell, found a mass of infantry about to descend from the hill, while a strong body of horse trotted down the Lavaur road to intercept any retreat.



BATTLE OF TOULOUSE.

The whole of Beresford's command—which at the outset had not mustered 13,000, and which had suffered severely on its march—was hemmed in in a narrow difficult position, the enemy strongly entrenched above them, an unfordable river in their rear, Berton menacing the left flank and Vial the right!

Soult, up on the rocky hill, had brought Taupin and D'Armagnac up to reinforce the rest—the latter general himself a native of Toulouse—and, after some stirring words to Taupin, ordered them to descend with fury!

Unfortunately for themselves, they waited and gave Beresford time to wheel into line, were met with Congreve rockets as they came shouting down, and, part of the 6th Division repulsing Vial in square while the 4th Division behaved as already narrated, the tables were completely turned, and instead of an utter annihilation of the little red mass below, that mass followed up its first successes by mounting the hill, drove the French before it, and half the formidable heights were ours.

"Their infantry ran in the greatest disorder," says the journal, "and cavalry in armour protected them. We kept advancing in line till, drawing near them, a regiment of their cavalry rode up towards us. We then wheeled back by divisions and formed the solid square in double quick time ; at the same time the rockets commenced again and did great damage, obliging them to withdraw. They left their guns at the end of the town to play on us, and we could see their baggage and many troops hurrying out of the other end. We had to halt here for the 6th Division, which was warmly engaged at a redoubt, and we were shortly afterwards ordered to lie down."

The town mentioned by the captain was evidently the suburb of Guillemerie, immediately below the heights, where a bridge crosses the canal to the suburb of St. Etienne, and about this time, the 18th Hussars and the 1st King's

German Legion coming round the south end of St. Sypière to menace another bridge, known as the Demoiselles, Soult's position grew critical.

Beresford's artillery, which had been expending its fire against the Calvinet platform, was brought up through the marshes about two o'clock, the Horse Artillery having arrived earlier but without tumbrils and only seven or eight rounds of ammunition; and about half an hour later the 6th Division made a furious attack.

Sheltered from the fire under the hill, Pack's Scotch Brigade and Douglas's Portuguese swarmed up the steep banks, wheeled to their left by wings as they got out of the hollow road, and charged so successfully, in spite of a storm of shot and shell at close quarters, that the Black Watch and 79th Highlanders were masters of all the breastworks and in possession of the Colombette and Calvinet redoubts in a few minutes!

Then gallant Harispe led a mighty stream back upon the intruders; it burst with overwhelming force of numbers upon the Highlanders, slew or wounded four-fifths of the Black Watch, and cleared the captured works.

An eye-witness has left us an account, which though often quoted will well bear repetition, of how the French came down like a torrent, darkening the whole hill-top, officers riding in front waving their men on with hat in hand "amidst shouts of the multitude resembling the roar of the ocean."

Then in that moment of mad suspense, half in defiance, half in admiration, their voices hoarse with the lust of slaughter, the Highlanders took off their feather bonnets, giving three British cheers as they waved the ostrich-plumes in the sunlight! And, when the redoubt was retaken—for we *did* retake it, helped by the 11th and 91st—there were only ninety of the Black Watch left out of five hundred who went into action!

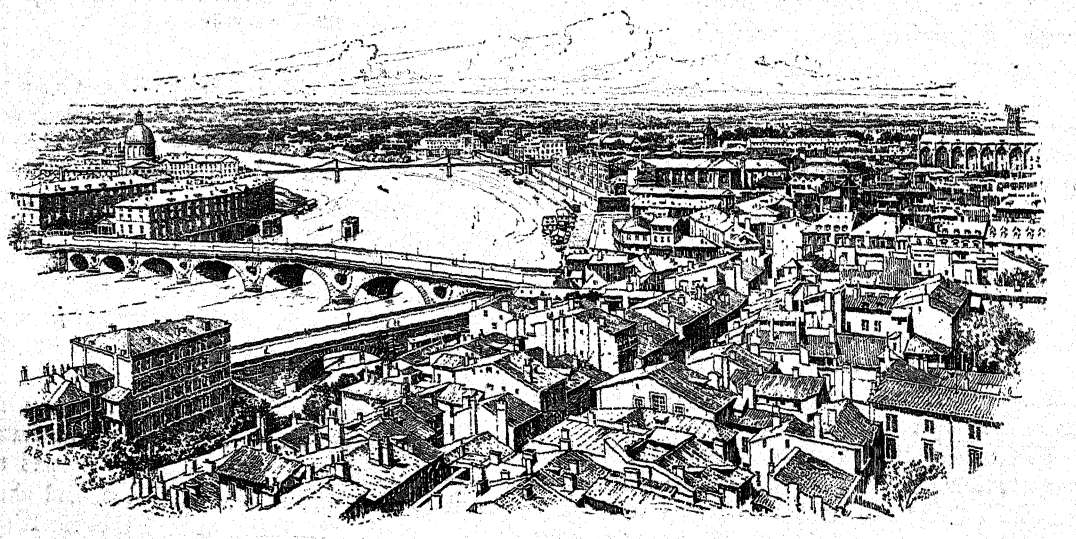
With dogged resolve our men stuck to the summit of the hill, a weak line facing terrible odds, and yet it was the kind of conflict they had learned to love in that war whose last battle they were then fighting!

They kept the Calvinet, and later on the Cameron Highlanders—there were only sixty-three of the name in the regiment, strangely enough—retook the Colombette. Harispe was down, and about four o'clock the enemy withdrew; Soult retiring behind the canal somewhere about five, beaten, yet still full of resource and ready to renew the combat.

Happily for human life, he thought better of it, retreating in admirable order on the night of the 11th, further hostilities being suspended a few days later by news of Napoleon's abdication. Had it arrived before, five generals and 3,000 men on the French side, and four generals with close on 5,000 men on ours would have been spared to their respective countries.

Dr. Jenks of the 10th Hussars, who died in 1882 at a very advanced age, was one of the last survivors of Toulouse.

The sortie from Bayonne on the 14th, by the French garrison who disbelieved in Napoleon's fall, caused more unnecessary bloodshed; it was the last actual conflict before our army sailed, and with it the greatest war we have ever seen came to a sudden and most glorious termination.



TOULOUSE.

THE FINAL STAGES OF THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR

AUG.–SEP. 1880. BY ARCHIBALD FORBES

I.—THE DISASTER OF MAIWAND.

IN the early days of August, 1880, it seemed that the long, bitter struggle was at last on the eve of being ended. Sir Frederick Roberts was the master of the region around Cabul. Sir Donald Stewart, having marched up from Candahar and fought on the way the brilliant battle of Ahmed Kehl, was now at Cabul in chief command. Mr. Griffin had announced the recognition by the Viceroy of India and the Government of the Queen-Empress, of Abdurrahman Khan as Ameer of Cabul. The date of the evacuation of Cabul by the British troops had been approximately fixed, and it seemed all but certain that before the end of the month both Stewart and Roberts should have re-entered British India with their brave but war-worn regiments. But those arrangements were suddenly and ominously dislocated by the tidings which reached by telegraph the British headquarters at Sherpur, intimating the utter defeat at Maiwand of the force commanded by General Burrows in the region between the Helmund and Candahar.

In the early spring of 1880 Sir Donald Stewart had quitted Candahar with the Bengal division of his force, leaving there the Bombay division, to the command of which General Primrose acceded, General Phayre assuming charge of the communications. It was known that Ayoub Khan was making hostile operations at Herat. Shere Ali Khan, who had been Governor of Candahar during Sir Donald Stewart's residence there, had been nominated hereditary ruler of the province, with the title of "Wali," when it was determined to separate Candahar from North-Eastern Afghanistan. On June 21st the Wali, who had some days earlier crossed the Helmund and occupied Girishk with his troops, reported that Ayoub was actually on the march towards the Candahar frontier, and asked for the support of a British brigade to enable him to cope with the hostile advance. There was warrant for the belief that the Wali's troops were disaffected, and that he was in no condition to meet Ayoub's army with any likelihood of success. After Stewart's departure the strength of the British forces at Candahar was dangerously low, amounting to but 4,700 of all ranks; but it was of great importance to arrest Ayoub's offensive movement, and a brigade consisting of a troop of horse artillery, six companies of the 66th Regiment, now the 2nd battalion Princess Charlotte of Wales's (Royal Berkshire Regiment), two Bombay native infantry regiments, and 500 native troopers—in all about 2,300 strong, under the command of Brigadier-General Burrows—reached the left bank of the Helmund on July 11th. On the 13th the Wali's infantry, 2,000 strong, mutinied *en masse*, and marched away up the right bank of the river, taking with them a battery of smooth-bore guns which was a present to Shere Ali Khan from the British Government. His cavalry did not behave quite so badly, but in effect his army no longer existed, and Burrows's brigade was the only force in the field to resist the advance of Ayoub Khan, whose regular troops were reported to number 4,000 cavalry and from 4,000 to 5,000 infantry, exclusive of the 2,000 deserters from the Wali, with thirty guns and an irregular force of uncertain strength.

Burrows promptly recaptured from the Wali's infantry the battery they were carrying off, and punished them severely in their retreat. The mutineers had removed or destroyed the supplies which the Wali had accumulated for the use of the British brigade, and Burrows therefore could no longer remain in the vicinity of Girishk. It was determined to fall back upon Khushk-i-Nakhud, a position distant thirty miles from Girishk and forty-five from Candahar—a point

where several roads from the Helmund converged, and where supplies were plentiful. At and about Khushk-i-Nakhud the brigade remained from the 16th until the morning of the 27th July. While waiting and watching there, a despatch from army headquarters at Simla was communicated to General Burrows from Candahar, authorising him to attack Ayoub if he considered himself strong enough to beat him, and informing him that it was regarded of the greatest political importance that the force from Herat should be dispersed and prevented from moving in the direction of Ghuzni. Spies brought in news that Ayoub had reached Girishk, and was distributing his force along the right bank of the Helmund between that place and Hyderabad. Cavalry patrols failed to find the enemy until the 21st, when a detachment was encountered in the village of Sangbur on the northern road about midway between the Helmund and Khushk-i-Nakhud. Next day that village was found more strongly occupied, and on the 23rd a reconnaissance in force came upon a body of Ayoub's horsemen in the plain below the Garmao hills about midway between Sangbur and Maiwand.

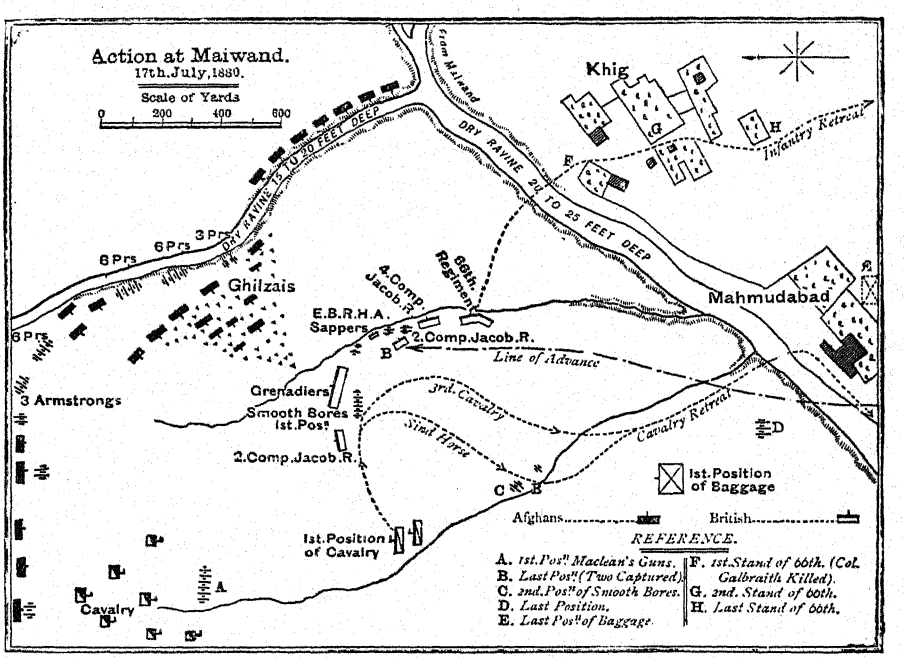
Those discoveries should have afforded tolerably clear indications of Ayoub's intention to turn Burrows's position by moving along the northern road to Maiwand and thence pressing through the Maiwand Pass until at Singiri Ayoub's army should have interposed itself between the British brigade and Candahar. Why, in the face of the information at his disposal and of the precautions enjoined on him to hinder Ayoub from slipping by him towards Ghuzni through Maiwand and up the Khakrez valley, General Burrows should have remained so long at Khushk-i-Nakhud, is not intelligible. He was stirred at length on the afternoon of the 26th by the report that 2,000 of Ayoub's cavalry and a large body of his Ghazis were in possession of Garmao and Maiwand, and were to be promptly followed by Ayoub himself with the main body of his army, his reported intention being to push on through the Maiwand Pass and reach the Urgandab valley in rear of the British brigade. Later in the day Colonel St. John, the political officer, reported to General Burrows the intelligence which had reached him that the whole of Ayoub's army was at Sangbur, but credence was not given to this important information.

It was on the morning of the 27th that at length the tardy resolution was taken to march upon Maiwand. The expectation was indulged that the brigade would arrive at that place before the enemy should have occupied it in force; and that this point made good, there might occur an opportunity to drive out of Garmao the body of Ayoub's cavalry in possession there. There was a further reason why Maiwand should be promptly occupied: the brigade had been obtaining its supplies from that village and there was still a quantity of grain in its vicinity, to lose which would be unfortunate. The brigade, now 2,600 strong, struck camp on the morning of the 27th. The march to Maiwand was twelve miles long, and an earlier start than 6.30 a.m. would have been judicious. The soldiers marched smartly, but halts from time to time were necessary to allow the baggage to come up: the hostile state of the country did not admit of anything being left behind, and the column was encumbered by a great quantity of stores and baggage. At Karezah, eight miles from Khushk-i-Nakhud and four miles south-west of Maiwand, information was brought in that the whole of Ayoub's army was close by on the left front of the brigade and marching towards Maiwand. Burrows's spies had previously proved themselves so untrustworthy that little heed was taken of this report, but a little later a cavalry reconnaissance found large bodies of horsemen moving in the direction indicated, and inclining away towards Garmao as the brigade advanced. A thick haze made it impossible to discern what force, if any, was being covered by the hostile cavalry. About 10 a.m. the advance guard occupied the village of Mahudabad, about three miles south-west of Maiwand. West of Mahudabad and close to the village, was a broad and deep ravine running north and south. Beyond this ravine was a wide expanse of level and partially cultivated plain, across which, almost entirely concealed by the haze, Ayoub's army was marching eastward towards Maiwand village, which covers the western entrance to the pass of the same name. If General Burrows's eye could have penetrated that haze, probably he would have considered it prudent to take up a defensive position, for which Mahmudabad presented not a few advantages. But he remained firm in the conviction that the enemy's guns were not yet up, notwithstanding the reports of spies to the contrary; he believed that a favourable opportunity presented itself for taking the initiative, and he determined to attack with all practicable speed.

Lieutenant Maclaine, of the Horse Artillery, a

gallant young officer who was soon to meet a melancholy fate, precipitated events in a somewhat reckless fashion. With the two guns he commanded he dashed across the ravine, galloped athwart the plain, and came into action against a body of Afghan cavalry which had just come into view. Brigadier Nuttall, commanding the cavalry and horse artillery, failing to recall the impetuous Maclaine, sent forward in support of him the four remaining guns of the battery. Those approached to within 800 yards of the two advanced pieces, and Maclaine was directed to fall back upon the battery pending the arrival of the brigade, which General Burrows was now sending forward. It crossed the ravine near Mahmudabad, advanced over the plain about a mile in a north-westerly direction, and then formed up. There ensued several changes in the preliminary dispositions. When the engagement became warm, about noon, the formation was as follows: The 66th was on the right, its right flank thrown back to check an attempt made to turn it by a rush of Ghazis springing out of the ravine in the British front; on the left of the 66th were four companies of Jacob's Rifles (30th Native Infantry) and a company of sappers; the centre was occupied by the horse artillery and smooth-bore guns, of which latter, however, two had been moved to the right flank; on the left of the guns were the 1st Grenadiers somewhat re-fused, and on the extreme left two companies of Jacob's Rifles formed *en potence*. The cavalry was in rear, engaged in half-hearted efforts to prevent the Afghans from taking the British infantry in reverse. The position of the British brigade was radically faulty, and indeed invited disaster. Both flanks were *en l'air* in face of an enemy of greatly superior strength; almost from the first every rifle was in the fighting line, and the sole reserve consisted of the two cavalry corps. The baggage had followed the brigade across the ravine, and was halted about a thousand yards in rear of the right, inadequately guarded by detachments of cavalry.

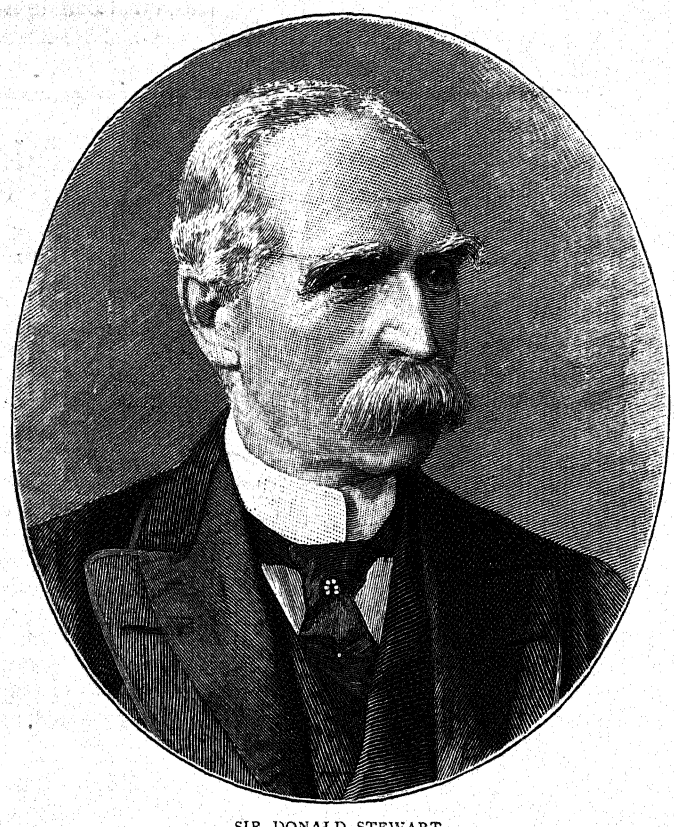
For half an hour no reply was made by the enemy to the British shell-fire, and it is possible that an energetic offensive movement might at this time have resulted in success. But presently battery after battery was brought into action by the Afghans, until half an hour after noon the fire of thirty guns was concentrated on the brigade.



Under cover of this artillery-fire the Ghazis from the ravine in front charged forward to within 500 yards of the 66th, but the rifle-fire of the British regiment drove them back with heavy slaughter, and they recoiled as far as the ravine, whence they maintained a desultory fire. The enemy's artillery-fire was well sustained and effective: the infantry found some protection from it in lying down, but the artillery and cavalry remained exposed and suffered severely. An artillery duel was carried on for two hours, greatly to the disadvantage of the brigade, which had but twelve guns in action against thirty well-served Afghan pieces. The prostrate infantry had escaped serious punishment, but by 2 p.m. the cavalry had lost fourteen per cent. of the men in the front line and 149 horses; the Afghan cavalry had turned both of the British

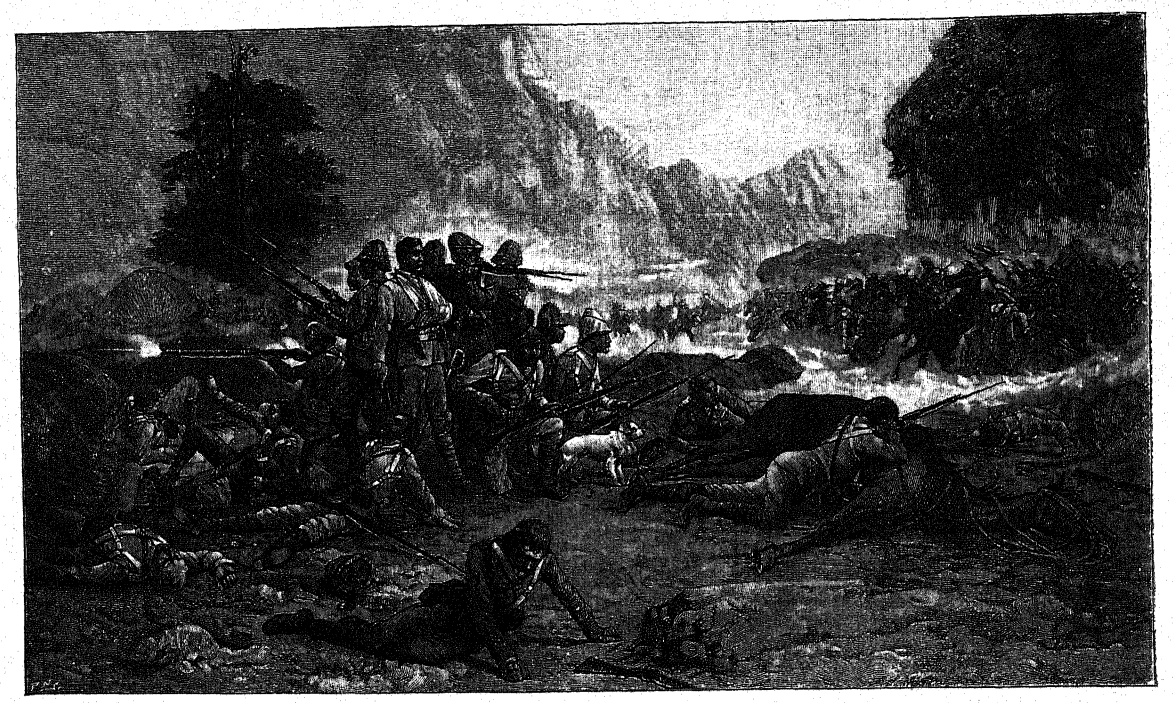
flanks, and the brigade was all but surrounded, whilst a separate attack was being made on the baggage. Heat and want of water were telling heavily upon the Sepoys, who were further demoralised by the Afghan artillery-fire.

A little later the smooth-bore guns had to be withdrawn because of the expenditure of their ammunition. This was the signal for the general advance of the Afghans. Their guns were pushed forward with great boldness; their cavalry streamed round the British left; in the right rear were masses of mounted and dismounted irregulars who had seized the villages on the British line of retreat. Swarms of Ghazis soon showed themselves threatening the centre and left; those in front of the 66th were still held in check by the steady volleys fired by that regiment. At sight of the fanatic Ghazis and cowed by the heavy artillery fire and the loss of their officers, the two companies of Jacob's Rifles on the left flank suddenly fell into confusion, and broke into the ranks of the Grenadiers. That regiment had behaved well, but now it caught the infection of demoralisation; the whole left collapsed, and the Sepoys in utter panic, surrounded by and intermingled with the Ghazis, rolled in a great wave upon the right. The artillerymen and sappers made a gallant stand, fighting the Ghazis hand-to-hand with handspikes and rammers, while the guns poured canister into the advancing Afghan masses. Slade reluctantly limbered up and took his four horse-guns out of action; Maclaine remained in action until the Ghazis were at the muzzles of his two guns, which fell into the enemy's hands. The torrent of mingled Sepoys and Ghazis broke in upon the 66th, and overwhelmed that gallant and devoted regiment. The slaughter of the Sepoys was appalling: so utterly cowed were they that they scarcely attempted to defend themselves, and allowed themselves without resistance to be dragged out of the ranks and slaughtered. A cavalry charge was ordered in the direction of the captured guns, but it failed, and the troopers retired in disorder. The infantry, assailed by hordes of fierce and triumphant fanatics, staggered away to the right, the 66th alone maintaining any show of formation until the ravine was crossed, when the broken remnants of the Sepoy regiments took to flight towards the east, and the general's efforts to rally them proved wholly unavailing. The 66th, with some of the sappers and Grenadiers, made a gallant rally round its colours in an enclosure near the village of Khig. There Colonel Galbraith and several of his officers were killed, and the little body of brave men becoming outflanked, continued its retreat, making stand after stand until most were slain. The Afghans pursued for about four miles, but were checked by a detachment of rallied cavalry, and then desisted. The fugitive force, forming with wounded and baggage a straggling column upwards of six miles long, crossed the waterless desert sixteen miles wide to Haurs-i-Madat, which was reached about midnight and where water was found. From Asu Khan, where cultivation began, to Kokoran, near Candahar, the retreat was harassed



SIR DONALD STEWART.
(From a photo by Lombardi & Co., Pall Mall East.)

by armed villagers, and the troops had to fight more or less all the way. Officers and men were killed, Lieutenant Maclaine was taken prisoner, and five of the smooth-bore guns had to be abandoned because of the exhaustion of the teams. About midday of the 28th the shattered remains of the brigade reached Candahar. When the casualties were ascertained, it became evident how disastrous to the British arms had been the combat of Maiwand. Out of a total of 2,476 engaged, no fewer than 964 were killed. The wounded numbered 167; 331 followers and 201 horses were killed, and seven followers and sixty-eight horses were wounded. Since Chillianwallah the British arms in Asia had not suffered loss so severe.



THE LAST ELEVEN AT MAIWAND.

(By Frank Feller. By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., Pall Mall.)

The spirit of the Candahar force suffered materially from the Maiwand disaster, and it was held that there was no alternative but to accept a siege within the fortified city. The cantonments were abandoned; the whole force was withdrawn into Candahar, and was detailed for duty on the city walls. The effective garrison on the night of the 28th numbered 4,360, including the survivors of the Maiwand misfortune. So alert were the Afghans that a cavalry reconnaissance made on the morning of the 29th found the cantonments plundered and partly burned and the vicinity of Candahar swarming with armed men. The whole Afghan population, amounting to about 12,000 persons, was compelled to leave the city, and then the work of placing it in a state of defence was energetically undertaken. Buildings and enclosures affording cover too close to the enceinte were razed, communication along the walls was opened up, and gun-platforms were constructed in the more commanding positions. The weak places as well as the gates were faced with abattis, the defects were made good with sandbags, and wire entanglements and other obstacles were laid down outside the walls. The covering parties were in daily collision with the enemy, and occasional sharp skirmishes occurred.

On August 8th Ayoub opened fire on the citadel from Piquet hill, an elevation north-westward of the city, and a few days later he brought guns into action from the villages of Deh Khoja and Deh Khati on the east and south. This fire had little effect, and the return fire gave good results. It was not easy to invest the city, since on the west and north there was no cover for the besiegers; but in Deh Khoja on the east there was ample protection for batteries, and the ground on the south-west was very favourable. Deh Khoja was inconveniently near

the Cabul gate of the city, and it was always full of men. So menacing was the attitude of the Afghans that a sortie was resorted to against the village, which was conducted with resolution but resulted in utter failure. The attempt was made on the morning of the 16th. The cavalry went out to hinder reinforcements from entering the village to the eastward. An infantry force, 800 strong, commanded by that gallant soldier Brigadier-General Brooke, moved out later covered by a heavy artillery-fire from the city walls. The village was reached, but was so full of enemies in occupation of the fortress-like houses that it was found untenable. In the course of the retirement General Brooke and Captain Cruickshank were killed. The casualties were very heavy: 106 were killed, and 117 were wounded.

II.—THE GREAT MARCH.

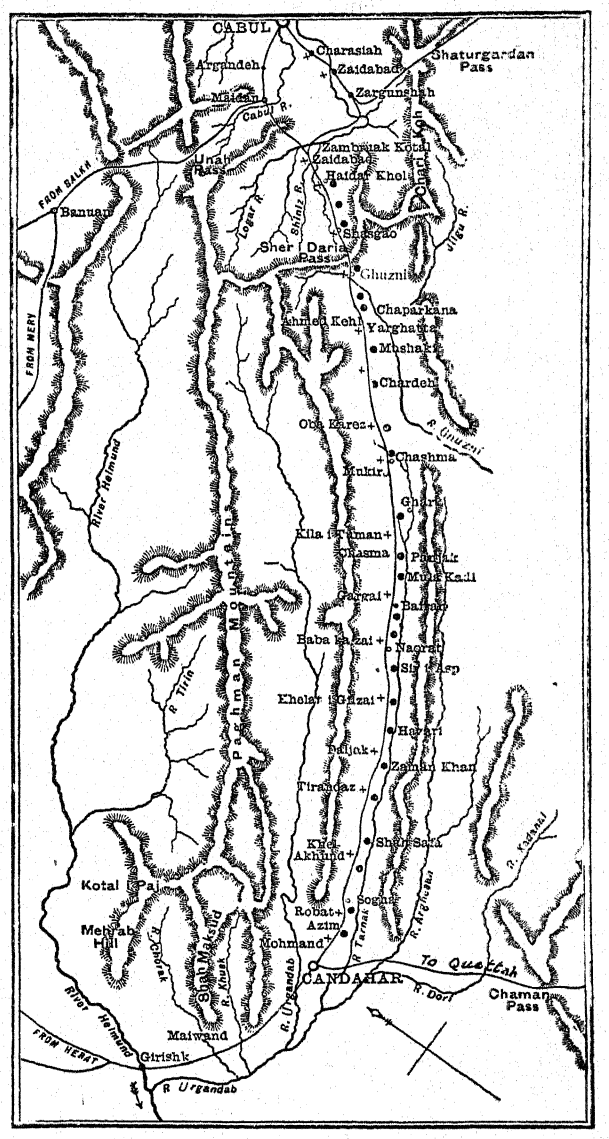
THE tidings of the Maiwand disaster reached Cabul on 29th July by telegram from Simla. The intention of the military authorities had already been intimated that the Cabul force should evacuate Afghanistan in two separate bodies and by two distinct routes. Sir Donald Stewart was to march one party by the Khyber route; the other, under Sir Frederick Roberts, was to retire by the Kuram valley, which Watson's division had been garrisoning since Roberts had crossed the Shaturgardan in September, 1879. But the Maiwand news interfered with those dispositions. Stewart and Roberts concurred in the necessity of retrieving the Maiwand disaster by the despatch of a division from Cabul. Roberts promptly offered to command that division, and as promptly the offer was accepted by Stewart. By arrangement with the latter, Roberts telegraphed to Simla urging that a force should be despatched from Cabul to Candahar without delay; and recognising that the authorities might hesitate to send on this errand troops already under orders to return to India, he took it on himself to guarantee that none of the soldiers would demur provided he should be authorised to give the assurance that after the work in the field was over they would not be detained in garrison at Candahar. The Viceroy's sanction came on August 3rd. The constitution and equipment of the force were entrusted to the two generals; and in reply to questions his Excellency was informed that Roberts would march on the 8th instant, and expected to reach Candahar on 2nd September. Sir Donald Stewart chivalrously gave his junior full freedom to select the troops to accompany him, and placed at his disposal the entire resources of the army in transport and equipment. It cannot truly be said that it was the *élite* of the Cabul field force which constituted the column led by Roberts on his famous march to Candahar. Of the native infantry regiments of his own original force which he had mustered eleven months previously in the Kuram valley, only two followed him to Candahar—the 5th Goorkhas and 23rd Pioneers. The second mountain-battery adhered to him staunchly. Of his original white troops the 9th Lancers, as ever, were ready for the march. His senior European infantry regiment, the 67th, would fain have gone, but the good old corps was weak from casualties and sickness, and the gallant Knowles denied himself in the interests of his men. Roberts's two Highland regiments, the 72nd and 92nd, had done an infinity of marching and fighting; but both had received strong drafts, were in fine condition, and were not to be hindered from following the chief whom, though not of their northern blood, the stalwart sons of the mist swore by as one man.

Sir Frederick Roberts had already represented that it would be impolitic to require the native regiments to remain absent from India and their homes for a longer period than two years. In the case of many of the regiments that term was closely approached, and the men after prolonged absence and arduous toil needed rest, and were longing to rejoin their families. It was not with eager desire that the honour of marching to Candahar was claimed. The enthusiasm which carried Roberts's force with exceptional rapidity to Candahar was an aftergrowth evolved by the enterprise itself, and came as a response to the unfailing spirit which animated the leader himself. The force for the march consisted of three batteries of artillery commanded by Colonel Alured Johnson, of a cavalry brigade of four regiments commanded by Brigadier-General Hugh Gough, and of an infantry division of three brigades commanded by Major-General John Ross. The first brigade was commanded by Brigadier-General Herbert Macpherson, the second by Brigadier-General T. D. Baker, and the third by Brigadier-General Charles Macgregor. Colonel Chapman, R.A., who had served in the same capacity with Sir Donald Stewart, was now Roberts's chief-of-staff. The marching-out strength of the column was about 10,000 men, of whom 2,835 were Europeans. Speed was an object, and since the column might have

to traverse rough ground, no wheeled artillery or transport accompanied it: the guns were carried on mules, the baggage was severely cut down, the supplies were reduced to a minimum, and the transport animals, numbering 8,590, consisted of mules, ponies, and donkeys. It was known that the country could supply flour, sheep, and forage.

The time named for the departure of the marching column from Sherpur was kept to the day, thanks to assiduous organisation. On August 8th the brigades moved out a short distance into camp, and on the following morning the long march began in earnest. The distance from Cabul to Candahar is about 320 miles, and the march naturally divided itself into three parts:—From Cabul to Ghuzni, ninety-eight miles; from Ghuzni to Khelat-i-Ghilzai, one hundred and thirty-four miles; and from Khelat-i-Ghilzai to Candahar, eighty-eight miles. Ghuzni was reached on the seventh day, the daily average being fourteen miles—excellent work for troops unseasoned to long continuous travel tramping steadily in a temperature of from 84° to 92° in the shade. When possible the force moved on a broad front, the brigades and regiments leading in rotation, and halts were made at specified intervals. The "rouse" sounded at 2.45 a.m., and the march began at 4; the troops were generally in camp by 2 p.m., and the baggage was ordinarily reported all up by 5; but the rear-guard had both hard work and long hours. Nowhere was there any indication of opposition; not a single load of baggage was left behind, comparatively few men fell out footsore, and the troops were steadily increasing in endurance and capacity for rapid and continuous marching.

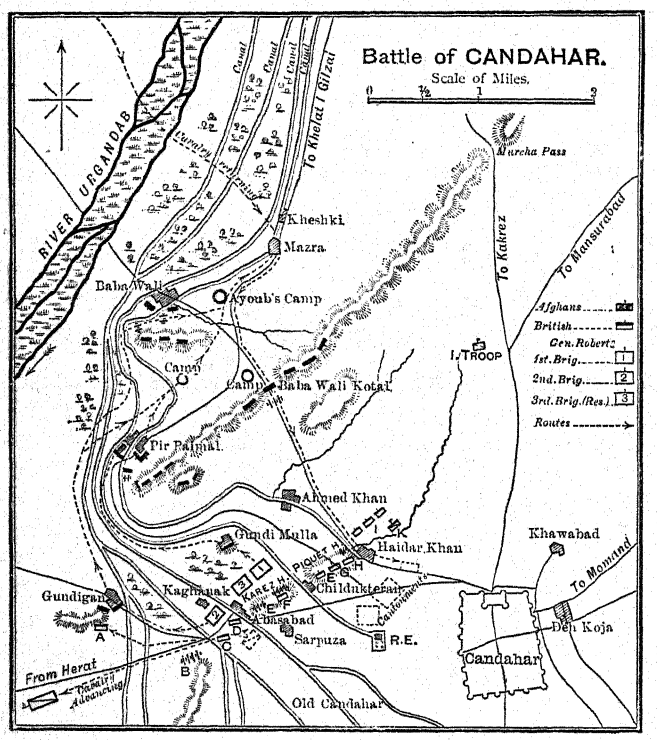
At Ghuzni there was no rest-day, and the steadfast, dogged march was resumed on the morning of the 16th. The strain of this day's long tramp of twenty miles to Yarghatta was severe, but the men rallied gamely, and the general, by dint of care and expedient, was able to keep up the high pressure. The method of marching employed the individual intelligence of each man composing the masses in motion, and called on all for exertion in overcoming the difficulties of the march, in bearing its extraordinary toil, and in aiding the accomplishment of the paramount object. On the 20th a distance of twenty-one miles was covered—the longest day's march made. The effort was distressing owing to the heat and lack of shade, but it was enforced by the absence of water. There was no relaxation in the rate of marching, and Khelat-i-Ghilzai was reached on the eighth day from Ghuzni,



showing a daily average of nearly seventeen miles.

The 24th was a halt-day at Khelat-i-Ghilzai, where Sir Frederick Roberts received a letter from General Primrose in Candahar describing the unfortunate sortie on the Deh Khoja village and giving details of his situation. It was resolved to evacuate Khelat-i-Ghilzai and carry

forward its garrison with the column, which on the 25th resumed its march on Candahar. On his arrival at Tirandaz on the following day, the general found a letter from Candahar informing him that at the news of the approach of the Cabul force Ayoub Khan had withdrawn from his investment of Candahar, and had shifted his camp to the village of Mazra in the Urgandab valley, nearly due north of Candahar. On the morning of the 27th, General Hugh Gough was sent forward with two cavalry regiments a distance of thirty-four miles to Robat,

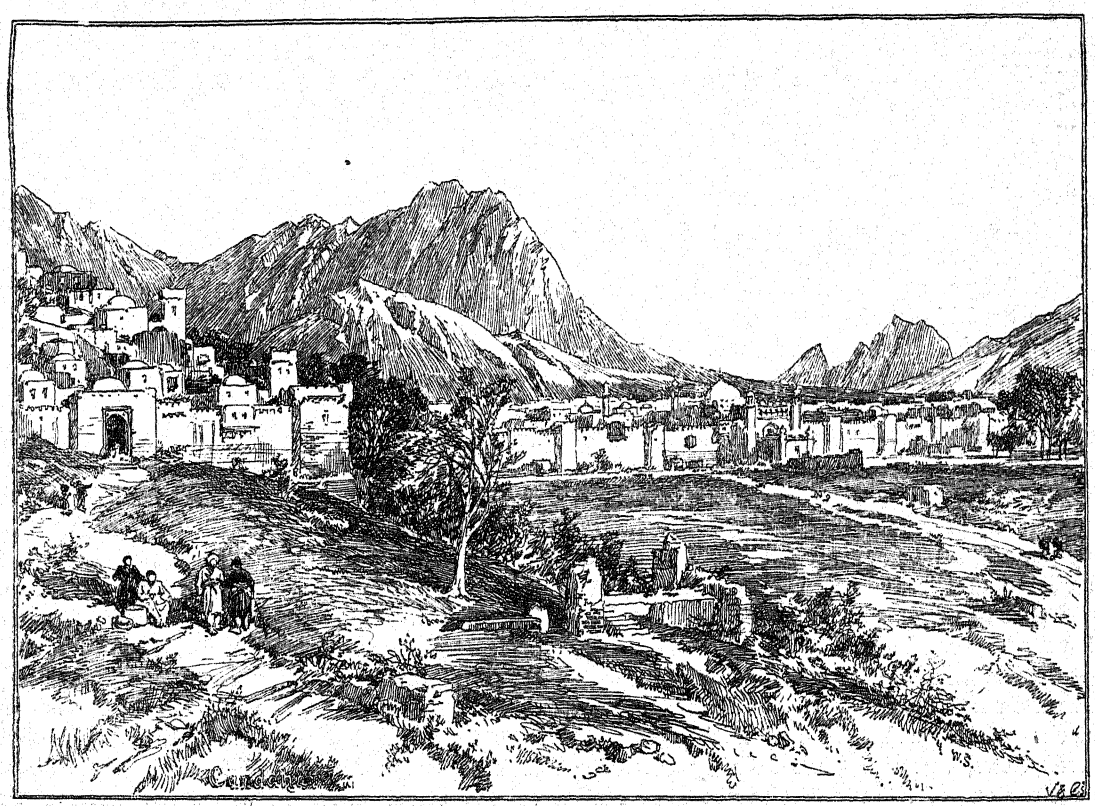


from Robat to Candahar into two short marches. The long forced march from Cabul may be regarded as having ended at Robat. The distance between those two extremities, 303 miles, had been covered in twenty days. It is customary in a long march to allow two rest-days in each week, but Roberts had granted his force but a single rest-day in the twenty days of its strenuous marching. Including this rest-day, the average daily march was a fraction over fifteen miles. As a feat of marching by a regular force of 10,000 men encumbered with baggage, transport, and followers, this achievement is unique, and could have been accomplished only by thorough organisation and steady, vigorous energy. Sir Frederick Roberts was so fortunate as to encounter no opposition that might delay or hinder his progress. For this immunity he was indebted mainly to the stern lessons given to the tribesmen by Sir Donald Stewart at Ahmed-Kehl and Urzoo while that resolute soldier was marching from Candahar to Cabul, and in a measure also to the good offices of the new Ameer. But it must be pointed out that he had no assurance of exemption from hostile efforts to block his path, and that he marched ever ready to fight. It will long be remembered how, after Roberts had started on the long, swift march, the suspense regarding its issue grew and swelled until the strain became intense. The safety of the garrison of Candahar was in grave hazard; the British prestige, impaired by the disaster of Maiwand, was trembling in the balance. The days passed, and there came no news of Roberts and of the 10,000 men with whom the wise, daring little chief had cut loose from any base and struck for his goal through a region of ill-repute for fanaticism and bitter hostility. Not a few of our pessimists held him to be marching on his ruin. But Roberts marched light; he lived on what the country supplied; he gave the tribesmen no time to concentrate against him; and so, two days in advance of the time he had set himself, he reached Candahar at the head of a force in full freshness of vigour and burning with ardour for immediate battle under their trusted leader.

the main column moving on to Khel Akhund, half-way to the earlier-named place. Gough was accompanied by Captain Straton, the principal signalling officer of the force, who was successful in communicating with Candahar; and the same afternoon Colonel St. John, Major Leach, and Major Adam rode out to Robat, bringing the information that Ayoub Khan was engaged in strengthening his position in the Urgandab valley, and apparently had the intention of risking the issue of a battle. On the 28th the whole force was concentrated at Robat; and as it was desirable that the troops should reach Candahar fresh and ready for prompt action, the general wisely decided to make the 29th a rest-day and to divide the nineteen miles

On the morning of August 31st the force reached Candahar. Sir Frederick Roberts, who

had been suffering from fever for some days, was able to leave his dhooly and mount his horse in time to meet General Primrose and his officers to the eastward of Deh Khoja. The troops halted and breakfasted outside the Shikarpur gate while the general entered the city and paid a visit to the Wali, Shere Ali Khan. On his arrival he assumed command of the troops in Southern Afghanistan ; and he remained resting in the city while the Cabul force was marching



CANDAHAR.

to its selected camping-ground near the destroyed cantonments to the north-west of Candahar. A few shots were fired, but the ground was taken up without opposition. Baker's brigade was on the right, in rear of Piquet hill ; in the centre was Macpherson's brigade, covered to its front by Karez hill; and on the left among orchards and enclosures was Macgregor's brigade, in rear of which was the cavalry.

III.—THE BATTLE OF CANDAHAR.

ALTHOUGH Ayoub Khan had broken off his beleaguerment of Candahar, he had withdrawn from that fortified city but a short distance, and the position which he had taken up was one of considerable strength. The Urgandab valley is separated on the north-west from the Candahar plain by a long, precipitous spur trending south-west from the mountainous mass forming the eastern boundary of the valley farther north. Where the spur quits the main range due north of the city, the Murcha pass affords communication between Candahar and the Urgandab valley. The spur, its summit serrated by alternate heights and depressions, is again crossed lower down by an easy pass known as the Baba Wali Kotal. It is continued beyond this saddle for about a mile, still maintaining its south-westerly trend, never losing its precipitous character, and steeply escarped on its eastern face ; and it finally ends in the plain after a steep descent of several hundred feet. The section of it from the Baba Wali Kotal to its south-western termination is known as the Pir Paimal hill, from a village of that name in the valley near its extremity. Ayoub Khan had made his camp near the village of Mazra, behind the curtain formed by the spur just described, and about a mile higher up in the valley than the point at which the spur is crossed by the road over the

Baba Wali Kotal. He was thus, with that point artificially strengthened and defended by artillery, well protected against a direct attack from the direction of Candahar, and was exposed only to the risk of a turning movement round the extremity of the Pir Paimal hill. Such a movement might be made the reverse of easy. A force advancing to attempt it must do so exposed to fire from the commanding summit of the Pir Paimal; around the base of that rugged elevation there were several plain-villages and an expanse of enclosed orchards and gardens which, strongly held, were capable of stubborn defence. In the valley behind the Pir Paimal hill there was the lofty detached Kharoti hill, the fire from which would meet in the teeth a force essaying the turning movement; and the interval between the two hills through which was the access to the Mazra camps, was obstructed by deep irrigation channels, the banks of which afforded cover for defensive fire and could be swept by a cross-fire from the hills on either flank.

Sir Frederick Roberts had perceived at a glance that a direct attack on Ayoub's position by the Baba Wali Kotal must involve very heavy loss, and he resolved on the alternative of turning the Afghan position. A reconnaissance was made on the afternoon of the 31st by General Gough, accompanied by Colonel Chapman. They penetrated to within a short distance of the village of Pir Paimal, where it was ascertained that the enemy were strongly entrenched and where several guns were unmasked. A great deal of valuable information was obtained before the enemy began to interfere with Gough's leisurely withdrawal. The escorting cavalry suffered little, but the Sikh infantry covering the retirement of the reconnaissance were hard pressed by great masses of Afghan regulars and irregulars. So boldly did the enemy come on that the 3rd and part of the 1st brigade had to come into action, and the firing did not cease until the evening. The enemy were clearly in the belief that the reconnaissance was an advance in force which they had been able to check, and indeed drive in; and they were opportunely audacious in the misapprehension that they had gained a success. The information brought in decided the general to attack on the following morning; and having matured his dispositions, he explained them personally to his commanding officers in the early morning of September 1st. They were extremely lucid, and the plan of attack was perfectly simple. The Baba Wali Kotal was to be plied with a brisk cannonade and threatened by demonstrations both of cavalry and of infantry, while the 1st and 2nd brigades, with the 3rd in reserve, were to turn the extremity of the Pir Paimal hill, force the enemy's right in the interval between that hill and the Kharoti eminence opposite, take in reverse the Baba Wali Kotal, and pressing on up the Urgandab valley, carry Ayoub's principal camp at Mazra. The Bombay cavalry brigade was to watch the roads over the Murcha and Baba Wali Kotals, supported by infantry and artillery belonging to General Primrose's command, part of which was also detailed for the protection of the city, and to hold the ground from which the Cabul brigades were to advance. General Gough was to take the cavalry of the Cabul column across the Urgandab, so as to reach by a wide circuit the anticipated line of the Afghan retreat.

Soon after 9 a.m. on the 1st September the 40-pounders on the right of Piquet hill began a vigorous cannonade of the Baba Wali Kotal, which was sturdily replied to by the three field-guns which the enemy had in battery on that elevation. It had been early apparent that Ayoub's army was in great heart, and, seemingly meditating an offensive operation, had moved out so far into the plain as to occupy the villages of Mulla Sahibdad opposite the British right and of Gundigan on the left front of the British left. Both villages were right in the fair-way of Roberts's intended line of advance; they, the adjacent enclosures, and the interval between the villages were strongly held; and manifestly the first thing to be done was to force the enemy back from those advanced positions. Two batteries opened a heavy shell-fire on the Sahibdad village, under cover of which Macpherson advanced his brigade against it, the 2nd Goorkhas and 92nd Highlanders in his first line. Simultaneously Baker moved out to the assault of Gundigan, clearing the gardens and orchards between him and that village, and keeping touch as he advanced with the first brigade.

The shell-fire compelled the Afghan occupants of Sahibdad to lie close, and it was not until they were near the village that Macpherson's two leading regiments encountered much opposition. It was carried at the bayonet-point after a very stubborn resistance; the place was swarming with Ghazis who threw their lives away recklessly, and continued to fire on the British soldiers from houses and cellars after the streets had been cleared. The 92nd lost several men, but the Afghans were severely punished—

it was reported that 200 were killed in this village alone. While a detachment remained to clear out the village, the brigade, under a heavy fire from the slopes and crest of the Pir Paimal hill, moved on in the direction of that hill's south-western extremity, the progress of the troops impeded by obstacles in the shape of dry water-cuts, orchards, and walled enclosures, every yard of which was infested by enemies and had to be made good by steady fighting.

While Macpherson was advancing on Sahibdad, Baker's brigade had been pushing on through complicated lanes and walled enclosures towards the village of Gundigan. The opposition here was also very resolute. The Afghans held their ground behind loopholed walls which had to be carried by storm, and they did not hesitate to take the offensive by making vigorous counter-rushes. Baker's two leading regiments were the 72nd and the 2nd Sikhs. The left wing of the former, supported by the 5th Goorkhas, the old and tried comrades of the 72nd, assailed and took the village. Its right wing fought its way through the orchards between it and Sahibdad, in the course of which work it came under a severe enfilading fire from a loopholed wall which the Sikhs on the right were attempting to turn. Captain Frome and several men had been struck down, and the hot fire had staggered the Highlanders, when their chief, Colonel Brownlow, came up on foot. That gallant soldier gave the word for a rush, but immediately fell mortally wounded. After much hard fighting Baker's brigade got forward into more open country, but was then exposed to the fire of an Afghan battery near the extremity of the Pir Paimal spur, and to the attacks of great bodies of Ghazis, which were stoutly withstood by the Sikhs and driven off by a bayonet attack delivered by the Highlanders.

The two leading brigades had accomplished the first portion of their arduous day's work. They were now in alignment with each other; and the task before them was to accomplish the turning movement round the steep extremity of the Pir Paimal ridge. Macpherson's brigade, hugging the face of the steep elevation, brought up the left shoulder, and having effected the turning movement, swept up the valley and carried the village of Pir Paimal by a series of rushes. Here, however, Major White (now Commander-in-Chief in India), commanding the advance of the Gordons, found himself confronted by great masses of the enemy, who appeared determined to make a resolute stand about their guns in position south-west of the Baba Wali Kotal. Reinforcements were observed hurrying up from Ayoub's standing camp at Mazra, and the Afghan guns on the Kotal had been reversed so that their fire should enfilade the British advance. Discerning that in such circumstances prompt action was imperative, Macpherson determined to storm the position without waiting for reinforcements. The 92nd under Major White led the way, covered by the fire of a field-battery and supported by the 5th



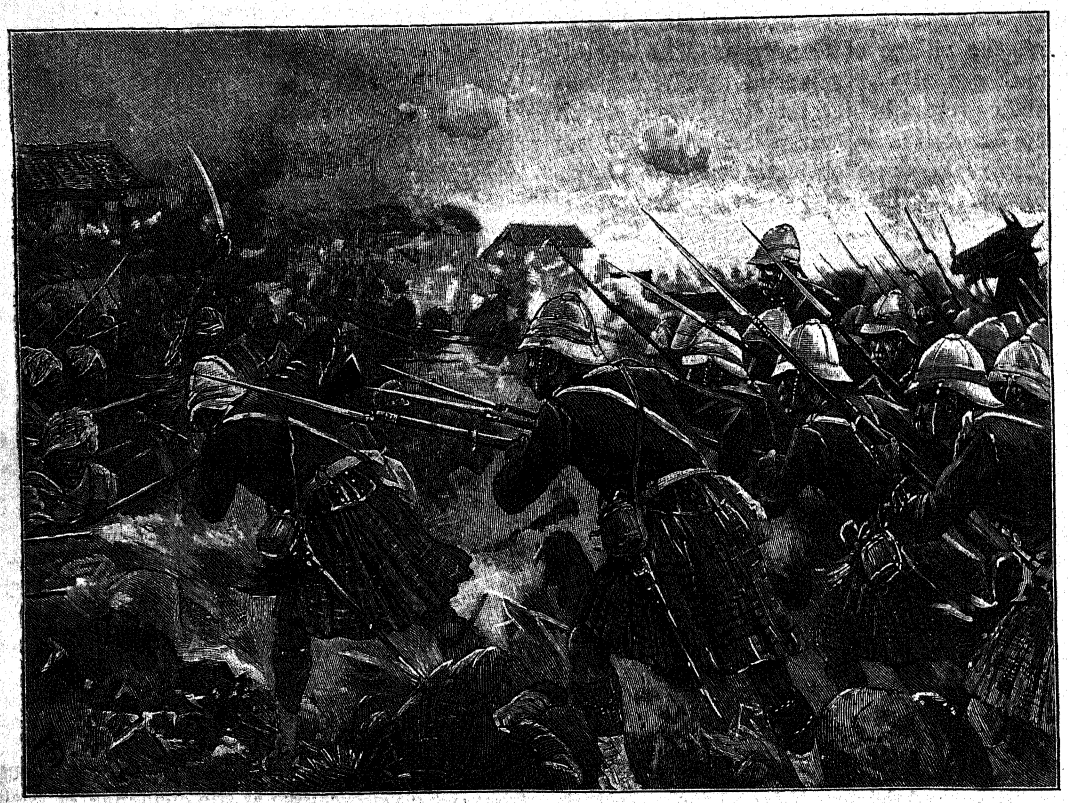
BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR HERBERT MACPHERSON

Goorkhas and the 23rd Pioneers. Springing from out a watercourse at the challenge of their leader, the Highlanders rushed across the open front. The Afghans, sheltered by high banks, fired steadily and well; their riflemen from the Pir Paimal slopes poured in a sharp cross-fire; their guns were well served. But the Scottish soldiers were not to be denied. Their losses were severe, but they took the Afghan guns at the point of the bayonet, and, valiantly supported by the Goorkhas and Pioneers, shattered and dispersed the mass of Afghans, reckoned to have numbered some 8,000 men. No chance was given the enemy to rally. They were headed off from the Pir Paimal slopes by Macpherson. Baker hustled them out of cover in the watercourses in the basin on the left; and while one stream of fugitives poured away across the river,

another was rolled backward into and through Ayoub's camp at Mazra.

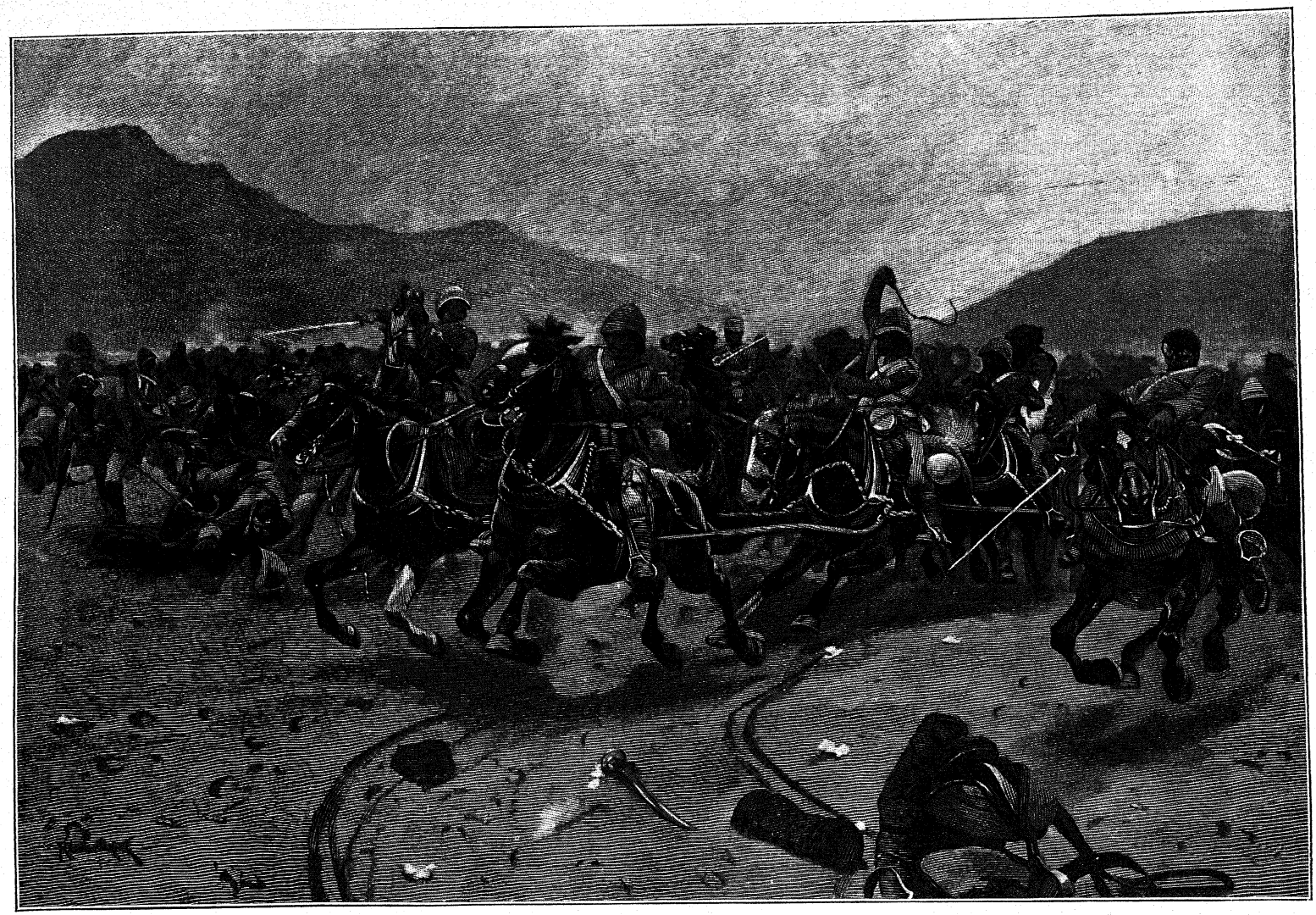
While Macpherson had effected his turning movement close under the ridge, Baker's troops on the left had to make a wider sweep before bringing up the left shoulder and wheeling into the hollow between the Pir Paimal and the Kharoti hill. They swept out of their path what opposition they encountered, and moved up the centre of the hollow, where their commander halted them until Macpherson's brigade looking on while the advance of Macpherson and Baker caused the evacuation of Ayoub's camp and the flight of his cavalry and infantry towards the Urgandab. But the discovery and capture of five more Afghan cannon near Baba Wali village afforded him some consolation for the enforced inaction.

Considerable numbers of Ayoub's troops had earlier pushed through the Baba Wali pass, and had moved down towards the right front of General Burrows's Bombay brigade in position



"IT WAS CARRIED AT THE BAYONET-POINT AFTER A VERY STUBBORN RESISTANCE" (*p.* 702).

on the right, having accomplished its more active work, should come up and restore the alignment. Baker had sent Colonel Money with a half-battalion away to the left to take possession of the Kharoti hill, where he found and captured three Afghan guns. Pressing on towards the northern edge of the hill, Money, to his surprise, found himself in full view of Ayoub's camp, which was then full of men, and in rear of which a line of cavalry was drawn up. Money was not strong enough to attack single-handed, and he therefore sent to General Baker for reinforcements, which, however, could not be spared him, and the gallant Money had perforce to remain about Piquet hill. Having assured himself that Burrows was able to hold his own, Sir Frederick Roberts ordered Macgregor to move the 3rd brigade forwards towards Pir Paimal village, whither he himself rode. On his arrival there he found that the 1st and 2nd brigades were already quite a mile in advance. The battle really had already been won; but there being no open view to the front, General Ross, who commanded the whole infantry division, had no means of discerning this result; and, anticipating the likelihood that Ayoub's camp at Mazra would have to be taken by storm, he had halted the brigades to replenish ammunition. This delay gave



SAVING THE GUNS AT MAIWAND.

(From the picture by R. Caton Woodville, R.I., by permission of the Council of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)

opportunity for the entire evacuation of the Afghan camp, which when reached without any further opposition and entered at 1 p.m. was found to be deserted. The tents had been left standing. "All the rude equipage of a half-barbarous army had been hurriedly abandoned—the meat in the cooking-pots, the bread half-kneaded in the earthen vessels, the bazaar with its *ghee* pots, dried fruits, flour, and corn." Ayoub's great marquee had been precipitately abandoned, and the fine carpets covering its floor had been left. But in the hurry of their flight the Afghans had found opportunity to illustrate their barbarism by the murder of their prisoner, Lieutenant Maclaine, whose body was found near Ayoub's tent with the throat cut. To this bloody deed Ayoub does not seem to have been privy. The Sepoys who were prisoners with Maclaine testified that Ayoub fled about eleven o'clock, leaving the prisoners in charge of the guard with no instructions beyond a verbal order that they were not to be killed. It was more than an hour later when the guard ordered the unfortunate young officer out of his tent and took his life.

The victory was complete, and Ayoub's army was in full rout. Unfortunately, no cavalry was in hand for a pursuit from the Mazra camp. The scheme for intercepting the fugitive Afghans by sending the cavalry brigade on a wide movement across the Urgandab to strike the line of their probable retreat towards the Khakrez valley may have been ingenious in conception, but in practice did not have the desired effect. Ayoub Khan, however, had been decisively defeated. He had lost the whole of his artillery, numbering thirty-two pieces, his camp, an immense quantity of ammunition, about 1,000 men killed; his army was dispersed, and he himself was a fugitive with a mere handful along with him of the army of 12,000 men which he had commanded in the morning.

The battle of Candahar was an effective finale to the latest of our Afghan wars, and it is in this sense that it is chiefly memorable. The gallant men who participated in the winning of it must have been the first to smile at the epithets of "glorious" and "brilliant" which were lavished on the victory. In truth, if it had not been a victory our arms would have sustained a grave discredit. The soldiers of Roberts and Stewart had been accustomed to fight, and for the most part to conquer, against heavy numerical odds, which were fairly balanced by their discipline and the superiority of their armament. But in the battle of Candahar the numerical disparity was non-existent, and Ayoub had immensely the disadvantage as regarded trained strength. His force, according to the reckoning ascertained by the British general, amounted, all told, to 12,800 men. The strength of the British force, not inclusive of the detail of Bombay troops garrisoning Candahar, was over 12,000. But this army, 12,000 strong, consisted entirely of disciplined soldiers, of whom over one-fifth were Europeans. The accepted analysis of Ayoub's army shows it to have consisted of 4,000 regular infantry, 800 regular cavalry, 5,000 tribal irregular infantry, of whom an indefinite proportion were no doubt Ghazis, and 3,000 irregular horsemen. In artillery strength the two forces were nearly equal. When it is remembered that Charasiah was won by some 2,500 soldiers, of whom only about 800 were Europeans, contending against 10,000 Afghans in an exceptionally strong position and well provided with artillery, Sir Frederick's wise decision to make assurance doubly sure in dealing with Ayoub at Candahar stands out very strikingly. Perforce in his battles around Cabul Roberts had taken risks; but because in those adventures he had been for the most part successful, he was not the man to weaken the certainty of an all-important issue by refraining from putting into the field every habile soldier at his disposal. And he was wisely cautious in his tactics against Ayoub. That he was strong enough to make a direct attack by storming the Baba Wali Kotal and the Pir Paimal hill was clear in the light of previous experience. But if there was more "brilliancy" in a direct attack, there were certain to be heavier losses than would be incurred in the less dashing turning movement, and Sir Frederick, in the true spirit of a commander, chose the more artistic and less bloody method of earning his victory. It did not cost him dear. His casualties of the day were thirty-six killed, including three officers, and 218 wounded, among whom were nine officers.

The battle of 1st September having brought to a close the latest Afghan war, Sir Frederick Roberts quitted Candahar on the 9th, and marched to Quetta with part of his division. On 15th October at Sibi he resigned his command, and, taking sick leave to England, sailed from Bombay on the 30th. His year of hard and successful service in Afghanistan greatly enhanced his reputation as a prompt, skilful, and enterprising soldier. His subsequent career is familiar to all.

The Action off Pulo Aor : Feb^{y}. 15. 1804. By A.J.Butler.

THE present writer was once walking through the fields in the spring-time, when he became aware of a great commotion in some trees over his head. Presently a kestrel flew out, hotly pursued by a missel-thrush. It was quite clear that the "bird of prey" had been investigating too closely the opportunities afforded by the domestic arrangements of the other—thinking, no doubt, that he had to do with a peaceable member of the feathered world. Unluckily for him, he had lighted on one who, not by profession a fighter, was quite ready to defend himself if attacked. The same kind of thing now and then happens among our own species ; and the following pages describe a characteristic instance. It is not so much the story of a battle as of how a battle which would probably have been disastrous to the weaker force was averted by pluck and promptitude.

In March, 1803, it was pretty clear that the short-lived peace between England and France was not going to last much longer. The Peace of Amiens had restored to France the settlement of Pondicherry, and General Decaen was sent out as governor. On March 6th he sailed in the line-of-battle ship *Marengo*, accompanied by the frigates *Atalante*, *Belle-Poule*, and *Sémillante*, as well as transports taking troops for the garrison of the place. This fleet was commanded by Rear-Admiral Linois. It was obviously stronger than was at all necessary for the service on which it was sent. Nor need we have much hesitation in assuming that Bonaparte in sending it out had ideas of inflicting injury upon English shipping in the Eastern seas, before the news of the resumption of hostilities could reach the English authorities in those parts. The *Belle-Poule*, being a fast sailer, reached Pondicherry on June 16th, Linois with the rest of his squadron following on July 11th. One of the transports arrived the next day, together with another vessel, the *Bélier*, which had been despatched ten days later, when war appeared imminent.

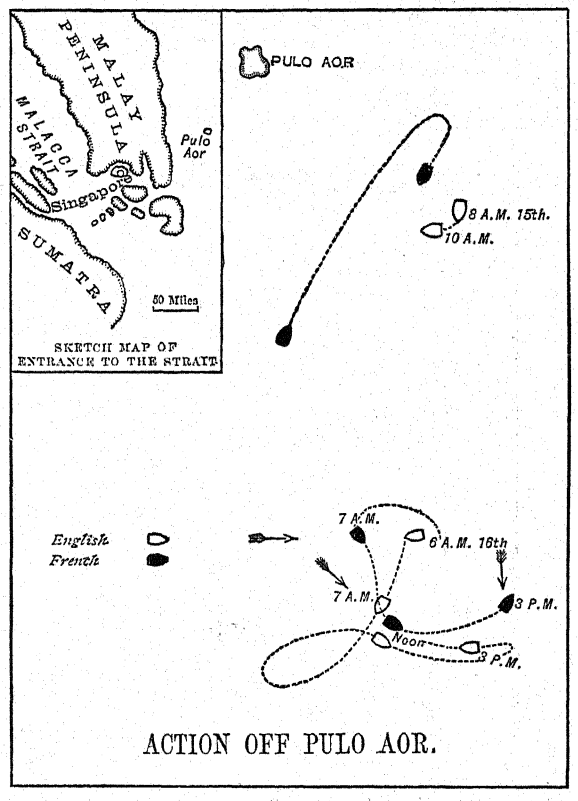
Pondicherry had not yet been handed over, and a British squadron, under Vice-Admiral Rainier, was at anchor in the neighbourhood. Just before the *Bélier* sailed in, the captain of the French flag-ship had gone on board the vessel of the English admiral with a polite invitation to breakfast next morning with Admiral Linois, which was no less politely accepted. But when the morning came flag-ship, admiral, breakfast and all were gone. It could only be conjectured that the *Bélier* had brought fresh instructions, in pursuance of which the French admiral had departed. That evening the other transport, the *Côte d'Or*, turned up ; and as matters looked suspicious, two of the English ships thought it as well to anchor alongside of her. The *Belle-Poule* had been on a private trip to Madras. On the 15th she returned, in company with the English *Terpsichore ;* but while the latter remained, the French frigate, after signalling to the transport, stood back to sea. That same night the *Côte d'Or* likewise moved out ; but the *Terpsichore* followed, and after some demur, and even the firing of a few shots, prevailed on her to come back. It was then learnt that she had been ordered, doubtless by signals from the *Belle-Poule*, to sail for Mauritius, then a French possession, whither Linois was also gone to refit and provision in preparation for a renewal of the war. She was detained till the 24th, when she was allowed to depart, an English frigate accompanying her for some distance, to make sure that she went the right way.

The English squadron proceeded to Madras, when news of the actual declaration of war reached them early in September ; but Linois lay quiet at Mauritius until October 8th. Then he sailed for Java and Sumatra, picking up some rich prizes on the way. On December 10th, he anchored off Batavia, in Java, in a convenient

position for snapping up the East India Company's fleet on its way back from China. There he lay till December 28th, when he went on to look out for it. His squadron at this time consisted of the *Marengo* (74), the frigates *Belle-Poule* (40), and *Sémillante* (36), the *Berceau* corvette (22), and a 16-gun brig belonging to Batavia.

On January 31st the China fleet sailed from Canton, under the command of Commodore Nathaniel Dance. It consisted of sixteen great Indiamen, besides eleven "country ships," or vessels hailing from Indian ports, one vessel belonging to Botany Bay and one to Portugal. An armed brig, the *Ganges*, accompanied it. This fleet of thirty ships in all was a good deal better armed than a fleet of merchantmen would be in these days. The Indiamen carried from thirty to thirty-six guns each. But the guns were in many cases of a nearly obsolete class; they threw, as a rule, a much less weight of metal than those on board a man-of-war; and they were hampered by having water-butts lashed between them, and by the general lumber of the decks. But even greater was the comparative weakness of the crews. None of these exceeded 140 men, whereas we know that the complement of even the little *Berceau* was 200. The officers and crews had not been trained to fight, and among the latter were a great many Chinamen and Lascars, who could hardly be depended upon to render much service if it came to action. The "country ships" were apparently unarmed.

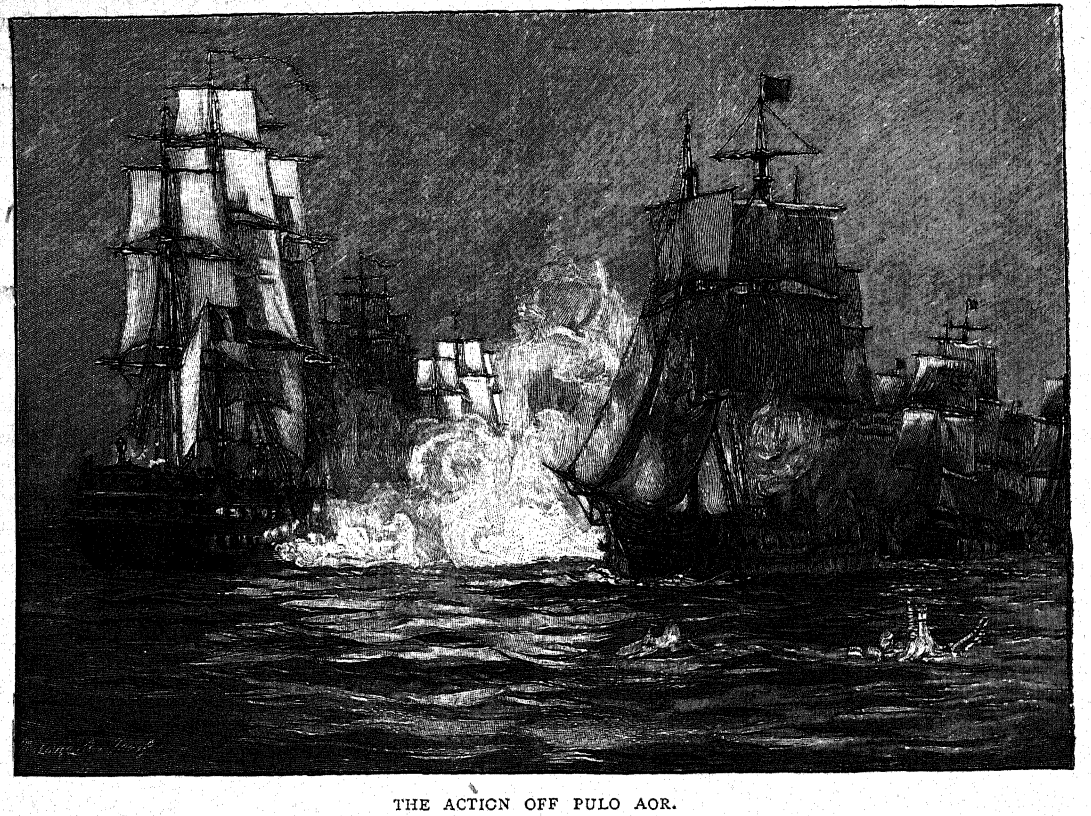
Such was the force at the disposal of Commodore Dance for the protection of the enormously valuable fleet under his charge. He was, as it were, the shepherd in charge of a flock of sheep; and sheep, even though they have horns, are a poor match for even a small pack of wolves. Something of this sort Dance must have felt on the morning of February 15th. The island of Pulo Aor, which lies, so to speak, just "round the corner" from the Straits of Malacca, and at no great distance from the entrance to the straits, bore about N.W., at seven or eight leagues' distance, when one of his vessels, the *Royal George*, signalled four strange sail in the south-west—that is, right in their road. Four Indiamen with the *Ganges* were sent to examine the strangers, and soon reported them to be a French squadron. Dance hove to, with head to westward, but the Frenchman, puzzled by the number of ships, which was greater than his advices had led him to expect, and preferring to approach them with the advantage of the weather-gauge, held on his course till he was well in their rear. In those latitudes the wind at that season blows from the north-westward or northward, though on this particular morning there were light airs from N.E. to S.W., finally settling into the west. Then he about went, and by nightfall the French squadron was close astern of the fleet. Linois, however, seems even by this time to have suspected that his wolves might find the sheep a somewhat tougher morsel than they had anticipated, and accordingly deferred his attack till daylight.



ACTION OFF PULO AOR.

The morning confirmed him in his opinion. As he wrote himself: "If the bold face assumed by the enemy had only been an artifice to conceal their weakness, they might have tried to slip away in the darkness. But I had soon to convince myself that there was no feigning about their confidence; they lay-to all night with lights burning, and in good order." At daybreak the French fleet was seen also lying-to about three miles to the windward, the wind being light from west. Both sides hoisted their colours, but as the enemy showed no signs of advancing, Dance resumed his course, proceeding in line under easy sail upon the starboard tack. The three French ships and the brig then filled on the same tack, and bore up with the

intention of cutting the long line of the merchant fleet in two. Perceiving this, Dance made at one o'clock the signal to tack in succession, the effect of which would be to bring his line on to a course more or less parallel with that of the French line, and to windward of it, and to engage on coming abreast of the enemy. The manœuvre was correctly executed, the *Royal George*, Captain John Timmins, leading, followed those which followed, she again brought her broadside to bear, and with the other vessels kept up a brisk fire. The ships, as they tacked, joined the combatants, and three of those which had been the first to come into action began manœuvring to get into our rear, while the rest of the fleet, making all sail and keeping away, showed a design of surrounding us. By this manœuvre the enemy would have rendered my



THE ACTION OFF PULO AOR.

by the *Ganges*. Dance, in the *Earl Camden* (he had commanded the ship for nearly twenty years), occupied the third place in the line ; and so the sheep stood towards the wolves. The French were nothing loth, and in order to hasten the issue, sailed a little more away from the wind, which had now veered to N.N.W. At 1.15 Linois opened fire upon the *Royal George*, which returned it vigorously, firing eight or nine broadsides in all, the *Ganges* and *Earl Camden* taking up the ball as they came into range, respectively five and fifteen minutes later. The only other vessels engaged were the *Warley* and *Alfred*. Admiral Linois in his report to his own Government relates the rest of the action. "The enemy's leading ship, having sustained some damage, put her helm up ; but supported by position very dangerous. I had ascertained his superior force "—Linois seems all along to have been under the impression that there were some king's ships present—"and I had no further occasion to deliberate as to the steps I should take to avoid the fatal results of an unequal contest. Taking advantage, therefore, of the smoke which hung about me, I wore and went off on the port tack.* Then, shaping my course east-north-east, I drew away from the enemy,

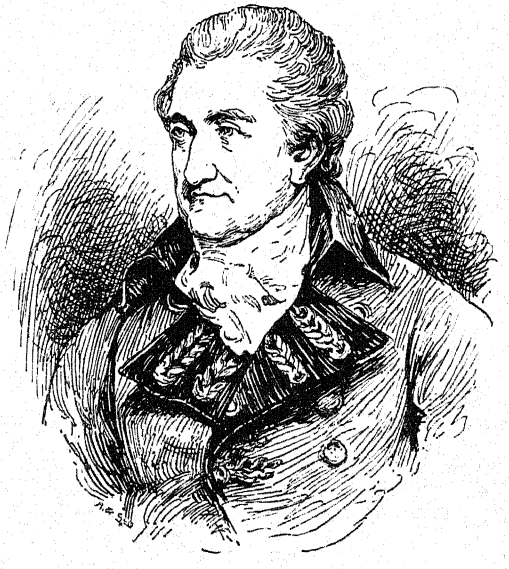
* James, following Dance's log, says, "hauled his wind on the port tack," but the word employed by the French admiral seems only to mean "wore." Before the action began both fleets were on the starboard tack. The wind, however, shifted, and had drawn more towards the north after the action began, so as to bring him on to the port tack without any material change in his direction ; and it must have been then that he wore.

who continued to pursue the squadron till three o'clock, firing several ineffectual broadsides." The sheep fairly made the wolves turn tail after a fight which had lasted not quite three-quarters of an hour.

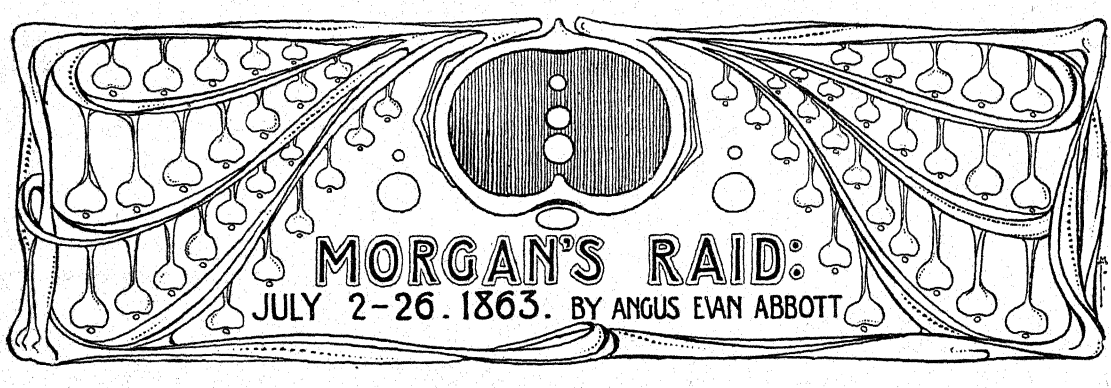
The pursuit, though well intended, and forming an appropriate finish to the game of bluff which Commodore Dance had so successfully played, could not have any results, and only took the fleet in the wrong direction. At three o'clock, therefore, after having, as a recent writer says, "enjoyed for two hours the extraordinary spectacle of a powerful squadron of ships of war flying before a number of merchantmen," Dance made the signal to go about, and by eight the ships anchored in a convenient situation for entering the straits next morning. The losses had been very trifling. The *Royal George*, which had been longest in action, was a good deal knocked about in hull and rigging, and had one man killed and another wounded. The other ships had scarcely suffered at all, while on the French side not a man seems to have been injured.

A long "butcher's bill" is, however, not necessary as evidence of courage and resource in action, and so Dance's countrymen felt. The news of his exploit was received with enthusiasm in England. He was knighted by the king, and well rewarded by those whose property he had so pluckily and effectually defended. His words in returning thanks are worth quoting. Taken in connection with his conduct in command of the fleet, they show that the combination of courage with modesty, which was so characteristic of the best seamen of those days, was not confined to those employed more directly in the service of the nation, and that England has no less reason to be proud of her merchant skippers than of her post-captains. "Placed by the adventitious circumstances of seniority of service and absence of convoy in the chief command of the fleet entrusted to my care, it has been my good fortune to have been enabled, by the firmness of those by whom I was supported, to perform my trust not only with fidelity, but without loss to my employers. Public opinion and public rewards have already far outrun my deserts, and I cannot but be sensible that the liberal spirit of my generous countrymen has measured what they are pleased to term their grateful sense of my conduct rather by the particular ability of the exploit than by any individual merit I can claim."

Sir Nathaniel Dance survived till 1827.



COMMODORE NATHANIEL DANCE.
(*From an Engraving by C. Turner, after R. Westall, R.A.*)



"But down in Tennessee one night
Ther' wuz sound uv firin' fur away,
'nd the sergeant allow'd ther'd be a fight
With the Johnny Rebs some time nex' day.

'nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'an home
Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim—
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
'nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*."

EUGENE FIELD.

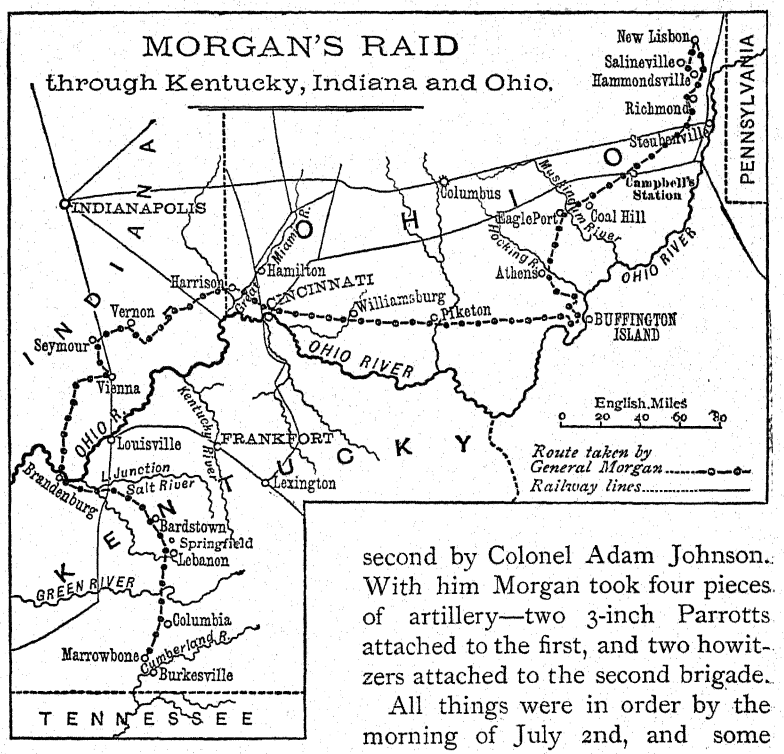
DOWN in Tennessee in the early summer of 1863, General Bragg realised that he and his Confederate soldiers were in a tight corner. Menaced on every side, and the Federals massing in such numbers on front as to make his destruction inevitable, Bragg knew that he must at once fall back. But how to effect the movement without risking demoralisation, if not annihilation, was the question. Already more than enough soldiers from the North were in position to fall upon him the moment he began his retreat; and as retreat was inevitable, it became necessary that something be done to divert attention from the rearward movement. In this dilemma Bragg sent for General John H. Morgan, leader of a brigade of Confederate Mounted Riflemen.

Already General Morgan was famous throughout the land. In the Northern States, as in the Southern Confederacy, his name had been heralded as that of the hero of many stirring deeds; for on a number of occasions during the earlier years of the terrible struggle between North and South he had acted with wonderful dash and daring, splendidly supported by his fiery Southern cavalrymen, every one of them mounted on a thoroughbred Kentucky horse. Morgan had made raiding a specialty, and time and again he set forth on a roving expedition into the heart of the Northern States, raiding, to use an expressive if vulgar phrase, "all over the shop," tearing up railways, cutting telegraph wires, capturing stores, falling upon the Federal army's line of communications, burning bridges, destroying railway stations, driving off horses, mules, and cattle; in short, setting the country ablaze and creating panic and havoc far and wide. His men were the best mounted in either army. The blue-grass animals, the most noted beasts in the United States, were as full of fire and dash as the gallant men that bestrode them, and so it was that Morgan, when on one of his raids, could continue to march for twenty-one out of twenty-fours hours for days at a time. When in the enemy's country he turned up in a bewildering number of places, and travelled incredible distances in short spaces of time, so that to come at him and corner his Rough Riders was almost as impossible a task as to clap hat over a will-o'-the-wisp. The South, in the years of the Civil War, placed many brilliant cavalry leaders into the field, but not one with more "go" and well-balanced determination than Morgan the Raider. During his incursions into the North he never once showed the white feather, but continually fought bitter fights. When he made up his mind to attack an opposing force, he delivered his charge with unparalleled fury. If, on the other hand, he thought it good policy to ward off a battle, he made no bones about avoiding blows by any and every means that came to his hand. Such was the character of the man General Bragg turned to in his trouble, and Morgan proved to be the one for the emergency.

The two generals held a long consultation. Kentucky was in the grasp of the Federal forces; and on the frontier of Tennessee, Rosecrans had his army of men from the North. Generals Bragg and Morgan agreed that something must be done to divert the Federal general's attention from Bragg's retreat. Morgan eagerly jumped at the chance of once more making away on a roving, raiding expedition, to dash through the

Federal lines, and to set the country in the rear of Rosecrans's army by the ears.

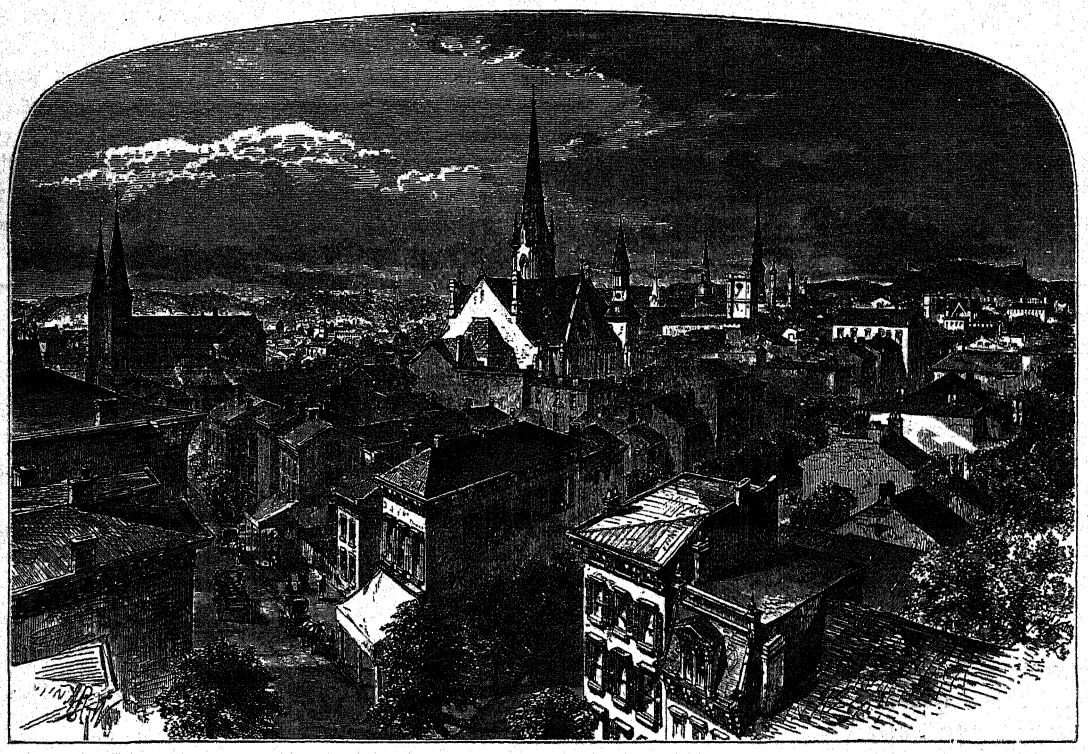
Discussing the plans for this latest raid, the two Southern generals differed as to the extent of the operations. Morgan wished to be allowed to extend the raid into the States—Indiana and Ohio—lying to the north of Kentucky. Bragg was of the opinion that the object of the expedition would be equally well accomplished if Morgan confined himself to the south of the Ohio River, and threatened—or, if practicable, captured—Louisville. These operations would make it necessary for the Federal cavalry to withdraw from the front, and to exert themselves to check or capture Morgan. Morgan believed that a raid to Louisville would not be enough. He pleaded for permission to carry fire and sword through Indiana and Ohio. These two States were hurrying troops to the front in anticipation of a big battle, and Morgan believed he could make matters so warm that those troops would have to be recalled to their native States to protect their own hearths and homes. Besides, some weighty elections were soon to take place. That there were many Southern sympathisers in the States Morgan well knew, and he thought that if that part of the Union got a sore shake-up, many who were not over-enthusiastic one way or another in regard to the principles at stake in the dispute might be inclined, if they saw war at their doors, to vote for giving the Confederates their freedom. General Bragg, Morgan's superior, however, refused to give permission for the crossing of the Ohio ; not only refused permission, but, I believe, gave explicit orders that the Ohio River was on no account to be crossed. When the interview had ended, Morgan sent for Colonel Duke, whom he chose to lead the first brigade, and told Duke there and then that he had no intention of obeying Bragg's orders, and that he was going direct to the Ohio and would cross it at the first opportunity that came to him.



Conscious of the importance of the raid and of the hardships that lay ahead of him, Morgan took exceptional pains in choosing the men who were to ride with him. These numbered, all told, 2,460 splendidly mounted men who had followed Morgan on many of his pounces into the land of the North ; and the record of this remarkable raid will bear out the claim that never were soldiers collected together who proved themselves better fitted for the strain and excitement of long marches and heavy fighting than Morgan's men. The force was divided into two brigades, the first commanded by Colonel Basil Duke, the second by Colonel Adam Johnson. With him Morgan took four pieces of artillery—two 3-inch Parrotts attached to the first, and two howitzers attached to the second brigade.

All things were in order by the morning of July 2nd, and some time before noon the same day the two brigades made for the Cumberland River. The first brigade divided and took to the river at two points, Burkesville and Scott's Ferry, places separated from one another by a distance of about two miles. For crossing the broad stream only the most primitive material could be secured. Canoes lashed together so as to form rafts and a few flat-bottomed boats treated in a like manner served to float the men out into the stream, each Rough Rider holding his horse's head above water while it swam by the side of the floats. The river, swollen by heavy rains, ran in a thousand angry swirls and eddies, sweeping the rafts and the splashing, struggling animals this way and that as they slowly edged towards the Northern shore. At

this the very outset the expedition was in grave danger of being wrecked; indeed, it is probable that if the Federals had noticed the movement and, delivering a furious charge on the massing Federals, routed them before they could place themselves in battle array, and drove them at a



CINCINNATI.

earlier, or taken precautions against the landing of Morgan's men, the raid might have been killed before it had developed sufficiently to be of material account. But Duke succeeded in landing 600 men before the Federals collected force enough to make an attack, which in the end the Southerners found little difficulty in beating back. Johnson at Turkey Neck Bend, several miles down stream from Burkesville, with even slenderer material than the first brigade had laid hold of for crossing the flood, managed the business with considerable dexterity, and soon the 6th Kentucky and 9th Tennessee of the first brigade, with the two Parrotts, marched past Burkesville, and took up a good position, from which they drove back the assembling Federals, and so allowed their comrades to land in peace.

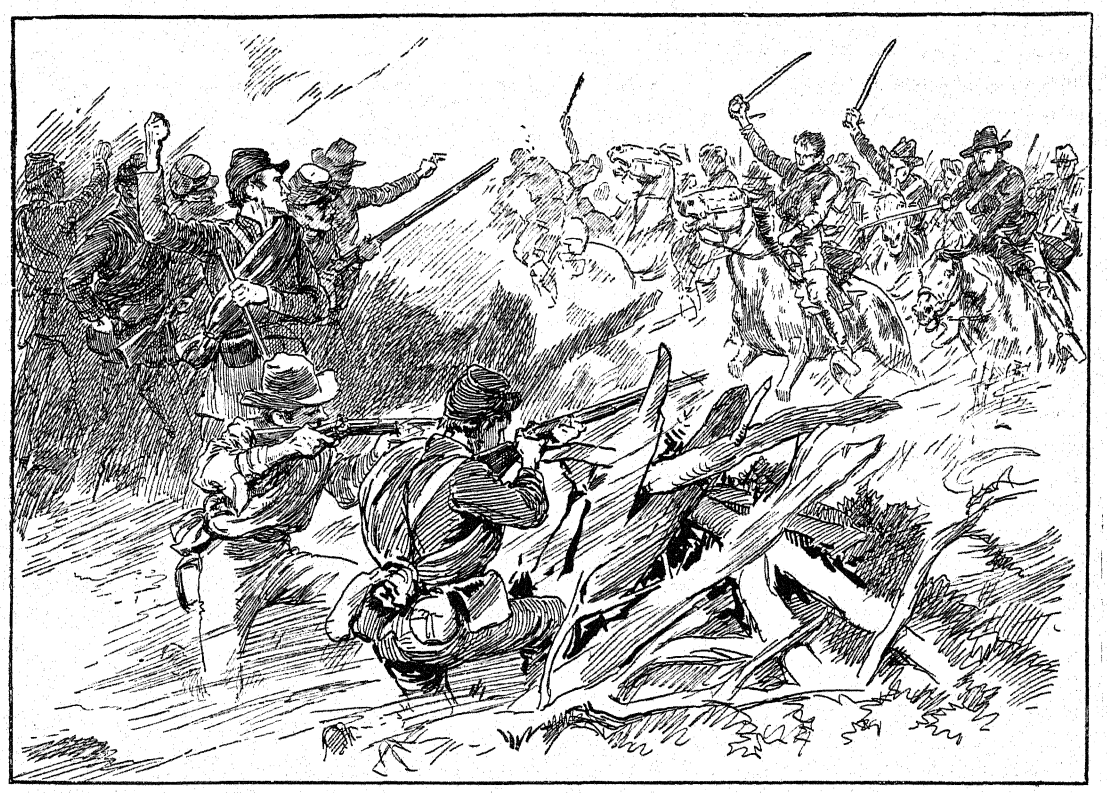
The Federals soon discovered that the movement bid fair to develop into serious dimensions, and at once all available troops were flung across the Southern cavalrymen's line of march. Morgan, who had crossed with the first of his men, placed himself at the head of Quirk's scouts and a few companies of the 9th Tennessee, gallop right into Marrowbone. But here a strong body of infantry was encountered, and Morgan's advance-guards were compelled to fall back to the main body. However, his vicious charge made the Federal officers careful, and the whole of the two thousand odd cavalrymen got safely to shore. That night, intensely dark, the raiders marched away from the Cumberland.

General Judah, in command of the Federal cavalry in that district, had under him three brigades, and these he hastened to throw across Morgan's path. Meanwhile, telegrams were sent flying in every direction throughout the States of Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio, telling the military authorities that General Morgan and his determined Southern Rough Riders were once again afoot; that the initial steps of another of his destructive raids had been taken, that he was dashing towards the North and might be expected to appear—anywhere, any time. The news created consternation in Kentucky, for Morgan's movements were likely to be as erratic as a damp squib, and at every cross road, hamlet, and town the people kept anxious watch.

Morgan calculated on meeting with four critical situations on his march, four moments when his force would be dangerously exposed to attack and ruin. First there was the crossing of the Cumberland River. This, the initial difficulty, had been luckily passed. The second was the crossing of the Ohio River. The third his march around Cincinnati ; and the final one, the re-crossing, homeward bound, of the Ohio.

Before the break of day the Rough Riders were in their saddles, and, marching by the most direct route on Columbia, carried the town with a rush, sweeping out a detachment of Federals that attempted to check their progress. Without pausing a moment Morgan set his face towards Green River, and near to that stream bivouacked for the night. All through the lonely hours of darkness the sentinels could hear the ominous sound of ringing axe and falling tree, telling that the Federals were working like beavers, obstructing the roads by felling trees, and throwing up earthworks to retard the Southerners and so give their comrades to the North a chance to close in on the line of march. Across Green River was a good bridge, and at its northern end stockades had been erected. Behind these stockades lay 400 soldiers, men from Michigan with Colonel Orlando Moore at their head. Here Morgan struck one of the worst snags encountered during the raid.

Green River at this point makes a sweep much like the loop of a rope, and the Federal stockades were enclosed in this loop, while to the north the river in doubling back comes within a few hundred feet of running into itself. The Michigan officer, Moore, realised that the stockades on this peninsula were of no practical value for defence, as they were hopelessly exposed to the guns Morgan was hurrying forward ; so without making any attempt to use the stockades for defensive purposes, he quickly withdrew his men from behind them, and, by slashing down some trees, formed a rough-and-ready stockade at the northern end of the narrow neck of land, and determined to make his stand there rather than at the bridge. Morgan marched across the stream by way of the bridge, and prepared to carry the narrow pass with a rush. He first sent an officer to demand the surrender of Moore and his men. Moore called the Raider's



"BEHIND THE ROUGH BREASTWORKS LAY THE MICHIGAN MEN" (*p.* 714).

attention to the fact that the day happened to be the 4th of July, and that it was hardly to be expected that a United States officer would surrender without fight on Independence Day. At this part of the raid Morgan made one of his few mistakes. He underestimated the strength of Moore's position and the fighting qualities of the Northern soldiers.

Without further parley Morgan ordered Colonel Johnson to carry the abattis. Johnson, placing himself at the head of the 3rd and 11th Kentucky, delivered a brilliant charge, but when closely jammed together in the narrow pass a storm of bullets swept at them, knocking over horses and men right and left. But, not to be denied, the Southern riflemen rushed towards the stockade with reckless determination. Behind the rough breastworks, however, lay the Michigan men, backwoodsmen who had grown up with a rifle in their hands, and who were noted throughout the whole life of the war as the deadliest of sharpshooters, and these men, cool of head and full of pluck, stood their ground and fired point-blank at their enemy. Duke hurried forward the 5th Kentucky and Smith's Regiment to the support of their comrades, but it was of no avail. The 400 Federals refused to be bustled or driven. They stood shoulder to shoulder, and scarcely a bullet fired by them but found a victim. Hopeless confusion came over the aggressors. The resistance proved altogether too stubborn, and the theatre of action was much too limited to suit the needs of Morgan. Johnson and his riflemen were driven back, and Morgan found that of the 600 men he had sent against the abattis ninety were put out of action in the fifteen minutes' fighting among the fallen timber. Without battering his head any more against such a stubborn stone wall, the raider withdrew across the bridge, marched down the southern bank of the river, and fording the stream, passed around the stockade, leaving the gallant Northerner and his brave men in possession of their little stockade. This was the only severe check Morgan met with on this raid until he met his Waterloo.

After making his forced *détour*, Morgan set out in hot haste for Lebanon, a town held by the 20th Kentucky (Kentucky troops fought on both sides during the Civil War). As he proceeded he learned that a large number of Michigan cavalrymen and a Michigan battery were hurrying to the support of the garrison at Lebanon; so he was under the necessity of detaching a substantial number of his Rough Riders to retard the "Wolverine" reinforcements and delay them until he could carry the town. Morgan's four guns first opened upon the defences of Lebanon; but without waiting for them to do much execution the raider ordered a general assault. Here again he met with fierce opposition, and in the taking of the town he lost heavily. Half a hundred of his men were knocked over in the fight. Indeed in this action and the fight at Green River a number of Morgan's most valiant officers were left dead on the field, amongst others being his own brother, nineteen years old, Lieutenant "Tom" Morgan, killed at the head of his company, the 2nd Kentucky. Colonel Chenault and Captain Treble of the 11th, Lieutenant Cowan of the 3rd, and Major Brent and Lieutenants Holloway and Ferguson of the 5th Kentucky also fell in those two actions.

Colonel Duke, Morgan's right-hand officer, in a concise and picturesque account of the raid records a number of amusing incidents, but none more pathetically humorous than the fate of the farmer from Calf-Killer Creek. Before the expedition started it was not generally known, of course, whither Morgan was bound. The word passed round was that the Rough Riders were going to Burkesville only. Hearing this an old farmer who wished to lay in a store of salt, mounted his mare to ride to Burkesville under the protection of the Southern cavalrymen, for the whole country was infested by bushwhackers, irresponsible slaughterers, heartless and vigilant. The farmer reached Burkesville with the troops, bought his salt, and set out to rejoin the raiders, expecting to ride home again under their wing. His consternation when he heard that instead of returning, his friends were pressing forward on the gallop cannot even be imagined. To attempt to return to Calf-Killer Creek was to condemn himself to certain death at the hands of the bushwhackers, and the prospect of taking part in one of Morgan's furious raids was, to a peaceable farmer, a very unwelcome prospect indeed. But stick to the expedition he must, and to quote Duke: "He made the grand tour, was hurried along day after day through battle and ambush, dragged night after night on remorseless marches, ferried over the broad Ohio under fire of the militia and gunboats, and lodged at last in a 'loathsome dungeon.' On one occasion in Ohio, when the home-guards were peppering us in rather livelier fashion than usual, he said to Captain C. H. Morgan, with tears in his voice, 'I sw'ar if I wouldn't give all the salt in

Kaintucky to stand once more safe and sound on the banks of Calf-Killer Creek.'"

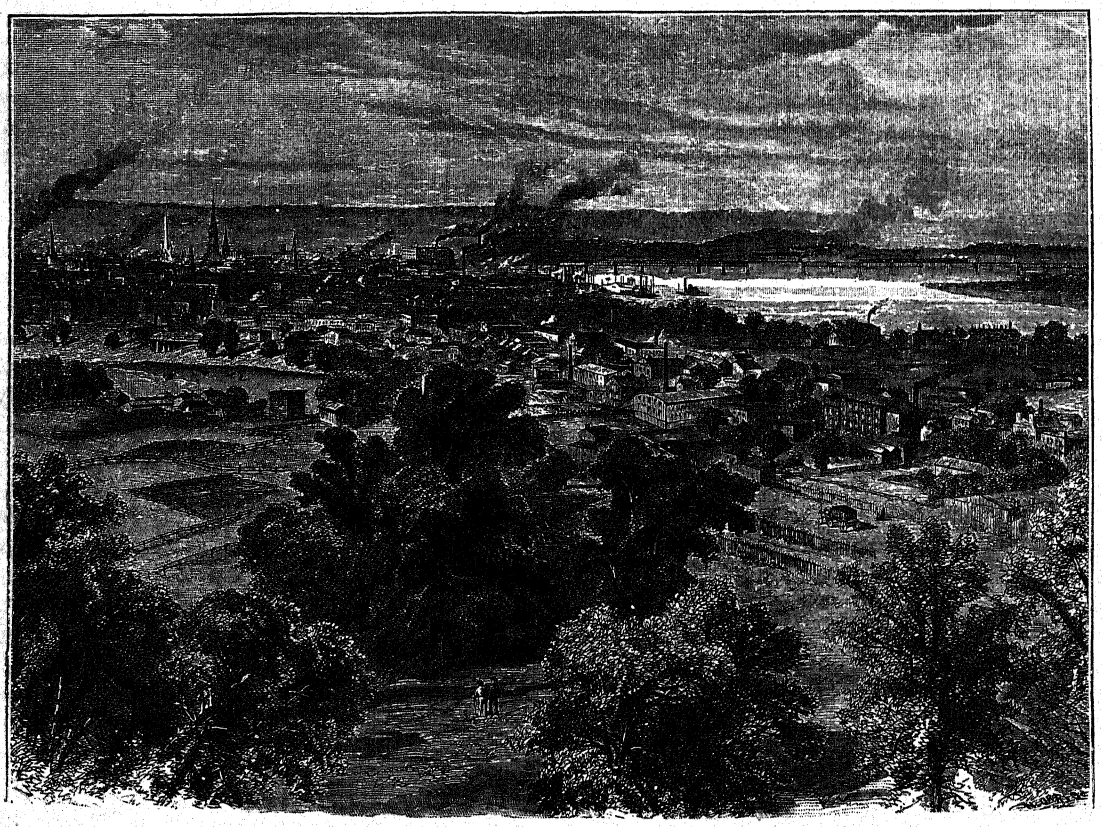
No pause at Lebanon, and in fact from this time to the last day of the raid the halts were only long enough to allow the horses to get their wind for another dash, and the men to fling themselves at full length on the cool turf. Straight North they rode, every now and again sending small bodies of horse off to one side or other of the route to threaten a town and to mislead and bewilder the Federal authorities, who were straining every nerve to lay an effective trap for the audacious Southerners. Morgan had with him a telegraph operator who continually tapped the wires encountered in the march, and gleaned a good idea of the Federals' arrangements ahead from the orders flashed back and forth. Not only this, but he was able, at Morgan's dictation, to send spurious orders to the officers at various points, orders which soon landed the forces to the North in a tangle. The raider carried in his head a minute knowledge of the country through which he intended to pass and the disposition of the Federal forces in the various districts, and was able to send orders which, on the face of them, bore every appearance of being genuine. In such a muddle did the authorities find themselves over the head of these tricks that when Morgan was known to be on a raid they looked with the greatest suspicion on all telegrams and made use of messengers when at all practicable.

Through Springfield, Bardstown, and Lebanon Junction the raiders proceeded, overwhelming all opposition ; and as they approached Louisville the city was taken with a desperate panic. Shutters went up everywhere ; banks bundled their bullion, bonds, and bills into boxes, and hurried them Chicagowards by special express trains ; women and children scurried away ; and the men hastened to place themselves under arms. So widespread was the effect of the raid of these 2,000 Rough Riders, that in the two States Ohio and Indiana 120,000 militia took the field against them, this in addition to three brigades of United States cavalry.

But although Louisville was in such a state of turmoil, Morgan had no intention of doing more than threaten the place. For this he sent a small body towards the city, which, to be sure, was taken to be the advance-guard. The main body pushed ahead, and on the morning of the 8th, just under six days from the time he had stood with his toes on the southern shores of the Cumberland River, Morgan stood on the banks of the mighty Ohio. He had successfully crossed the State of Kentucky, he had reached the utmost limit his commanding officer had directed him to go, he had fought a dozen bitter skirmishes and overcome all sorts of obstacles, natural and artificial—from felled trees and bushwhackers to swollen rivers and entrenched foes. Moreover, the object of the expedition was in a fair way to be accomplished. Already the whole affected country was in an uproar, and much that had no reason to be affected. The Northern newspapers were full of Morgan's raid, speculating, wondering, and crying aloud to the authorities to check the raiders, and every horseman that the country folk of the three States caught a glimpse of was at once supposed to herald the approach of Morgan's band. Kentucky was totally demoralised ; everywhere alarums and rushings to and fro ; garrisons standing to arms, scouts on every hill, cavalry hurrying here and there, concentrating at the wrong points, racing this way and that in response to bogus appeals and orders ; business, civil and military, at sixes and sevens. And when the news flashed North that the dreaded Rough Riders were indeed crossing the Ohio River, the consternation spread far and wide, for truly the people had good reason to fear the ruthless hand of Morgan. Where his feet trod there the flames leaped into the sky, and the people knew well that in his wake rose the cloud of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night.

Before reaching the Ohio, General Morgan had told off the 10th Kentucky, in charge of Captains Meriwether and Taylor, to ride rapidly ahead and try to surprise and capture steamboats to ferry the force over the broad stream. When the raiders reached the Ohio at Brandenburg they found that the captains had succeeded in laying hands upon two useful steamboats, one captured as it lay alongside a wharf, and the other in mid-stream. The river at this point is about two-thirds of a mile wide, and before the steamboats with the first batch of the Rough Riders aboard could leave the wharf, a brisk fire was opened upon the craft from a small battery planted on the opposite bank. The Parrotts had to be brought forward and this opposition silenced before the steamers dared to venture out upon the stream. The two regiments that first set foot in Indiana hastened to move against the small number of Federals who had disputed the passage of the Ohio, and the steamboats had returned to reload, when suddenly round a sharp bend in the river came a Federal gunboat, the

Elk. She steamed rapidly abreast of Morgan's position, and opened fire on his men on the Kentucky shore and those in Indiana, delivering broadsides simultaneously. Behind the Southern leader were Northern cavalry on the gallop in hopes of catching up with him before he managed to cross the Ohio, and now with his forces divided came this gunboat in the middle of the river blazing away. The situation looked black for the raiders. It was quite hopeless to think of venturing upon the bosom of the flood until the *Elk* could be made to turn tail, and the dangers of delay were grave. Once more the four guns were planted in good positions, and most particular pains taken that every shot should count. For a time the *Elk* returned as good as she received, but after an hour's hard cannonading the cavalrymen were overjoyed to see her steam reluctantly out of reach of the guns. Morgan made all haste to cross.



LOUISVILLE.

Straight towards Indianapolis, capital of the rich State of Indiana, Morgan shaped his way; but after going far enough to demoralise the city and set the northern part of the State in an uproar, he wheeled to the right and made for Vienna, then towards Indianapolis again as far as Seymour, and again east, pressing close to Vernon and Harrison. The country through which the raiders were now passing was thoroughly aroused and swarmed with militia. Almost every succeeding town brought its skirmish. At Corydon, the first step into Indiana, Morgan lost sixteen men in battle. Now that he had his back to the Ohio, he and his men kept moving with almost superhuman energy. Day after day they continued in their saddles for twenty-one out of the twenty-four hours. By this time scarcely one of the horses that started in the raid but had been abandoned on the road hopelessly knocked up, and the Rough Riders now bestrode less agile beasts picked up from stable and field. These animals were nothing like so useful as the Kentucky blood horses, and a couple of days' marching usually did for them, so that Morgan's men were under the necessity of continually scouring the country for fresh mounts. This duty, together with the work of destroying all public

property, stores, and arms, and fighting their way, kept the whole force in continual activity.

As he was soon to come within striking horses and the dust kicked up by their feet. At every halt which this groping search necessitated scores of tired men would fall asleep and drop



"THE CITY WAS TAKEN WITH A DESPERATE PANIC" (*p.* 715).

distance of the great city of Cincinnati, Morgan gathered in all his detached parties, so as to have as large a force as possible at his back in case of serious opposition. These concentrated at Harrison. Some miles north of Cincinnati is the town of Hamilton. The raider set out from Harrison as if bound for Hamilton, but once well clear of Harrison he cut all the wires and headed for Cincinnati. To quote Duke's account :—

"We reached the environs of Cincinnati," he says, "about ten o'clock at night, and were not clear of them until after daybreak. My brigade was marching in the rear, and the guides were with General Morgan in the front. The continual straggling of some companies in the rear of Johnson's brigade caused me to become separated from the remainder of the column by a wide gap, and I was for some time entirely ignorant of what direction I should take. The night was pitch dark, and I was compelled to light torches and seek the track of the column by the foam dropped from the mouths of the out of their saddles. Daylight appeared after we had crossed all of the principal suburban roads and were near the Little Miami Railroad. I never welcomed the fresh invigorating air of morning more gratefully. That afternoon we reached Williamsburg, twenty-eight miles east of Cincinnati."

The marvel is not that men fell from their saddles in scores, but rather how in the world they managed to sit the saddles at all. But although his men were in such straits, Morgan had no intention of discontinuing his raid. He might easily have seized Cincinnati. The city was at his mercy, quite. Any number of steamboats would have fallen into his hands, and he could have ferried horses and men over the Ohio at his ease. But Morgan had more ambitious designs. He had outwitted all the forces sent to trap him; he had ridden over all opposition in his path; the route he had taken lay across the face of the land like a great serpent—mottled grey ashes and black coals; telegraph wires relaxed

and cut dangled from the poles; the timber of once substantial bridges half-dammed the rushing waters, and rich towns looted of all treasure. Lee was campaigning to the north of the Potomac, and Morgan believed his chances of pushing on through Ohio and Pennsylvania to join the famous general were fairly good. To do so was his intention. But at Piketon disheartening news awaited the Southerners. Vicksburg had fallen, Gettysburg had been fought and lost, and Lee had been battered across the Potomac. This disastrous news put an end to all thoughts of marching through Pennsylvania. There was nothing for it but to make for the Ohio and get back to Tennessee with as great speed as was consistent with the safety of the command.

The Ohio militia swarmed in the way, and every day fighting became more bitter and progress slower. However, Chester was reached at 1 p.m. on July 18th, sixteen days from the start, and Morgan made all speed to cover the eighteen miles between Chester and the Ohio at Buffington Island, where the river could be forded. Unfortunately for the lion-hearted raider, night had closed down upon the land before he reached the brink of the river. Guideless and ignorant of the exact position of the ford, necessity compelled him to await the break of day, although well knowing the risk of the delay. When day at length dawned, Morgan found himself surrounded. Himself and every man of his command knew that the pinch had come. The last of the four crucial points was destined to be the destroying one.

At the earliest moment that daylight permitted, the weary men mounted their jaded horses and prepared to battle for the ford. Duke wheeled the 5th and 6th Kentucky into line, and charged an earthwork which the Federals had thrown up to command the ford, but the Northern men had cleared out. However, the Rough Riders were soon hotly engaged with the advance companies of General Judah's cavalry. These had at length overtaken their enemy after following him for seventeen days through Kentucky and Indiana.

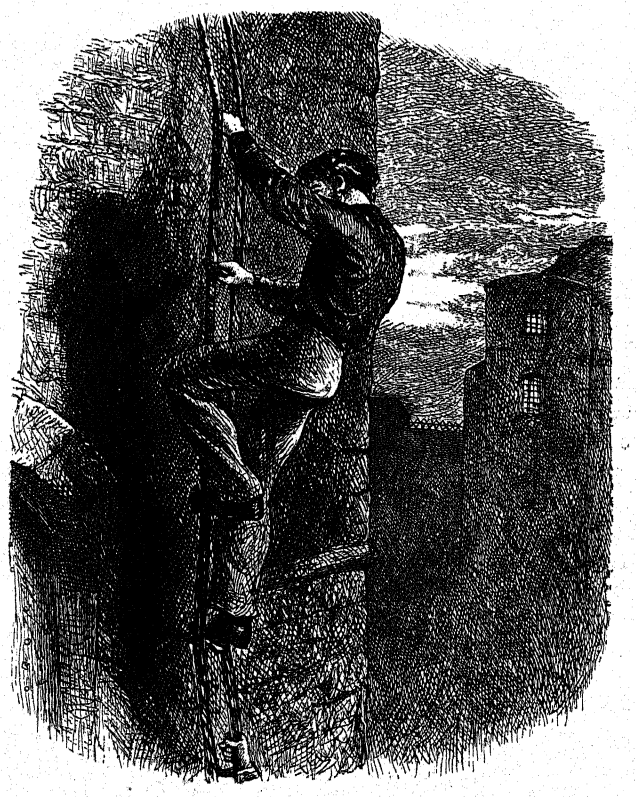
Morgan's men were in a valley, so narrow in some places as to be almost a gorge, and into this along the Chester road galloped Judah's cavalrymen, fresh and determined to strike a stunning blow, and over the walls of the valley poured the 8th and 9th Michigan and the 5th Indiana. As if this were not enough, several gunboats steamed to the river end of the valley, and shot and shell from their broadsides came screaming up from the river, cutting gaps through the closely packed ranks of the Rough Riders. At the first charge delivered by the Federals Morgan's outposts were driven in upon the main body, a substantial number of the 5th Kentucky cut off, and the four guns taken. Even confronted by so serious a situation, the men, exhausted and gaunt after more than two weeks of riding, could scarcely shake clear their brains to act in unison and order, and although Morgan, Duke, and Johnson and many subordinate officers made frantic endeavours to form up and present a bold front to the charges delivered by the Federals, all their efforts were of no avail. The men were pumped by the remorseless march; every ounce of strength in them had gone—so much so, indeed, that many of them were carried helplessly hither and thither by their frightened steeds without the power even to guide the beasts. Moreover, many were without ammunition, having depleted their cartridge-cases in the previous day's fighting, and so could not use their rifles. Duke, in charge of the rear-guard, soon saw that the end had come, and sent a messenger to Morgan telling him just how hopeless matters were, and advising the general to try to make good his retreat whilst there was yet time. The raiders were being steadily crushed towards the river, and the gunners aboard the boats loaded their cannon with grape-shot and fired into the mass, cutting great swaths through the Confederate ranks. After a dreadful time of slaughter Morgan managed to extricate some 1,000 men from the shambles and to make off towards the east. But from this point the raid ceased to be a raid, and became a feverish flight.

One hundred and twenty-five men were left lying in the valley, 700 were made prisoners, and the remainder demoralised. Morgan, however, was nothing like done with. Twenty miles east of the battle-field nearly half of those who remained with him took to the Ohio, and 300 managed to swim across; whilst numbers too worn out to overcome the stream were drowned. Again the gunboats arrived, and Morgan was forced to continue his way still on the northern bank of the Ohio. For six days after the battle of Buffington he and his handful of men managed to elude capture. He passed Athens, crossed the Hocking River, marched to Eagleport and across the Muskingum River, through Coal Hill and Campbell's Station, came near to the Ohio again at Steubenville,

to Richmond, Hammondsville, and almost to New Lisbon. Major Way with a battalion of the 9th Michigan met him at Steubenville, and for twenty-five miles continued to fight him, finally causing the resolute raider to make a last stand at Salineville. Morgan, with his usual audacity, demanded Way's surrender, but the Federal was not to be befooled. He sent back word that unless Morgan came in without more ado he would open fire. Morgan in the running fight of the first twenty-five miles had lost seventy men killed and wounded and 200 men taken prisoners, and his 364 officers and men still with him were unable to go a step farther. So he accepted the inevitable. He surrendered on the 26th of July—twenty-four days from the time he marched from Tennessee.

This proved to be General Morgan's greatest raid. It is recorded that from July 2nd to the 26th he marched as near as might be 1,000 miles, captured a great number of prisoners, and used the weapon "fire" so effectively as to inflict damage to the North to the amount of about $10,000,000. No wonder that the Federals treated him and his men as marauders, refused to exchange or parole any of them, and locked them up in prisons. But Morgan managed a most ingenious and daring jail delivery, and reached the Confederate lines in safety, to take part in other raids and to be shot on September 4th, 1864, while bravely advancing to attack the Federals at Knoxville.

Such was the end of the most famous of all raiders.



ESCAPE OF MORGAN.



GETTYSBURG ranks with the battles that have decided the fate of empires. Had the issue been different the cause of the Confederacy would no doubt have triumphed and the United States have been split in twain. It was fought when the fortunes of the South were at their highest point. Recent victories at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville had greatly raised their *morale*. Their army had been recruited and was reorganised under efficient and much trusted commanders; they were in a position to carry the war into the enemy's country, to invade the States still faithful to the Union, and threaten the Central Government at Washington. On the other hand, the Federals were weakened and dispirited. The withdrawal of many short-service men had greatly reduced their strength, and they had been but lately twice defeated in the open field. Had the Confederates won at Gettysburg, nothing could well have prevented their occupation of Pennsylvania and Maryland. Other far-reaching consequences all tending to the success of the rebellion were more than probable.

It was the famous General Robert E. Lee, at that time the Confederate general-in-chief, who planned the operations that ended in the battle of Gettysburg. Whatever his ultimate aim, no doubt his immediate object was the defence of Richmond, the Southern capital, by an offensive counter attack. His advance was a wide outflanking movement, a blow boldly and unexpectedly struck so far to the rear that the Federals must at once fall back. Thus Richmond would be immediately relieved, while other decisive results would in all probability follow.

A word or two first about Lee, that fine soldier whom his foes compared to Napoleon, declaring that his presence on the field was worth 20,000 men to his side. He was of noble character, a simple, straightforward soldier, devout and God-fearing, a true patriot, prepared to give his life for his country, great in every situation, under every condition, unspoilt by success, unshaken by adversity. "A large austere man," Ulysses Grant called him, and he was no doubt clothed with a natural dignity that was most impressive; but he had still a keen sense of humour, and ruled by quiet sarcasm as much as by force and severity. One good story is told of his rebuke to Mr. Hill, the newspaper editor who freely found fault with one of his campaigns. "We made a great mistake, Mr. Hill, at the beginning of the war," he said, "and that was in appointing our best generals to edit newspapers and our worst to command the armies in the field. For myself, I have done my best, but I shall be happy to change places with you if you can do better."

Another story shows him in the finest light, his large-minded chivalry and unstinting kindliness of heart. It was after this very battle of Gettysburg about to be described, at which he was defeated, as we shall see. When he had ordered a general retreat and was passing rapidly to the rear, he came close to where a wounded Union soldier lay upon the ground with a shattered leg. The poor fellow, with a fine bravado that no one can condemn, raised himself up at recognising the enemy's general and shouted "Hurrah for the Union!" full in Lee's face. Then Lee—but let the veteran tell his own story. "The general heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted and came towards me. I confess that I at first thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up he looked down at me with such a sad expression on his face that all fear left me and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me, and grasping mine firmly and looking right into my eyes he said, 'My son, I hope you will soon be well.' If I live a thousand years I shall never forget the

expression on General Lee's face. There he was, defeated, retiring from a field that had cost him and his cause almost their last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like these to a wounded soldier of the opposition, who had taunted him as he passed by. As soon as the general had left me I cried myself to sleep, there upon the bloody ground."

No wonder that "Mas'r Robert," as he was affectionately called in the army and throughout the South, was the idol of his men. Whenever he showed himself he was greeted with that fierce yell that came to be known as the Confederate battle-cry. When any at a distance heard it—if there was no fighting afoot, that is to say—they knew its meaning, and would exclaim, "There goes Mas'r Robert, or old Stonewall Jackson, or a hunted hare." His anxiety for his men was unbounded; his first care was for the sick and wounded. When his grateful fellow-countrymen would have presented him with a house and estate, he refused, begging that the money might be distributed among the sufferers in the war. He chided his officers when they exposed themselves needlessly, and if they retorted that they only followed his example, he would say that it was his duty to be in the forefront and not theirs. Yet sometimes his people protested when his ardent courage carried him too far. In one of the fierce encounters in the Wilderness he rode up, resolved to lead the charge. Then the officer commanding cried, "General Lee, this is no place for you. Boys! is it necessary for General Lee to show you the way?" "No! No!" was the ringing reply. "We will drive the enemy back if General Lee will only go to the rear."



RICHMOND.

It is sad to turn from this splendid old man in his triumphs to the hour when he was forced to surrender the remnant of his gallant band to General Grant. Even then the affection of those he had so often led to victory was exhibited in the most touching fashion. They would have cheered him as he rode by on that same grand war-horse, Traveller, who had carried him almost uninterruptedly through the war, but the sadness of the occasion silenced all. Only "as he rode slowly along the lines hundreds of his devoted veterans pressed around their noble chief, trying to take his hand, touch his person, or even lay a hand upon his horse, thus exhibiting their great affection for him. The general then, with head

bare and tears flowing down his manly cheeks, bade adieu to the army. In a few words he told the brave men who had been so true in arms to return to their homes and become worthy citizens.

It was in June, 1863, when Lee was at the zenith of his reputation, that he resolved to follow up the successes already achieved against the North by an invasion of the Northern territory. The strategical operations he now adopted, and which led up to his reverse at Gettysburg, must be described here with a view to a proper appreciation of the coming battle.

At this time the Confederate forces in Virginia numbered 70,000. Opposed to them were about 80,000 Federals under General "Joe" Hooker, a comparatively weak force owing, as has been said, to the action of the Short Service Enlistment Act, under which many had recently left the colours. Besides these 40,000 more were in and about Washington under quasi independent commanders, following the vicious system that then obtained, and none were available for the first line. Hooker's army, covering Washington, was encamped on the Rappahannock River immediately opposite the lines of Fredericksburg, which were at this time held by the bulk of the Confederate army.

Lee was anxious to take the offensive, both to draw Hooker away and to transfer the theatre of war to beyond the Potomac. With these objects he began on the 3rd of June a rapid concentration to his left. First Longstreet's corps, then Ewell's were directed upon Culpepper Court House, while Hill stood fast at Fredericksburg watching Hooker. The latter was long in ignorance of his enemy's movements, but on the 9th June he learnt through a cavalry skirmish that Lee was in force at Culpepper. Hooker meant to follow along the river, but now Lee made a further bold leap ahead and stretched out Ewell's corps north and west, thus thrusting his extreme left into the valley of the Shenandoah. Ewell was at Winchester on the 13th, having accomplished seventy miles from Culpepper in three days. Lee's front now occupied at least a hundred miles. His right corps, Hill's, was still at Fredericksburg; Longstreet with the centre was at Culpepper; the left and most advanced was at Winchester at the mouth of the Shenandoah Valley, still remembered by the Federals, from the many disasters encountered there, as the "Valley of Humiliation."

Hooker, when he realised that Lee was thus dangerously drawn out, was for striking at once against his centre, but he was not encouraged therein by the Government in Washington, and he had no alternative but to retire and cover the capital. This released the Confederate general Hill from Fredericksburg, and he quickly followed on to Culpepper, thus relieving Longstreet, who now marched northward, taking the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge mountain, and pointing for Harper's Ferry on the Potomac. Hill then slipped in behind and threaded the Shenandoah Valley in support of Ewell. Ewell, knowing the others were approaching, now pushed across the Potomac and invaded Pennsylvania. Longstreet and Hill followed Ewell, and then the whole of this Northern territory was at the mercy of the Confederate army.

At this critical moment when grave events were imminent, General Hooker fell out with his superiors and resigned his command. His conduct has been sharply criticised, but he no doubt felt that he was not a free agent, and had been subjected to too much fussy interference. He was immediately replaced by General Meade, a much more practical soldier, who had made his way upward by sterling merit, who was quiet and undemonstrative but strong and self-reliant, knowing his business thoroughly. The President—Lincoln—appears to have trusted in him implicitly, and he was at once given fuller powers than Hooker had enjoyed.

Meade felt that it was incumbent upon him to come to blows with Lee as soon as possible. He guessed the enemy's intentions from the direction of his march, and hoped that by striking promptly at Lee he might turn him back and prevent him from crossing the Susquehanna River.

The Federal army had been converging on Frederick City, and had already reached it when Meade assumed the command. From Frederick he at once moved forward towards Gettysburg.

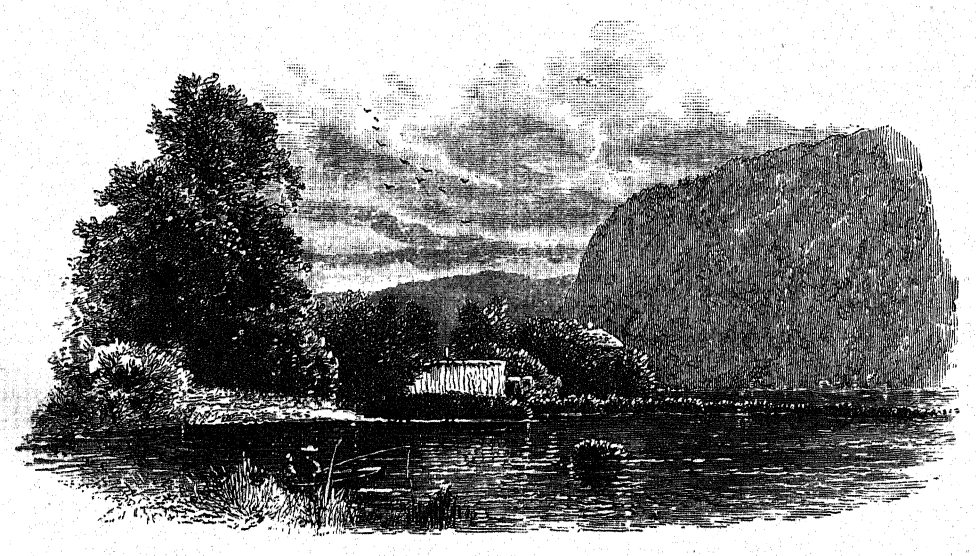
Meade had seven army corps under his orders. The first (Reynolds) and eleventh (Howard) were directed on Emmetsburg; the third (Sickles) and the twelfth (Slocum) on Taneytown; the second (Hancock) on Frizzleburg; the fifth (Sykes) to Unionville, and the sixth corps (Sedgwick) to Windsor.

This was the 29th June. On that same day General Lee learnt that the Federals were on the move, and with a celerity which they had never before displayed. Fearing for his now greatly extended communications, he desisted from his plan of invasion, and resolved to concentrate rapidly so as to be ready, if necessary, to

cover his line of retreat. Accordingly he at once countermarched Ewell from York back on Gettysburg, and diverted Longstreet and Hill from Chambersburg to the eastward, also on Gettysburg. The opposing armies were thus rapidly approaching each other; a great battle was evidently near at hand, although no one as yet could surely forecast the exact spot on which it would take place.

Lee was pointing for Gettysburg because it was of supreme importance to him. Meade, who had no such strong reason, was also making for it: he had at that time no knowledge of the lie of the land there and the strong features it offered as a position to defend, but he merely threw his advance forward to seize and occupy it as a cover for a general line he meant to assume along Pipe Creek. This advanced force consisted of three army corps—the 1st, 3rd, and 11th, the whole under the command of General Reynolds of the 1st Corps. The march of this force was preceded by a division of cavalry, Buford's.

Buford seized Gettysburg on the 30th June, and pushing through it reconnoitred west and north by roads along which Lee was expected. That night Lee's advance, two divisions of Hill's corps, having threaded the passes of the South Mountain, bivouacked within seven miles of Gettysburg; the head of Ewell's corps was at Heidelsburg, nine miles; Longstreet's corps and Hill's third division were still to the westward of South Mountain. General Lee with headquarters was with Longstreet.



ON THE SHENANDOAH.

THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE.

On the morning of the 1st June, Buford with the Federal cavalry stood across to Chambersburg, and was attacked by Hill about 9 a.m. Buford made good dispositions, resolving to hold the Confederates in check until he could be supported: he knew that Reynolds with two whole army corps was not far off, and that it was his duty to detain the enemy as long as possible. Reynolds hurried everyone forward, and soon became hotly engaged with the 1st Corps, which was the earliest and only one to reach the ground for some time. Reynolds had no orders to bring on a general action, but he knew that the bulk of his friends were still to the rear, and he was anxious to give them time to come up and form in the position south of Gettysburg. The first fight was on either side of the Chambersburg road, especially to the south along a small river called Willoughby's Run, and here while nobly animating his men Reynolds was slain. Next Ewell's corps, arriving from the northward, began to exert pressure on the Federal right, and a portion of the 1st Corps was moved across to meet it; presently the arrival of the 11th Corps under Howard brought further help. Howard was now the senior officer and in chief command. He fell into an error not uncommon during this war—that of attempting to cover too much ground. The result was that the long Federal line was unduly weak and drawn out with dangerous gaps at critical points. One of these was about Oak Hill, a commanding ridge between the right of the 1st Corps and the

left of the 11th. Rodes, with the advance division of Ewell's corps reaching towards his right to join hands with Hill, saw this opening and seized it, thus securing the key-point of the Federal position. While Ewell's other division under Early easily forced back the extreme right, Rodes, thus happily placed, broke through the centre with irresistible force, and the whole of the Federal line was broken, its several component parts retreating in great disorder towards the town of Gettysburg. So serious was the reverse that the Confederates captured 5,000 prisoners, and as many more Federal soldiers were left dead or wounded on the ground.

Meanwhile Meade had hurriedly sent General Hancock forward to assume the command and use his discretion as to the position the whole army should assume, whether it should hold Gettysburg or occupy the proposed line of Pipe Creek. Hancock's first duty, however, was to rally the disorganised 1st and 11th Corps, and, being a calm, self-reliant man whose soldierly qualities were well known to the troops, he soon restored order and established the shaken forces firmly in the new and strong position he found ready to his hand. For Hancock, with true military perception, had taken in at a glance the value of the ground just south of Gettysburg for defensive purposes. He accordingly urged the general-in-chief to occupy it at once and make it his battle-ground. Meade readily concurred, and moved up all the troops he had in hand to support those already in position there.

This ridge of Gettysburg—a name that will be ever famous in military history—is no doubt admirably adapted for defence. It runs due south of the town, but at a point opposite it and near it the ridge trends back to the east, thus forming a salient angle or "crotchet." The centre is known as Cemetery Hill. To the right and east is another higher hill, Culp's Hill, which is rough and rocky, its base washed by a stream. This hill formed the extreme right of the Federal position. South from Cemetery Hill the ridge runs strongly defined for three miles, then ends in two high peaks, rocky and wooded, the most elevated being known as "Round Top," the lesser as "Little Round Top" Hills. The eastern slope of the position was good but gradual, affording excellent cover for reserves and trains. The western front sloped more steeply down to the valley, in which runs the Emmetsburg Road. On the far side is another ridge running parallel with Cemetery Ridge through part of its length; it is known as the Seminary Ridge, and was the centre of the Confederate position in the coming fights.

General Lee came upon the ground towards the close of the action which ended in the discomfiture of the two Federal army corps. He was greatly hampered at this time for the want of cavalry, and much in the dark as to the enemy's exact movements or intentions. The intrepid Stuart was his cavalry leader, but that famous general by an untoward manœuvre had been quite cut off from him, and only rejoined by a wide *détour* on the 2nd July, his force much jaded and reduced by rapid marching. Lee, however, seems to have realised that a great battle was inevitable. He could see for himself that the Federals were collecting in front of him, and he hoped to be able to strike a blow before their concentration was complete. Military critics have disapproved of Lee's decision to attack at this juncture. It is urged that the wiser strategy would have been to draw off and make good his retreat before he was too gravely compromised at this great distance from his base. He was not now, indeed, very anxious to take the offensive unless his enemy gave him an advantage by some false move. But to have surrendered the invasion, to have recrossed the Potomac without an action, would have been humiliating, for the Confederates were at this time in the ascendant. They had been so uniformly successful in late engagements that to retire now would have meant a terrible loss of prestige. Besides, they had always won hitherto: why not again? "There was not a barefoot soldier in tattered grey" among the Confederates who did not firmly believe then that Lee would certainly lead them to victory whenever he chose.

THE SECOND DAY'S BATTLE.

By the early morning of the 2nd July the opposing armies were gathered together around Gettysburg. All the Federal army corps, except Sedgwick's, had come up, and were thus disposed:—

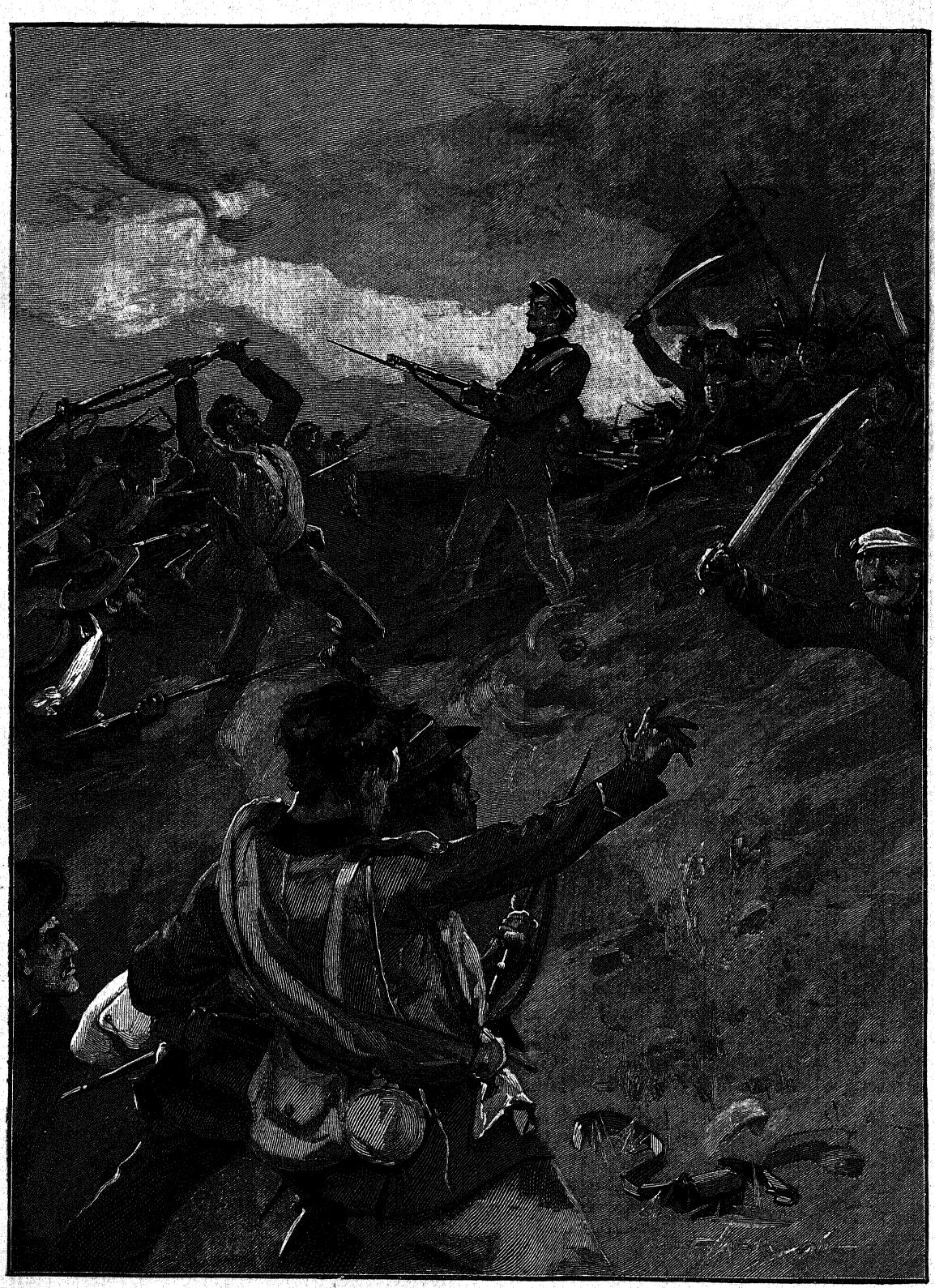
1. Slocum with the 12th Corps held Culp's Hill on the extreme right.

2. Howard with the 11th Corps was posted at Cemetery Hill in the centre.

3. Hancock and the 2nd Corps came next along the southern ridge and then joined—

4. Sickles with the 3rd Corps on the left.

The 5th Corps, under Sykes, was held in reserve at first behind the right, and later behind the left. On 1st July it was some twenty-three miles to the rear, but it came up after a rapid



"THE PRIZE WAS HOTLY CONTESTED STEEL TO STEEL" (*p.* 726).

night march. Sedgwick and the 6th Corps was still further off—at Manchester, thirty-six miles distant; but he hurried forward, and covering the whole ground in twenty hours reached the field at 2 p.m. on this the 2nd July.

The Confederates were in positions as follow:

1. Ewell's corps occupied the town of Gettysburg and the ground in between it and Rock Creek. He held thus the left of Lee's line, and was opposed, naturally, to Culp's Hill, the Federal right.

2. Hill's corps was posted along the Seminary Ridge, which, as already described, fronted the Cemetery Ridge and centre of the Federal line.

3. Longstreet's corps had bivouacked four miles to the rear, but he was to circle round, take the right of the Confederates, and open the ball by an attack on the Federal left.

General Lee greatly hoped, as has been said, to commence the action before his opponents gathered up all their strength. An early reconnaissance made of the Cemetery Ridge encouraged this view, and decided him to throw his weight on the left of the enemy's line. He would have been all the more eager for this had he realised then what came out later—namely, that the two Round Top Hills on the Federal left were the keys of the position, and the Confederates, if lodged there, would have taken the whole length of the Cemetery Ridge in reverse. Longstreet, unfortunately, was too slow. That general could easily have covered the four miles that separated him from the battlefield in less than a couple of hours, but he waited and waited for one laggard brigade, a comparatively small body, until the day was nearly spent, and he did not commence his attack till 4 p.m. By this time the whole of the Federal forces had reached their ground.

Now when the hour of impact had arrived the Federal General Sickles gave the first chance to the Confederates. His post with the 3rd Corps was on the left extremity of the Cemetery Ridge, but short of the Round Top Hills. Seeing in front another crest some 500 yards distant and carrying the Emmetsburg road, he pushed forward and occupied it. He thus left a strong position for another, weaker, out of the line of the battle. This mistake was seized upon by Lee, who ordered Longstreet to make his first attack on Sickles's centre. It was done; while Hood, of Longstreet's corps, circled round, penetrated the right, and was within an ace of securing the Little Round Top. The crucial importance of this hill was very manifest to a Federal general of engineers, who was passing and who forthwith ordered up a brigade of Sykes's 5th Corps to hold it. A race between Federals and Confederates for the Little Round Top followed, not unlike that of the English and French at Salamanca for the Arapiles Hills. The combatants joined issue and the prize was hotly contested steel to steel, but it was in the end retained by the blue-coated Federals and the battle saved. Meanwhile, Sickles was hardly pressed in the centre and had to be continually reinforced, first by Hancock's corps, and then by those of Sykes and Slocum, the last-named being brought up by Meade in person. In the end the Confederates gained the advanced ground taken up by Sickles, and it seemed a very substantial triumph. But this was not a part of the real position on Cemetery Ridge, and its importance was overestimated by Lee. A much greater gain had been achieved on the far right by Culp's Hill.

The plan of the Confederate battle had been to throw the chief burthen of attack upon Longstreet. But Ewell on the other, or extreme left, opposite the Federal right, was to make a vigorous demonstration against Culp Hill so as to occupy the Federals on this side and keep back reinforcements from the threatened left. Ewell delayed his movement till near sunset, and thus failed in his object of retaining the whole of the 11th and 12th Corps in front of him. But this told in his favour. So great had been the drain upon the Federal right to reinforce their endangered left that when Ewell advanced he boldly resolved to change demonstration into attack, and one of his divisions, Early's, all but captured Cemetery Hill. His second division, Johnson's, was sent up against Culp's Hill, where only a single brigade remained in position, and although it held out, bravely seconded by detachments from Wadsworth's division, the earthworks on Culp's Hill were carried and held by the Confederates all through that night. Their possession of this point jeopardised the whole Federal line, and rendered it practically untenable.

So at nightfall on this the second day's fighting, the advantage appeared to be with the Confederates. Longstreet had carried all before him, and Ewell was firmly established within the Federal line. There was much, therefore, to justify Lee in renewing the battle on the following day. Yet Meade was not disheartened. His losses had been terrible, already amounting to more than 20,000 men. But he was certain that

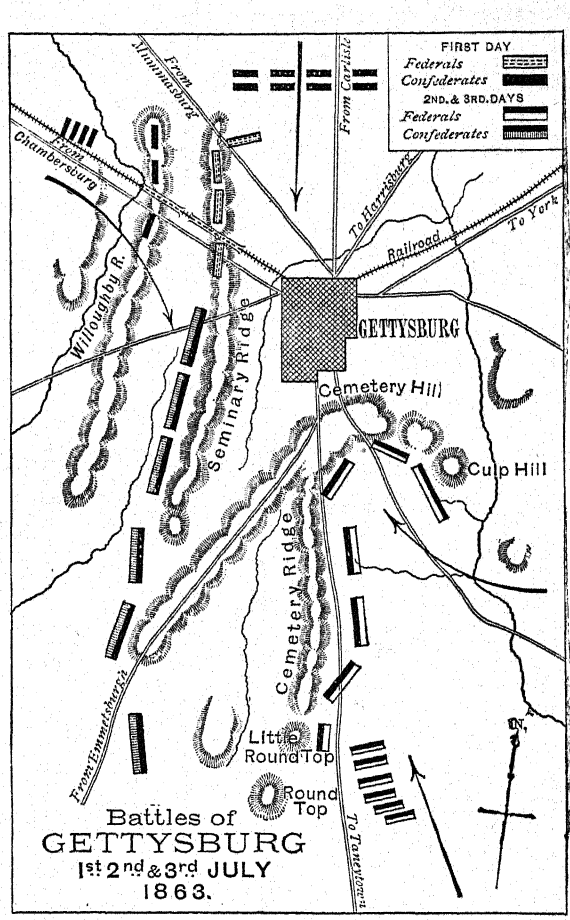
his foes had also suffered most severely; he felt that his position, save at Culp's Hill, was intact, and he was strongly supported by the confidence with which his corps commanders declared that they could recover lost ground and hold their own the following day.

THE THIRD DAY'S BATTLE.

LEE had resolved to follow up his success at Culp's Hill, and to maintain at all costs and against all comers the foothold made by Johnson. But the Federal general was equally determined to turn him out, and during the night collected powerful field-batteries, which at daybreak opened a fierce fire upon the captured breastwork. Then two whole divisions of the 12th Corps and a fresh brigade of the 6th were sent by Meade to recover it. For four long hours the struggle went on until at last the hill was wrested from the Confederates, and the Federal line on this side was once more made secure.

Lee thereupon changed his plan and determined to attack the left centre of the Federal position at a point where the ridge was easier and the Emmetsburg road led through a depression. To prepare for this attack he massed his whole artillery on the Seminary Ridge, and by noon on the 3rd, 145 guns, all field-batteries, were in position. The Federals had not been idle meanwhile. They had gathered together eighty guns to reply to the enemy's cannonade, which commenced at 1 p.m., and is described by General Hancock as the most terrific he ever witnessed, "the most prolonged, one possibly hardly ever paralleled." This fearful artillery duel lasted for a couple of hours, when the fire of the Confederates gradually slackened as ammunition ran short, and that of the Federals was reserved to be directed with more crushing effect upon the attacking column.

The proud but perilous privilege of leading this attack was entrusted to Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps, which had only arrived upon the ground that morning, and was therefore fresh and not battle-torn. Pickett was to be supported by a division on the left (Pettigrew's) and a brigade (Wilcox's) on the right. It has since been declared that Lee intended Longstreet's two other divisions and a division of Hill's corps to take part in the attack, and it seems upon the face of it improbable that out of nine divisions Lee would have left two alone to carry out a momentous operation on which his fate and fortunes entirely depended. However, Pickett advanced 15,000 strong, crossing almost a mile of open "in such compact and imposing order that whether friend or foe, none who saw it could refrain from admiration of its magnificent array." These splendid veterans of Virginia were soon shattered and decimated by such terrible artillery and musketry fire that the supporting columns paused abashed and left Pickett's men to attack

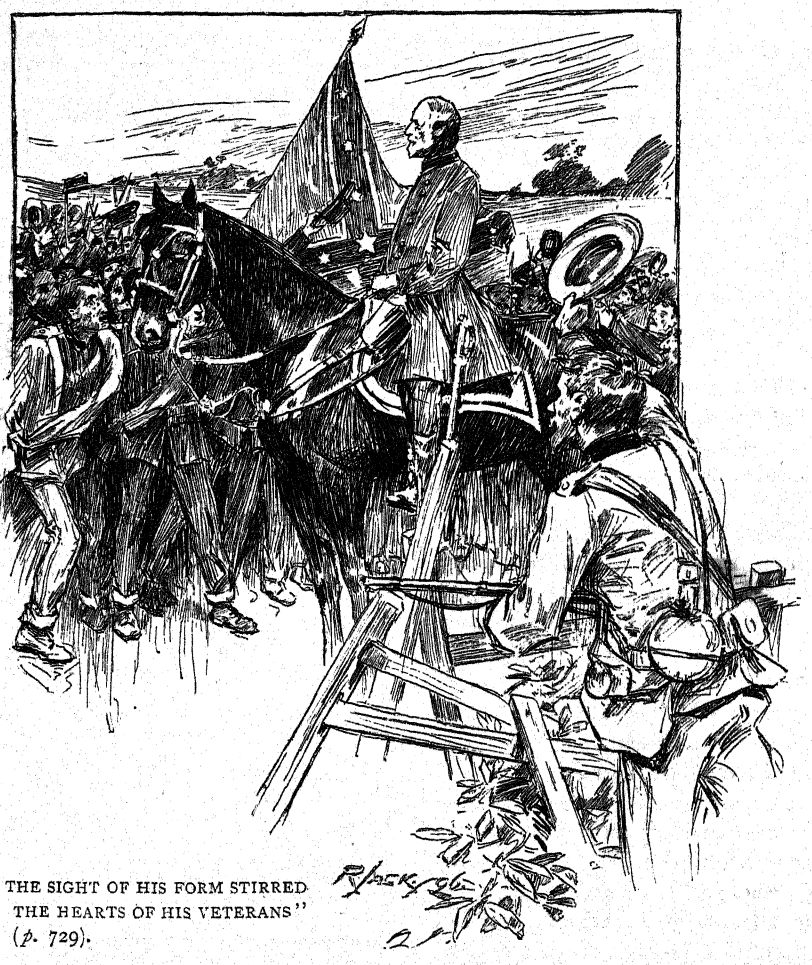


single-handed. Undismayed, undeterred, they still pressed onward, and with one last heroic rush they crowned the heights, burst in upon the defenders, and were for a time victorious. But now the Federals, recovering, rushed in on all sides, the fire of all the neighbouring guns was directed on Pickett's division, its right flank was assailed by a portion of a Vermont brigade. For some time it maintained the unequal contest, but then the Confederates, "seeing themselves in a desperate strait, flung themselves on the ground to escape the hot fire, and threw up their hands in token of surrender, while the remnant

sought safety in flight." Pettigrew's division had essayed to attack, but had been soon discomfited. Wilcox's brigade came on after Pickett's failure, but was soon driven back. Longstreet's divisions did not move.

The battle had now been lost and won. Whether or not the Federal general might have made his victory more complete by counter-attack was much discussed at the time. The repulse of the Confederates might, it is thought, have been converted into absolute rout had Meade unleashed his legions and sent them out against the beaten Confederates. But his troops were mostly wearied; he had really no reserves in hand except the few fresh men belonging to Sedgwick's corps. Again, Lee and Longstreet both said afterwards they would have liked nothing better than to be attacked in their turn. Foreign officers with the Confederates state that it was well for the Federals that they did not attempt to follow up their advantage. Colonel (now General) Fremantle of our Brigade of Guards was also present, and, although he had grave fears of the consequences of a Federal attack, he describes the Confederates as but little broken by defeat. "There was much less noise, fuss, or confusion of orders than at any ordinary field-day; the men as they were rallied in the woods were brought up in detachments, and lay down quietly and coolly in the positions assigned to them." General Longstreet long afterwards gave it as his deliberate opinion that attack would have resulted disastrously. "I had Hood's and McLaw's divisions, which had not been engaged; I had a heavy force of artillery; and I have no doubt I should have given those who tried as bad a reception as Pickett received."

General Meade was, however, a cautious commander. He knew that he had gained a great success, that Lee must now retreat, that the cause of the Confederacy had received a crushing blow from which it could never entirely recover.



"THE SIGHT OF HIS FORM STIRRED THE HEARTS OF HIS VETERANS" (*p.* 729).

The cost, too, had been terrible: of Union soldiers no fewer than 23,000 were killed or disabled in the three days, and the losses inflicted on the Confederates rose still higher to 30,000. He was too well satisfied with the achievement to risk its results by any rash adventure.

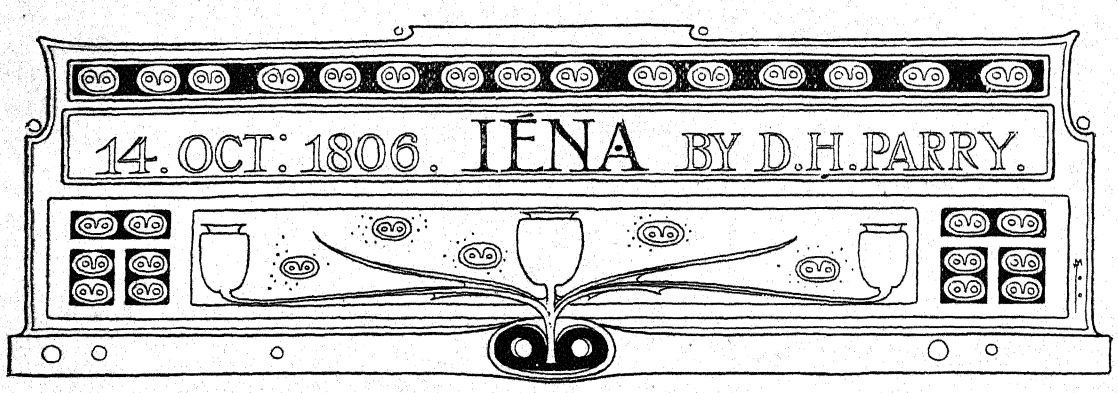
So Lee was suffered to draw off, which he did that very night, retiring westward by passes through the South Mountain range into the Cumberland valley. Severe storms impeded his march, and the tail of his columns had not quite cleared from Gettysburg till the early morning of the 5th. Then Meade pursued, but still with great circumspection. When he came up with Lee about the 12th July, he found the Confederates in an entrenched position at Williamsport on the Potomac, designed to cover the passage of that river. There is a ford at this point, and Lee's engineers had improvised a pontoon bridge. Meade's forces were not fully collected till the 13th, and he had resolved to attack next morning. But at daylight on the 14th the Confederates had disappeared. Lee had withdrawn his last detachments during the night "with great skill and complete success."

They met, these doughty competitors, Lee and Meade, at the very end of the campaign, just after the Confederate surrender at Richmond. Meade, who was an old comrade in happier days before the fratricidal quarrel had set them in arms against each other, went to call in a friendly way upon Lee. In the course of a pleasant conversation Lee turned to his visitor and said, "Meade, the years are telling upon you: your hair is getting quite grey." "Ah, General Lee," was Meade's rejoinder, "it is not the work of years: YOU are responsible for my grey hairs."

He was no doubt a dangerous antagonist. Critics have declared that, while Lee was peerless in defensive warfare, he was not so great in attack, and this judgment is perhaps borne out by the event at Gettysburg. But he attacked with great success at Chancellorsville, also at the second battle of Manassas, and he was ready enough to strike a blow whenever he saw the opportunity. He too is taxed with being now over-cautious now over-bold. The truth was that he adapted himself to the occasion and employed strategy and tactics according to the character of the general opposed to him. He dared much with McClellan, Pope, and Hooker; with Grant he was patiently adroit and unweariedly tenacious. In one respect he was unrivalled. No great soldier outvied him in the power of evoking the enthusiasm of his men. No privations, sufferings, disaster could shake their confidence in him. In the darkest hour the sight of his form or the mention of his name stirred the hearts of his veterans, and they spoke of him with affection and pride to his very last hour.



GENERAL MEADE.



TO the Prussian people 1806 was an *année terrible*, and their subsequent reprisals of 1814, 1815, and even of 1870, have not effaced the memory of Iéna, as the French elect to call the little Saxon town.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the *bona fides* of Napoleon and the Prussian Government respectively in their diplomatic relations, all are agreed that the military spirit of that country hastened on the war ; and never did nation undertake hostilities at a more unfortunate moment or in clumsier fashion.

The French army, returning slowly from its glorious campaign of Austerlitz, was close at hand, and flushed with victory ; and although in rags, with its pay held advisedly in arrears, it was in high moral feather, and looking forward to the fêtes that were promised it when it should arrive in France.

The Prussian army, on the other hand, while full of undoubted courage, was precisely in that condition one would expect as the result of its ruling system.

Its regiments, like our own in the last century, were farmed by their colonels ; class distinction was rife among the officers, and the men were ruled by " Corporal Schlague "—in other words, flogged unmercifully into shape.

Their drill and traditions went back to the days of Frederick the Great, and the only pension granted to the discharged veteran was *a licence to beg publicly!*

So wretched was the condition of the soldier, even when serving, that Marbot was solicited for alms by the grenadiers at the King's gates both at Potsdam and in Berlin ; and yet it was this army, with little or no sympathy between its officers and men, strapped up in tight uniforms, hampered with absurd regulations, and in every respect half a century behind the times, that sharpened its sabres on the doorsteps of the French ambassador, and clamoured wildly to engage the invincible legions of the Emperor.

It had its wish, against the better judgment of its sovereign, and met with perhaps the most crushing defeat recorded in history, being sacrificed to the crass stupidity of its leaders, of whom a word must be said here in justice to the army itself.

The Duke of Brunswick, its actual commander-in-chief, the father of our unfortunate Queen Caroline, was seventy years old, and credited with a great military reputation, though authentic proofs of it may be searched for in vain. He had fought under the celebrated Frederick, who disliked him, and had been beaten by the *sans-culottes* in the wars of the Revolution.

One review-day at Magdeburg, when a field-marshal, he sprang from the saddle, allowed his charger to run loose, and caned a non-commissioned officer for some mistake in a manœuvre ; but nevertheless it was into the hands of this egregious old ass that the Prussian fortunes were entrusted.

Associated with Brunswick—and in truth they seem to have been unable to do anything without previously holding a long pow-wow when they ought to have been marching—were Marshal Möllendorf, a worn-out old man of eighty-two ; Prince Frederick Louis of Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen, an infantry general, whose sixty years had afforded him little opportunity of distinction in the field ; Colonel Massenbach, Hohenlohe's quartermaster-general, whose practical advice was not listened to, probably because it *was* practical ; and several other officers, some of whom distinguished themselves later on in the War of Liberty, but the majority men of no account, who squabbled at the councils, disobeyed orders, and had nothing but personal bravery to commend them.

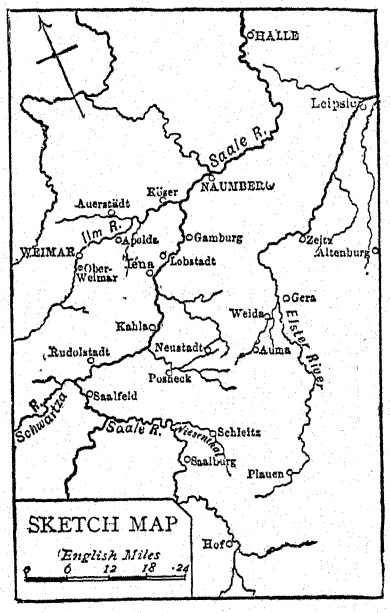
At the head of the younger branch of officers

was Prince Louis Ferdinand, a dashing, hare-brained young fellow, whose passion was pretty equally divided between the worship of Venus and Mars, and whose early death was much deplored.

Between the two factions, ancient and modern, there was perpetual strife, and between these two stools, which the energetic French kicked over in an incredibly short time, the Prussian army came heavily to the ground.

* * * * *

"The insolent braggarts shall soon learn that *our* weapons need no sharpening!" said Napoleon, when Marbot told him of the affront to his ambassador; and again, when he read the foolish demand that his troops should cross the Rhine and abandon German territory by a given date, he exclaimed to Berthier, "Prince, we will be punctually at the rendezvous; but instead of being in France on the 8th, we will be in Saxony."



The October of 1806 was a splendid month—a slight frost during the nights, but the days magnificent, with white cumuli rolling across the blue, when the blue was not entirely unclouded; and on the 8th day of that eventful month the French advanced in three great columns into the rocky valleys that led from Franconia to Saxony: an army—when the cavalry and artillery of the Guard joined it—of 186,000 men, led by masters in the art of war.

The Emperor accompained the centre column, composed of the infantry of the Guard, under Lefebvre, husband of the well-known "Madame Sans-Gêne," Bernadotte's 1st Corps, Davout's 3rd Corps, and Murat's Cavalry Reserve; the whole marching by Kronach on the road to Schleitz and Iéna.

The right column, consisting of Soult's 4th and Ney's 6th Corps, with a Bavarian division, set out for Hoff by forced marches, and the left, made up of Lannes with the 5th Corps and Augereau with the 7th, turned its face towards Coburg, Gräfenthal, and Saalfeld.

The Prussians, to the number of 125,000, which did not include garrisons and sundry detached forces, were also divided into three bodies: General Rüchel with the right, 30,000, being on the Hessian frontier about Eisenach; the main army of 55,000, under Brunswick and the King in person, around Magdeburg; and the left wing, under Hohenlohe, 40,000 strong, being advanced towards the enemy round and about the fortified places of Schleitz, Saalfeld, Saalburg, and Hoff, in defiance of Brunswick's orders, which desired Hohenlohe to recross the Saale and take post behind the mountains that rise above that river.

Their motive was to cut off Napoleon from his base in the Maine valley; but directly they heard that his march was directed towards their left and centre, they changed their plans and attempted a concentration about Weimar, which exposed their magazines, threw their flank invitingly open to the enemy, and necessitated marches by cross roads and byways in a country of which, extraordinary fact, their staff possessed no reliable map!

While this movement was in progress the French came upon them, and struck the first blow at the little town of Saalburg, where a portion of Hohenlohe's men under General Tauenzien were entrenched behind the river.

It was the first day of the advance, and Murat, with some light cavalry and the famous 27th Light Infantry, lost no time in falling to.

Some cannon-shots, an advance of the 27th Léger, and Tauenzien melted away in the direction of Schleitz, where on the 9th, about noon, the centre found him drawn up beyond the Wisenthal in order of battle with his back against a height.

While Bernadotte, who commanded, was reconnoitring, Napoleon arrived, and ordered the attack.

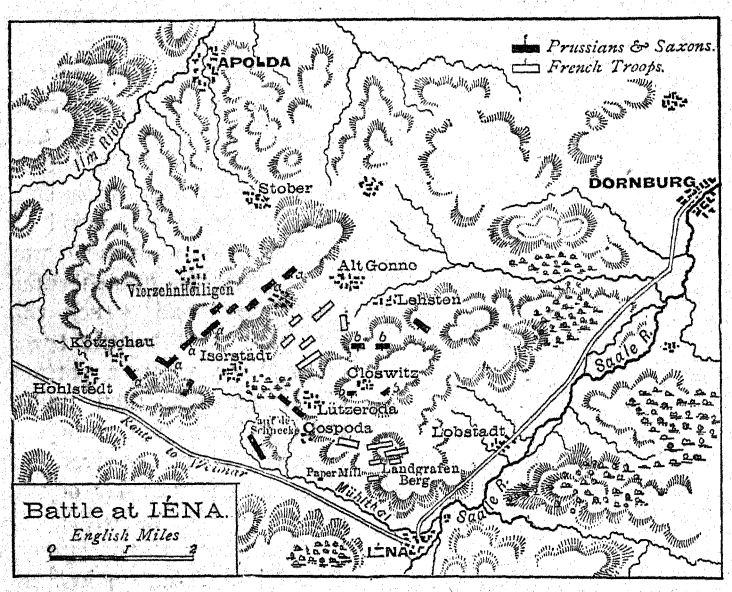
Bernadotte sent the 27th Léger forward under General Maisons, and the regiment quickly debouched from the town upon the enemy; but finding himself in the presence of a superior force, Tauenzien again ordered a retreat.

The 94th and 95th of the Line under Drouet followed close on their heels, mounted the height, and hastened down the other slope; while Murat, riding at the head of the 4th Hussars—the regiment in which Marshal Ney

had made his *début* as a private—charged the cavalry that turned upon him.

At the first shock the 4th overthrew the Prussians; but they were reinforced by several fresh squadrons, and Murat sent for the 5th Chasseurs post haste, who coming up at the gallop flung their green and yellow ranks into the *mêlée*.

Tauenzien hurled his hussars and the red Saxon Dragoons against the two regiments, and matters looked serious for Murat, although Captain Razout of the 94th opened from an ambuscade and killed fifty of them; but Maisons arriving with five companies of the 27th Léger



poured in such a terrible fire that 200 red troopers went down in a mass and the rest bolted.

These dragoons were antiquated-looking fellows, with cocked hats and pigtails, their officers riding with huge canes significantly dangling from wrist or saddle; and as they went about to the rear the 4th Hussars and 5th Chasseurs re-formed and spurred in pursuit, driving them into the woods among their disorganised infantry.

It was short and sharp, but the effect upon the Prussians—who left 2,000 muskets behind them in their flight, nearly 500 prisoners, and 300 killed and wounded—was serious.

Murat still pushed on, and next day, the 10th, Lasalle captured the enemy's baggage, and a pontoon train, Napoleon writing that the cavalry "was saddled in gold"; but on the same day a much more important engagement took place at Saalfeld between the French left, under Marshal Lannes, and Prince Louis, who commanded Hohenlohe's rear-guard.

Saalfeld was a little walled town of about 5,000 inhabitants, and partly to allow time for the evacuation of the magazines in its rear, partly from a burning desire to fight, Prince Louis obtained Hohenlohe's permission to remain there.

He was then thirty-four, brave as a lion, but insubordinate, and of very loose morals.

In Prussia he is regarded as a hero, and there is something in his oval face as it hangs in the Hohenzollern Museum with the hair tied in a ribbon, that reminds one of our own "Prince Charlie."

He had eighteen guns, eighteen squadrons of hussars, and eleven battalions of infantry; and with that force he rashly engaged the experienced Lannes, who was advancing with 25,000 troops, although in effect only the artillery, two regiments of cavalry, and the division of Suchet came into action.

The division of Suchet, which comprised the 17th Léger, and the 34th, 40th, 64th, and 88th of the Line, with the 9th and 10th Hussars, found themselves before the enemy at 7 o'clock in the morning.

Instantly ranging his guns on the heights that commanded the Prussians, Lannes opened fire, and sent part of Suchet's skirmishers through the woods to gall Prince Louis' right.

Until nearly 1 o'clock the Prussians stood their ground, but Suchet working round in their rear and Lannes pouring down upon them in front, they broke and fled, leaving fifteen guns behind them.

Louis charged gallantly with two cavalry regiments flanked by the white-uniformed Saxon Hussars, but Claparède's and Vedel's brigades routed them, and they also retreated.

Rallying them with difficulty, he charged again at the head of the Saxon Hussars, whose tall flowerpot shakoes and bright blue pelisses were soon jumbled together in a confused mass among the willow-fringed marshes by the river bank, where the scarlet and blue 9th, and the

light blue 10th Hussars made short work of them.

Then came the crowning catastrophe of the day; for as the Prince's charger got into difficulties with a hedge, Quartermaster Guindé of the 10th rode up sabre in hand.

Covered with glittering orders and in general's uniform, he replied to the word "Surrender!" with a slash that laid Guindé's face open; but the *maréchal des logis* ran him clean through the chest, and he fell dying on to the grass under his horse.

Marbot, to whom he had been very courteous not long before in Berlin, saw his body on a marble table, naked to the waist, next day, and his death sent a thrill of consternation through the Prussian army.

Guindé, ignorant at first of the man he had slain, was awarded the Legion of Honour, and appointed soon after to the Horse Grenadiers of the Guard, in whose ranks he was killed, when a captain, at Hanau in 1813.

The spirit of prophecy would seem to have been present with the men of that age, for Jomini foretold the exact movements that Napoleon would make, Massenbach the Prussian defeats, and Napoleon himself, speaking of Prince Louis, said, "As for him, I foretell that he will be killed in this campaign."

So far the French advance had been a succession of triumphs, destined to continue without rebuff for the rest of the war; and as the Prussian spirit sank at the news of each defeat, that of the invaders rose.

Reviewing the 2nd Chasseurs-à-cheval at Lobenstein on the 12th of October, Napoleon asked Colonel Bousson how many men he had present.

"Five hundred, sire," said the colonel; "but there are many raw troops among them."

"What does that signify? Are they not all Frenchmen?" was the angry reply; and turning to the regiment, he cried, "My lads, you must not fear death: when soldiers defy death they drive him into the enemy's ranks," with a motion of his arm which called forth a sudden convulsive movement among the squadrons and a wild shout of enthusiasm.

The losses of the Prussians at Saalfeld, which are variously stated, seem to have been about



"THE BATTERY WAS ASSISTED BY NAPOLEON WITH A LANTERN" (*p.* 735).

thirty guns, a thousand prisoners, and a similar number of killed and wounded, together with a quantity of baggage; but these were only the shadows of coming events, and the French columns moved on swiftly, learning by the capture of the post-bag that the enemy were moving on Weimar from Erfurt.

Hohenlohe's troops were ordered to place the hills and forests of Thuringia between them and the victorious foe, and, worn out by marching, were struggling on in the midst of waggon-trains and bad roads, when fugitives from Saalfeld spread terror among them, and they fled in disorder across the Saale into Iéna.

Napoleon likewise concentrated his troops, and the map must be studied to understand their movements in and among towns and villages unknown outside the history of this campaign.

Lannes was directed upon Auma, where the headquarters were, by way of Pösneck and Neustadt, with Augereau on his left; Soult was to proceed by Weida to Gera along the Elster; and Ney was to occupy Auma when the *grand quartier général* should have left it.

Davout was sent north to Naumburg, with Bernadotte to follow as support; Murat's cavalry scoured the country towards Leipsic, which fifty hussars afterwards took with true French audacity; and on the 11th, Napoleon set out for Gera, escorted by the brilliant 1st Hussars with their sky-blue white-laced uniforms and scarlet pantaloons, his cavalry of the Guard not having then arrived at the front.

A strong barrier now intervened between the two armies, French and Prussian, the river Saale flowing, roughly, northward to the Elbe through hilly country, and only passable to an army at five points where there were bridges—viz. at Iéna, Löbstadt, Dornburg, Camburg, and Köser, the latter place opposite Naumburg.

The Prussians having gone helter-skelter across that river at Iéna, they were virtually hemmed in an angle, formed by the Thuringian Mountains to the south and the Saale to the west, so that as their fortresses, their remaining magazines, and their very capital lay open to the enemy, they had but two alternatives—either to make another long flank march to the line of the Elbe or to stay where they were and defend the Saale and its fringe of hills.

The Duke of Brunswick, however, seems to have had a genius for keeping himself out of harm's way; and leaving Hohenlohe to defend the heights of Iéna, though with strict orders not to attack, and Rüchel to collect the outlying forces at Weimar, he set off with his five divisions, bag and baggage, to pass the Saale at Naumburg and reach the line of the Elbe, hastened in this fatal decision by the news of Davout's advance on Naumburg—in other words, he ran away with 65,000 men and left others to do the fighting.

On the 13th of October the army started—ominous date for the superstitiously inclined; and on the same day Napoleon, expecting to find the entire enemy before him, set out from Gera for Iéna, having despatched Montesquiou, one of his *officiers d'ordonnance*, to the King of Prussia with proposals of peace—in reality to gain time for his troops to come up.

It was, to a great extent, a game of cross-purposes; for Brunswick, anticipating a free passage at Naumburg, found Davout and *death;* Napoleon, expecting the whole Prussian army beyond Iéna, found only its rear-guard; and Hohenlohe, looking for Lannes and Augereau, received the full weight of the Emperor himself with the bulk of his forces.

Lannes preceded the Emperor, and had a sharp skirmish with Tauenzien beyond the little university town of Iéna (or Jena), and when Napoleon arrived some of the quaint gabled houses were burning—ignited, it is said, by the Prussian batteries.

Iéna nestles under the lea of a range of hills, the most important being the Landgrafenberg; and the high road to Weimar runs through a difficult valley named the Mühlthal from the paper-mill which stood there.

Having no mind to force that defile, which determined men might have rendered a veritable Thermopylæ, the Emperor made a reconnaissance with Lannes under fire to find some means of carrying the army over the hills on to the plateau beyond, where he should find the Prussians and a natural battle-ground.

Lannes's tirailleurs had captured a pass, but it was useless for artillery; and it was a Saxon parson, exasperated at the sight of the burning town, who pointed out a path on the Landgrafenberg itself, by which, with the help of the sappers, the French could get up their guns.

For this action the worthy man endured such after persecution that he was obliged to leave the country and reside in Paris.

How they cut away the rock and hauled each cannon to the summit with teams of twelve horses apiece, how the battery that was to open fire next morning stuck fast in the dark and was

assisted by Napoleon with a lantern in his hand, is well known, and nowhere is it better told than in the pages of "Tom Burke of Ours," which, in spite of its numerous errors, remains one of the most magnificent pictures of Napoleonic times ever penned.

During the long, cold night the Prussian bivouac fires lit up the horizon beyond the hill-tops, but those of the *Grande Armée* made only a faint gleam high up on the crest of the mountain, and the enemy saw nothing to warn them that 40,000 men were tightly packed there, the crossbelts of one almost touching the cowskin pack of his front rank.

Suchet's division lay waiting for dawn with its right on the Rauhthal ravine; Gazan lurked on the left before the village of Cospoda, 4,000 of the Guard formed a huge square, in the centre of which the Emperor snatched a short repose, and the engineers were busy widening the Steiger path for the passage of the guns.

The Capitaine Cogniet, then a private in the Grenadiers of the Guard, has told us how twenty men per company were allowed to descend into the narrow streets of the deserted town below them to search for food; how they found it in plenty, together with good wine in the cellars of the hotels, each grenadier bringing back three bottles, two in his fur cap, and one in his pocket, with which they drank to the health of the King of Prussia; how they imbibed hot wine all night, carrying it to the artillery, who were half-dead with fatigue; and — ingenuous Cogniet!—confessing that the Guard up on the mountain side were all more or less elevated in a double sense.

At last the morning came, but with it a fog so thick that the enemy were invisible.

Napoleon had been astir at four o'clock, and having sent his final orders to his marshals, issued from the curtains of his blue and white striped tent, and passed before Lannes's corps by torchlight.

"Soldiers," said he, "the Prussian army is turned as the Austrian was a year ago at Ulm. . . . Fear not its renowned cavalry; oppose to their charges firm squares and the bayonet."

The cheers of the soldiers still carried no warning to the Prussian lines. Their hussars had intercepted Montesquiou during the night, and arguing from his message of peace that there would be no fighting on the 14th, the army had made no provision even for the day's rations, and lay in the fog in fancied security.

Then, about six, when the mist lightened, came a rude awakening. The 17th Léger and a chosen battalion, under Claparède, crept forward in single line, flanked by the 34th and 40th in close column, commanded by Reille, with the 64th and 88th, under Vedel, in their rear—in short, Suchet's division making silently for Closwitz, while Gazan felt his way towards Cospoda on Suchet's left.

With Gazan were the 21st Léger, and the 28th, 100th, and 103rd of the Line, and the two divisions enveloped in the fog drew nearer and nearer to the unsuspecting foe until, after they had groped their way for nearly an hour, Claparède suddenly received the fire of Zweifel's Prussian battalion and the Saxon ones of Frederick Augustus and Rechten, seeing only the flash of musketry from the wood that surrounded Closwitz.

The 17th returned the fire warmly, firing into the vapour before them, but when they saw the trees looming up in front, Claparède charged and bayoneted them out of wood and village.

Gazan was also successful in his attack on Cospoda, and, advancing farther, took the hamlet of Lutzenrode from the enemy's fusiliers; but a withering fire was soon opened on both divisions by Cerrini's Saxons, which they sustained for some time until the 34th, which had relieved the 17th, went at them with the bayonet and put them to flight, a disorder which carried the rest of Tauenzien's corps away, leaving twenty cannon and a host of fugitives in the hands of Lannes, who followed at a swinging pace down hill after the cowards.

In less than two hours they had cleared their front for the army on the heights to deploy. A lull came about nine o'clock, and before the action was resumed Ney had arrived at speed; Soult with one division took post behind Closwitz; and Augereau, who was then lamenting the loss of his amiable wife, after pushing Heudelet, his guns, and cavalry along the Mühlthal towards Weimar, left the Gibbet Hill with Desjardin and placed himself on Gazan's left among the fine fir woods that clothed the plateau.

The mist was rising and promised to break, but it was yet some time before the sun shone brightly.

Prince Hohenlohe, whom disaster seemed to pursue, galloped to his troops, who were encamped on the Weimar road awaiting the French left wing as they thought, where Tauenzien's fugitives soon alarmed him, and called forth his better qualities to prepare for a general action.

Hurrying the Prussian infantry under Grawert

to occupy Tauenzien's lost positions, he posted two Saxon brigades under Burgsdorf and Nehroff, Boguslauski's Prussian battalion, and a strong force of artillery to hold the Weimar road to the death, with Cerrini, who had rallied and been reinforced by four Saxon battalions, in support.

Dyherrn, with five battalions, acted as reserve to Grawert. Tauenzien was rallied a long way to the rear, and Holzendorf, who formed Hohenlohe's left, was ordered to attack the French right, while he himself should fall on their centre with cavalry and guns, pending the arrival of Rüchel from Weimar.

The heights above Iéna, the ravines, and the dense woods were capable of the most stubborn defence, and the French would have had to *fight climbing;* but the passage of the Landgrafenberg had altered everything, and as the sun shone out about ten o'clock Hohenlohe saw an astonishing spectacle.

The enemy stretched in dark masses along the high ground on *his own* side of the mountain, outnumbering him in the proportion of two to one, outflanking him to left and right, and prepared to foam down the slope and sweep him off the face of the earth.

Nor did the foe allow him much time to digest the surprise; for the impetuous Ney, who had hurried forward with 3,000 men and deployed in the mist between Lannes and Augereau, flung himself upon the village of Vierzehn-Heiligen in the very centre of the battlefield, and anticipated the Emperor's orders for a renewal of the fight.

Soult with St. Hilaire's division advanced from Löbstadt and constituted the French right; Lannes, with Suchet and Gazan, formed the centre, and Augereau having scrambled out of the Mühlthal, menaced Iserstädt on the left; the Guard and the artillery being in rear, and Murat's cavalry marching to join the army.

Indignant at the firing in his front, Napoleon sent to learn from which corps it proceeded, and was greatly astonished to find that Ney, whom he supposed to be still in the rear, was engaging on his own account.

Ney's troops were the 25th Léger under Colonel Morel, two battalions formed of the *compagnies d'élite* of several regiments, and Colbert's light cavalry brigade, formed of the 3rd Hussars and 10th Chasseurs-à-cheval; and with these the marshal attacked Hohenlohe with his usual bravery, leading them, as his aide-de-camp tells us, "like a corporal of voltigeurs."

Hohenlohe's horse-artillery was in position, and the 10th Chasseurs, forming under cover of a little wood, darted out upon it, and took seven guns at one swoop under a fearful fire; but while they were sabring away, the Prussian cuirassiers of Holzendorf and Prittzwitz's dragoons came down with a thunderous rush, and the 10th went about.

The 3rd Hussars, forming behind the same trees, spurred on the Prussian flank and checked the cuirassiers for a moment, but had to retreat in their turn; and Ney, throwing his infantry into two squares, found himself in a bad case at the moment when Napoleon reached a height overlooking the conflict.

Sending Bertrand to Ney's assistance with two light cavalry regiments, probably the 9th and 10th Hussars, he ordered up Lannes; and the gallant Ney made an heroic struggle to hold his own, pushing his grenadiers to the clump of trees that had sheltered his horsemen, and flinging his voltigeurs at Vierzehn-Heiligen itself.

Up came Lannes at the head of the 21st Léger, and as Grawert deployed before the village in magnificent order, opening a terrible fire, Lannes led five of Claparède's and Gazan's regiments to outflank him.

In every part of the field the crash of musketry and the boom of heavy cannon resounded. Napoleon still believed he had the entire Prussian army before him, and the stubborn resistance justified that opinion.

The Prussian regiments of Zathow and Lanitz covered themselves with glory before Vierzehn-Heiligen. The cuirassiers were true to their traditions of Seidlitz and the Seven Years' War; but inch by inch the French gained ground, although it was an hour after midday before they obtained a permanent advantage.

Hares fled terrified about the stubble fields, the soldiers cheering them as they fought. The October woods were strewn with dead men among the fallen leaves, and the hollow ways were full of smoke.

Thanks to the Prussian horse, Hohenlohe took some guns, and his hopes were so far raised that he wrote to Rüchel, "At this moment we beat the enemy at all points."

He soon learned, however, that Soult had almost annihilated his left wing, and Augereau and Lannes under his own eyes drove back his right more than half a mile.

The brave man appeared everywhere at once: now heading his cuirassiers, now encouraging the infantry, again peering through the clouds that hung before the batteries; but it was all to no purpose. Grawert was badly wounded,



MURAT AT IÉNA

(From the picture by H. Chartier)

Dyherrn's five battalions fled before Augereau, and with a tremendous rolling of drums the whole French army advanced down the slope, the Guard included, about two in the afternoon.

Hohenlohe's next letter to Rüchel was significant. "Lose not a moment in advancing with your as yet unbroken troops. Arrange your columns so that through your openings there may pass the broken bands of the battle." In vain Rüchel arrived at last with 20,000 men; Soult fell upon him and they made poor stand, the growing rout already communicating itself to the newcomers.

The French musicians played under the heavy fire; Rüchel was seriously hurt; Hohenlohe's own regiment and the grenadiers of Hahn gave way; and, most terrible of all, Murat and his cavalry came on the scene and overwhelmed everything in a whirlwind of slaughter.

No battle can show a carnage more merciless and horrible than that surge of heavy horsemen among the flying Prussians after Iéna.

They spared nothing in their path, and every one of those fifteen thousand long swords was red with blood from point to hilt.

Rüchel's men had the double misfortune to meet both the victorious French and their flying countrymen in a disorganised mass rolling down hill, and though here and there individual battalions fought bravely to the last, panic seized the whole army and it tore madly to the rear.

Brown-and-gold hussars of Anhalt Pless; light infantry in green jackets piped with red; white Saxon hussars and grim dragoons with the bristle taken out of their moustaches, all mingled in a shocking, terror-stricken mob, covering the roads and fields for miles; Murat's cuirassiers and dragoons slashing and slaying until compelled to halt from very weariness.

Many colours were taken in that pursuit, and two curious incidents are worthy of record: Quartermaster Humbert of the 2nd Dragoons captured a standard, but was killed by three musket-balls, seeing which, the dragoon Fauveau leaped to the ground, rescued the prize, and carrying it to his colonel under a hail of shot, said modestly, "It was the Quartermaster Humbert who took this flag," for which he received the Cross the same day.

The other instance was that of Colonel Doullembourg of the 1st Dragoons, who was unhorsed and momentarily captured, in the confusion his name appearing in the bulletin as killed.

"It is not worth the trouble of alteration," said Berthier when he protested; and, oddly enough, the mistake was still further perpetuated after the Polish campaign; for certain squares and streets of Paris being named after the officers who fell at Iéna, a Rue Doullembourg came into existence, and again the colonel protested.

"What!" said Berthier, "would you have me give back to the Emperor an order so honourable to you? No; live in the Rue Doullembourg and establish your family there."

That night Soult bivouacked round Schwabsdorf; Ney at Weimar, where the rest of his corps joined him, the 59th, as an instance of the fatigue they had endured in their efforts to arrive, lying exhausted for half an hour before they recovered energy sufficient to light a fire; Lannes halted between Umpferstädt and Ober Weimar; and Marshal Augereau took up his quarters in the house of the Prince of Weimar's head-gardener, where, after twenty-four hours of fasting and fighting, they found nothing to eat but pineapples and hothouse plums.

Napoleon returned to Iéna for the night, where he received the professors of the university, and rewarded the Saxon clergyman to whom he owed so much; and there he composed the Fifth Bulletin, one of the most mendacious of his productions.

It is also recorded that he crossed the battlefield and administered brandy with his own hands to many of the wounded.

But Iéna, sanguinary as it was, was not *the* battle of the campaign. Another action had been fought near Auerstädt at the same moment, which broke up the main body of the enemy, and covered Davout with a glory for which he was not allowed his full mead of praise.

The Prussian army of the centre marched leisurely towards the Saale, taking no heed to the whereabouts of Davout and Bernadotte, flattering itself that it was out of danger, and bivouacking about Auerstädt on the night of the 13th with empty stomachs.

The Prussian patrols gave warning of their approach to a battalion of the 25th of the Line, which Davout had posted where the great high road winds down the defile of Köser to the bridge across the Saale; and Davout, whose extreme short-sight made him remarkably minute in his reconnaissances, rode up with his staff in the evening to investigate how matters stood.

Learning from some prisoners that the Prussian centre was before him, he ordered his corps to march at midnight and occupy the heights between the enemy and the river over which he

must pass, and went to Bernadotte to concert measures with him.

Then one of those strange things happened which often sully the page of history and the fame of great men. Bernadotte chose to interpret certain orders of Napoleon's to his own liking, an old quarrel existing between the two marshals.

In the belief that a force of 80,000 men (for Brunswick's army was magnified to that number) menaced a post to be held at all hazards, the future King of Sweden carried off his corps of over 20,000 to Dornburg, and left Davout with 28,756 to bear the entire brunt of the battle.

Brunswick's army not having been as yet engaged may be justly estimated at close upon 66,000. Consequently Davout's task was heroic, and he set about it with that methodical care which distinguished all his actions, and earned his title of Duke of Auerstädt nobly.

Between the bridge of Köser and the village of Auerstädt, which lies ten miles south-west of Naumburg and about twelve due north of Iéna, there is a natural hollow intersected by a rivulet, through which the high road runs, and after passing through Hassenhausen on the Naumburg side of the hollow, descends by the defile of Köser to the Saale.

To this position Davout marched in the darkness of the early morning, and formed Friant's division on the edge of the dip at six o'clock as Blücher's advance-guard of cavalry reached the other ridge.

The fog was so dense that the combatants could not see each other, and Blücher's troopers, after crossing the basin and pushing up the opposite slope, fell in with Davout's light horse, and exchanged pistol-shots, losing a few prisoners.

As both sides paused and the French chasseurs fell back behind their infantry, the 25th of the Line unlimbered some guns and fired grape into the valley below.

Blücher's party retreated, leaving a battery in Davout's hands, and the Prussian staff held an anxious council near the rivulet which they had passed with Schmettau's division forming their van.

Brunswick, as usual, advised caution and to wait, but was overruled by the King and Marshal Möllendorff.

Meanwhile, Davout had posted Gudin about Hassenhausen, especially to the French right of that village, and filled a fir plantation with tirailleurs, who gave Schmettau a warm welcome as he deployed and advanced.

When the fog lifted and they saw Gudin on the ridge, Blücher made a détour and charged his flank with a cloud of cavalry; but the 25th, 21st, and 12th of the Line formed square, a general in each, Davout himself hovering about them to direct their efforts, and Blücher led four desperate rushes in vain, getting his horse shot under him and retreating in disorder.

The 25th was one of those regiments which Napoleon had recently clothed in white as an experiment, abandoned after Eylau in consequence of the fearful spectacle the blood-bedabbled field presented. Its facings were bright orange, as were also its towering plumes.

While his cavalry hastened the retreat of Blücher, Davout concentrated Gudin in Hassenhausen, placed Friant on its right and Morand, when he arrived, on the left, an arrangement hardly completed when the Prussians, reinforced by the divisions of Wartensleben and Orange, attacked with great fury.

Wartensleben, in particular, attempted to rush the village, and there was some ghastly work with the bayonet in the street and gardens, but the 85th, 25th, and 21st held it well.

From nine o'clock until ten the attack lasted, both sides displaying magnificent bravery.

Gudin lost half his men, all the divisions suffered severely, but the Prussians had also to lament several of their chiefs.

Schmettau, wounded, refused to leave the field, and was hit a second time, mortally; Brunswick, brave in action if timid in council, received a mortal wound, some say in the mouth, others in the chest, while fighting in the thick of it; and poor old Möllendorf, who had been page to Frederick the Great, was struck down and afterwards captured in Erfurt.

The King of Prussia had his horse killed, and a piece of shell that entered Davout's hat at the cockade tore away some of the marshal's hair.

When Morand came up, leaving one battalion at the bridge of Köser, he dislodged Wartensleben, and was gaining ground on the left when he was charged by the cavalry under Prince William.

Morand formed his men into squares, and, shattered as they were by the terrific fire, Prince William's ten thousand horse could make no impression upon them.

Morand took his place in one square, Davout in another, and so deadly were the volleys from them that they created "around them a rampart of corpses."

The 17th of the Line in particular was noticed

for its coolness ; it was another of the "white" regiments, with scarlet facings, and as the enemy approached it raised its shakoes on the bayonet-points, and shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

"Why not fire, then?" cried Colonel Lanusse.

"Time enough for that: at fifteen paces you will see!" was the answer. Then they fired!

Hohenlohe and Rüchel would join them—for nothing was known yet of the battle of Iéna.

Kalkreuth protected the wreck nobly with his two divisions, and the broken army, encumbered with baggage, set off on its road while Morand's cannon and the other divisions under Davout pressed the rear-guard hotly.



"MURAT'S CUIRASSIERS AND DRAGOONS SLASHING AND SLAYING" (*p.* 738).

At length, when the mangled squadrons retired behind the shelter of their infantry, Morand formed his squares into columns of attack, and forced Wartensleben back to the stream as Friant advanced on *his* side and drove Schmettau's division and the Prince of Orange's first brigade down the slope, clearing Hassenhausen of all but the fallen.

The fighting was now abandoned on the slope, and was transferred to the marshes in the hollow and to the villages in front of Auerstädt, both sides exhausted with the six hours of combat.

The Prussian reserve under Kalkreuth still remained intact, and the King, backed up by brave Blücher, was disposed to make a final effort; but, overwhelmed by the many opinions which were allowed expression. a retreat was decided upon—a retreat on Weimar, where Kalkreuth was obliged to fall back, and the French took 115 guns and 3,000 prisoners; but Davout having only the 1st, 2nd, and 12th Chasseurs in the field, was unable to produce the same disorder that Murat's horse had effected. He sent to Bernadotte, whose men were quietly cooking at Apolda, but that marshal gave him no aid, and even retained Beaumont's dragoons who had been detached to assist Davout in common with himself.

Unfortunately, there has been but little authentic incident preserved of personal valour at Auerstädt, but the losses on both sides were enormous.

The Prussians had about 10,000 killed and wounded, and the French 270 officers and 7,200 men; 134 officers and 3,500 privates belonging to Gudin's division alone.

Morand, Gudin, and halt the superior officers were wounded, and Davout had kept the bridge as heroically as Horatius of old. Nor was that all; for Hohenlohe's fugitives began to mingle with the retreating Prussians, and the defeated army broke and fled, their king, who had had two horses killed, escaping under Blücher's escort. After that there was an end to cohesion, and the pitiful remnants of the great fighting machine of Prussia were disposed of in detail by the conquerors.

The whole country was covered with fugitives, waggons, guns, and independent parties; the Prussians plundered their own baggage; Bernadotte, or more properly General Dupont, destroyed Eugène of Würtemberg at Halle on the 17th.

Erfurt, Magdeburg, all the fortified places, fell one after the other into French hands, and in twenty days from passing the frontier Napoleon made his triumphal entry into Berlin.

His treatment of the conquered country is unhappily too well known to need much comment here; barbarous, insulting, and mean as it was, it proved the ultimate making of Prussia, for it roused a spirit of national independence, which has borne fruit in our own day, and may do again, unless their Rosbach of 1870 finds another Iéna in the future!

Napoleon's bulletin announcing the double victories of the 14th October is curious as showing the man; for he blends the two battles under the name of Iéna, merely saying of Davout, "On our right the corps of Marshal Davout performed prodigies," etc. And yet Napoleon himself had only overthrown the corps of Hohenlohe and Rüchel with the bulk of the *Grande Armée*, while Davout with only three divisions, 44 guns, and three regiments of light cavalry, had put the Prussian centre to flight!

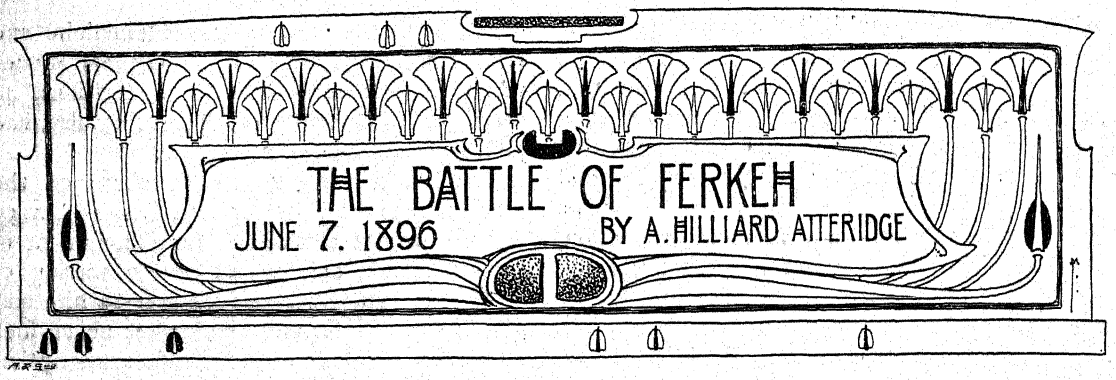
Between Naumburg and Merseburg on the road to Halle the Emperor sent General Savary into the stubblefields to look for a monument of former French defeat, and at the waving of Savary's handkerchief he rode over to him and gazed upon a little stone pillar not above four feet high with an almost illegible inscription commemorating Frederick's victory of Rosbach in 1757, which Suchet's pioneers were ordered to pack in their waggons for transmission to France.

Later on the sword and orders of the Great Frederick, taken from his coffin-lid, shared the same fate, a proceeding decidedly in the *then* French taste, but not easy to reconcile with our own ideas of what should be the attitude of a successful general towards the feelings of the people he has conquered under Providence.

Iéna and Auerstädt, but the former especially, were soldiers' battles: both armies were full of spirit, and on the fields themselves were nobly led. Only to these causes, then, can one ascribe the remarkable breaking down of Prussia in so short a time: the folly of an overdrilled system that refused to move with the times, having no unity in its plan of campaign or harmony at headquarters; the whole machine covered with a fine green mould of ancient tradition which got into the wheels and prevented its keeping pace with modern needs.



MARSHAL DAVOUT, DUKE OF AUERSTÄDT.



ON Sunday, March 1st, 1896, General Baratieri, the Italian commander in Abyssinia, attacked the Shoan army near Adowa. Advancing against a strongly posted enemy through difficult country, where his columns could neither support each other nor find ground on which to deploy rapidly when they came in contact with their opponents, the Italian general suffered an overwhelming defeat, the greatest that a European army had ever experienced in Africa. It was a crushing blow, not to Italy alone, but to the prestige of Europeans generally in the Dark Continent.

Already before Adowa, but after the minor disasters at Amba Alagi and Makalla, which were its forerunners, there had been rumours that the Dervishes were about to take advantage of Italian embarrassments in Abyssinia in order to attempt the re-capture of Kassala. Within a few days of the battle of Adowa the news reached Europe that a Mahdist army, among whose leaders was Osman Digna, was advancing from the Atbara river against Kassala.

A few days more and a telegram in the *Times*, dated from Cairo and published in London on March 13th, announced that it had been decided to make a forward movement from the Anglo-Egyptian outposts upon the Nile, thus attempting a diversion in favour of the Italians, and at the same time recovering for Egypt the valuable province of Dongola, and securing the upper Nile valley between Wadi Halfa and Assouan from the raids of the Dervishes.

The news came as a surprise both to England and to Egypt. Lord Cromer in his annual report on the finances, administration, and condition of Egypt in 1895, published in the first days of March, had spoken of the general security of the Nile frontier, and of the insignificance of the Dervish attempts to disturb it. Even in the highest circles in Cairo nothing was known of an impending movement till the news came from London. The various military departments were engaged in their ordinary routine duties The Nile was near its lowest ; the hot weather was approaching ; it was the worst time of the year for beginning a campaign. The fact was that the expedition had been decided upon, not in Cairo, but in London, and the grounds on which the decision was based were those of British imperial policy, in which Egyptian affairs were only one out of many factors. But there is no need here of entering into the diplomatic history of the campaign, or of trying to disentangle from the mass of conflicting official statements the real reasons that led to the Dongola expedition.

It was close upon midnight on Thursday, March 12th, that the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener, then in Cairo, received by telegraph from London definite orders for the campaign. Next morning the Khedive's ministers met in council, formally to vote the decree for an enterprise in the acceptance or rejection of which they had no real voice. All day the Egyptian War Office had been busy preparing to meet the unexpected emergency. On the 14th the reserves were called out. On the 15th the first troops were despatched to the front.

When the Dongola province was evacuated in 1885 the frontier had been fixed at Wadi Halfa, from which a railway ran through the rocky Batn-el-Hagar desert to Akasha. For a while advanced posts were maintained south of the railhead at Akasha, but these were gradualy withdrawn until the long sandy hollow of Khor Moussa, five miles south of Halfa, was the actual border-line. North of the Khor a mud-walled fort flew the Egyptian flag, but on the south side of it at times the Mahdist scouts showed themselves almost daily. In 1889, after the

victory of Toski, Sarras, thirty-five miles south of Wadi Halfa, was re-occupied as an advanced post in the desert, and the railway between Sarras and Halfa was kept in working order. South of Sarras, along nearly the whole fifty miles to Akasha, the Dervishes gradually destroyed the line, pulling up the metals and leaving them on or near the roadbed, using the sleepers as firewood, and carrying off most of the smaller and more portable ironwork, such as fish-plates, nuts, and spikes. Sarras Fort, garrisoned by Soudanese infantry and Egyptian gunners, was the extreme southern point held on the Nile in March, 1896, when Colonel Hunter, the Governor of the frontier district, received telegraphic orders from Cairo to reoccupy Akasha without delay, as it had been decided to relay the railway line to that point, and make it the advanced base of operations for the march upon Dongola.

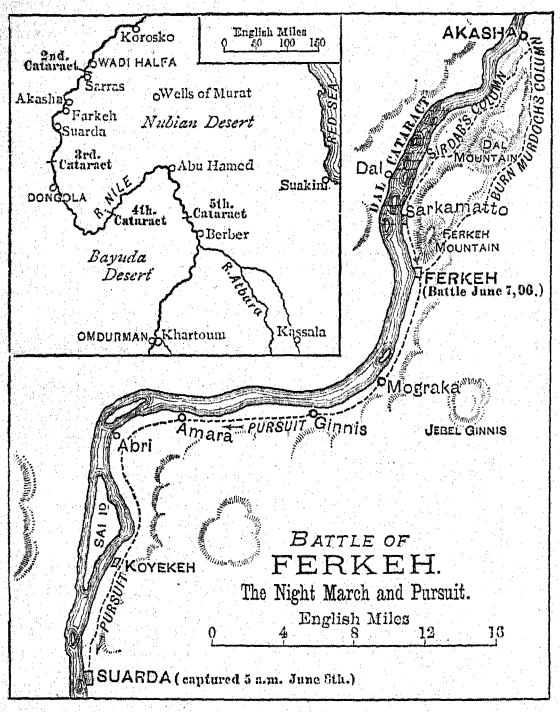
On the 16th a column composed of the 13th Soudanese under Major Collinson, a squadron of cavalry under Broadwood, a battery of mountain-guns, a company of the camel corps, and a long train of camels carrying supplies, started for Akasha. The place was occupied on the 20th. No Dervishes were met with either there or anywhere along the route, though there were signs, some of them ghastly enough, of the destruction they had wrought during their occupation of the Akasha valley. The old British fort and a number of houses erected in 1884 were in ruins; the railway iron lay scattered along the track; and a little beyond the site of the old station, near the river bank, a rail had been fixed nearly upright to serve as a gallows. A piece of cord dangled from one of the holes for the fish-plate bolts, and at its base lay the skull and bones of some poor wretch whose body had doubtless hung there till it fell to pieces. A second column arrived on the 28th, reinforcing the garrison with two more Soudanese battalions, the 11th under Major Jackson, and the 12th under Major Townshend, the defender of Chitral. With this column came Major MacDonald, the commandant of the advanced post, a brave Highland soldier, who fought his way up from the ranks, winning his commission in Afghanistan, and who had since seen much hard service in Egypt and the Soudan. Just before the column arrived a Dervish scouting party showed itself to the south of Akasha. The mountain battery very cleverly dropped a shell among them, and they rode off carrying away one man dead and two badly wounded. It was the first shot of the campaign. Beyond this there were no signs of Dervish activity, and MacDonald, with his cavalry and camel scouts to watch the difficult country in his front and three Soudanese battalions and a battery for a garrison, could feel tolerably safe at this advanced post, deep in the stony wilderness of the Batn-el-Hagar.

Having secured Akasha, the work of relaying the railway that was to connect it with Sarras and Wadi Halfa had begun. It was difficult work carried out by an improvised railway battalion, under the direction of British engineer officers, who had to teach their men how to do the work, so that at the outset the progress was necessarily slow. Meanwhile supplies were being brought up the river to Assouan, carried thence by the six miles of railway that runs past the First Cataract to Shellal, near Philæ, where they were loaded on stern-wheel steamers and barges, and conveyed to Halfa. Thence they were carried by rail to Sarras, and from Sarras long convoys of camels carried them on to Akasha by a chain of fortified camps formed along the river bank to connect the advanced post with Sarras. It was anxious work escorting the camel convoys through the wild rocky desert, but the Dervishes showed a singular want of dash and enterprise, and never once ventured to attack a convoy. As stores became available more troops were brought up to the front. As the railway was pushed on, the accumulation of stores became easier. At last by the end of May a sufficient quantity of supplies had been accumulated at the advanced depôt in the fortified camp of Akasha to warrant a further advance.

What had the Dervishes been doing during these ten weeks? They had for some years maintained a garrison some thousands strong at Dongola, for they were always expecting that a British army would again ascend the river as it had done in 1884-5. This garrison had an advanced post at Suarda, fifty-four miles south of Akasha, whence occasionally plundering and murdering raids had been directed against the Nile villages to the northward. For many a mile north of Suarda the villages were in ruins and cultivation had ceased along the river bank. In April, when news reached the Dervish leaders that an expedition was being organised for the reconquest of Dongola, the vanguard of the Dongola army was pushed northwards from Suarda first to Mograka, and then to the ruined village of Ferkeh, eighteen miles from Akasha. At Ferkeh the huts were repaired and a large

camp was formed under the command of the Emir Hammuda Idris, with Osman Azrak, the leader of many raids against the Nile villages, as his right-hand man.

Meanwhile Osman Digna, with a picked force, had left the Dervish camp before Kassala and attempted a raid into the Suakim territory, where he hoped the tribes would rise at his call. But his forces were very roughly handled by the Suakim garrison, the tribes refused to join him, and before the end of April he had abandoned the enterprise. Hammuda at Ferkeh



was doing very little. The fact appears to have been that he was constantly quarrelling with Osman Azrak, and the lesser chiefs were also disunited. On May 1st he sent a force about 1,000 strong up the long sandy valley towards Akasha, but they were stopped by three squadrons of Egyptian cavalry under Major Burn-Murdoch, and retired to Ferkeh after a brief encounter, in which all the honours of the day were with the Egyptians. It was a small affair, but very useful, as it gave the Egyptians confidence in their power of successfully meeting the redoubted Dervish warriors in the open.

After the May-day fight there was again a long period of inactivity in the Dervish camp. Towards the end of May, the Emir Wad Bishara, who governed the Dongola province, sent positive orders that raids should be made against the railway works, the Egyptian line of communications, and the standing camps on the river. Hammuda was preparing to carry out these orders, and had actually despatched small parties northwards by both banks of the Nile, when to his surprise the Egyptians assumed the offensive. It was apparently the idea in the Dervish camp that nothing would be done by the Sirdar till he had his railway completed up to Akasha, and thus even the large concentration of troops in and near the advanced post in the first days of June did not warn Hammuda and Osman Azrak of the terrible blow that was about to fall upon them.

The Sirdar with his staff left Halfa on Monday, June 1st, and transferred his headquarters to Akasha. Along the river bank from that place to Okmeh there was a great camp formed by the end of the week, for every available man was being pushed up to the front. Even the work on the railway was stopped, so that the Railway Battalion might be available to garrison points on the line of communication, and thus set free better-trained troops, and the engineer officers found themselves temporarily attached to the staff as gallopers. The secret of the precise date and plan of the coming battle was well kept, and it was not till after noon on Saturday that it was generally known in camp that the troops were to march that evening, bivouac in the desert, and attack the Dervishes at Ferkeh at dawn next day, Sunday, June 7th.

Sir Herbert Kitchener had been well served by his Intelligence Department, directed by Major Wingate, with Slatin Pasha (recently escaped from Omdurman) as his right-hand man. To use a familiar phrase, what Wingate and Slatin did not know about Mahdism and the Dervishes was not worth knowing. Thanks to the careful questioning of spies and deserters, they were able to produce a plan of the Dervish camp at Ferkeh, with a list of the tribesmen and black troops assembled there, and of the Emirs who commanded them. They were also able to assure the Sirdar that the Dervish outposts were drawn in at night close to the camp, so that there was good prospect of getting within striking distance of the enemy without coming upon his sentinels or patrols. Captain Broadwood, starting from Akasha, now by the east bank, now by the west, had repeatedly reconnoitred Ferkeh; the ground between it and Akasha had been roughly mapped on a

large scale, and he had ascertained that cavalry could get to the southward of the place over low hills, between which and the river there was a broad strip of fairly level ground running southward for miles. The enemy was known to be about 4,000 strong, picked men, a considerable part of the force being formed of the Jehadia, or black riflemen, regularly drilled troops under Arab officers. The rest of the force was made up of Baggara, Jaalin, and Dongolese tribesmen, all armed with sword or spear, and many having also Remington rifles. There were some hundreds of horsemen and camel-men, and the riflemen had an abundant supply of ammunition. The Emir Hammuda seems to have been actually in command, though a letter from Bishara at Dongola, transferring the command to Osman Azrak, on account of Hammuda's long inactivity, was upon its way, or may even have reached Ferkeh before the fight.

There are two routes from Akasha to Ferkeh, known respectively as "the desert route" and "the river route." Both start by the same sandy valley, the Ferkeh Khor, which runs nearly south out of the semicircle of rocky hills that surround Akasha. About a mile out another sandy valley, Khor Shargosheh, strikes off to the right towards the Nile, and at this point the river route begins. It runs across the rough rocky ground between Dal Mountain and the Nile, which it touches at three points. At the last of these, north of the deserted village of Sarkamatto, it runs for some distance along a narrow ridge of rock above the rushing waters of the Dal Cataract; then it reaches Ferkeh by a stretch of low ground between the river and



"IT WAS STORMED BY THE INFANTRY" (*p.* 747).

the hills. The desert route winds through the sandy valleys to the east of Dal Mountain, the two routes uniting under the bold slopes and precipices of Ferkeh Mountain, close to the village of the same name.

The whole distance from Akasha to Ferkeh is about eighteen miles. The desert route was fairly easy ground for an army to traverse; the river route must have seemed to the Dervishes all but impossible. This was doubtless one reason why the Sirdar chose it for his main line of advance, for surprise was the very essence of his plan. To drive the Dervishes out of Ferkeh was only one of his objects; he meant to thoroughly break up and destroy Hammuda's force, and to clear the enemy out of the whole country as far as Suarda.

His plan was to attack in two columns. Major Burn-Murdoch, his cavalry commander, was to march by the desert route with a force, chiefly mounted, composed as follows:—

The horse battery (six guns).

Two Maxim guns manned by men of the North Staffordshire Regiment.

Seven squadrons of Egyptian cavalry (800 sabres).

The camel corps under Major Tudway (670 rifles).

The 12th Soudanese infantry (Major Townshend), 717 officers and men mounted on transport camels till they reached the scene of action.

In all Burn-Murdoch had some 2,500 men. Captain Broadwood, who had done so much scouting over the same ground, acted as guide to the column. Burn-Murdoch's orders were to be in position on the hills east of Ferkeh by half-past four on Sunday morning, keeping so far back as to be out of the field of fire of the river column, and opening on the Dervishes with his artillery as soon as he heard the fire of the main attack to the north of Ferkeh at about 5 a.m. He was to use his artillery and Maxims to break up from the flank any attempt of the enemy to mass for a charge, and when Ferkeh was taken he was to have the cavalry and camel corps ready to fall on the flank of the retiring Dervishes, and pursue southward, preventing any attempt to rally. He was to push boldly on and capture first Koyekeh, and then Suarda, at both of which places, according to the information of the Intelligence Department, the enemy had only small garrisons.

The river column, under the personal command of Sir Herbert Kitchener, was about 7,000 strong. It was made up of two mule and camel batteries (twelve light guns), two Maxims, manned by men of the Connaught Rangers, and Hunter Pasha's infantry division, consisting of three brigades, of three battalions each, composed as follows:—

First brigade, Maior Lewis: 3rd Egyptians (Major Sillem), 4th Egyptians (Major Sparks), 10th Soudanese (Major Sidney).

Second brigade, Major MacDonald: 9th Soudanese (Major Hackett Pain), 11th Soudanese (Major Jackson), 13th Soudanese (Major Collinson).

Third brigade, Major Maxwell: 2nd Egyptians (Major Shekleton), 7th Egyptians (Fathi Bey), 8th Egyptians (Khulusi Bey).

The column was to march from Akasha late on Saturday afternoon, and moving in the darkness across the difficult ground of the river route, they were to bivouac in silence and without fires near Sarkamatto, three miles from the enemy's position. There was to be no noise of any kind, and no lights, not so much as a burning cigarette-tip. If by chance any of the enemy's scouts were met with they were to be disposed of with the bayonet, no rifles being discharged on any account. The troops were to move off again from their bivouac before sunrise, and be ready to attack Ferkeh at 5 a.m. The sun rose that day at 5.14 a.m., and the twilight in the Soudan is very short, so that the actual attack was to be made in the half darkness just before the dawn.

The enemy (it was subsequently ascertained) had sent a patrol in close to Akasha early in the afternoon, which returned to Ferkeh reporting all quiet, so that Hammuda and Osman Azrak had not the remotest expectation of the coming attack. The discipline of the troops on the night march was admirable. There was absolute silence, and even the difficult defile, where the track ran across the rocky shelf above the river, was passed without noise and confusion, though it caused a long delay, for even the infantry had to move across in single file, and the mounted men had to lead their animals. Looking at the place in broad daylight next day on my way back to Akasha with a despatch, I found it difficult to realise that nine battalions, two batteries, the staff with their horses, and nearly 200 camels conveying guns, hospital equipment, and reserve ammunition, had been safely and silently got across such a place by starlight. Arrived at Sarkamatto, the three brigades lay down for a short sleep on the sandy ground between the hills and the belt of palms along the river.

As morning approached there was no reveillé sounded. A whispered word of command roused the sleeping soldiers and marshalled the column for battle. Lewis with the first brigade was to attack along the river bank, pushing for the north end of Ferkeh village. MacDonald with his three Soudanese battalions was to form the left attack nearer the hills. Maxwell with the third brigade, held in reserve at the outset, was to take post between the two other brigades as the opportunity offered. The long line was to pivot on its right, wheeling round against the desert front of the village, its extreme left getting touch with Murdoch's desert column on the hills.

Up to five o'clock all was silent in front, and some of us began to think that the enemy had got news of the advance and had slipped away from Ferkeh. But a few minutes after five there was a sharp crack of rifles as the first shots were fired from a Dervish outpost, at a small mud-walled enclosure on the hill slope north-east of Ferkeh. The advancing infantry replied, and almost immediately Burn-Murdoch's guns opened with a deep roar from the hills east of the village. The co-operation of the two columns was complete.

Though surprised and outnumbered, Hammuda's warriors were not dismayed. They swarmed out of their mud huts and straw tukkuls, rapidly taking up position among the rocks that form a kind of natural fortification for Ferkeh on the north and east. The guns of the river column came into action, shelling the Dervish position ; and whilst MacDonald's Soudanese, with the 9th in advance, moved against the rocky ridges, Lewis's mixed Egyptian and Soudanese brigade was fighting its way across the cultivated ground near the palm belt by the river. The Dervishes made a stubborn fight. They not only held the rocks, but their black regulars tried to advance to a counter-attack, firing as they came. Happily their fire, though rapid, was wild and high, and did little damage, and they were met and driven back by a storm of bursting shells, hail of bullets from the Maxims, and steady volleys from the well-trained infantry opposed to them. Some doubts had been thrown by military critics on the fighting value of the purely Egyptian element in the Sirdar's army ; but at Ferkeh there was little to choose between the Soudanese and the Fellahin battalions. On the right a rush of horsemen and footmen mixed came to hand-to-hand conflict, brief though it was, with Lewis's brigade, north of the village. Further to the left another party of desperate men had tried to rush Burn-Murdoch's guns, charging up the slope by one of the desert khors. The rifles of the 12th Soudanese and the Maxims soon disposed of them. Further still, and out of sight of the main attack, Tudway's camel corps was in action against a strong force of Dervish riflemen, and Captain Broadwood and Captain Legge, each at the head of three Egyptian squadrons, charged and broke up a force of Dervish camel men that was moving up from the south along the river to reinforce Ferkeh.

Having repelled the Dervish counter-attacks and stormed the outlying ridges, the infantry division, its first brigade on the right, its second on the left, and its third in the centre, wheeled towards the river so as to close upon the village. There was very little artillery preparation before the actual attack, for the Sirdar did not want to waste ammunition ; but a few shells from the heavy guns knocked to pieces the clay-built houses and fired some of the straw huts. Ferkeh was a large village, of perhaps a thousand huts, running for nearly a mile along the river bank. It was stormed by the infantry, the first brigade at the north end being the first to get in. Soudanese and Egyptians vied with each other in clearing the enemy out of the houses and the lanes and open spaces between them. There was some bayonet work, but the rifle was most used, even in the village itself. The Dervishes fought to the end, the Emirs refusing quarter and throwing their lives away in desperate attempts to close with the victors. By seven o'clock what was left of Hammuda's army was streaming away to the southward, a few taking refuge on an island, from which they were cleared out by the Soudanese, while those who got across to the west bank were dealt with by the Arab "friendlies," who had moved down along the other side of the river as the army advanced from Akasha.

Then it was that Burn-Murdoch with the cavalry, camel corps, and horse battery started on the pursuit that was to reap the full fruits of the victory, Townshend with the 12th Soudanese following to support the mounted troops. The pursuit lasted just twenty-two hours, from 7 a.m. on Sunday, when the battle ended, till dawn on Monday. The Dervishes never had a chance of rallying. The river bank and the border of the desert were strewn for miles with their dead. Wherever they attempted a stand the lances of the cavalry, the rifles of the camel corps, and the

guns that had spoken so effectively from the slopes below Ferkeh Mountain, were soon upon them. Koyekeh was found to be deserted on Sunday evening. Suarda was reached at dawn on Monday, when the last of the garrison were just landing on the west bank of the Nile, after hurriedly evacuating the place and taking across all the boats. Burn-Murdoch was able to send a few shells from his guns in among them before they got away. He then occupied Suarda, fifty-four miles from Akasha, and just about half-way between Wadi Halfa, the starting-point, and Dongola, the objective of the expedition.



MAJOR-GENERAL KITCHENER, C.B., K.C.M.G., ETC.
(*Photo, Bassano.*)

The full extent of the enemy's losses will probably never be precisely known; but at least 1,000, and more likely 1,500, of the Dervishes fell in the fight and pursuit, and some 500 were made prisoners. Of the 62 Emirs present at Ferkeh, 44 were found dead on the field, 4 were taken prisoners, and only 14 got away. Some of these fell in the pursuit. Hammuda himself was among the dead. The Egyptian loss was 20 killed and 81 wounded. Only one British officer, Captain Legge, was wounded in the action.

Briefly, the results of the fight at Ferkeh were that (1) in twenty-four hours—from 5 a.m. on Sunday, June 7th, to 5 a.m. on Monday, the 8th—more than fifty miles of the Nile valley had been cleared of the Dervishes and had passed into the secure possession of the Anglo-Egyptian army; (2) all doubt as to the fighting value of the purely Egyptian battalions had been cleared away by their brilliant and steady conduct on the field, while the cavalry had proved their value in the fight and the pursuit; (3) the one fully organised army the Dervishes possessed on the Nile frontier had been utterly destroyed, and some 50 of their fighting Emirs and some 2,000 men killed and captured; (4) Suarda, for years the starting-point of cruel raids on the Nile villages, had become the advanced post of the Egyptian army, and all the country northwards was safe; (5) the Dongola Expedition had traversed successfully the last of the difficult Batn-el-Hagar country, for Ferkeh is the southern gate of the stony desert, and it had now before it the more open districts of the Dar Sukkot and the Mahassa, where every advantage was on the side of disciplined troops and modern weapons.

Finally, on both sides the moral effect of this ideally complete victory for the one, this crushing defeat for the other, was enormous. It was the first time that the new Egyptian army had taken the initiative in any fighting in the Nile valley. All previous Nile campaigns since Khartoum fell had begun with a Mahdist advance. Here the Egyptian army had both challenged the trial of strength and struck the first blow. The news of the destruction of Hammuda's army was a warning to every tribe in the Soudan that the Khalifa's tyranny was toppling to its fall, and that to stand by the Dervishes any longer was to be on the losing side in the struggle.

The result was seen in the half-hearted resistance opposed to the Sirdar's force when it advanced upon Dongola in September. There was not another battle. The fortified position at Kerma was abandoned without firing a shot; the Mahdist batteries at Hafir tried in vain to stop the progress of the gunboats, but, once they had passed, abandoned that position, and made no attempt whatever to defend Dongola. Numbers of tribesmen and Jehadia and more than one noted Emir came into the Sirdar's camp and surrendered. Wad Bishara fled southward with a mere handful of his men. The Dongola province had been virtually won back in the two hours' sharp fighting at Ferkeh on that Sunday morning in June

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BATTLES

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

DESCRIBED BY

ARCHIBALD FORBES, G. A. HENTY,
MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS,
And other Well-known Writers

VOL. II

WITH ABOUT 320 *ILLUSTRATIONS AND* 80 *PLANS*

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SAUVAGE

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